

GLEANINGS OF THE VINTAGE

Part I

Gleanings of the Vintage

OR,

LETTERS TO THE SPIRITUAL EDIFICATION OF THE
CHURCH OF CHRIST.

"There shall be se the shaking of an olive tree, and as the
gleaning grapes when the vintage is done," Isa. xxiv. 13.

"The new wine is found in the cluster, and one saith, Destroy it
not, for a blessing is in it," Isa. lxx. 8

Dedication.

TO THOSE HEARERS OF THE LATE REV. WM.
HUNTINGTON, S. S.,
WHOSE HEARTS GOD HATH TRULY CIRCUMCISED

Christian Readers,

THE gracious and undeserved providence of God having made choice of, and called me forth, to publish the Works of your late Pastor, which trust my conscience bears me witness I have faithfully executed to the utmost of my ability, and who has also further extended his goodness towards me in committing to my care many valuable letters of his; with lively feelings of huge and confidence I most respectfully dedicate the GLEANINGS OF THE VINTAGE to you.

To those friends whose hearts God inclined to favour me with letters written by your deceased Minister, to copy, I beg to express my sincere gratitude for that tribute of respect to his memory; not only on my own account do I tender it, but also on behalf of the church of God, to whom they will prove a peculiar treasure. Should this Pamphlet fall into the hands of any friend, who may have by him any original letters, I humbly request the loan of them for a short period, that they also may be added to the following parts of this work.

I purpose, by the blessing of God, to continue publishing the letters that I am now in possession of, and others that fall into my hands, that may tend to your edification, till the whole of them are printed, which I am confident will prove a most acceptable service to you. His last Sermon God hath enabled me already to give you; an earlier one, delivered many months ago, for the taking of which in short-hand I employed

a professional person of the first practice, I have also by me, and shall appear when leisure permits.

"He which hath begun a good work in you," says the apostle, "will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ;" and it is elsewhere expressly declared, "That the needy shall not alway be forgotten, that the expectation of the poor shall not perish for ever."

Commending you therefore to God, and to the word of his grace, and waiting the fulfilment of the promises, I subscribe myself,

An unworthy Son of
A Steward of the masteries of God.
E. HUNTINGTON.

High-street. August 3, 1813.

**A Concise Account
Of The
Last Illness And Death
Of The
Rev. W. Huntington.**

(1745-1813)

THE loss of a distinguished minister, raised up and set for the defence of the gospel, who feared not the face of man, who shunned not to declare the whole counsel of God, who ceased not to teach and preach Christ Jesus, both in season and out of season, must have been felt and acknowledged by the church of God in every period of time. But in the present day, when the shadows of the evening are stretched out; when mere profession abounds, and the love of many wax cold; when animosities and heart-risings against brethren are so rife, and cherished with such unbecoming zeal; when so many are not doers of the word, but hearers only, deceiving themselves; when goodly apparel and the gold ring take precedence of the poor, thereby constituting themselves judges of evil thoughts; when so little of pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is known by its fruits, namely, in visiting the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and keeping themselves unspotted from the world; when the faith of many ceased to be evidenced by their works—at such an alarming day as the present, the decease of so faithful a pastor must be doubly distressing to the poor and needy flock of Christ.

Under these impressions I cannot but observe, and give due weight to, the counsel of the apostle: "But I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are

asleep, that ye sorrow not even as others which have no hope." It is said also in the Acts, "For David, after he had served his own generation by the will of God, fell asleep, and was laid unto his fathers, and saw corruption." And Paul elsewhere remarks of Abraham, what is alike applicable to every true believer in Christ, "And so, after he had patiently endured, he obtained the promise." Seeing that it is appointed unto men once to die, the happiness of the children of God results from this, that the high priest and apostle of their profession must continue, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them, Heb. vii. 25.

For many months previous to the last sickness of so revered a parent, it was visibly apparent his health was declining, his constitution breaking up, and that much bodily weakness attended him; yet his exertions for the welfare of the church did not abate. That he was much blessed with the supporting and comforting presence of God in his latter exercises, a large portion of his hearers can testify; and truly this passage of holy writ was abundantly verified in him: "They shall still bring forth fruit in old age; they shall be fat and flourishing; to shew that the Lord is upright." I shall ever have cause to remember with the warmest feelings of gratitude and loving-kindness to God, that within the last twelve months of his tabernacling upon earth, Satan had succeeded in estranging the affections of the best of fathers from me, and that he knew me not. Within that period it pleased the Almighty to root out and destroy all confidence in an arm of flesh, and bring me near to judgment; and I still maintain that he will not leave me, until he has done that which he has spoken to me of; for his word declares—"Upon all the glory shall be a defence."

The last Sunday morning he exercised in the church of God, he spake from the following words, "But if any man love God, the same is known of him," 1 Cor. viii. 3; and concluded his sermon earlier than usual, through weakness. In the afternoon

of the same day he administered the sacrament, delivering a discourse from these words, "The cup of blessing which we bless, is it not the communion of the blood of Christ? The bread which we break, is it not the communion of the body of Christ?" 1 Cor. x. 16. In the course of the administration he uttered the following words, coolly and impressively, "My time here will not be lone, the Lord tells me so." On the Wednesday following he closed his ministerial labours; and made choice of the most appropriate passage in the whole word of God: "Remember therefore how thou hast received and heard, and hold fast, and repent. If, therefore, thou shalt not watch, I will come on thee as a thief and thou shalt not know what hour I will come upon thee," Rev iii. 3. The kind indulgence of God has answered the prayers of many of those who heard it, and enabled me to put this his concluding testimony into your hands.

My elder brother, the day following, called upon him, and spent several hours in his company, with much comfort and satisfaction, and some profitable conversation passed between them; this proved to be their parting interview. The next clay, June 11, he arose at an early hour as usual, but was shortly after seized with those symptoms that indicated great danger. One observation he made at this time, when they were endeavouring to warm his feet, I hope ever to remember: "These feet, said he, "have carried me many miles to preach the gospel of Christ." Mr. and Mrs. Blake called on the Saturday morning to see him, but were given to understand that it was ordered by the doctor that he should not be disturbed; and I can testify the concern and anxiety of mind my sister experienced on that occasion. Other branches of the family called at Hermes Hill, on the following days, for the same purpose, but were equally unsuccessful in obtaining a sight of him.

In the following week he was removed to Tunbridge Wells. After he had been absent from town some days, as no part of the family received any intelligence of the state of his health, under a particular impression of mind, my two elder sisters, and Mr. Blake, came to a conclusion to take an immediate journey to Tunbridge Wells, that they might have the satisfaction of seeing him once more. I encouraged them in this purpose, and we have all evidently seen, and thankfully acknowledged the peculiar providence of God in this instance, that every circumstance should conspire to assist them at the latest period of time, that the ends and purposes of the visit might have been answered. I have solicited my elder sister, being one of the party, to favour me with the particulars of the conversation that took place at this meeting, which I consider of some moment, it being the day before his decease; I shall therefore insert her letter, without thinking it needful to offer any apology.

Dear Brother

I HAVE complied with your request in forwarding to you the particulars of the conversation which took place at the last visit, which Mrs. Burrell, myself, and Mr. Blake, paid to our affectionate father, as far as I am able to call the same to mind; and for this purpose I have addressed the following lines to you. On Wednesday, June the thirtieth, we arrived at Tunbridge Wells about four o'clock in the afternoon, and after taking some refreshment, we hired a post-chaise, it being extremely wet, to take us to Mount Ephraim, where he had taken up his abode.

Inquiring after my father's health, the servant informed us he was sometimes better, and at other times worse, but very happy; we desired her to inform him that his children were come; he smiled and said "Are they? tell them to walk up" No one can express the sensations we felt on entering the room,

but those who have experienced the like: we clasped our arms round his neck, and kissed him, which he returned; but we were scarcely able to speak. He then made particular inquiries after the family, asking us also, how we came, and where we intended to sleep; saying, "Why did you not come here first, that we might have procured you private lodgings?" We replied, "We did not come to trouble you, but to see you, and we have engaged beds at the Sussex Hotel."

Mr. B. said to him, "I hope, Sir, your work is not done, as there are many brought to the birth, but not able to come forth:" he shook his head, and said, "My constitution is broken up," and so it evidently appeared to us; we were assured in our own minds, he would never come out any more; and so I gave you to understand, when you met us at the stage on our return. I said, "Dear father, I wish I could follow you, as that is all I desire;" he replied; "Keep there, and you will not lose your hire." After partaking of tea, he sent for us up again, and informed us he had not settled his affairs, but thought he should just live long enough to accomplish it, adding, "A prudent man guideth his affairs with discretion."

We drew nearer to him, as it was with difficulty we could hear him, he being so weak, and his mouth parched with fever; after which he made a motion for some water, which was immediately given to him by Mr. B. He stretched out his hands, laying one on my sister, and the other on myself, and said, "You are my dear children, and I am glad to see you:" we were sensible that he had more to say, but we were anxious not to distress him. It being near his time of retiring to rest, we took our leave of him, he kissed us, and gave us his blessing, and we parted never to meet again in this world; he followed us as far as his eye could reach, and, bowing, we withdrew. Does not this shew that we were near and dear to him?

Thus have I endeavoured to give you a short statement of this mournful visit, the truth of which can be attested by the mouth of three witnesses; and more was not required under the Old Testament. My earnest prayer is, that the Lord will keep us low and humble in his sight, and cause us daily to know our utter unworthiness. I have felt my sins a sore burthen, too heavy for me to bear, and none but God can remove them, and set me down happy in him. Hoping to have an interest in the merits and death of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, I subscribe myself,

Your affectionate Sister,
R. BLAKE.

The day following, the first of July, one thousand eight hundred and thirteen, in the evening, he breathed his spirit forth into the hands of his Redeemer; and was interred, on the eighth of the same month, in a plot of ground belonging to, and adjoining Jireh Chapel, Lewes, Sussex. A short time previous to his death, he expressed a desire that no words should be spoken over his grave, no funeral sermon preached on the occasion; and that the pulpit should not be hung in black. He also endited his own epitaph, in the following words—

—
HERE LIES THE COALHEAVER,
BELOVED OF HIS GOD, BUT ABHORRED OF MEN,
THE OMNISCIENT JUDGE,
AT THE GRAND ASSIZE, SHALL RATIFY AND CONFIRM
THIS,
TO THE CONFUSION OF MANY THOUSANDS
FOR ENGLAND AND ITS METROPOLIS
SHALL KNOW
THAT THERE HATH BEEN A PROPHET
AMONG THEM.

Thus have I endeavoured, with the limited means that I possessed, to give you a naked account of his last illness. His memory, while life lasts, I shall ever have cause to revere; I desire ever to tread in his steps, and pursue the same track that he unceasingly followed for the space of forty years. And I hope never to be ashamed to acknowledge that I am the son of a Minister of the gospel, at once so laborious, and so abundantly useful.

E HUNTINGTON. Christian Reader,

I DESIRE to render thanks to Almighty God for ms manifold and repeated kindnesses, in appointing the means, removing obstructions, and enabling me from time to time to lay before thee so instructive a body of epistolary correspondence as the GLEANINGS OF THE VINTAGE contain; and that devoid of flattery, or any other motive base in itself and dishonourable to the God that formed me. The sacrifice of praise is well-pleasing and acceptable to the Father of all mercies, but we cannot expect a continuation of those favours, if we follow the objectionable conduct of King Hezekiah, who rendered not again according to the benefit done unto him; for his heart was lifted up.

That the blessing of heaven may attend these communications, to thy soul's welfare, is the earnest prayer of

E HUNTINGTON

High-street,
Jan. 19, 1814.

The Publisher begs to inform the readers of this Work that this Edition was arranged for the Press by Mr. Huntington's son, (who it seems was prevented from publishing; it by death,) and which contains nearly Fifty Original Letters, not to be found in any other Edition.

London,
April 22, 1836.

LETTER I.

TO THE CHOSEN OF GOD AND ESPOUSED TO CHRIST,
AT
MARGARET-STREET CHAPEL. SELAH.

Honoured Madam,

IT to now between four and five years since I entered into your ladyship's service, in the capacity of a footman. I must confess I have often been delighted when I walked before your Grace's chair to the King's palace, with the lamp of salvation in my hand: but more delighted to see your ladyship content to make a good hearty meal off a plain dish, of unbegotten and eternal divinity; I mean God the Father's endless love. And as I know your ladyship's constitution to be delicate, I hope at my return to bring your ladyship a little savoury meat, such as your soul loveth, that you may bless me before I die.

Indeed, madam, we live in a day when many servants occasion the death of their mistresses by secret and slow poison, infecting the waters of life, so that many die of the waters because they are made bitter. This bane is wrapped up in an infernal planet which some years ago fell from heaven, and now it is spreading its baneful influence upon the rivers, namely, the river of peace, the river of comfort, and the river of life. It likewise falls into the fountains of waters, the fountains of the Father's Deity, Jer. ii. 13; and into the glorious well of salvation, the infinite divinity of Christ, John iv. 14. The atheist denies the fountain: the arian denies the well; and the antinomian denies the rivers. The name of the star is called Wormwood. Bitterness of soul and eternal death is the portion of that man that receives the mixture, Rev. viii. 10, 11. The Lord deliver your soul from this gall of bitterness. It is true,

bread eaten in secret is pleasant, and stolen waters are sweet, even to those from whom heaven withholds its bounty; but the wise know the dead are there, and that all who attend that banquet are in the depths of hell, Prov. ix. 17, 18.

I hope God will enable me to taste every dish before it comes upon your ladyship's table, that you may see me stagger before you swoon in the streets. These gentlemen are preludes to a spiritual famine, they will make empty the soul of the hungry, and cause the drink of the thirsty to fail, Isaiah xxxii. 6. I have further to tell your Grace, that I have had an opportunity of speaking to, and seeing of, your Royal Husband since I came here. He hath taken his stately steps to Gainsborough. He was clad in crimson, and had his sword by his side, going forth conquering and to conquer. I petitioned his most excellent Majesty on behalf of your Grace, and obtained leave to send you the following particulars.

First, That you often speak to him in private, for it is in secret he will give you his love.

Secondly, He desires you will be constantly at the head of the table, which is your proper place; and not let your seat be empty, nor yet come running in when others have half supped.

Thirdly, He desires you will not gad abroad to see the concubines of the land, lest some of the enemies of your husband defile you; for he said it was she that tarried at home should divide the spoil.

Fourthly, He desires you will always appear before him in your wedding garment, and with the ring with the white stone in it; a little ointment on your head, and some of the powders of the merchants in your hair, together with a little frankincense and myrrh, for he said he was fond of odours, Song iii. 6; so I

found he would have his homely dame dressed queen-fashion at last.

Fifthly, He bid me tell you not to go to bed at night and shut the door, till you kindly invited him in, lest he be forced to walk without till his hair is wet with dew, and his locks with the drops of the night; for he said, if his love be not in the heart, and his arm under the head, there is no beloved sleep.

Sixthly, He told me he never slumbers nor sleeps, nor is he fond of a sleepy wife; but he said he had, ere now, been forced to speak to you in your sleep, because he could not find you so often awake as he desired. He further told me, he had commanded your chamber door by turning on its hinges to reprove you, for turning so long in your bed; but notwithstanding all this, he said it was but seldom he could find you awake, or hear your voice before the morning watch; you still was guilty of slumber, and you know I could not contradict it.

Seventhly, He told me to inform you to set all your debts down to his account, because no receipt with a woman's hand to it, is available by the laws of heaven.

Eighthly, He said he would allow you a penny a day for pin money, but no purse independent of him.

And lastly, That he had prepared a mansion house for you, and has settled a jointure on you, which you shall surely possess if you faint not.

And now, dear mistress, I beseech you to accept of these lines from the hand of your servant, and when it is well with you remember Joseph; while I remain,

Your dutiful servant to command,
W. H.

LETTER II.

TO MR. S. W.

Thames Ditton.

My dear Souls,

I this day received your letter with joy, and give you thanks for the same. I have been twice to Woking since my brother P. left me. The time before last, coming home, I was most dreadfully tempted indeed; but the blessed Jesus helped me up again by calling me to visit an old man, whom I had once seen before. When I came I found him in dreadful horror, and calling on God, and when I began to tell him how he felt himself, he found it would do for him, and being thick of hearing, he pulled off his hat and cap, and laid his aged ear to hear the word, and soon was melted down in tears. I left him smiling. Pray for him.

The last Sunday I thought to be at Mitcham; I intended to go last Saturday to Camberwell, and Mitcham, and Ewell, and Epsom, and Horsham; but the frost broke, and I was called to Woking. I found heaven on earth in my journey. I went weeping, bearing precious seed; God grant I may return, and bring my sheaves with me, Amen. When I came I was gladly received. One of our sisters was very ill, and her husband is a pharisee and an enemy, and his daughter likewise opposed her mother, though she often came to hear me. Well, I went to see her, and the father was at home, and behaved very civilly; but when I began to talk he heard awhile, but soon withdrew, being a lover of darkness, and therefore a hater of light. I spent some time in prayer; and the daughter being convicted of being an enemy to her mother, cried out, and Mr. H, kept her company in weeping; I had much ado to pacify her, and my bowels yearned towards them; so I left them in the spirit of

meekness: God grant that we may meet again where we shall cry no more, Amen, and do you say Amen to it.

I likewise visited a poor cripple, that had long desired to see this William, the parson, and he seemed all ear; the Lord affect his heart, Amen. The forenoon and afternoon service, I was happy, but before the evening in trouble. The clerk's wife and daughter seemed convinced, and the clerk wanted to hear, but was afraid to come openly, though desirous; so, like Nicodemus, he came in the night, and was shut in a room just against the wall where I stood to speak. I thought of him, and though in chains just before, God gave me great power and liberty indeed; God grant he may, like Nicodemus, come forth to the light, and beg of God the Father, his crucified Son, for his soul's salvation, Amen.

In the morning we awaked about three o'clock, and the Lord was with me indeed, and we sung, and prayed, and parted in love, O bless the Lord for it. My master has got a new bargeman, and one morning master gave him and me a breakfast together alone, at Christmas. I began to speak to him about God in the spirit of meekness; since that, God has given me his ear; pray God to conquer his heart. This night he blessed me, and tells me he begins to feel, God grant it may be Christ crucified in his heart, Amen, Lord Jesus. He tells my master he loves William, God grant he may love Christ. Master has given him leave to go to Woking with me. O that he may go to heaven with me, Amen. You tell me you are tempted by the devil; obey God's voice, give all you have to him, and then you are not your own, you are bought with a price, and God is your wall of salvation.

Praise him for his wonderful creation. Praise him for his work of works in sinners' salvation. Praise him for his dear blood. Praise him for his precious blood. Praise him for his Holy Spirit. Praise him for his matchless grace. Praise him for his

precious love. Praise him for his powerful faith. Praise him for his blessed hope. Praise him for discovering guilt. Praise him for salvation from it.

Praise him for a quiet spirit. Praise him for a broken heart. Praise him for a tender conscience. Praise him for holy desires. Praise him for a spiritual thirst. Praise him for a renewed will. Praise him for his marvellous light. Praise him for your heavenly views. Praise him for the hope of glory.

Praise him for engaged strength. Praise him for a precious soul. Praise him for his grace to save it. Praise him for his power to keep it. Praise him for his watchful eye. Praise him for his guardian angels. Praise him for your holy wars. Praise him for your perfect weakness.

Praise him for his word of promise. Praise him for his humbling rod. Praise him for both law and gospel. Praise him for his mercy on us. Praise him for all humbling trials. Praise him for instruction from them. Praise him as your Lord and God. Praise him for the spirit of meekness.

Let all mankind from north to south, praise my God with heart and mouth. Praise the Lord, ye saints of light, praise my God both day and night. Praise him for your life and breath, praise my Christ both heaven and earth. Praise him for a spiritual ear, praise him for his godly fear. Praise him for his humiliation, praise him in his exaltation. Praise him in all the hymns you sing, praise him your prophet, priest, and king. Let every tongue, in every head, praise the Judge of quick and dead. Praise the Lord from pole to pole, praise him that saved my helpless soul. Praise the Lord from Boast to coast, praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

LETTER III.

TO MR. S. W.

Ditton, Dec. 17th, 1776,

All dear Friends in the Lord Jesus,

THIS comes with my sincere love to your souls, and indeed I Write to you in the bonds of the strongest love, namely, that love that is stronger than death; O Lord, may it ever reign in all our hearts, world without end! even so, O Lord, Amen. When I think of the happy opportunities we have had together in holy conversation, and how amazingly the Almighty has sealed his truth, and the love of it upon our hearts, when we have assembled together; O what a strong mark of God's being in the work when it is so blest, knowing God never sets his seal to a lie, but to the truth.

But now my dear Samuel and Phebe, these opportunities will never again perhaps be put in our hands, yet God can change them for better; and as we cannot now reach each other's ears with our voices, may the Lord enable us to reach each other's minds with our pens. I shall, if God enable me, sometimes write to you, and should be glad to hear from you, and to know your affairs, and whether ye stand fast in the liberty of the gospel. Beware my dear souls of the world, and be not again entangled with the yoke of bondage; and be not of that number that, God says, draw back to perdition, but of them that press forward in faith, to the saving of the soul.

My dear friends, beware of Christless talkers, for they are the bane of the church; a man may have all the truths of the gospel in his head, but that will not do, because the scriptures say, " The kingdom of God is not in word, but in power," 1

Cor. iv. 20. A man may have a gift of prayer and be a hypocrite, but God's children have the spirit of prayer as well as the gift. A child of God may cry to Christ, when he cannot speak; a hypocrite may speak when he cannot cry; view these things, and the Lord give thee understanding. A hypocrite may cry to God in trouble, but at the same time his heart never taken from the world, such cries God will not hear, because the world has their hearts, Hos. vii. 4; Micah iii. 4. But to the poor in spirit, and to the meek-hearted God says he will up, because of their deep sighings, and deliver them from the hands of him that is stronger than they.

But say you, our souls have got many enemies; yes, I know it, and there is but one friend; I know the world, the flesh, and the devil are your enemies, and I am glad of it, for woe to your souls if you are at friendship with either of these three. We are to declare war with all Christ's enemies, and when you are nothing but perfect weakness in yourself, then you will beat every enemy you fight with, Joel, iii. 10; but when you are strong in the flesh, you are sure to be beat, Ezek. xxxiv. 16. As for your enemies, Christ conquered them all for us, and when we come to Christ in trouble, then he imputes to us the victory, then all our enemies must hide their heads in a moment; and as for the devil, faith minds him not, faith knows he is nothing but a fallen rebellious angel, that lies under the most high God's everlasting curse, which holds him as a chain in utter darkness; and faith's work is to look to Jesus that destroyed principalities and powers. But say you there is sin; yes, but faith well knows that her object and author, has condemned sin in the flesh, and if sin is condemned and the sinner justified, then says faith, What God condemned in my flesh, shall not condemn my soul that God hath justified; therefore says faith, I must look to him that was manifest in the flesh, to destroy the works of the devil.

But say you, the world hems me in, and I am afraid that will draw me from Christ; I am glad you are afraid of it, for God says, he that is a friend of the world is an enemy of God, therefore faith looks to him that says "Be of good cheer, I have overcome the world," John xvi. 33. Well, say you, but my own wicked, corrupted, deceitful heart, is my worst enemy; yes, but says faith, God's word declares, he that trusts his own heart is a fool, a natural man, and not a saint, for faith says, My work is to look at my other object that prepares the heart; and I, says faith, am the instrument he uses to purify the heart, for I know, says faith, your heart and your flesh will fail, but if yourself will let me alone, I shall point out him to you that is the strength of your heart, and your portion for ever. Well, say you, but if they cannot destroy me, they destroy my comforts, and I drive me from the sensible presence of God, into many misty clouds of ignorance, stupidity, and insensibility, and into many dark days of desertion: darkness covers my mind, so that I grope like the blind, quite without an evidence: this is bad to be in, but, says faith, I must believe the promise, and look to the word of God, Ezek. xxxiv. 12.

A good man once said, that God, when he converted a sinner, laid his Spirit in pawn to that soul, so the Spirit is the soul's earnest of its inheritance, and so when we die, Christ receives his own with usury. So, my dear souls, let your troubles be what they may, obey God's voice. God says, "Give me thy heart;" let the blessed Jesus have it, for you can do nothing in mending of it, and he says, Commit the keeping of your souls into his hands; pray let him have it, and he will keep your's, as well as Paul's, till that day. He likewise says, Offer up your bodies, which is your reasonable service; pray, my dear souls, let him have them; and he likewise says, "Commit thy works unto the Lord, and thy thoughts shall be established." Obey his voice, for he gave himself for us; give we ourselves to him, and then says faith, "I You are not your own, you are bought with a price," 1 Cor. vi. 19, 20; then let what enemies will

come against me, says faith, the battle is not mine but God's; and we must turn the battle to the gate, says David, and that gate is Christ.

So then when enemies come to us, say we as the three children did to the king in Babylon, "We are not careful to answer thee in this matter," Dan. iii. 16; for, says the soul, I cannot answer any enemies, therefore I have committed all my affairs into the wonderful Counsellor's hands, to plead for me. So the soul that is married to Christ, says to all enemies, if they demand any thing, Go to my heavenly husband, he pays all for me, he paid law and justice too for me; and as all fulness dwells in him, there is enough to pay all demands: and if you have peace with God through Christ, then let faith produce his receipt to any enemy that asks after it, which is this, He that believes is justified freely from all thins; that is your receipt, mark it; when ye thus live, then you live indeed.

Would you know, whether you have got Christ's righteousness on you? depend on it you have if you have got rid of all your own, for whom Christ strips he clothes, Zech. iii. 4; Christ puts no new cloth upon our old garments, lest the rent is made worse. I have much more to say but no more time. Pray give my love to C. and Mr. and Mrs. G. and tell them to take hold, and keep hold of Christ; stretch forth the withered hand, and pray the Lord to lift it up, according to his promise, Micah, v. 9. My wife joins in love to you, and I conclude, an enemy to the world, the flesh, and the devil. Christ be with you, Amen.

W. HUNTINGTON.

I cannot conclude here, now I must go on and make a double letter of it. Would you know whether you have got Christ, and the truth in your heart, and mercy from God through him? depend upon it you have, if conscience condemns thee not. Would you know whether you are made wise to salvation, and your wisdom all from the blessed Jesus, the great prophet?

why, God says, he will destroy the wisdom of the wise, and if you are sure you are a fool of yourself, and have not wisdom in your own eyes, Prov. iii. 7, then be sure your wisdom is in Christ laid up, Prov. ii. 6 Would you know whether you have got saving faith in the blood of Christ? why, if you can discern unbelief to be the damning sin of the whole world, and feel it so to be, this is the Spirit's work in the heart, John xvi. 9.

Where God discovers unbelief, he gives faith; all the time unbelief is hid from our eyes, we cannot have faith, and therefore all that is not of faith is sin; but if you can persuade yourself from what you have felt, and what you have seen in the word, and what you have heard preached, that Jesus is your's, then if you have been enabled to believe, the fruit of faith is peace, Rom. v. 1. Hold him fast in the promises, and that will not fail. Bring what you feel and the word together, and that will stand fast, Isa. viii. 20. Would you know how God causes his people to hear his voice, and how God instructs his people? it is by temptation, and by deliverance from it; by persecution, and by the stirring of corruption, and by doubts and fears, and deliverance from them. By sharp convictions going before, and comforts coming after, by our blindness and knowledge, followed by the light of God's Spirit; by uncomfortable and comfortable frames, by sharp soul sorrow and heavenly joy.

Would you know whether God loves you? he does if he scourges you well, Prov. iii. 11, 12; his chastenings are our instructions, mind what every stripe utters, listen to its voice, Micah, vi. 9. Depend on it God loves you; if you on account of sin hate yourself; Christ says, He that hates his life in this world, shall keel) it to life eternal. Would you know whether you grow in grace, and knowledge, and love, and how you grow? I answer, by being condemned by the law, and by being justified by Christ's gospel; by being wounded in your spirit, and having it bound up by the Spirit of God; by being

often in trouble, and helped out by Christ through the prayer of faith; by being honoured before sinners, and sometimes dishonoured before saints, to humble pride; by being lashed by conscience, and comforted by God: by being conquered by sin, and delivered by Christ. Thus we are taught by darkness and by light, by desertion and consolation, by deadness and liveliness, by insensible and sensible feelings, and by faith and unbelief. Now may the almighty Jesus bless this, and all your souls, is the desire of a miserable, poor wretch, and make you truly poor in spirit, continual beggars at a throne of grace, destitute of all help but Christ, and never any stock in your own hands, but all in Jesus, Amen. Love to all saints.

W. HUNTINGTON.

LETTER IV.

TO THE SAME.

My dear Brother and Sister,

Ditton.

I HOPE in the Lord, and dearly beloved of me, and longed for in the spirit of meekness, this comes with the strongest love to your souls. I write to you, because I must be at Kingston on Thursday, about that unhappy affair, therefore you cannot expect me at Ewell. O my dear souls, I think I every day see our awful calamities coming on, shocking divisions are in the country, our day is far spent.

I charge you all in the presence of God to try yourselves by scripture and prayer, whether you be in the faith. Soon, my dear souls, must we all appear before the awful tribunal of God, where there will be no feeing the judge, nor bribing the jury, I mean the twelve apostles, that will judge the twelve tribes of Israel. Then all hypocrites will be uncased, and the king and the beggar stand both on a level, and only the poor in spirit receive the kingdom of God; of which happy number may you be, shall be the prayer of the vilest sinner, and feeblest saint, William Huntington.

Our friends at Woking give their kind love to you; God seemed to follow the word with power, some crying under great concern of soul; they lie near my heart, O pray that they may lie in the bosom of Christ. I pray you, withdraw from all that walls unholy, and let the world hang loose on your back, and follow hard after that spirit of love and meekness in which I found you the last time I was with you; all pride, and lightness of spirit, is hid from your eyes in that frame. Beware of vain

talk and vain people, watch against the devil, and watch God's hand in answering prayer.

Now, O God, I commit this into thy hand, and their dear souls, praying thee to bless them, and own this to their good, Amen. Tell M. to beware of sin, for if she wilfully sins again, there is no more sacrifice for sin, but a fearful looking for of judgment, as the scripture says. May God keep you all, Amen. We all join in love to your souls, Amen.

W. HUNTINGTON.

LETTER V.

TO THE SAME

Dear Friends,

Ditton.

I CONFESS my fault in not sending to you before, but believe me I have but little time. Last Sunday was a week, I went to London and preached, and the Lord was with us indeed, though strangers to each other before. I found soon we were fellowcitizens; the Lord gave me great power in prayer and preaching, and we parted in the language of a friend of old, "It is good for us to be here." From thence I went to Camberwell, and found my dear sister alive to God, and I went to hear Mr. B. in the evening, and had such a time, that I wished to die before I got out of the church. O Lord, ever give me this bread. I parted with her, between twelve and one o'clock, with some of the old prophetic love in our hearts; O heavenly wind, blow it into a flame. Between four and five in the morning I reached home; I do really believe this is better than sleeping.

Last Saturday I was dreadfully tried, by an old enemy that I had been preaching against a night or two before, tried till my soul groaned. I told a friend that I would at him again when I got out; it is be that our mother overcome by the blood of the Lamb: O God give me power. On Sunday morning I went to Moulsey in chains, but found freedom of speech, though no love on my heart; but it was a blessing to them that were bound, God will not let me work for nothing.

From thence I went to Woking alone, not quite alone, for my foe was near at hand, which made me look up and cry heartily to God; yet I was big with expectation of feeling some of the fire of God's love, after this fire of confusion, and going over

Seend Marsh, a man that comes to hear me told me that one Captain B. and his wife, and some more people, wanted to hear me preach. I told them if they got together against I came back, I would preach to them. Well, thought I, this will pay for my temptation.

When I came to my dear flock they gladly received me, and the room was full; I found it well between God and my soul alone, and went out to speak, and there were some stood without doors, the room would not hold them. I spake from these words, "Have you received the Holy Ghost?" and God blessed it. Then I retired to get a text for them without, and the bible was shut up from me; O how was I tried, I prayed and cried to God, and I said, there was the greatest multitude I ever spoke to. At last I went trembling out with these words, "But they shook off the dust of their feet against them, and came unto Iconium," Acts, xiii. 51; still in chains, and my dear brother H. pitying me with tears. This concourse of people came from all quarters, a great many hundreds; as soon as I took my text, down dropped my chains, and I never felt out of doors such boldness and power, and all so quiet, so awed, and such power. After sermon they thronged round the door, I exhorted them till my soul wept, and some that I never saw before wept with me; nigh a hundred of them stood round me, and God was powerful with us. They kept me till dark, many wanted to go to Seend with me, so I left them like little children.

When I came to Seend, there were a few people waiting, there had been both foot and horse, but many were gone; they asked me to preach, and they called the Captain out; there was still some foot and some horse. So I went into a house, and picked out a text, and then went out and preached in the dark, all stood still, and I hope God was with us, so I got home about twelve o'clock. On Monday night I preached at Twickenham, after being three times asked, and God was

there; some wanted to hear because of the evil report raised about me, and God met them, and sent them away with a very good opinion of me.

On Tuesday evening I preached at Richmond, some thronged to hear because I had been called a wolf in sheep's clothing, but God was with me; some were greatly cut, others that came to hear the wolf, said, I was well taught of God. This night I preached at Ditton, with as great liberty as ever, God was with us, and some of my dear friends from Kingston, who have strongly opposed me, came to hear out of curiosity; but God sent them home with these words in their mouth, It is worth coming for. My dear friends that gave it out that I was a wolf come to scatter the flock, have since altered their minds, and said that I was a child of God, but no preacher, though they never heard me before. The next words I suppose will be, that I am a preacher but no bishop; Lord, what is man?

A gentleman from London who was at Woking told me, that he thought I was to blame to go to Richmond, and to blame to preach out of doors, because I had no learning; this was a month ago last Sunday; many quality came with him from Guildford, so he distressed my soul greatly. But I went away and poured out my soul, complaint and all, before God alone, till my heart was broke, and then I went out to preach, and I think one of the clearest discourses I ever delivered, and with great power. Then the gentleman called me aside, and offered me money to bear my expenses, which I refused; he told me he wished he could give me twenty pounds; he said I was called of God, and told me never to Work journey-work under any proprietors, but to go on as I did, and I am determined to have no master but Christ. So I see from this gentleman, that if I consulted man I should neither preach nor hold my tongue; God make me a preacher, not of man nor by man.

A minister was sent down from London to preach, and to expose me in the pulpit; he said he knew I preached errors, but never heard me. He said he knew I did not live according to the gospel, but never saw me; he said I had left off work, God forgive his lies; he said I preached for money, but I could stand search any time I believe. If any man would give me a thousand pounds, I could not leave off preaching, God holds me with a strong hand. The proprietors threaten laying me in prison, because I am not licensed; after this many people came to hear me at Richmond with keen ears, to hear what a monster of sin I was. I earnestly begged of God in my prayer publicly, that God would shew them whether I was right or wrong in coming, if wrong that he would confound me, if right that power might be felt; and God was with me with a witness, and convinced them all. I most conclude, it is midnight. Pray give my love to all friends. I wish you my dear friends the peace of heaven, and more communication with my dear, dear Redeemer, Amen.

W. HUNTINGTON.

LETTER VI.

TO THE SAME.

Dear Friends,

WHEN may a child of God lie down? When he can get no higher in his spiritual mind; when no lower in humility; when no further in gospel experience; when there is nothing more new in the Bible; when he seeks Jesus in vain; and when he is the invisible image of Christ in full stature.

I tell you when I intend to leave off prayer. When corruption is entirely destroyed; when my heart can no longer deceive; when I have done kicking at the cross, and never a cross to take up; when the world no more deceives my eyes; and when the devil is ashamed to shew me his face.

Two ways I deceive myself, and two ways I am deceived. When I, to encourage pride, want to appear more gracious than I am; and when through fear I hide that grace I really leave; when I thought I had strength for a great trial, and sunk at a small one; and when I sunk at the thoughts of a great cross, and when it came carried it boldly: one is strength in weakness, the other is weakness in strength.

I am always in fear. When comfort is gone I fear it will come no more; when I have got it I fear being robbed; when I am in trouble I am not easy; and when I walk long, easy I am in trouble.

Two things I should like to pray for. To be saved from my good works, and to have the sins forgiven of my godly sorrow. Two things I desire to see, which would strike me dead. To see myself as I really am in God's sight, as a sinner; and to see Christ as he is in glory, and that is the best sight of all;

terror always hardens my heart, and to taste Christ's love coming out of a trial, breaks it all to pieces.

One way I commonly get a blessing at meeting. When the preacher has nothing of his own; when it comes hot from the Lord, given in as it is dealt out, and then it is wet; a discourse laid up in the head is mostly dry.

My dear C., and Mr. and Mrs. G., and all my poor dear souls, I wish you all the blessed Jesus; all is heaven with him, all is Hell and damnation without him. O my dear, dear Lord, and God, and Saviour, Jesus, be thou my portion for ever, Amen.

W. HUNTINGTON.

P. S. Pray let me hear from you. Pray list out something of heart-work, that I may guess whether it is Jesus speaks or not. The devil tells me I shall be praised; for this disappoint him, and praise God. I do not like he should please me, I do not like to please him.

LETTER VII.

TO THE SAME

My dear Brother and Sister,
Ditton.

THIS comes with my love to you and all friends, hoping your souls prosper, and am sorry I could not come to you; I did set out to come, but it was so dark and late that I went back again, but my heart was in a measure with you. O how did the devil work me because I could not come; but I know we should meet oftener together, if you prayed for it more; all things are possible to them that pray in faith, for God says he will be inquired of, that he may do these things for us; and, blessed be his name, it is right we should.

O my dear brother and sister, tell God of every trouble you meet with as soon as it comes, for when you try to help yourselves you fall into a bad temper, and grieve the Spirit of holiness, and Satan leads, you into darkness. I thought tonight he would work you, and tell you we should meet no more; but do not believe the father of lies; as soon as you find he works on you and makes you cross, go directly and tell God of it, and the Lord will soon bruise his head, for God tells us to cast our cares on him. The devil loves to see our souls bowed down with our own cares. O thou enemy of all truth, we defy thee in the strength of Jesus, and through Christ we hope we shall rejoice in heaven, when you will burn world without end: O Lord, deliver us from him because he tempts us.

I have had a letter from Mr. H.; he gives his love to you both, it is something of the language of Canaan. O my dear souls, keep close to Jesus, and let that be your chiefest work. Follow, my dear friends, that weeping spirit of meekness, that

is the frame we walk safe in, and beware of a light spirit and a light conversation; keep from sinners, and keep humble, and may the Lord bless you. My soul shall weep for you all: remember me to all friends. My wife gives her love; the Lord bless thee, Amen.

W. HUNTINGTON.

LETTER VIII.

TO MRS. W.

My clear Daughter in Christ,
Thames Ditton.

I TRUST, by the Lord thou art highly favoured, blessed art thou among women. It is true, my daughter, thou hast lost a good and a great earthly comfort, but let not thy precious soul be bowed down on that account, for my dear master will surely do the kinsman's part for thee, and be a nourisher of thy soul in thy widowhood state. Thy old father Mordecai, hath not forgot thee, but will surely sit at the king's gate, begging in sackcloth for thee, till he knows how it will go with poor Esther. Pray, my daughter, let me know how thy poor soul fares; send me a letter, send me spiritual savoury meat in it, such as thy father's soul loveth, and let it come in a lordly dish; and I will now and then send thee a spiritual bracelet, and sometimes a signet, and sometimes a staff:

Put off thy widowhood garments from thee, and call thyself Hepbzibah, for the Lord delighteth in thee. Surely I will do, in Christ Jesus, the duty of a father and a husband to thee, and if the Lord blesses my letter to thee, thou must call my name Asher, and say, he yieldeth royal dainties. I will, if thou desire it, speak to the king for thee, or the captain of the host, and when thou art permitted to touch the sceptre, thou must remember Mordecai; and if I find by thy letter thou art happy in soul, I will say it is enough, my child is yet alive. What? dost thou say bless me, even me, O my father? I have blessed thee, and will pray that thy cruse may not fail, nor the meal waste.

Where art thou, my daughter? in the tent laughing through unbelief, saying, Shall I have a son that am old? O my daughter, thou hast borne seven, thou hast a holy child in the womb of hope, and at death thou wilt see him, and laugh so, that all that hear will laugh with thee. Fear not, my daughter, thy father will give thee a good south land, and the upper and nether springs, and thy name shall be Anna, thou shalt speak of him to those that look for redemption in Israel.

Pray give my kind love to Mr. and Mrs. L. and Mrs. F., and be sure to get the room ready on the wall, and set the table in order, and the stool, and the chair, and get a candlestick ready, for I am going to Carmel next Monday, it is new moon. Fare thee well, my daughter; a full reward be given thee of the Lord, under whose wings thou art forced to trust. Let me have joy of thee, my daughter; be thou a spiritual comfort to Paul the aged.

W. HUNTINGTON.

LETTER IX.

TO MRS. ----

My dear Phebe, greeting,
Thames Ditton.

GRACE, mercy, and peace be with her, from him which was, and which is to come, the Almighty. I received thy epistle yesterday, and was glad to hear that my poor blind child was alive, with her tottering faith. And now Phebe is desirous of knowing what the Lord hath done for me. Listen to a parable, my daughter, and I will open my dark sayings on the harp: To thee it is given to know the words of the wise, and their dark sayings. Why, then Jesus is so immense that the heaven of heavens cannot contain him, and yet my heart holds him; he is incomprehensible, and yet I know him; invisible, and yet I see him; immortal, yet dells with mortal man; eternal, and yet born in time. Now, if thou dost not plough with Christ's heifer, thou wilt not find out the riddle: and poor Phebe said it was manna, for she wist not what to call it. See then that thou lay up a little of this hidden manna in thy golden pot, for thou wilt want it in the great day.

I think, by thy letter, thou art not grown at all; thou art little of stature, I wish thou wouldest get up into the tree of life, surely thou art rickety, or else they do not nurse and feed this poor blind child. Thy hands seem very weak, and thy knees feeble, I advise thee to bathe in Ezekiel's holy waters, and do not be afraid; paddle in them up to thy very heart, and drink a little new wine of the kingdom, for thy stomach's sake, and thy often infirmities; and take a little of the oil of joy to anoint thee, for thou knowest not how soon thou mayest be called to stand before the king. Let no filthiness appear in thy skirts; go in peace, and be whole of the plague of thy unbelief. If I bad

thee here, I should search thy tent very narrowly; I should examine thy stuff' to see if thou hast got an image instead of Christ. Take Christ, and eat him up, for he only creates an appetite.

But you want to know how I go on. Why faith, hope, love, and godly zeal, are with me still, and they are very profitable to me for the ministry; but patience I have left at Miletum sick. The old man is with me still, and in a thriving condition; by all that I call do I cannot keep him lame in both his feet, I and obliged to dwell with him that hates peace; but, blessed be God, I have great success in my labours, and preach more than ever, but am weak in body. You want to know how my wife does: she is with me still in the tent, and a flying in my face every now and then as usual; she is very fond of Hagar, and determined not to part with Moses if she can help it, and he is a cruel husband to her soul; there will be a divorce soon, I believe, for he has almost killed her.

Little Ebenezer is well, but cannot walk, and there is another just at hand will tread upon his heels; old Leah has, and will have a good dowry, she is neither barren nor unfruitful. We are all well here at present, and I wish thee better in soul; lay by thy leading strings, and lean on Christ by faith more, Betty; mind what I say, lean on the Lord as thy staff I suppose I shall receive an answer within a year, for she is idle, she is idle. Fare thee well, the God of peace be with thee; I believe I shall see thee by and by. My dame joins in love to you, in Christ,

W. HUNTINGTON

LETTER X.

TO MR. S.

*Thames Ditton,
Sept. 4, 1778.*

Dear Mother and Father,

THIS comes to let you know that we received your last letter, and are both very well; and have three children born to us, their names are, Ruth, Naomi, and Gad. We have been in this place nearly three years, and have got a little house to ourselves, which we have had these two years. The Lord has been wonderfully kind to us, has given us a pretty situation, and between twenty and thirty pounds a year coming in, to live upon, nor do we work for it. Mary has not had any sickness since we have been here, nor I neither.

We never lived so happy nor so well in our lives, as now we live in the enjoyment of a blessed Saviour; and have peace with our own consciences. We lived all our life-time until within these six years, ignorant of a precious Saviour; and always afraid of death and judgment, as you are; but now, blessed be God, we know the meaning of this word; "And deliver them, who through fear of death, were all their life-time subject to bondage," Heb. ii. 15. God hath given us repentance, and a spiritual birth. We did not know what it was to be born again by the Spirit of God, till we felt it in our own souls; but blessed, and for ever blessed be God, he hath given us the knowledge of salvation by the forgiveness of our sins.

The Lord hath taught us, that we must stand in the righteousness of Christ, instead of our own, which we never knew till lately but the Lord hath shewed us that all our

righteousnesses are only filthy rags, Isa. lxiv. 6; and that all who go to heaven must have the righteousness of Christ on them, Phil. iii. 8, 9. This righteousness is a gift, "And of the gift of righteousness," Rom. v. 17, 18. Our righteousness is of God: "Surely, shall one say, In the Lord have I righteousness and strength." "Seventy weeks are determined upon thy people, and upon thy holy city, to finish the transgression, and to make an end of sins, and to make reconciliation for iniquity, and to bring in everlasting righteousness," Dan. ix. 24. This best robe that was put upon the prodigal son, is put upon us, and if you do not net this wedding garment on you, you will be bound hand and foot, and cast out, Matt. xxii. 13. Oh! "Seek the kingdom of God, and his righteousness," Matt. vi. 13; and this you must have on you here, before you die, and know it too, or you will not be able to stand before a heartsearching God. All thy work will not save thee, "For by grace are ye saved, through faith; and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God," Eph. ii. 8.

Salvation from first to last, is the gift of God: "My peace I give unto you," says our Lord, "I give grace, and I give glory." But, say you, "What, cannot I do any thing?" "He that will come after me," says Christ, "must deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me." All your own works is a sandy foundation, and when the flood of God's wrath comes, it will wash away the sand; and your house, body and soul, will fall irrecoverably. You must build all your hopes on the rock, Christ, or you will never stand before God. But you will say, "I must do my best, and Christ will do the rest;" but what says Christ, while you lay your own works at the bottom, and Christ at the top? He tells you, "On whomsoever this stone shall fall, it will grind him to powder." You must be converted, and become as a little child, or you cannot see the kingdom of God, Matt. xviii. 3. All that are saved must be born again, and if you have not the Spirit of Christ, you are none of his, Rom. viii. 9.

Paul says, We are by nature ignorant of God's righteousness, and go about to establish one of our own, Rom. x. 3. But, say you, "I am a sober, upright Christian, and every body thinks well of me;" but, the Lord says, You have had the praise of men, you have had your reward; "That which is highly esteemed amongst men, is abomination in the sight of God;" and "Wo," says the Lord, "unto you when all men speak well of you." And thus dear Father and Mother, we have told you a little what the Lord hath shewed us; and bless his dear name, we feel his love in our hearts. I conclude in love to your souls, and all my brethren. Should be glad to see them, if they would come up.

W. HUNTINGTON.

P. S. Direct to us at Thames Ditton, near Kingston, Surrey. And if any of our brethren like to come to see us, should be glad to see them with all our heart. Our love to them all.

LETTER XI.

TO THE SAME.

*Thames Ditton,
Jan. 20, 1780.*

Dear Father, Mother, and Brethren,

YOUR kind letter came to us the 18th instant, and was kindly received with joy; we embrace this opportunity of answering it. We are very sorry to hear of my father and mother's illness, may the God of Abraham restore them to health again. Old age, my dear father and mother, must have greatly impaired your strength our life is but a shadow, but, "The hoary head is a crown of glory, if found in the way of righteousness:" the Lord grant yours both may; Amen, says thy loving but unknown son.

I am glad to hear my brethren are well; may the Lord of all lords protect them, and we beg you will remember our kind love to them in your letters. I and thy sister are very glad to hear of thee, Benjamin, because thou art my youngest brother; and if thou wilt come into Egypt to see me, although I am Joseph, whom you know not, yet thy sister and myself would cook thee a mess five times bigger than the rest. I should be glad to see thee, my brother; your sister is in tolerable good health, and so am I, blessed he the Lord for it; and so are our little ones. The Lord hath sent us four children, two boys and two girls; we were like to lose our little boy some time ago, it went off in a fit; but God, our kind Father, heard our prayers, and restored it again to us, bless his most holy name for it.

His mercy has been wonderful in our behalf, both to our souls and bodies; and indeed I think God brought your sister to my hand at first, as much as he brought Rebecca to Isaac, and hath made her a comfortable companion for me, and a good wife, and I hope has given her the same blessing as he did to Sarah. I hope also that God's grace has made me a comfortable yokefellow to her. I have blessed and thanked God for leer with tears, and she has room to bless him for me; neither of us repent of our coming together, for I verily believe we shall live together in everlasting day, through Jesus Christ.

And now, my dear friends, I will tell you a little of the Lord's dealings wide us. About seven years ago I fell into great distress of mind, I was ready to cry out with David, "The snares of death compass me about, and the pains of hell gat hold on me;" and like him I prayed, O Lord, deliver my soul. I travailed in this distress about a year and a half, labouring under a wounded spirit, and the fear of death; but at length God has heard my prayers, and suddenly delivered me, and gave nee such joy, peace and comfort as I shall never be able to express. I found the truth of this scripture, "The blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin," I John i. 7; and do now know what the Bible means by being born again, John iii. 7. There must be a repentance, Luke xiii. 3; and a conversion, before we can say Jesus Christ is our friend, Matt. xviii. 3; Acts, iii. 19: and this repentance my blessed Saviour gave to me, Acts, v. 31.

For six years now I have had peace, and happiness in my soul with our blessed Saviour: and when the Lord delivered me he gave me great understanding in his word, which I never had before; so that I was astonished at myself, and could say with David, "I have more understanding than all my teachers; for thy testimonies are my meditation," Ps. cxix. 99; and with the prophet Isaiah "All thy children Shall be taught of the Lord, and great shall be the peace of thy children." Oh, my dear

father, mother, and brethren, may you find him to be such a friend to you as he is to us! He came into the world to save sinners, and is with all that truly seek him by prayer, until the end of the world, Matt. xxviii. 20; he is the same always, Heb. xiii.

After the blessed Saviour had given me such understanding in the scripture, many people at times discoursed with me about the things of God, and I told them what he had done for my soul. Soon after these same good people, seeing and hearing the understanding I had in the word of God, was desirous of leaving me ordained over them as a dissenting minister, which in time I consented to; and have a very large congregation in London, and a room to myself there. I go once a week, but I live at Ditton, because I dislike London. I have been a minister about four years, and have gained a settlement in Ditton, belonging to this parish; my salary is about sixty guineas a year. We live very plain, but want for nothing; we have sufficient to live upon, and contentment with grace is great gain. Our house we live in is small, rather too small, but I have taken a larger one, with a garden to it, walled all round, to keep our children from the wicked in this place, and for conveniencies of brewing, as my wife likes a garden, and wants to brew her own beer, which will be cheaper to us by far than to buy it. The house is a very good one, with four chambers, two garrets, a kitchen, parlour, brewhouse, and pantry with cellar; I had the lease very cheap indeed.

Mary and I, both very much desire Benjamin to come and see us; here is no pressing. I have been here four years, and have not known a man pressed in the place. He might come up on the outside of the Blandford coach, as far as Hounslow, and I would meet him there: and if he has no other than sea-faring clothes, let him send me word soon, and I will send him down a suit of my old ones, second mourning; they are not bad ones, he might come very safely in them, and I will take care

of him here. If he will come let him send me word what day the coach goes through Hounslow, and likewise where I shall send the clothes to. We have only had one letter besides this last, and I humbly confess my ingratitude, in not answering of it before now; but in studying, most things go out of my mind.

When we have weaned the child, if God permit, some time in the summer, Mary shall come down and see you. We shall go into our house in about a week or fortnight; so we conclude, wishing you all that mercy, and peace, and goodness the Lord hath bestowed upon us. Into his blessed hands we commit you all, hoping your dear souls will find him your health, strength, and portion for ever. Write soon, and I will answer it. We join in love to you all.

W. HUNTINGTON.

LETTER XII.

TO ----

Ditton,
Feb. 24, 1780.

HAIL thou highly favoured, blessed art thou among women. This night my dear brother M. brought your kind letter to me, which I have long longed for; it came like the obedient dove with an olive leaf in her mouth. I took it unkind your not writing, I feared you was slid back, but your letter savours of my dear master Jesus, therefore I forbear to upbraid thee, but will say with a brother of old, "It is enough, my child is yet alive:" and may the Lord of all lords grant thy dear soul may live for evermore. Thy letter has got a little savoury meat in it, which my soul loveth. I need not ask thee how it was thou got it so soon, for I believe thy God brought it to thee.

Oh! my dear sister, whom I love in the bowels of Christ, let me exhort thee to beware of the vanities of this sinful, heaven daring, God-dishonouring, and God-provoking world. Cleave into the very heart of my dear master Jesus, and say, "Spread thy skirt over thine handmaid, for thou art a near kinsman" of mine, Ruth iii. 9. He is one of our next kinsmen, nigher than the angels by far, for they could not redeem us without marring their own inheritance. Bless his dear name, my soul loves him beyond the power of pen to describe, or tongue to express; he has lifted my head above the sinful herd of the earth. I have, through the eternal power of my invincible anchor, outrid the storm in this place, but such a battle I had last summer as you never saw; but God enabled me to go on blowing my horn till the wall fell flat, and now I shout, and hope to save Rahab the harlot alive. Many that used to shoot at my heart, now bow at my feet, my God has so lifted me up.

I preach now more than ever, I preach clean from London to Farnham, and God greatly blesses my labours; I think my churches must be called Leahs, for they will have a good dowry, Gen. xxx: 20. I get very weak in body, but my dear master strengthens both body and soul at times: I agreed with him for a penny a day, and I mostly get my pay before the sun sets.

Oh! that I was but as strong as I could wish, and my heart as warm at all times, surely I would sound his praise till all the winged musicians of the wood chanted it from vale to vale; and at every place where the beams of his glory shone upon my soul, I would inscribe it on the very tress, to perpetuate the memory of it from age to age. I have ere now preached him when I had but one shirt in the world, and that was not worth one shilling, but now God has lifted me up wonderfully; I forget my poverty, and ere long I shall remember my misery no more for ever. Oh my dear sister let me hear of the welfare of thy precious soul, I pray thee. Now may the good will of him that dwelt in the bush, be with thee, and may the banner of everlasting love be displayed before thee, may the high praises of God be in thy mouth, and a two-edged sword in thy band; and may thy faith be like the expanded arch of a bridge, stand the firmer for burdens; and may thy love be like the flambeau in the gloomy night, burn the brighter for beating.

This night I had your letter, and when I had done preaching, I sat up in the cold to write this, and now it is a quarter past twelve; sure I deserve an answer. Write soon, and send me word bow, and I will send some pamphlets from London as presents. I shall come, God willing, near to Seven-oaks in the summer; if I come I will travel to you and preach; send a letter tome, do not mind the pay. May the everlasting love of God be with thee. My dear wife joins in love to you.

W. HUNTINGTON, S. S.

LETTER XIII.

TO THE SAME.

Ditton, June 12.

My dearly Beloved and longed for in the bowels of Christ, Companion in tribulation, and Fellow-citizen of the heavenly Jerusalem.

I INDEED take shame to myself that I did not answer your letter before, but I waited to see if God would make way for me to come, and indeed I have been very hardly worked. Last Saturday I preached at Battersea, Sunday forenoon and afternoon at the Adelphi, in the evening for Dr. G., next day in Oxfordroad, Tuesday at Richmond, Wednesday at Hammersmith, and last night at Ditton, and now this day, being Friday, is a day of rest to me, and I cheerfully sit down to write to you; and I think if my dear and loving Lord permit it, to be with you next Thursday evening to preach. Let it be late, that the poor working men may have time to come, for I love to preach to them, for I know what hark work is. I believe there is one Mr. H. preaches that way, give my love to him if you see him, for he is dear to me.

Dear sister in the Lord, I hope you will find the work revived in your soul, now you are out of your hurry. Oh! my dear soul, how cold is the love of many grown to the ever-blessed Lord, how much clinging to the world. Oh! my dear Lord and Saviour, what hast thou done, or what is thy crime that the world despise thee, and the church forget thee so? Is it not thou that bled, and died, to redeem our souls from hell? Is it not for us that thy garments were red like him that treads the wine-vat? Then why, my dear Lord, art thou so lightly esteemed among us? Surely we have rendered thee evil for

thy good will to the disquietude of thy soul, and have set up idols, and played the harlot with other lovers, and let them have harbour in our affections. O Lord, forgive our idolatry, and adultery, and keep the throne of our hearts.

I hope we shall have you for our neighbour soon, God willing. My three children are all ill with the hooping-cough, and my wife gives her love to you. I will be down on Thursday as soon as I can; may the Lord come with me. Amen, so I conclude.

Your very weak and unworthy brother in Christ,
W. HUNTINGTON.

LETTER XIV.

TO THE SAME.

Dear Betty,

GRACE, mercy, and peace be with thee, and all that love our Lord Jesus Christ, in sincerity and truth. I have heard that you are coming to town at Christmas; I beg that you will make my house your home, as long as you stay in town. You visited me when I was a beggar upon the dunghill, and the good Lord having raised me up from that state of real want, I shall be as glad to see you now as I was then; and that you may share in what it has pleased God to give me; for I hope that no worldly prosperity will ever make me forget, either the coal-sack, or the cobbler's seat.

I bless my God for all these undeserved favours, but these are not the portion of my lost and defenceless soul; no, he has saved poor, wretched, worthless me, and my soul exults in this better part, that shall never be taken away. Betty, Jesus Christ, the darling Son of God, is the only hope and help, guide and guardian, of poor lost sinners; he is our all in all, and make him such, for, "The ransom of a man's life is his riches," says Solomon. All the real peace, happiness, joy, comfort, rest, or love, that ever was found, felt, or enjoyed in this world since Adam fell has been found in the communion and fellowship of the Son of God.

The covenant of grace in the days of old, and the gospel in our days are published that we might have fellowship with the Father, and with the Son, Christ Jesus; and what is all religion without this? Our fellowship with the Father and the Son, is to be known by faith and love; "Believe," says Christ, "that I am in you, and you in me;" and, "He that loveth dwelleth in God, and God in him:" these are the evidences of our union and

communion. This, Betty, makes us happy, comfortable, useful, and fruitful; and without this we are miserable, restless, barren, and fruitless; for "Without me ye can do nothing;" no more than a dead branch that is out of the vine. The only way to keep this union up, is by watching our inward frames, and the handyworks, and dealings of our God with us, searching the scriptures, meditating thereon, constant in our prayers, and thanking God for every favour, spiritual or temporal; and see that you be not slothful in these things.

By the help of my good God, I have been enabled now for thirty years, to keep moving on in the work of the Lord, without having a name to live and being dead; "The diligent soul shall be made fat." I am here in my little cabin at the chapel, day and night, and no spot so sacred, and so highly esteemed by me as this; it is to me, Bethel, Mount Tabor, the little hill Mizar. Many a heavy load have I cast off here, and many a heavenly ray, many a sweet foretaste of better days, have I had in this little cot. I did intend to have seen O. before now, but this bad, cold weather, has prevented me; besides, my old weather-beaten tabernacle cannot stand the fatigue of the camp, or the barn labour of forced marches, and therefore I shall indulge myself, and hug my winter quarters till Betty, the white serjeant, comes to my head quarter, to tell me how matters prosper in those parts, where Jesus Christ comes with his word, and whether she thinks this the time to send peace upon earth, or a sword and a fire.

Remember me to your husband and family, all of whom I hope are well, and likewise to Mr. G. when you see him. A happy Christmas, and may the blessed Son of Mary, be the son of Betty, for Christ is conceived in the hearts of believers, as well as in the womb of Mary; hence Christ's confession, "He that hath my word and keepeth it, the same is my mother, my sister, and my brother."

Ever your's,
W. H., S. S.

LETTER XV.

TO THE SAME.

BOTH your epistles, Betty, came to hand, but the first in which you ordered me how and where to direct to you, is mislaid, so that I am constrained to direct this to brother G. who I doubt not will help it to you. Your first convinced me of the truth of what I always thought, that when you left me you went from God; however the elect of God cannot be lost, for they are appointed to obtain the salvation which is in Christ Jesus, with eternal glory. Hence the Saviour says, "All that the Father hath given me shall come to me, and he that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out," John vi. 37.

We may procure many rods and stripes, crosses, and burdens, to our own souls, which may cause us to go halting to the grave, but nothing shall ever alter the eternal purpose of God, nor prevent his most holy Spirit, and his eternal love from finding them out. I am a living witness of this, for though I never sought him, yet he sought me; I never called upon his name in truth, yet he called upon mine; and though out of the way of the means, his means made a way to me: "I am found," saith he, "of them that sought me not" "I know my sheep, and they hear my voice; and they shall never perish, neither shall any pluck them out of my hands." "I lay down my life for my sheep, and I give unto them eternal life;" and these, Betty, are the true sayings of God.

I was glad to hear by your last, that you found some encouragement under the word, when in town; I was afraid that your appetite had been so vitiated, feeding so long upon husks, that the provisions of Wisdom's table and the true bread would hardly go down; though when the same mighty famine falls on us, as did on the poor prodigal, nothing but the

bread of life will suffice; and my soul blesses God for making such provision, and for inviting them to it who are ready to perish. What a hearty welcome do poor sinners meet with, when they bring a craving appetite with them; " Eat O friends, drink, yea, drink abundantly, O beloved;" so true is the word of his grace, that he filleth the hungry with good things, but he sendeth the rich in themselves, empty away, Luke i. 53.

The elder sons by creation, who are in their first-born state, in the flesh and not born again, frankly own that our heavenly Father never gave them a kid, to make merry with their friends; but those who are predestinated to the adoption of sons, these poor prodigals, when they return, obtain the ring of eternal love, the robe of imputed righteousness, and the fatted calf; and though the elder sons are offended with this, yet God will have it so, and there is no resisting his will. Betty, cleave close to Jesus, delight thy soul in him, and make up all thy happiness in him, for all besides is death. Be a good girl, and mind your books, I mean, scripture and conscience, keep there, for out of them are the issues of life.

Ever your's,
W. HUNTINGTON.

LETTER XVI.

TO MRS. H.

Gainsborough.

DEAR partner in life and in covenant love, grace be with thee and thy little troop. I am at present very well in health, I have enjoyed more of the powerful presence of God than usual, the enjoyment of him has been sweet to my soul.

I often take a solitary walk by the river Trent, and muse on the wonderful scheme of everlasting love. My soul is more dead to the world than ever; all indeed is vanity and vexation of spirit, but in my God solid peace and everlasting felicity. I know not why heaven should stoop so low as to look on such mortals, but it is the most high God's doings, and it is marvellous in our eyes. I envy no man's happiness; mine all lies in a bleeding Saviour; he is and shall be the portion of my soul in this house of my pilgrimage. The rich, the gay, the polite, the wise, and all pass me on the road, and pass me in silence. I am out of the world and not worthy of this world's notice, and indeed this world is dead to me.

My mind is kept remarkably pure, and all my happiness is alone in my God; indeed I think this will be the happy and undeserved cud of my worthless, soul—all glory be to the free and sovereign grace of my most blessed Father. The very nights are sweet to me, and no company like that of my God. Why I am so highly favoured I know not, I have done nothing worthy of this his notice, but he will be gracious to whom he will be gracious. I am in a place where there are many professing people, still I find but very few who see what I see; I much fear many in the end will meet with the disapprobation of my Lord and Master. Few, indeed very few, understand the

good fight of faith; heaven is easily obtained by them; but the real saint must take it by force; and if these do not I doubt they will cry, Lord, Lord, when it will be too late.

I do not enjoy my comfort alone, I call you and the little ones up with me to prayer in my faith, and surely my desire is that you and the little ones may be saved. I keep close to my study, and commune alone with my own heart. I sit from morning till night in my own room, except when I eat my meals, or walk by my highly favoured river, the Trent. Give my love to Ruth and Naomi, and all, if they can read this. If you choose you may write me a line, use your own liberty in it, as I know not when I shall return home; but I shall not write to you any more except I hear from you. Fare you well, grace be with thee and thine; from

Your affectionate husband in Christ,
W. H.

LETTER XVII.

TO MR. G.

Gainsborough.

I HAVE a wonderful story to relate. Some days ago there came into this town a strange woman, she was very tall and genteel, very ancient, grave, and majestic; richly clad, and most beautifully adorned. Her graces were winning and attractive, her steps stately, her air admirable, and gait singular. She seemed very narrow in her inspections, and her eye was very observant; she seemed very active in her motions, and of very wise deportment. When she entered the town she stood awhile on a high hill, and spoke to a few people as they passed; I heard her voice and followed her; I viewed her from head to foot, with all the eyes I had. I saw her jewels were indeed valuable, her attire costly but plain: Her features were minute but proportionable, and in my judgment of things, she is an ornament to all her sex; and for her singular beauty far surpassing the daughters of men. If ever I let my eyes run without a rein, they did then; indeed she took me with her eye-lids, and I was fast caught in the amorous net. I inquired if any knew her, some said they had just seen her, others said they had heard the fame of her, but none could tell me where she came from for certainty; all was conjecture about her nativity, nor could I find any among them all that was well acquainted with her. Never since I came into this world, did I ever find so intense a desire after any person as after her; I longed to have a little converse with her, and indeed the sight of her would have done me good, but there was no likelihood of my being thus gratified. Being very desirous of knowing where she came from, I made perpetual inquiry after her, and at last I found a young man, named Jedidiah, who knew her well; and he told me she had placed

her affections some years ago on a young man, and she seemed so in love that she could not well conceal it.

The young man was very reluctant to the match, because there were several embarrassments in the way, as first, he must get an act of parliament to change his name; secondly he must forsake father, mother, and all that he had; thirdly, their dispositions were so diametrically opposite to one another. Howbeit the match is not broke off, several people were together the other night at the gentleman's house, and among all the rest I was invited, but did not know at first that the lady was there; but when I saw her there, I thought my curiosity was gratified. I watched her narrowly, and I found by her broken language that she was a foreigner, for she spoke very bad English.

One man spake to her about politics, but she gave him no answer; another asked her several questions about astronomy, but she seemed a stranger to all sciences and arts. She was very sensible indeed in divinity; her memory was strong, her views clear, her judgment ripe, her ideas consistent, her conversation nervous, and her sentences weighty, and delivered with much solidity. She looked cheerful, but never once offered to smile.

The young man asked her if she had any fortune, for you must know we methodist parsons are all for money; at that she held up her hands and said, In my left hand is length of days, and in my right hand riches and honour. He asked her if she thought she could manage a family, and furnish a table, and she said, she could kill her own beasts, furnish her own table, mingle her own wine, and bid her own guests.

The next day they were married, and I was there, and as soon as they came into the parlour she kissed him and said, "I Wisdom dwell with Prudence." I was exceedingly well entertained, for the bride put forth a few riddles saying, "I find

out knowledge of witty inventions;" and Understanding, her kinswoman, unfolded them. Her father embraced the bridegroom, and said, "Let her breasts satisfy you at all times; and be thou always ravished with her love." Another said, Let him take heed to his spirit, and deal not treacherously with the wife of his youth, Mal. 2. 15. And another said, she shall be an ornament of grace to his neck, and a crown of glory shall she deliver unto him. So we broke up, and then I found her father was the ancient of days. Her husband's name was Prudence, her kinswoman was Understanding, and her maiden name was Wisdom, but now it is Grace.

W. H.

LETTER XVIII.

TO THE SAME.

My dear Brother in Christ Jesus,

I HAVE no doubt but you bore a part of my burthen in this last conflict with Satan, and therefore conclude that you would be glad to know what the labour and travail of this mountain brought forth. It hath not answered the expectation of the conspirators, by any means; some were foolish enough to think to vote me out of my office, though I were never voted in; and others expected me to be dismissed with a formal ceremony, who were received by me only, at our first formation.

Their democratic principles led them so high as to attempt an invasion of the priesthood, and even to shew their authority in the province of the pulpit, which I view as sacred to the ambassador that God is pleased to send there to personate him, to those who inquire after him, and to be as his mouth to the objects of his choice. In vain am I made a watchman, unless I have authority in my word to cry fire, or detect a thief; I cannot perform the part of an overseer of the flock, if I am not to resist the attempts of a grievous wolf. And how can I be a faithful messenger either to God or men, if I do not resist, oppose, and exclude from my pulpit, a damnable impostor, who is in profession a hypocrite, in knowledge a novice; in spirit a hardened rebel, in office a minister of Satan, and in life and practice a son of Belial? The congregation of hypocrites is already desolate, and the fire shall consume the tabernacles of bribery.

We have four branches of art which are made use of in London, to keep a shattered cause and a ruined party together, when God leaves it, and begins to blow upon it and

blast it; these are, field-preaching, prayer-meetings, love-feasts, and organs, which are the infallible marks of a decay in gain of godliness, and of sinking into insolvency: the opposition to me have tried the former two, and I expect shortly to hear of the third, not of the fourth for want of money. These are the traps made use of where the power of God is wanting, and for want of which the houses of God are deserted and get thin; but these snares are laid in the sight of many birds who have long observed the cheat, and therefore they are spread in vain. Our old acquaintance — —, and five more, are bondsmen for the rent, and he is the leading roan on the Monday evenings at the prayer meetings; but all is not sufficient to keep this rope of sand together, for, "Wickedness shall be broken as a tree," Job xxiv. 20.

The little man is now of very little account, in very little esteem, and not a little mortified to see himself so little in the eyes of many; he is so filled with rage at the mention of my name, that he bounds with electric fire, and has hard work to keep his feet on the earth, they that are cruel trouble their own flesh: "The turning away of the simple shall slay them, and the prosperity of fools shall destroy them. But whoso hearkeneth unto me, shall dwell safely, and shall be quiet from fear of evil," Prov. i. 31, 32. I have no doubt of the whole rent falling on the bondsmen, and the expenses of the alterations likewise, for it was those gentlemen who gave the orders, so you see we go a warfare at our own charges; but as yet we have wrought no deliverance in the earth, nor have the inhabitants of the world fallen.

At first setting off, there was great shouting in the camp of the Philistines, and they expected the Hebrews would be soon drove into their holes, and it was concluded that the ark was taken: we had only the letter, the power was with them; but, alas! the house of Saul waxeth weaker and weaker, and the house of David increases and must increase, till the kingdoms

of this world acknowledge their rightful sovereign, and submit to his sceptre. The army of Saul is scattered from him, his whole forces do not exceed a hundred, and the chief part of these are scouting parties, fallen off from their old commanders; and some of them have been disbanded for cowardice, some were discharged with stripes on their backs, and others have been drummed out of other regiments for misdemeanors. Under these circumstances the standard-bearer faints, flags, and gets very much dispirited, and well he may, for God's banner was never displayed over him, nor one soldier ever enlisted by him, nor one deserted ever restored to his colours through him; the armour of God was never upon him, nor any commission ever received from him, therefore he can expect neither pay nor pension; he must live by plunder and forage, or else he must work, and with quietness eat his own bread, or perish with hunger: so you see that, "By means of a whorish woman, a man is brought to a piece of bread, and the adulteress will hunt for the precious life," Prov. vi. 26.

The false flame is quite extinguished, and nothing but a stinking snuff is perceptible among them; under this cold chill many are creeping back in hope of getting into winter quarters among us, but the peace officers will grant them no billets, nor will any of the rendezvous that are open for his Majesty, receive them, for both their countenance and their hand-cuffs proclaimed their disloyalty and perjury. They have deserted their colours, and God 'refuses either to be the strength of their heart, or the health of their countenance; the former is given up to the buffetings of Satan, and the latter proclaims their treachery. As to their appearance, their uniform is only that of a spencer, for like David's ambassadors their skirts are cut off close by the rump, so that they walk naked; and many who before viewed their judgment as a robe and diadem, now see their shame and shun their company. This is not a little degrading, especially to our little saint Crispin, who will be great though he is no better than a servant of all work, and as

a borrower he is a servant to the lender, consequently a servant of servants. My respects to all friends. The Lord bless thee, so prays,

W. HUNTINGTON.

LETTER XIX.

TO THE SAME.

Bristol.

My dear Brother,

I AM now in this large and populous city, my audience is seldom less on the weekly lecture evenings than between one and two thousand. The tabernacle holds upwards of two thousand, and if three thousand could get in it would be full. I found myself at first much agitated, and felt myself in a very disagreeable frame of mind, but the attendance that they give, their attention in hearing, and the affection they shew to me, has drawn my love much into union with them.

I preach seven times a week, and they have tied me fast for a six weeks' stay, how this will be received in London I know not; but I eloped from them without mentioning in my pulpit my departure, fearing I should meet with a strong opposition. Howbeit I believe God has brought me here, and doubtless he will own and bless my labours, which begin to appear very visible already. The place is attended by a great many of the gay and polite, and many of them are a gracious and pious people. I hope my little ones are well, and all friends, as I bless God I am at present; and indeed I have found many sweet humbling times in private, and the Lord has been precious to me.

I have seen a new chapel erecting, between Bristol and the Hot-wells, the ground for which was bought, and the money left to finish it by that pious lady, and she and her companion often entertained themselves with the thoughts of being deposited in it as the first fruits; but both are dead before it is

erected. My kind love to, and all friends, and accept the same
from one who wishes ever to be esteemed

Your ready servitor,
W. HUNTINGTON.

LETTER XX.

Thursday Morning.

I HOPE my friend is well, have sent her my Sea Voyage for her perusal, and as I know she is embarked in the same ship, I hope she will meet with some of her own experience in it; I wish her a prosperous voyage. The ship is the covenant of free grace; the Captain is the Saviour; the sea is this troublesome world; the rigging is love, mercy, and truth; the three fathoms are the revealed affection of the Trinity. Christ, his word, and grace, are the three anchors; the lion, ram, and milky way, are the light of the trinity. The intent of sending this is that you may sup with us on board, and so have a united anticipation with my mind and thoughts since I saw you last. I have another work in hand, which, when finished, you will receive. I have at times thought that you was ill, but I hope not. My wife is poorly, the little one is well, and the children got well over the small-pox. Excuse haste. Farewell.

Thy willing Servant in the gospel of Christ,
W. HUNTINGTON.

LETTER XXI.

TO H. B.

Dear Fellow Labourer,

I THINK your present cross. is to teach you to cease from man, whose breath is in his nostrils, for wherein he is to be accounted of. Where there is no cross, there is neither life, humility, nor power; in all these things is the life of our spirit, by these we are humbled, and after the trial is over we return, like our Master, in the power of the Spirit. There is a daily cross allotted us, and if we watch, we shall daily find it, and feel it too. Sometimes I am altogether lifeless, and at the same time so careless, that it seems a matter of indifference to me, whether I pray for quickening grace, or hug my carnal ease. Again, I have six or seven times to preach, and not one text in view, the book is sealed; at another time, every passage seems to afford matter for a discourse, and then I have two or three leisure days, so that none are wanted. Again, a passage shall pass through my mind with uncommon beauty and lustre, and the first foolish thought that enters my head, plunders my memory, and that is gone and never returns.

Sometimes I am indulged with uncommon access to God in private, and with an holy familiarity; my glory seems fresh in me, and then I expect to go to the pulpit in the fulness of the blessings of the gospel of peace; but instead of that I stand hacking like a fool in the correction of the stocks. At other times great boldness, freedom of speech, and comfort through the whole discourse, and then I expect that all must be comforted, because I was; but instead of that I seemed to be the only one that was comforted; the fleece was wet, but all the floor was dry; and when I have stood in chains, and delivered a few broken, unconnected, unintelligible fragments,

with a gloomy countenance, a burthened mind, and bound in the spirit, till I have been ashamed of myself, and of my discourse also, then great execution has been done; many were joyful when Samson was bound. At another time I have gone with a studied discourse, bright views, and various branches; the whole platform on my mind, and all laid out in the nicest order, and I have expected a heaven upon earth; and when I came to begin, instead of the Lord working with me, there was none to speak but Mr. Huntington; and he has blundered on, till he has lost all his heads, and almost all his text; and every hearer that has looked at me, has given me to understand that he knew the voice of a stranger, and who was preaching as well as I did, for the cloud had got no rain.

At other times I have set off on the Lord's day morning, without a single passage on my mind, and have had three times to preach, and have been kept in suspense till within a few minutes of service time, when a text has come over the hills, but seemed at such a distance as if it scorned to be examined; and I have gone forth with it, wishing it had been customary to preach in a mask, but when I have began I have found him there, and he that watered, was watered also himself. I have then returned with honour, and determined in my own mind that the people should have a second benefit, and therefore I have attempted to branch the heads of that discourse a little wider out, and drive them a little farther home; and I seemed to begin with the wine views and power with which I ended in the morning, and have gone on till I have lost myself, and stripped them of all the dew that the Lord had before distilled on their souls. When my own soul hath seemed in private to rise like a cedar in Lebanon, I have been barren in the pulpit, and the garden has visibly withered, like a green herb; and on the other hand, when I have been long occupying business in deep waters, they have seemed to be at the desired haven. This, Sir, is the way I go on, and in

my glass you will probably see your own face. Peace and truth be with thee.

Ever thine,
W. HUNTINGTON.

LETTER XXII

TO MRS. L.

Dear Sister in Christ Jesus,

WHEN I rode with you from Bristol to Hath, you seemed to be one of a sorrowful spirit. I doubt you look too much into yourself, or strive too much in your own strength. If looking within is such terrible work, we ought to try what looking to Jesus will do, seeing he hath commanded us to run the race set before us, looking to the end of the race instead of looking to sinful self, or to the difficulty of the way. I strove for some years to attain perfection; and when I was brought to see nothing but sin in my nature, then I was led to find myself perfect in another; and what I could not obtain by a deal of hard labour, I found communicated in answer to prayer, which made me more fond of begging at a throne of grace than striving in my own strength.

The path to heaven is rough, but it is both safe and sure. Christ is the path, the guide, and the end; and blessed is that soul who ventures on his faithfulness and truth, and places all his hopes on his blood and righteousness. I have served God now above fifteen years, and have found him one of the best of masters to one of the worst of servants. My faith has often been dashed out of countenance, when his faithfulness has shone like the sun; my hope at times has been just ready to give tip the ghost, when his salvation has been even at the door. Between my own ingratitude and his everlasting love, between the weakness of my faith and the faithfulness and truth of my Lord, I have had many an humbling, many a weeping hour.

I take it for granted your warm old man is yet alive, and in a flourishing condition no doubt, as he has always food or fuel

to keep the wretched beggar up; and therefore he is likely, in one sense, to live as long as you will; but the comfort is, he is nailed to the cross. I know he would gladly get from it, but the daily cross will not get from him. No sooner does that condemned criminal struggle for mastery or deliverance, no sooner is he gratified, indulged, or consulted, but on comes the cross on his back; this makes so much chequer work in the Christian's journey, and it must be so, or we should hardly know who is master. The new man walks but when the bones of the old man are racked on the cross, and grace reigns when the old man sits on the dunghill. This wretched neighbour, this devious tenant, must remain under the same roof, for there is no ejecting him out, either by law or gospel; to keep him halting by faith and prayer, is all that can be done or expected: and the Lord hath said, "That grace shall reign through righteousness to life eternal." This being the case we must expect a war all the way, therefore it is in vain to dream of ease; in this world we shall have tribulation; it is enough for us that in the Saviour we shall have peace.

Be diligent in the means of grace, be often at your Bible in times of leisure from business, be fervent in prayer however withstood: God loves a diligent Christian, God loves an importunate beggar. The best faith is that which will take no denial at a throne of grace, when it pleads for that which the Lord has promised to give. My health is but very indifferent at present, and many will be glad when it is worse; but, blessed be the Lord, "I know in whom I have believed," and that is my comfort in affliction; and indeed that sweetens the bitter cup. Pray tender my kind respects to any friend at Trowbridge, if there be any that know me, or inquire after me; and the same to your spouse unknown, while I remain,

Thine in the path of tribulation,
W. HUNTINGTON.

LETTER XXIII.

MRS. C.

Dear Friend,

THE privilege of a child is to carry every complaint to its parent, there I hope to carry yours. Burthens, offences, cares, and perplexing entanglements, are appointed as a task for faith to perform, and for the energy of the Spirit of prayer to discover itself in. It is the business of faith to carry matters to God, and the business of prayer to try what interest faith has in him; and when faith and prayer have tried the faithfulness of God and prevailed, then depend upon it God will try faith. Troubles are intended to keep grace in exercise, and the soul from settling upon its lees; and the whole of it is sure to terminate in the honour of God, and our good.

I believe God has laid upon thee a burthen sufficient to try thee, and in his behaviour you will read your former folly, and loathe it, and yourself on the account of it; but I have no doubt but you will grow under it, and find the Lord most precious when the outward cross lies the heaviest. That trouble is sure to be a friend that makes us pray, and we are sure to have the most profit by those troubles that imbitter earthly vanities to us. All trials are intended to drive us from the creature to God, and this wicked world is a hell where there is no God to be enjoyed by the sinner. Let me have communion with God, and I can bear every thing, but when this is lost, I can take no pleasure in neither wife nor child.

Happy, yea, eternally happy, is that soul that has got the God of Jacob for its refuge. It is but to receive a burthen from the creature, and carry it to the Creator, while he displays his tender care and fatherly love in taking it off. All is intended to carry on the sweet and heavenly intercourse, and to wean the

soul from earthly enjoyments, and endear the God of Israel to the soul. God is jealous of his own glory, and jealous of his spouse's affections; this I can feel in my own soul, and I find a deal of tenderness toward the honour of God; for I can find my soul sensibly touched if any body comes and gives any honour to me, after I have delivered a discourse with some degree of comfort. I hope God will give thee patience to bear what may fall to thy share, and lead thee to see that there is a needs be for all these things. We shall have no more of them than are appointed in the eternal decree, and when this transient life is ended, we shall have something to look back upon and say, "He hath done all things well; he maketh both the deaf to hear, and the dumb to speak." Oh I how has my soul longed to be there. But I must wait mine appointed time till my change come. Dear Friend, adieu!

Thy willing servant and affectionate Pastor,
W. H.

LETTER XXIV.

TO I. L.

Winchester Row.

Dear Friend,

You have forgot your promise of writing to me, but I suppose Satan tells you silence best becomes the miserable. However I would not be of the devil's privy council, nor keep the secrets of his infernal cabinet; depend on it he never will prophesy any good of you, therefore listen to none of his temptations, for he knows nothing of God's purpose concerning your final state. He is the enemy both of God and man, a murderer, and aims at nothing but the increase of his own broken kingdom, and can never be divided against himself. Remember, Christ, and him alone, hath made satisfaction to injured Justice, by putting away sin, by the sacrifice of himself, and hath made peace by the blood of his cross for us; there is no other satisfaction to be made, that work is finished: and by his spotless obedience to the law he hath fulfilled all righteousness in our name, Son of man, in our nature, "He was made flesh;" thus a righteousness wrought out for us, and by the gospel brought nigh to us. The gospel knows of no other righteousness than this, nor is any other ever to be wrought out for our justification before God.

If thou art patching this spotless robe with thy old cloth, they will never agree, the rent will only be made worse, and so you will feel it. The law itself forbids a garment of linen and woollen together. You seem to me to be a friend to the devil, for instead of resisting you rather invite him; and instead of fighting yon start aside, cast away your bow, give up all confidence, refuse all comfort, and in effect say, take me,

devil. I know a choice man of God, who in his distress of soul, desired God to damn him, that he might know the worst of his state; what is this but praying against God's decree, and desiring to meet the devil half way? I know a woman who, in an hour of temptation, had listened to Satan till she was quite sick of it, cried out and said, I will never believe I shall be damned till I am in hell; she fought more like a man than a woman, but you fight more like a child than a man. The Lord knew that we all were transgressors from the womb, and are bent to backslide; but he has promised to heal our backslidings and love us freely.

The Lord has set his long forbearing mercy against our propensity to offend, his slowness to anger against our hourly follies, his riches against our deep poverty, and his abounding grace against our abounding iniquity; therefore be of good comfort, arise' 'be will yet call thee, only believe and thou shalt be made whole. You will not find Christ to cast you off easy, he knows our weaknesses, and has been tempted in all points like unto us, yet without sin, and is able to succour them who are tempted; therefore, "Cast not away your confidence, which hath a recompense of reward." "Be of good cheer, arise, he calleth thee." "Only believe, and thou shalt be made whole."

Tell your sister I have inquired after her place of servitude, and am informed it is a very good one, which I am very glad to hear of. Tell her to beg of Christ to take possession of her heart, he will have no less; that he desires for his habitation; and when he takes possession of that he will keep all others out. He yields up the contrite heart to none; here he sways his sceptre, and grace reigns over sin; here he writes his laws, and erects his kingdom for ever; here he gives his keys and sets his seal; all his springs are here. Blessed is that heart that is governed by such a sovereign, and for ever blessed be that King who deigns to dwell in such a palace. Fare thee well, all grace be with thee, while I remain,

Thine in the Lord,
W. HUNTINGTON.

This has been begun almost three weeks ago, but time failed.

LETTER XXV.

TO MRS. M.

Dear Friend,

I HAVE from my heart blessed and thanked God, for his great condescension and goodness displayed in your behalf, and for delivering you from the hand of him that is stronger than you; "The prey shall be taken from the mighty, and the lawful captive shall be delivered." The hour of temptation has exercised all believers more or less; they have been accomplished in all the apostles, and in all their brethren that were in this world; "Blessed is the man that endureth temptation: for when he is tried he shall receive the crown of life, which the Lord hath promised to them that love him," James, i. 12.

"In the Lord, shall one say, have I righteousness and strength to him shall men come, and none that trust in him shall be desolate." He is an able, a willing, a suitable, and an all-sufficient Saviour: and they that trust in his name shall never be moved. That a sense of gratitude, and a lasting impression of your high obligation to Jesus, may rest with you, is the desire and prayer of, dear Friend,

Your soul's well-wisher in Christ Jesus,
W. HUNTINGTON.

LETTER XXVI.

TO THE SAME.

Dear Friend,

I CALLED a few days ago in Wigmore Street, and going into the parlour to ask how you did, I was informed you was moved to Hammersmith for the benefit of your health. I doubt not but my Friend's illness is in a measure owing to the distress of her mind. I have often thought that you laboured under some temptation, some feeling sense of sin, or a consideration of some parts of the scripture. I have not a single doubt but Satan keeps perpetually injecting something or other into your mind, and then tempts you to keep that secret for him; this I think is the grand cause of your present trouble of mind, which will at times affect the body also. You are best able to judge whether I have hit the right nail on the head.

However, I have been instrumental of conveying deliverance to many such, and I know you feel your need of deliverance also; and your reservedness is a bar to keep you in your present stronghold, and this conscience has often told you. I should be very glad to be of service to my Friend if she thought it worth her acceptance. I have had a deal of heavy work myself, and therefore understand something of it. I shall be at Richmond next Thursday, and will call on you in my journey thither, either to have a lunch with you or dinner, and then I shall see what sort of a house you keep in your country retirement. I know your residence, I have visited the sick there before. Farewell, the Lord bless thee. Excuse my liberty, as it proceeds from gospel affection, and believe me to be

Your most obedient and willing servant in Christ Jesus,
W. HUNTINGTON.

LETTER XXVII.

TO MRS P.

Dear Sister in Christ Jesus,

I AM sorry to hear you continue so very ill. I did intend to have called on you this week if I had gone to Richmond, but I have provided another in my room, having lately preached for him. I was very sorry when your spouse informed me of your continual weakness, which it seems still increases on you; but I hope our blessed Saviour will fortify your mind with spiritual strength, as bodily strength decays in you. My dear sister knows that our life is in the hand of the Lord, and that the number of our months are with him. He sometimes cuts short a work of grace, and perfects it in righteousness, so that a babe in grace dies an hundred years old, Isa. lxxv. 20.

Sometimes he brings down to the grave and lifteth up again, to spew his power, and make it known. Give not way to fear. The Lord's eye is over all the poor in spirit, and a present help to all that call upon him in the time of trouble. If thou simply let thy request be made known unto him, he will grant thee the desire of thine heart, and if thou trust in him he will bring thy wishes to pass. Thou hast a precious Saviour to plead, whose blood cleanses from all sin, and who perfects our imperfections; and as a Mediator intercedes for us, and sends our requests pure to the Father of all mercies. In him God can view a poor sinner with acceptance, and save him to the glory of his own grace; and indeed he takes pleasure in all that trust in his dear Son. It is a simple looking to Christ that calms our consciences, sweetens our untractable spirits, disarms our souls of fear, and brings us humbly to hope and submit to the will of God.

I think thou lookest too much within thee, and porest upon thy hard fate too much; you inwardly think that none are tried like you; you view your trials as severe judgments from God, and think all these things are against you-this is making the worst use of it, and has a tendency to bow us down. But if you read the scriptures leisurely, you will see the end of Christians' trials have been for their profit. I will call on thee next week, but not to dine; therefore I shall not let thee know what hour I shall call on thee. Farewell.

Thy willing pastor, and willing servant at command in Christ
Jesus,
W. HUNTINGTON.

LETTER XXVIII.

TO R. H.

Plymouth Dock.

My dear Ruth,

SHOULD your money run short before I come home, Mr. B will supply you with what you want. I am very well, and am very kindly received, but the people here are not the people at Providence Chapel, in power, grace, and knowledge. Here are thousands of hearers, but I seem to be a barbarian to them, though I come down as low as I can, and feed them with milk and not with meat. The good Lord, my only and everlasting Friend, portion, and reward, is my present comfort and happiness, and this makes me feel myself at home in every place.

I shall preach here three Sundays more, and on the Monday following set out for Paddington. I am to break bread with the people here to-morrow week. Tender my love to Mr. B. Gad, Eb. and Naomi; and let my dear Ruth accept the same from

Her affectionate Father,
W. H.

P. S. My little table and conveniences for writing here, are nothing like my own study, but quite the reverse. God bless thee, and all friends.

LETTER XXIX.

TO THE SAME.

I wish to know how Ruth is, hoping by this time she is somewhat better. God brings down and lifts up, he wounds and his hands make whole. It is often seen that, under the infirmities of the body, God gives health to the soul; the outward man, says Paul, decays, when the inward man is renewed.

There is no sensible sinner that perishes, who is looking and longing for the promised salvation of Jesus Christ. His grand errand into this world was, and still is, to seek and save the lost; and whosoever cometh to him he will in no wise cast them out. God hath already spoken unto thee, and given thee a hope and an expectation, and that hope and expectation will live and never die. Pray let me know by a line how you are, and whether you wish to see me; if you do, I will come.

God bless thee.
W, H., S. S.

LETTER XXX.

To -----

Dear Sir,

I RECEIVED yours and read it with pleasure, for God has been your Guardian and Banker as well as mine; and I must confess that the children of God's providence and grace are the greatest, wonders to me in the whole creation.

It has been my daily and hourly employ for upwards of thirty years, to watch the hand and handiworks of the Almighty in directing my steps, supplying my wants, fixing my residence, supporting my soul, instructing my mind, shining upon my way, and delivering me out of innumerable adversities. He hath caused his goodness daily and hourly, constantly and invariably to pass before me, while I have followed him, believing and hoping, watching and waiting, weeping and wondering, trembling and rejoicing, confessing and acknowledging, blessing and praising; and with astonishment at his undeserved goodness asked him where he would lead me to.

These things in our days are matters of jest and ridicule; but I am at a point, yea, more than sure, that all short of God and the fear of him is destruction and misery, vanity and vexation of soul. You may believe me when I say, despicable and despised as I am, God knows that I envy not the angels of God in heaven; nor is there a human being in existence whose felicity I crave, whose state I covet, or with whom I would exchange my hope. My poor prayers have already been, and shall be, that you may share in this blessed portion of God from above, and in this blessed inheritance of the Almighty from on high, Job xxxi. 2; for such shall rest, and stand in their lot at the end of the days, Dan. xii. 13.

The passage you allude to in Isaiah can by no means be applicable to you; you do not live in pleasure, dwell carelessly, much less deal in sorceries and enchantments. The contents of the whole chapter is levelled at Babylon in Chaldea, and will have its final accomplishment in mystical Babylon or Rome, but is by no means to be understood of any individual person. Nor does the Lord ever threaten poor sensible sinners, who look to his dear Son for pardon and acceptance, with evil, mischief, and desolations. God dearly loves all poor penitents who come to Christ, and declares there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner who repents—Repentance leads to life and salvation, not to evil and mischief. Make the Lord thy refuge, and no evil shall befall thee, Ps. xci. 10.

Let my unknown friend take the advice of a fool, Give thy mind to reading divine things, meditate on them, and with all simplicity crave God's help, guidance, and assistance through a Redeemer—then watch the displays of his power, and acknowledge his care, and the bounties of his hand. Nothing, no nothing ennobles the mind, enriches the soul, or fortifies the man, like a hope and trust in God through Jesus Christ.

This is the character of the best man in the world, He is a terror to the wicked, a pattern to the youth, and a distressed soul's counsellor; he is the envy of the world, the enemy of Satan, the admiration of angels, and the darling of God. Paul was of more value on board the ship that he sailed in, than the whole two hundred mariners with all their skill; they all worked, but none could promise safety but Paul, though he was the last that the commander credited, Acts xxvii. 11. However, God will own them that honour him. All the crew are given to Paul, and not one hair shall fall from one sailor's head because a servant of Christ was on board and Jesus Christ is the same, yesterday, to-day, and for ever, Heb. xiii. 8.

I thank my God, and under God I thank you, for the contents of your's. Should you think proper I should be glad to see you at my house, where you will meet with a cordial reception, good homely fare, an honest heart, and a hearty welcome.

From your most obliged and humble servant in Christ Jesus,
W. H.

LETTER XXXI.

TO MR. B.

Plymouth Dock.

Dear James,

I WISH grace, mercy, and peace to thee, through Jesus Christ our ever blessed, and ever adorable God and Saviour. I begin now to think upon my last week. Mr. D. being gone, I have but one old acquaintance here, who is a young man from Chatham, in Kent, whom I have long known. He sometimes walks out with me, or else I spend all my time in my room, writing letters; but I have very bad conveniences for writing. I believe I have set fire to the place, and now I wish to be off.

The people, many of them, had conceived strange opinions of me; they expected to hear seven thunders utter their voices at once, and that I should storm, and rage, and lay about me like a madman; but as they have seen nothing of this frenzy, wild-fire, nor morris-dancing, they seem quite pleased with the disappointment, both in the man and in his manner: and their language and confession seems to amount to this, that instead of a wild bull, it is nothing but a tame ass; his appearance, method, manner, and behaviour, is nothing like their conception of him. Instead of a great noise, it is a voice in the cool of the day; instead of wrath, mercy; instead of a terrible countenance, a smile; instead of law, gospel: drawing, instead of driving; healing, instead of killing; and wooing instead of divorcing.

I think to weigh anchor, and get under sail, if God favour us with a gale, and go by sea to Southampton, which will be the quickest way. Tender my love to all. Excuse haste. I am just

going a voyage to sea, in order to survey a sloop of war, lately
come in.

God bless thee, ever thine,
W. H., S. S.

LETTER XXXII.

TO MRS. T.

Dear Madam,

As my daughter Ruth brought your kind respects to me, and your request of an interest in my poor prayers, which I hope God will hear in your behalf, I thought that if I sent you a line it would not be disagreeable or unacceptable to you. I am not unacquainted with temporal troubles, nor with soul distress; I was long the quintessence of misery, a poor, burthened, forlorn outcast, that none sought after or cared for; but in answer to a few poor feeble petitions, put up to the Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of God in truth and love, the Lord delivered me. He is the miserable sinner's only friend, the sick soul's great physician, and the lost sheep's only shepherd; an able, a willing, an all-sufficient Saviour, suitable to the sinner's case, exactly agreeable to his wish, having all fulness in him, and infinite satisfaction for all that trust in his holy name.

He tells us to call upon him in the time of trouble, and that he will deliver us, and we shall glorify him; and whosoever cometh unto him he will in no wise cast them out, for he came to call sinners to repentance, and to seek and save that which was lost, and I am a living witness of his faithfulness and truth. I was weary and heavy laden enough, God knows, but I found rest in him for my soul; and he will be found of them that seek him, for he has promised that they who call upon him shall be saved, and that he will be near to them that haply feel after him. His precious blood cleanseth us from all sin, his grace is sufficient to support and comfort us under every loss, trouble, or disappointment; and it is to his honour and our comfort that we let our request be made known unto him, that we cast all our burthens and our cares upon him, for he careth for us. Hannah poured out her soul before him at Shiloh, and went

away with her countenance no more sad. Rahab and Ruth fled to him for shelter and protection, and both found it. A friend of the friendless, a husband to the widow, and a father of the fatherless, is the Lord in his holy habitation.

And as for thy son, God is the God of the seas as well as the land; he appeared to the disciples in a storm, to Moses in a bush, to Paul on the plains of Damascus, and to me in a garden. Commit thy son to the Lord, that is the only way to preserve him; do as Jacob did to his sons, God give you favour in the sight of the man, that he may send away your brother Benjamin; and the next news was that Benjamin was returned, and that Joseph was alive, and surely Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. Dear Madam, farewell, grace and peace be with thee. So prays,

Thy willing servant in Christ Jesus,
W. HUNTINGTON.

LETTER. XXXIII.

TO MRS. M.

WELL, Sister M. and how do you do? What dost thou think concerning Jesus of Nazareth, a man mighty in word and deed before God and all the people, who loved poor sinners with a love stronger than death, and who for our sakes became poor, that we through his poverty might be made rich, 2 Cor. viii. 9. Dost thou see any form or comeliness in him whereby he may be desired? Do thy thoughts go out after him, and hover like a swarm of bees over, and about him? Is there any desire in thy soul after him? Hast thou got any wounds that want healing, any appetite that wants filling, any blindness that wants removing, any hardness that wants melting, any grief that wants soothing, any, debts that want discharging, any filth that wants purging, any spots that want washing, any knots that want untying, any bonds that want loosing, any broken bones that want binding up, any faintings that require strength, any weak hands or feeble knees, or in short art thou full of wants and wanting? If so give me thine hand, and come up into the chariot, and see my zeal for God.

I am servant to the great physician; I visit my master's patients, inquire after their health, lay their various cases before him, carry out his medicines, and am an eye, ear, and living witness of an innumerable number of wonderful cures; even the leprosy, the scurvy, the plague of the heart, and plague of the head. I attend conceptions, soul-labour, and soul-travail. I have been at the birth of the new man, and the death of the old one. I have Been a wet, and a dry nurse. I have attended miscarrying wombs, and untimely fruit like a snail, that has never seen light. I have made caudle for others when I have wanted it myself. I have given suck to strangers, and at times envied every drop they have swallowed down. I

have been permitted to carry leaves from the tree of life, and gather fruit from the same every month, week, day, and hour, and sometimes all day long. I have been permitted to carry my Master's robe from place to place, among the sick, and as many as have touched it have been made perfectly whole.

And now as I have showed you my country and my occupation, trim whence I came, what people I am of, and my present calling; Is there any thing wanting in our way? What sayest thou of thyself? Consider these things, weigh them well, and seek relief while it may be had. If thou art sensible of thy wants, then learn for the future to show more lenity, becoming thy high station; severity seldom succeeds, nor cloth it spread the fame, or add to the honour of the higher powers. Sister M. farewell, be of good comfort; seek the best treasure, the best way, and the best end. While I remain, with all due respect, distance, and submission,

Your Greatness's most obedient and most devoted servant for his sake,

W. HUNTINGTON.

LETTER XXXIV.

TO MR. D

My dearly beloved Brother in the Lord Jesus,
Grace and peace be multiplied to thee, through our only Mediator.

My faith for thee, and my hope of the Lord's appearing for thee, was much encouraged by some few hints, which dropped from you yesterday. Heretofore I have sailed against wind and tide, nevertheless I could not give it quite up, but was often led out with renewed fervour and earnestness. Finding you continually to get worse and worse, and always informing me that no hope appeared, tried me sorely; but the constancy of your coming to my mind in prayer, and the energy God often gave me in the work, strengthened my faith as much as you staggered it: "If we believe not, yet he abideth faithful; he cannot deny himself," 2 Tim. ii. 13; and is there any thing too hard for the Lord?

Yesterday after I left you I shut myself up to search the scriptures, and to wait upon the Lord for a message, and in reading the prophet Isaiah I found I had by no means exceeded the Command and authority given to a servant in the gospel, for I found much more encouragement, and a positive order written by the prophet, to go further than I have gone with you; therefore take encouragement and hope to the end: "The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force;" Satan would not lay so much about him, if the Holy Spirit did not molest him. God will avenge his own elect, who in soul cry clay and night unto him.

Sure I am that thou wilt acknowledge me to the end, as you have already acknowledged me in part. And you well know

that I have always insisted upon it, that all must experience the furnace of affliction; that the fire shall try every man's work of what sort it is; and that this clay of trial shall declare it, and you can now set to your seal that this is true; and thus you acknowledge me in part, and when Christ shines upon your soul, you will acknowledge me to the end. I am fully persuaded that God is purging you; "From all your filthiness and from all your idols will I cleanse you;" and then a new heart and a new spirit is to be given, that we may loathe ourselves in our own sight for our iniquity.

Taking away our filthy garments, purging us from the spirit of this world, and bowing our stubborn and rebellious wills to gospel submission, is the hardest work; it is but for the Sun of Righteousness to arise and shine, and all the rest is done; light and heat, righteousness and healing, or in other words understanding and love, pardon and justification, all attend the rays of the Lord's countenance at once. My poor dear brother, farewell, be passive, submit to his will, and humble thyself under his hand, and he will exalt thee in due time, so I conclude,

Your's most affectionately in Christ Jesus,
W. H., S. S.

LETTER XXXV.

TO THE SAME.

To one of the ancient line in lineal descent, of the covenant am in genealogy, to whom the holy commandment came line upon .me, and precept upon precept, line upon line, here a little and there a little for the believer, that the self-righteous might go and fall backward; in whose behalf judgment was laid to the line and righteousness to the plummet, that the hail might sweep away the refuges of lies, and that Zion's foundations might appear plain, and her refuge be brought to light; which line in the apostolic commission is stretched out to reach even to us, in preaching the gospel of Christ. Call it the scarlet line let down from the windows of heavenly light, to convey us safe aver the wall that is daubed with untempered mortar, that we may escape the city devoted to ruin, and embrace that which has salvation for walls and bulwarks. Oh! blessed foundation, which bore up under our weight, and bore away both the sting of death and sentence of death, as a tried stone; and having endured the worst, now delights in the best part of the work, and to all real adventurers appears a sure foundation, that sinks not under the weight, nor deceives, nor disappoints those, who drop with all their burthens at his feet, and trust in his faithfulness and truth, and in his finished work. I wish you both a happy Christmas, and that your holidays may be days of the Son of man, visiting days, good days, days of espousal, days of salvation, and days of the gladness of his heart; attended with the voice of joy, and the voice of gladness, the voice of the bridegroom, and the voice of the bride, the voice of praise, and the voice of thanksgiving: " Praise the Lord, for he is good, for his mercy endureth for ever." O that we had a little more of him, and of his presence; but how short are his visits; a wayfaring man lie is that turns aside and tarries but a night, and when he goes, seems to

take all, heart and all with him, and leaves us like silly doves without a heart, without a heart for any thing, unless for vanity.

But shall he turn away and not return? No, he will relive his work; "They shall revive as the corn." But when? Why, when unbelief, and slavish fear, and rebellion have almost barred him out for good and all, then he puts in his hand by the hole of the door; "Open to me, my sister, my spouse." And when we are almost starving through fasting, the Son of man being taken from us, and we left to fast in those days, then he comes; "Children have you any meat?" for he will not suffer the souls of the righteous to perish. Again, when the god of this world hath almost blinded our eyes, and we have lost all sight and sense of him, he walks in the midst of the candlesticks; "The Lord shall light my candle; the Lord shall enlighten my darkness." Psalm xviii. 28; for he is and shall be our everlasting light, our God and our glory.

But poor Zion must mourn for him, and bewail the loss of him, though he loves her, has chosen her, redeemed her, founded her, established her, and promised to make her his eternal dwelling and resting place. Yet he will no and come, to try love, provoke to jealousy, kindle desires, and excite to watchfulness, and to make his absence terrible, that his presence may be the more admirable, the heart more tender, and the fear of offending him the more strong in us. He often dandles one upon the knee, that the other may stand weeping behind the wall; and kisses another that the fourth may be fainting in love-sickness, to make it more Suspicious of a divided heart. You may see my pen runs on like the driving of Jehu, but I must pull up and pull in, and leave the chariot paved with love to the management of him who, or ever we are aware, makes the soul like the chariot of Aminadib.

Grace and peace be with thee,
W. H., S. S.

LETTER XXXVI.

TO THE SAME.

My dearly beloved Brother in Christ Jesus, grace and peace be multiplied.

I WAS not a little comforted to find thee in a recovering state, and it added to my gratitude to God to hear that you was still gathering strength. I do most earnestly hope, that the Lord will give you a little of the new wine of the kingdom, and that for thy stomach's sake, and thine often infirmities, particularly that of infidelity, for I think if Thomas and you had been both alive together, that you would have strengthened each others hands to that degree, that even putting the fingers into the prints of the nails, it would not have been sufficient to remove the bar.

I hope to see this thy epilepsy cured ere long. I was very sorry that I happened to call just upon the return of thy fit, for I think of all devils this must be that kind, that goeth not out but by prayer and fasting. Nothing sure can silence the lips of truth, or quench the Spirit, more than a gainsaying devil. The Shunamite silenced Elisha with this influence, and the unbelieving lord in Samaria served him the same, but neither of them made the prophet a liar: "If we believe not he abideth faithful, he cannot deny himself."

I think this fiery trial will sharpen thy appetite, and I hope if it please God to restore thee, that thou wilt find some sweet morsels at Zion's entertainments. Many promises are made to the hungry and thirsty, and to the poor and needy, and faithful is he that hath promised, but, "He that believeth shall not make haste." God will be waited on and waited for, and they shall not be ashamed that wait for him. My dear friend wants a

little more submission to the will of God, to enable him to kiss the rod, and to humble himself under the mighty hand of God, that he may exalt him in due time, which is what I believe he will do.

Come, Thomas, be of good cheer, there is still hope in Israel, there is balm among God's heap of witnesses, and there is a physician in Zion; and sure I am that none ever died under his hands. None that ever sought under a sense of their sickness, failed of a cure, and this is some encouragement to those that feel their need and, "Blessed is the man that heareth me, watching daily at my gates, waiting at the posts of my doors. For whoso findeth me findeth life, and shall obtain favour of the Lord." In due time, my dear brother, we shall reap if we faint not; "He that shall come will come," at his own appointed time; his reward is with him, and his work before him. Tender my kind love and respects to Mrs. D. for I know that she is in the faith. The Lord bless, keep, and deliver you, is the earnest desire and prayer of,

Dearly beloved.
Ever your's,
W. H S. S

LETTER XXXVII.

TO THE SAME.

Dear Brother in Christ Jesus our Lord,

THIS comes to inform you that I am in daily expectation of a funeral, and of a jubilee. The day of an apprentice's apprenticeship, is called a day for burying his wife. I have been an apprentice fourteen years, I have served for a wife, and for a wife I have kept sheep, and espoused many, not for myself but for my Lord. I have under him, fed many sheep of his pasture, and throughout the whole time I have been a servant of servants, a servant to the church, and a servant to the lenders of money; for as the wise man says, "The borrower is servant to the lender."

Under this yoke I have truly been a wild bull in a net; thousands of petitions, and millions of tears have not been sufficient to remove it, only to make it sit more easy. I have at times drawn back in the yoke, and then pushed forward, started aside, and then kicked up, and after all have been obliged to drop down in the furrow, and longed for the moles country, where the servant is free from his master. When the yoke is removed I will have a jubilee and a feast at my house, under which I conclude in love and affection,

Your willing servant in Christ Jesus,
W. HUNTINGTON.

LETTER XXXVIII.

TO MR. D.

Dear Sir,

HAVE sent you the sermon that was written at your house, as the first fruits that, perhaps, ever appeared from thence of this sort, I mean, for public inspection. I beg your acceptance of it; and as it was penned in your old habitation, it may be the better received. I have written another since, in the same place, which is now in the press, which you shall receive when out.

If God permit, and spare my life, I intend preaching at Waltham Abbey in the spring, when a leisure day shall offer itself to James: when I hope to dine with you, and be accompanied by you to the above place, from whence we will accompany you back in the road to London. The Lord prosper his cause and interest at Walthamstow, and give success to the word of his grace, which alone can purify the heart, produce hope, or bring life and immortality to light. God's blessing sends the word with power, which enlarges the heart, brings peace to the conscience, puts oil in the vessel, and salvation as a lamp that burneth, which the oil of joy will ever feed, and keep the lamp, that it shall never go out. Without this, religion is neither a yoke that is easy, nor a burden that is light.

I am glad to hear that you are better with your disorder, and hope the great Physician will be precious to you and to your's, as the Saviour of body and soul, and as the Lord of life and death. My kind respects to the gentleman I saw at your house, and to those that love my only master, friend, and Lord; in the happy enjoyment of whom I sincerely wish you and your's

may be found living and dying. For whose sake I subscribe myself,

Devotedly your's,
W. HUNTINGTON.

LETTER XXXIX.

TO MR. D.

Thursday Morning.

ON Monday evening, and Tuesday evening, I flew very high, and got into the upper regions; the wind was south, and by west, and I thought I should no more descend; nor did I either dream, or think of coming back to the old cave. But yesterday, about eleven o'clock, I was led forth by the old man to be tempted of the devil, and when he will end all the temptations I know not; hilt he has not departed from me since, no, not for a season. In this conflict I have found my wretched heart full of envy, curses, and all sorts of vanity: rebellion, peevishness, anger, and malice, reigned triumphant; and the wind is still at the old point. Oh! the difference between the old man and law, the new man and gospel.

I thought this morning of my friend near the Tower, and found myself in the same ditch. Love is now at Miletum, sick; Patience is gone to Dalmatia; and Faith lies with the cloak, at Troas: only Hope is with me, and though he is profitable, yet more is wanting for the ministry. Storms and calms, darkness and light, bondage and liberty, temptation and consolation, adversity and prosperity, will attend us, till the battle is fought, the course finished, and the prize of the high calling taken. I am now in want of every thing, and in possession of nothing. But there is some comfort in this, namely, that I have not to shew my face in public this week.

W. H., S. S.

LETTER XL.

TO MR. D.

Bristol.
Nov. 29, 1786.

Dear Brother,

I NOW prophesy upon the thick boughs indeed. I may begin to preach half an hour before the stated time, if I please, for it is generally full by that time, or an hour before. I believe some scores will have reason to bless God for sending me hither. Several people of rank were so prejudiced that they stormed again, but God levelled it by the first discourse, and they have since begged my pardon, and owned it. I told them, that if they were partakers of grace, they could not hate my doctrine; and if they were graceless, I would rather have their ill will, than their good word. They have nothing from me but right down hard strokes, or plain truth in plain English. God does separate them under me.

Old John will have a deal of labour after I am gone. One young lady, belonging to the legal tribe, has lost her shackles, and has assumed the wings of a dove, covered with yellow gold. There is a rendezvous opened for me, at a person's house, where the others meet me—all of the popish tribe; but they stick close by my ministry, and God owns the doctrine. I shall occasion a deal of schism here, but I trust it is only of that sort which the word of God causes to be made. I do not mention the name, arminian, in the pulpit, but free-will, self-righteousness, and falling from grace, these are the feathers that I pluck at; and when I am on the doctrine of election, God gives me such happiness that many begin to think it is not a horrible decree, by the comfort that I enjoy in it. Thus you see

I have got a little of the serpent's wisdom, to the injuring the serpent's cause. Class leaders, and all, come to hear me; in some things they say I am too severe, but yet they continue to come notwithstanding my severity. The manager wishes that my bent was fixed here for good and all, and so do hundreds more, and declare that the greatest part of my doctrine is entirely new; in short, I never saw so universal a power, and such an attention, in my life.

And as for my smutty congregation at Kingswood, I mean gentlemen of the coal trade, they are alive, and very fond of their brother trade in the pulpit. One gentleman, who never was known to part with a shilling for God, has slipped a guinea into my hand, and offered to fetch me in his carriage to dine with him; but I chose to walk, lest I should commit another unpardonable offence by comparing the carriage to Balaam's ass, as the Chelsea, he goes current here. You must cast these scraps into the common treasury, and lay it before the committee of the board at Monkwell-street, and at Providence, that they may make their observations, before it passes the privy seal. Farewell, worshipful gentlemen; I have no more to add but love, prayers, and wishes,

From your faithful servitor,
W. HUNTINGTON.

LETTER XLI.

TO MR. D.

*Birmingham, Friday Morning,
Nov. 7, 1788.*

Dear Friends in Christ Jesus.

THIS comes to acquaint you with my affairs, and to let you know how I do. When I set out from London, on the Monday morning, I was more fit for an hospital than a country tour, and for a hot oath than for a pulpit; my back and head were so bad that I hardly knew where I was; but by the time I got to Oxford, the violent pain in my loins began to abate; and by the assistance of a medicine, procured at that seminary of learning, I got some case, but my poor head continued very bad, and the shaking of the coach made it worse; and so it continued all the way to Birmingham.

When I arrived at my journey's end on Tuesday night, what with the smoke and confusion of the place about Guy Fawkes, I could not persuade myself, but that I was arrived at the place where Satan's seat is; and my pain in the head and teeth was so bad, that I had such a dizziness, I could not walk steady through the streets. I was informed that the place I was to preach at was but thinly attended (which I was glad of, as my head was very thin of thoughts), but that many souls were in deep distress, and some had tried to make away with themselves, which grieved me Much, because I thought I was only sent hither just to get into the pulpit, and tell them I could not preach.

I was soon informed that a very crowded audience was expected, which cut me to the quick, as I thought a crowded

audience and a confused preacher, would make a very confused assembly; however, my friends insisted on it, that God would be with me. I had no doubt but he would be with me, as my God and Saviour, for ever, but I did not believe that he would be with me in that pulpit, therefore, I said in my haste, " "All men are liars." Just before preaching time I not blooded, but I found little or no relief from that, therefore, I went to the chapel with as heavy a heart as man could carry; the place was very full, and my head was very bad.

When I began to pray I perceived there was some confusion in the prayer, though I believe few, or none, perceived it; but as soon as I took my text, all the confusion fled, the poor people began to blink and nod, and shew every sign of approbation and comfort; therefore I went home convinced, that my covenant head is much better to me than that which wears the black wig. "He that trusts in his own heart, is a fool;" and he is little better that trusts in his own head. The next day a doctor advised me to have a blister, which I submitted to, and at night preached again, and God gave great testimony to the word of his grace. It was a most solemn and powerful time, we were in good earnest on both sides; I spoke for God, and they heard for eternity. I am to preach every night except Saturday; and all the time I can preach, and write, I shall live; and I hope God will take me out of the world as soon as my work is done. I am to preach at Walsall next Monday evening, and leave invitations enough to take up my time for six months; but I intend to return to old Providence Chapel next week, if God spare my life.

I believe that God put me into the furnace last week to humble me, that my success, in this place, may not lift me up; and that I might sympathize with some poor souls in Birmingham, whose head and heart is as bad, or worse than mine. Surely I am born to experience what sovereign grace can do, what law, and what gospel is; what human weakness, and what

divine strength is: that I may shun the former, and cleave to the latter. To be short, when I came into this place I had no rest in my spirit: and now I could weep my very soul out under a sense of the Saviour's grace, mercy, and truth. God bless you all, and when it is well with you remember Parson Sack; and depend upon it, it will not be long before we shall exchange weeping upon earth, for singing to heaven. Ever yours, for the sake of him that loves and saves sinners,

W. HUNTINGTON, S. S.

P. S. You may read it to the congregation if you please.

LETTER XLII.

TO MR. D.

Monday Morning.

YESTERDAY we toiled hard all day, and I am in hopes that we caught something. But last night the place would not hold half the people; I had no room to bestow my fruits and my goods. The people were very attentive to hear, and I think the Lord was with me. I found a poor arminian, whom the Lord brought out from that ant's nest the last time I was here; he is now among the better sort of insects. He spent the evening with us last night, and seems very glad he is out of prison; and I hope Jesus will keep him there, that, like Jeremiah, he may no more return to the earth, lest he die there.

The other meetings I find were very thin, the preachers could not keep themselves warm. He that is sunk into arianism gets worse and worse; the Lord ever keep us. I have only time to fulfil my promise. I am, this morning, going to preach in the country at ten o'clock, and am to return and preach here in the evening. Tuesday I am to preach at two places, fifteen miles off; you see they will have their pennyworths out of me. God bless you. I do pray for you all.

W. HUNTINGTON.

LETTER XLIII.

TO MR. D.

*Northampton, Saturday Morning,
Aug. 18, 1792.*

My dear Son in the faith,

GRACE and peace ever be with thee, as I am fully persuaded that the good work is begun in thee, and that it will be revived in the midst of the years, and that refreshing will come from the presence of the Lord: thou shalt have the former, and thou shalt have the latter rain in its season; and the husbandman must wait for it literally, and so must the husbandry spiritually.

As to your getting into the judgment-seat, and judging yourself, it is right if you stop there; but as to passing a final sentence, it is not your office, nor your province. Your writing bitter things against yourself will never stand for any thing, as God does not subscribe to it; and as to listening to the devil and unbelief, you may depend upon it, they will never prophesy any good concerning us. God's language is, "This is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased: hear ye him" His blood has a voice both in heaven, and in earth; his righteousness shall answer for us, in time to come; that I may be found in that, says Paul, and not in my own, in that day. The atonement gives an answer, both to justice and conscience; and his obedience gives an answer to every precept of the law, and an answer of admittance at the gates of heaven. The Saviour's plea, and office as an advocate, shall one day silence Satan, conscience, and Moses. "Believe in the Lord your God, so shall ye be established: believe his prophets, so shall ye prosper." It is for sin that he visits with a rod, and it is in very faithfulness that he afflicts us.

He to thy soul no terror brings,
From thy corrupted will it springs;
The Gentile sire, so good and kind,
Resolves to have his child resign'd.

Almighty faith the promise sees,
And trusts to Christ alone;
Laughs at impossibilities,
And cries, It shall be done.

All the powers of earth, or hell, shall never set one sin on the book of God's remembrance, against the child of God. Blessed is the man that trusts in the Saviour's satisfaction, God will remember that man's sins no more, in a judicial way. He knows our weaknesses, and infirmities, and has made provision in the fountain opened, which is for the benefit of the household of faith; and sure he shall cleanse their blood that he hath not cleansed for the Lord dwelleth in Zion for that purpose, Joel iii. 21.

Tender my love to Peg. and James, and to all friends. I shall go from hence on Monday morning, if God permit. We have had very heavy rain all last night, and all this day, so that I cannot get out. I shall send word from Birmingham, and when I shall be at Hath. The Lord be with you all.

Ever yours in the Lord Jesus,
W. HUNTINGTON.

LETTER XLIV.

TO MR. D.

I AM for peace, a son of peace, and a preacher of the peace, but I find, go where I will, the devil forestals my market by aiming at war. I have been in great heaviness since I left London, but at present am much revived. I know that the greatest part of my road lies in the very centre of tribulation; the flesh at one side, and the devil at the other; Mr. Huntington in the midst; and Christ going before, with death following close in the rear. And I know it is consulting with flesh and blood on the one hand, or listening to the devil on the other, that makes the path so crooked as it is.

Surely there is a meaning in setting one's heart to the highway, and in pondering the path of one's feet, and letting one's eyes look right before one; but look how we will, or walk how we may, there is a dear chequer work in the path: nor will all ever appear straight till we come to the end of the race, and get seated on the summit of Zion. When the soul will be presented to her heavenly spouse, in a better tent than that of the first heir of promise, namely, Isaac, and that without a veil: then the path, from Mesopotamia to the land of promise, will appear plain; and the mount Galeed, or heap of witnesses, be well understood. Until then we must pay our usual visits to Bethel, though we see the ladder but once a year, or anoint the pillar but once in a jubilee. There must be a sorrowing for the king of princes, and a joy because he has spoken in his holiness.

The springs are at a low ebb at present, very little oil in the cruse, though many are busy in getting the vessels together against night; but there is not enough to satisfy the creditors of one, that has made himself debtor to all, much less to keep

the family. By this you will guess where I am, because you have been often here. I am for peace.

W. HUNTINGTON.

LETTER XLV.

TO MR. D.

Dear Brother,

WE arrived safe here, and were kindly received, and have not had one barren opportunity since I came here; the word runs and is glorified. My audience stand out of doors to hear, but they are very attentive and devout; indeed, God sent me to this place, and I believe to the comfort and joy of many souls. They hear me with much contrition, joy and grief; they come many miles, and I believe few go empty away. I am going this day to preach seven miles off; at eleven o'clock; and in the evening, in this place again. God bless thee, my dear son, and restore thee again to the joys of his salvation. Excuse haste. I am visited all day long, and almost all night long. We had a deal of rain and thunder here oil Sunday and Monday nights.

Ever thine,
W. H., S. S.

LETTER XLVI.

TO MR. D.

My dearly beloved Brother,

BEING detained so long at Mr. C.'s, I could not easily get back, as was proposed. This comes to request of you, as you proposed going to Richmond, to get a coach, and come to my house in it, on Sunday morning, as my wife wants to go down with me to see the children. If you agree to this, send John with a line to me to-day; because if you do not approve of it, I shall go down by the stage on Saturday, and return on Monday: but I had rather go with you on Sunday morning, and return the same day at night. You must be at my house by eight o'clock, or half-past eight, or we shall not be in time.

I have some small degree of confidence at this time, that when Satan hath ended all his temptations, which at this time are neither few nor weak, that I shall return in the power of the Spirit. However, something or other will be brought up from these depths, where many billows and waves have rolled over me: but enough of this, as I am no prophet, and in no sense better than nothing; time will shew it. But this I will say, that I can subscribe myself, dear Brother,

Your's in the strongest ties,
W. HUNTINGTON.

From Bochim, or the grove of weeping.

P. S. Pray, sir, come to the time.

LETTER XLVII.

TO MR. D.

Aug. 15, 1798.

My dear Brother and Sister in Christ Jesus,

FOR such I must and will call you, as long as you come to the light; for he that doth evil, and only evil, hates it, nor will he come to it, lest his deeds should be reprov'd, John iii. 20. He is of God, that constantly heareth God's word; not only because he with joy receives it: but he is of God that constantly heareth God's word, when it doth nothing but reprove and rebuke him, and discovers his evil deeds; and when he understands it and feels it to be against him.

If, we know that we are passed from death unto life, or have the quickening influences of his Spirit upon us, who love the brethren; and, "He that loveth his brother abideth in the light, and there is none occasion of stumbling in him:" and if it be true, that he who receives a prophet in the name of a prophet, and he that receiveth- a righteous man in the name of one, shall receive a prophet's reward, and a righteous man's reward; and if this be true, that not a jot or tittle of Christ's word shall ever pass away unfulfilled-then what can I say of you two? Why, I must say, in the name of God, and I do believe in my conscience, that you both belong to the household of faith; and God knows that I view you as such, and love you as such. And if any thing short of Christ could satisfy you, you have a sufficiency of other provision, and could make provision enough for the flesh, to fulfil the lusts thereof. If you had any mind to the country from which you came, you have had opportunity and enticements enough to return; and, why do you not? your hearts are no better than

others. The reason is, God will not have it so; they shall be willing, in the day of my power; they shall come to me: this is not your rest, therefore he will not let you rest in it.

I am saddled with one part of your burdens; and do you watch and see if no part departs from you; and whether something, like times of refreshing from the Lord's presence, do not succeed this; and forget not that, "To the hungry soul every bitter thing is sweet." Put I think that some thin; will follow, that will not have the aloes in it; for he has said, "Call upon me in the time of trouble: I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me." This I will say, God makes my soul travail for you, if I bring forth nothing but wind; and he knows I have got a pretty many burdens of my own to bear, especially to get a supply for the pulpit, which comes upon me so often.

And since I saw you I have had no small share of inward work, on account of my present undertaking; though I believe that my dream will come to pass, if something is not done to this house, that it will fall, even as it was shewed me in the dream. It is to be sold this day. Father G. and poor E. hurry me on; but I go to the farm like an ox to the slaughter, fearing I shall not clear my way with honour, or be enabled to rub off as I go on. However, my wish is, that the blessing of Abraham may come upon you both, through Jesus Christ: this, dearly beloved, is the earnest prayer of,

One of a sorrowful spirit, and of low degree,
W. H., S. S.

LETTER XLVIII.

TO MR. D.

I CANNOT rest satisfied, or contented, till I have eased my mind, by sending a few lines to my dear friend; for I know not when I have been more harassed by the devil, rebellion, unbelief, and a heart pregnant with oaths and curses, together with hard and jealous thoughts of God, and his conduct, than I have been since last Saturday morning, excepting the few minutes of respite while in the pulpit. I thought, last night, that you looked very much distressed, and it left a heavy weight upon my mind, which I am willing to carry, hoping in time to wrestle it off, if it does but ease you of any part of your burden.

I think, through the friendly aid and assistance of the devil, that I hurt you on Tuesday evening, but not intentionally; as I hope never to add to your affliction, nor to speak to the grief of those whom God hath wounded. Moreover, as I do possible, to be at Bolney one Lord's day; I think you might, if you choose, go down on a Saturday, and return on the Monday, without being much out of your business; as you could easily get down on the afternoon and evening of the Saturday, and dine at home on the Monday. But of this you and your spouse may consider. Grace be with you both.

Your's affectionately,
W. HUNTINGTON.

LETTER XLIX.

TO MR. D.

I RECEIVED my dear friend's letter, and was glad to have it, and to hear of his safe arrival, and of the recovery of his dame. After his departure I found myself very flat and low, and sorely wished to be at London, the people seeming not so attentive as I wished, and from hence I concluded that I was not understood. However, soon after this little soul travail, their ears seemed all to be bored with an awl to the door post, and God hath held them there ever since. I believe, last night, you might have heard a pin drop, for a whole hour together. One poor arminian has cried for quarters, not from the entrance of wrath but of love, which giveth life.

I am glad that you received some encouragement while here; if truth ever enters, if hope ever springs up, if any joy, peace, or comfort flows in, they are the things that accompany salvation, earnest pennies, foretastes, and glorious glimpses of brighter days. Press on; what is the most hard to obtain, is the sweetest when obtained. What you complain of, is what God declares; "The carnal mind is enmity;" in opposition to which the gospel is called the word of reconciliation, and the word of peace, and Christ's gifts are for the rebellious; all which implies that enmity, war, and rebellion, dwells in us. He that never knew what it was to hate, never knew what it was to love; every thing is the clearest seen by its opposite. I believe thou wilt never have so much of it as I have bad. You perceive this I have no doubt, that is, that I hunt you out, be where you may; when this is not the case you are out of my depth, and out of my sight; and as my path was consecrated and holy ground, that is the footsteps of the flock, in the path of tribulation, it lays a ground of hope for thee, and for me, to say as others have; "Be ye followers of me."

The little citizen set off from town last week, I hear, and went to Portsmouth to come by sea, but he is not arrived yet; I am concerned for this little one. This is Saturday, I shall soon now enter on my last week, and, like the schoolboy near Christmas, count the days, for I see none like the good old lady at Providence; I have long set my wig at her, and her old cap has long stood at me: there is no love lost.

Next week, being the last, plenty of work is cut out for me; they have engaged me ten times preaching between this day and to-morrow week evening, so that there is not much likelihood of returning with a full cruse. Thou hast acted the part of one of James's hearers, that is, thou art gone, and hast forgot what manner of man thou wast, for thou hast left the glass behind, which I hope to bring with me. All here are glad to hear of thy safe return. God bless you both. From the wilderness of sin,

DOCTOR SACK, S. S

LETTER L.

TO MR. D.

*Cuckfield,
Aug. 7, 1801.*

Dear Brother in the Lord,

I AM still indulging hopes that thou art better, as my most merciful God in Christ Jesus permits me still to remember thee in my poor prayers, which at times are but weak and feeble, cold and lifeless. Nevertheless, God knows the mind of the spirit; and sometimes poor and lifeless prayers bring their returns to us, to convince us of the prevalent intercession of Christ, who has much incense (I mean his own merit, and the abundant fulness of grace, and of the Spirit, which God has given us in him), that he should offer it, with the prayers of all saints, upon the golden altar, which I believe to mean his glorious godhead; and the faithfulness of him in his offices, is signified by the gold. Hence arises great encouragement to prayer, the sacrifice of the human nature in union with the divine, and that human nature so filled with all the fulness of the godhead, and of grace; and being by the oath of God consecrated a priest for evermore, ever to live and make intercession for us, prayer must prevail, when his name, office, finished work, and merit, be pleaded in behalf of miserable sinners, who have no confidence in the flesh. And I hope God will convince you of this, that he regards the prayers of the destitute, and will not despise their prayers.

Poor Mr. B. is very ill, incapable of getting out, and so weak as not to be able to ride, walk, or sit. We are in the midst of harvest, and corn is very fine, but it has rained every day

since I left town. The Lord Jesus Christ bless you, and be gracious unto you, is the prayer of,

Your most affectionate Friend and Brother,
W. H., S. S.

LETTER LI.

TO MRS. D.

Dear Sister and Fellow-sufferer

GRACE and peace be multiplied to thee through our Lord Jesus Christ. I was sorry to hear by Mr. G. that you were so poorly, so weak, and so low; but a daily cross we must have or perish. "He that will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me; and where I am there shall also my servant be." But our time is short, for we are much older in constitution than in years.

You are now my dear Sister, at the Royal Exchange of heaven; "Thou oughtest," says Christ, "have put my money to the exchangers, and then at my coming I should have received mine own with usury" He hath taken away from thee the greatest earthly present that he ever gave to thee; but the exchange will be that he will make himself over to thee: this I believe will be the exchange, nor have I a doubt of it, and in this change thou wilt sustain no loss, Moreover, at these trying times the mind works and the spirit sinks, gloomy meditations and cutting reflections bring fresh causes of grief; the misgiving heart under such considerations hourly conceives its fresh matter for sorrow, and this is too heavy for our frail souls to bear up under-to ponder over it adds to the burthen, and to murmur and rebel does the same.

To the Exchange we must go, and sure I am that pouring out these things hourly before the Lord, as the heart fills with it, is undoubted putting it out to the exchangers; and this well followed up will in time bring in a better stock to trade with. I mean it will bring in a deliverance, and some submission and resignation till that deliverance comes. Then thou wilt be able

to exchange a few blessings, a few praises, and a few thank-offerings; and confess as I have often done, that this is a truth, "That all things work together for good to them that love God;" who will not leave thee till thou set thy seal to this, that, "God is true."

I have been sharply exercised with severe pain and with Satan's unwelcome assistance in such cases; but am much better, yet not a little weakened by these long and restless pains. Hope to see my poor little companion in tribulation next Lord's-day, if God permit. Give thy mind much to reading and prayer, and if prayer be out of season, confess and plead the worst against thy self; sometimes one arrow will fly when another will not. These things will counteract the devil's cunning, and fill the mind with the word; and when the word dwells richly in us, that becomes our meditation, and is often uppermost even when asleep. God bless and be with thee, guide and comfort thee, is the prayer of, Dear Sister,

Thy friend and servant,
W. H., S. S.

I write this with all my company below. God bless thee.

LETTER LII.

TO THR SAME.

Lewes.

I MUST drop a few scraps to the afflicted. God keeps his fire in Zion, and his furnace in Jerusalem; and he that is our Refiner, who kindles the flame and regulates the heat, was himself made perfect through sufferings. To subdue our inbred corruptions, to cleanse us from idols, and to purge away our dross, is the end aimed at. By inward corruptions, I mean deceitful lusts; by idols every thing that rivals God in our affections; and by dross and tin the best things of fallen nature, for such we take them to be, such as all knowledge except experimental knowledge, self-righteousness, human wisdom, vain confidence with which we abound for prosperity, superficial hopes and unrooted love, meekness, and a large stock of untried patience and fortitude-all which as a sort of counterfeit coin attend us, and promise much in prosperity, but in adversity they serve us as they did Peter and Samson. Hence it is that Peter tells us from his own experience, "That the trial of faith is much more precious than gold, though it be tried with fire."

But this I know that God's work will stand, God's grace, God's truth, and our experience of the power of it, will endure the fire. Each of these have their particular promise; hence we are said to be purified; made white, and tried we are purified by faith, made clean by blood, and made white by the righteousness of faith-all of which could not be done if faith could consume or fail. The word of God is pure, like gold seven times purified in a furnace of earth, because in the fulfilment of these the truth, the faithfulness, and immutability of God and his covenant appear. As to our experience it is the

operation and the anointing of the Holy Ghost, and the kingdom stands not in word only, but in the power of the Spirit; the one is called the word of the kingdom, and the other the power of the kingdom, hence we read of the kingdom coming with power.

And as we are said to receive a kingdom which cannot be moved, therefore these things must stand the fire, though the dross and tin consume in the flame; and when this dross goes we are left with so small a treasure that we conclude that the gold, silver, and all the treasure is gone, as well as the base metal; but all that comes from Christ's fulness shall endure, shall reign, and shall abide with us to the end. The Spirit is God, and all God's work is perfect; nothing shall be added to it or taken from it, and God does it that men should fear before him. I shall only add my poor prayers, and conclude with the Apostle, "Let Patience have her perfect work, that ye may be perfect and entire, lacking nothing." Your's most respectfully,

W. H., S. S.

LETTER LIII.

TO THE SAME.

*In the Cabin, on board the Providence,
bound for the Fair Havens, round the
Friendly Islands, by the Cape of Good Hope.*

Beloved,

I INTEND if the Lord permit to lie at anchor till Tuesday forenoon, when I intend to set sail whether the wind be fair or foul. If you could venture on board I should be glad to see you tomorrow, being Monday, about three or four o'clock, to drink a dish of tea, coffee, a glass of grog, or whatever the ship affords—to talk over the dangers of the voyage, and the best way to steer, in order to make the land of the Celestial Regions.

Your's in affection,
DOCTOR SACK.

Chaplain to the Ship's Company.

W. H., S. S

LETTER LIV.

TO THE SAME.

Dear Anna,

GRACE, mercy, and peace be with thee. I was sorry to hear of the soul-conflicts which attend thee; but God's ways are deep and mysterious. He sometimes permits these onsets to come that we may be the more sensible of the power of faith, by finding that faith in the conscience holds fast that very thing which Satan labours in the mind to make us doubt of, quit, and give up; while cries and tears go up to strengthen Faith in her hold.

2. In the end it often establishes the heart the firmer; for when we have been long tried, and hanging in a doubtful scale, God will determine and settle the point in doubt, Faith having gained her cause, obtained the victory, and enriched the soul with the spoils: hence this trial of faith is said to be more precious than gold, having been tried by the fiery wrath and carts of Satan.

3. At a long run it serves to chew us, that every divine truth against which the devil labours so hard, must needs be destructive to his empire and saving to us, or why all this infernal fighting against it? as we are sure no false doctrine, lies, or fables, can be injurious to his realm, for that is supported by nothing else.

4. Sometimes these sore conflicts are sent upon us to take the mind off from vanity; it is more profitable to us to be engaged in the fight of faith, than to be idle in vain amusements.

And lastly, These trials are sometimes sent in a way of retaliation. When the highest display of eternal love, the manifestation of the greatest and sweetest of all beauties, and an assurance of an interest in the greatest of all sensations, are attended with the choicest of all indulgences, meets with cold and unsuitable returns-on this account many sore conflicts come on to make us doubt of an interest in these things, when a comfortable assurance of them is not highly prized, nor properly valued.

Solomon provoked God by idols, and God provoked him by Jeroboam. This raging jealousy puts things in their proper light, and makes them appear in their own worth; and it serves also to make the unity of the Spirit and communion of the saints of more worth than all the ties of nature, or the corrupt affections of flesh and blood. I have in my poor way remembered thee.

God bless thee.
Q. IN THE CORNER.

LETTER LV.

TO THE SAME.

MY dear Friend informs me that she is going to search the Scriptures, and to compare the Old Testament with the New. At this she will perform wonders, for I have known the time when I was engaged in the same fight—that as fast as I shifted my ground the devil shifted his. When I had made a thing clear by the word of God, he attacked the word also, and told me that the scriptures were a device of his to puzzle, baffle, and confound mankind. When I flew to the Divine Being, he told me as the fool says in the Psalms, "There is no God." When I fled to the works of creation, and asked, Who made these things? he told me plainly that he did. When I asked, Who made me? he answered in the affirmative, that he did. When I asked why men worshipped God, he told me he received worship and I must pray to him, for there was no other to pray to — thus was my mind followed, harassed, confused and confounded; but not one of these lies could fasten on my conscience, though I was dumb and without an answer.

Nothing, my dear Friend, can keep us upon this ground and in this conflict, but the almighty power of God, and by that power are we kept through faith; "I will water it every moment, and I will keep it night and day." The following passages from the Old Testament and the New, are sufficient for faith; "Wonderful, Counsellor, the mighty God, the everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace," Psai. ix. 6. "I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the ending, saith the Lord, which is, and which was, and which is to come, the Almighty," Rev. i. 8. "The Word was with God, and the Word was God; all things were made by him," &c. John i. 1, 3. God, the mighty God, the Almighty, the First, the Last, and the Creator of all things is,

and ever must be the object of worship, of hope, of confidence, and of all trust –but as I before said, nothing but divine power can keep a soul in the fiery trial.

Holy Adam fell, and valiant Peter fell, and wo be to every one that is alone when he falleth, Eccles. iv. 10. God's power alone must keep us if we are kept, and this power must be fetched in by constant prayer; "Watch and pray lest ye enter into temptation." And again, "This kind goeth not out but by prayer and fasting."

Ever your's
W. H., S. S.

LETTER LVI.

TO THE SAME.

I HOPE my dear Friend caught no cold at her return from Cricklewood. The weather now is wonderfully mild, which suits the invalids, and helps off the long, dreary, and cold winter, which is so fatal to the infirmities of old age. "The outward man," says Paul, "decays, but the inward man is renewed day by day." This one particular I have long watched, and I have perceived it in the following things: by the activity or inactivity of faith, by the risings and fallings of hope, by fresh joy after sorrow, by meekness and humility after a dead and stupid frame, by fresh rays of light after gross darkness, by sweet peace after disquietude, and by a glowing love after many hard heart-risings.

I know of nothing at present that shews the going on of the good work like this. The Holy Spirit is the Spirit of all grace, the planter of all grace, and the life of every fruit which he produces; and hence he is called a wind to move his own plants, and to make them emit their scent, their savour, and their odours. He is called dew to refresh and enliven, water also to moisten and give rooting. But upon love and joy he operates as the Spirit of burning; warming, enflaming, and enlarging; and these to me are the most sweet. These are a few scraps to exercise, amuse, ponder over, and make out but after all it is but little we know of what we have got within.

THE COALHEAVER.

LETTER LVII.

TO THE SAME.

I AM sorry to find my poor Friend is so unwell, should be glad to see her on Friday if able to come, if not send word, and tomorrow morning I will come and see you. These are not times of refreshing, but of trial – hold fast, I long to see thee. The good Lord is still with the poor Coalheaver, and will favour them that cleave to himself in them that he sends, for he has made us one in love, one among ourselves, and one in him, that we may be perfect in one.

Ever yours
W. H., S. S.

LETTER LVIII.

TO THE SAME.

My dear Sister in Christ Jesus,

I AM glad at my heart and thankful to my God for his goodness to thee and to thine husband, hoping that his faithfulness and truth in delivering, in bringing into trouble and bringing out, in laying low and lifting up, will at a long run be productive of a little more credence.

Once more he hath put unbelief to the blush, and proved the father of lies to answer to his own name and character, and this God will do to the end. In this confidence I write to thee, being fully persuaded that there is a grain of mustard seed, an unfeigned faith in you both, which will not always lie hid, or be inactive; nay, it does at times appear, and shews itself now; like that of Peter's, it will cry and plead mightily when in danger of sinking, or going to the bottom. This, Ann, is faith, and real faith, that will plead to the last; and which will not quit its hold, nor be put off, nor be said nay to. It comes from above, and there it will –

Excuse haste; the cart is going off.

W. H., S. S.

LETTER LIX

TO THE SAME.

You cannot, you shall not, Ann, make me believe that your finches are better than my gold; for if your's make wings and fly away, mine does not. It often gets out of sight, and sometimes seems to have lost credit, and not to pass and repass as current coin; but when the dross that adheres to it is purged off, it goes again as current as ever, and will as long as a bill of exchange is to be found in God's bank-book.

Last Saturday I was in the furnace. Come and breakfast with me on Wednesday morning and dine also, and let us compare notes and see who gets most – I that earn by hard labour, or you that sit in idleness to see me work.

THE COALHEAVER.

LETTER LX.

TO THE SAME

My dear Friend,

GRACE and peace be multiplied to you through our Lord Jesus Christ, to support thee under thy present and grievous affliction. God promises to be a present, a very present help in time of trouble; and those that know his name will put their trust in him, for he has never failed those that seek him.

I know the heart when overwhelmed will be continually conceiving grief, which fills the soul with sorrow, and when full it is unbearable. The throne of grace is at such times our only resource; "Out of the abundance of my complaint and grief," said Hannah, "have I spoken hitherto;" and if this method be pursued the mind will get ease, otherwise it will be swallowed up with over much sorrow; and when overcharged it is often seen the spirits dry up, the heart breaks, or the tabernacle fails and faints: "My flesh and my heart faileth," says one.

But we have a God to go to; and sighing, weeping, groaning, crying, complaining, and speaking, lighten the mind, assuage the grief, ease the soul, soften the heart, and raise the spirits. "I poured out my complaint before the Lord, I shewed before him my trouble;" and sensible relief, support, condolence, and sympathy are often felt. If no word of promise is spoken, no deliverance, or no saving discovery or manifestations be enjoyed or made, yet sure I am these are the fruits and effects of communion and fellowship both with the Father and the Son. In the day of my trouble thou strengthenedst me with might in my soul, Psal. cxxxviii. 3. When heart and flesh fail, God's strength is made perfect in our weakness.

The devil's principal work is to set off all our afflictions and trials in the worst light, not as humbling dispensations, or purging draughts, but as effects of divine anger; and then sets us to meditate terror, and to pore and ponder on this dark side of the question. When he has chained us down to pensive melancholy, then he draws over the old veil and blinds the mind, and hides and obscures all that is good, and every evidence. Hence reading counteracts his designs, and furnishes the mind with thought; and I know that Satan cannot endure a mind employed or fraught with heavenly things, it being unfurnished for hellish plots. Dear friend, adieu!

Your's in Christ Jesus,
W. H.

LETTER LXI.

TO THE SAME.

I AM sorry to hear that my friend is so poorly again, and especially as all pains in the stomach are so violent. But this is a comfort to the Lord's poor family, that they are not to abide for ever; for above, sorrow, pain, and weeping are to be no more.

It is a great encouragement to submission, that all things work for good to them that love God; but his divine wisdom is often seen in a point of light which to me exceeds all other considerations whatever, and that is, when the soul is inwardly recompensed with such comfort as more than sustains the infirmities of the body. This affords such renewings to the inner man, that the decayings of the outward man are overlooked; and we are brought into a strait, not knowing which to choose, ease or pain. It is often observed that when pain goes, the comfort goes; this is a most wise way of winning the soul to kiss the rod and hug the cross.

I believe that every crook in our path has its origin either in the blindness of our minds, or in the stubbornness of our wills. When we have light to see every cross to be needful and beneficial, it inclines us to submit; and submission makes every crook straight, and is a cushion between the shoulder and the cross, which makes the burthen light. This submission is always attended with meekness, which, like a vent-hole in a cask of fermented liquor, gives vent to the burthened mind, and eases the heart with tears of penitence, which is ready to vent its contents in rebellion and blasphemies.

If my Friend wishes to see me let her send word by the bearer; in the mean time can remember her to the great Physician who alone can assist.

THE COALHEAVER.

LETTER LXII.

TO THE SAME.

I wish my dear friend to come to-morrow to breakfast and dine with me, as I am going out for some days. I long to see her, and the last dish of grapes are still on the vines, and must be finished to-morrow. My breath is short, my cruse empty, my oil fails, my heart is chilled, my old man is alive, and the devil is not idle.

When I set out on a Saturday eve my mind and head swarms alive, my breasts at times so full that my milk runs to my navel, my locks hang in my neck, my cruse springs, the oil flows, the cup is not empty, nor the meal diminished. But by Tuesday evening I am shorn, stripped, milked, and sweated, till all my moisture is turned into the drought of summer; and I look like a thief naked, and ashamed, barren, dry, empty, and abashed. This office, this character; and this expenditure, falls only to the care and share of shepherds, stewards, nurses, and servitors. The children keep all they get, they deal not, trade not, spend not; nor empty themselves to feed others. Thank you for my pot, and I have got a very great literary curiosity for you:

Dear Ann, adieu.
THE COALHEAVER.

LETTER LXIII.

TO THE SAME.

To his Sister Ann, greeting, with perfect peace and at such a name.

MY dear Sister in the best sense, in the best of families, and in the best of bonds; the offspring of the best of Fathers, the young branches of the plant of renown, the elder brother, the righteous branch, the first-born who makes us heirs of his own Father, and joint-heirs with himself; "My Father and your Father, my God and your God."

Reflecting this morning early of what I have been, and what God ever has been; what I have done against him, and what he has done for me; the many servants of sin and Satan that I have been a servant to, and where they are all gone to now, and what the servant of servants is now come to; what I have in hand, and what in hope – I could sleep no longer, and therefore concluded to rise betimes and write to my poor Ann, to trouble her as well as those of my own house. Looking back upon past experiences in providence and grace, is reading that part of the scriptures which is fulfilled and sealed up; and looking forward in faith and hope is reading the other part yet to be accomplished in us for to the heir of promise all must be fulfilled.

"Lord what is man that thou art mindful of him?" Oh, Ann, whatever thou dost, observe, watch, ponder over, and consider the Holy Spirit's teachings. The pleasing motions, citations, excitations, sensations, attractions, allurements, encouragements, benign influences, healing beams, quickening rays, pleasing hints, and heavenly dictations; all these, and thousands more does he give to poor souls, who

without his divine aid would sit solitary, and remain in eternal widowhood.

Observe also the effects of his operations; what self-loathing, abhorrence, contrition, humiliation, filial fear, sounding bowels, goings forth of love, flowings of gratitude, springs of pious sorrow and holy grief, penitential tears and humbling joys, which are produced and felt under his prolific inspirations. Observe these and obey them, sow to the Spirit and you shall reap life everlasting. To sow to him is to pray, to bless, to bewail, confess, thank, adore, &c. as the impulse and impression leads you. When these, sweet influences are suspended, thou wilt find and feel what a poor empty, lifeless machine thou art, and by observing the contrast is the Spirit known. He lusts for us, and the flesh lusts against him, and wars against the soul. "Whoso is wise and will observe these things, even they shall understand the loving kindness of the Lord."

Many, many, yea, the sweetest moments that ever I knew in this world, have I enjoyed by observing and obeying this divine Instructor, which the world knows nothing of. Many sweet promises has he applied, many comfortable frames, future views, and heavenly prospects has he bestowed on the Coalheaver, even when I was slaving in that dark drudgery, in the worst of company, and for the worst of pay. Sure I am that the more we are in reading, thinking, and closet-praying, the more observant and obedient to the Spirit's teaching, the more tender, lowly, meek, and heavenly-minded we are, and of course nearer to God; the more free from, and dead to this world, and all its vanities, which clog Conscience, quench love, and make Faith lame in both her feet. Yea, it closes the hand of God, hides his face, bolts the door of mercy, closes our own hearts, and furnishes the devil with title and salary; it makes him an accuser of us, and furnishes him with accusations against us.

And now mine elect Lady, Doctor Sack, from the barge takes
his leave, and saluteth you with, All hail, and be of good
cheer; and when it is well with thee remember

W. H.

P. S. Jesus loves us, and that is enough.

LETTER LXIV.

TO MR. O.

Birmingham, Sunday, 6 o'clock.

I JUST received them, my dear son and true yokefellow, and am amazed at the tidings. Many an earnest petition, and silent tear, have I dropped in my little study, for a beam from Jordan to enlarge the place, which is too strait for us; and he that answers by terrible things in righteousness, shows himself to be God when he answers by fire. God will repair the damages that the chapel has sustained; and when it is repaired it shall never be insured by me in any other office than that of Heaven. I believe that the Lord was in the fire, and I trust he will be in the pockets of the people to displace, or replace both the beam and the rafters; so that the stone shall not cry out of the wall, nor the beam out of the timber answer it, for the want of short stuff.

I hope you will not be vain enough to think, that you have got all the fire in Titchfield Street; we have God a little at Birmingham, and we are compassing ourselves about with it, and hope as it is an hallowed flame that it will never go out. May the living coal, and the cloven tongue, ever be with thee, my son: while I remain in love and affection,

Ever thine in the bowels of Christ.
W. HUNTINGTON.

LETTER LXV.

TO THE UNKNOWN FRIEND.

Sir,

I RECEIVED yours. The temptation about the unpardonable sin is common to almost all persons that are brought to see the exceeding sinfulness of sin, wrath, and ruin sin has exposed them to: I laboured long under the same. No sin of the body' is this sin, no sort of uncleanness, theft, nor even murder is that sin; none more unclean than Mary Magdalen, and some of the Corinthians. Read 1. Cor. vi. 9-11. Onesimus was a thief, and Moses and Paul were both murderers, but all these were saved. It is neither excess, idolatry, nor witchcraft, as may be seen in Manasseh, king of Israel.

The unpardonable sin is a sin of the mind; the person that commits it must be a professor, and confessor of the gospel. He must be a man who has been illuminated, or enlightened in his understanding to know; the natural affections stirred up, which is called tasting the good word of God. He must be one who has been an eye and ear witness to the power and force of God's grace and spirit, in its operations and effects upon others, so as to be convinced of the reality and force of it. Nor is it a jealous envying of the happiness of others, when we ourselves seem to be neglected; the nine apostles were filled with indignation against James and John for wishing to sit at the left hand and right of Christ in his kingdom. But it is a falling finally away from Christ, after all this profession; not falling into sin, but falling away finally, apostatizing, so as to return no more.

There must be a hating both God and Christ, as our Lord charges the Jews; "They have no cloak for their sin, for they

have seen and hated both me and my Father." This apostate must labour to hinder the work upon others, knowingly, out of spite, which is called doing despite to the Spirit of grace. There must be a speaking against Christ openly, and this against conviction, truth, and conscience, which is called crucifying Christ afresh, and putting him to open shame.

The malice of this apostate must go further, in ascribing the ministry of the gospel, and the power of it in the hearts of God's saints, to Satan, and that out of malice, knowing better; and speaking against all convictions knowingly, as the Jews, who saw our Lord's miracles, and envying him the honour, said, "This fellow casteth out devils by Beelzebub the prince of the devils." To which the Saviour replies, "All manner of sin and blasphemy shall be forgiven unto men: but he that shall blaspheme against the Holy Ghost, hath never forgiveness;" because you say, I cast out devils by Beelzebub, &c. so that you see what this sin is. If this short epistle be of any use or encouragement to you, give God the praise; as for me I am a sinner.

W. H., S. S.

LETTER LXVI.

TO MR. C.

Dear Friend,

I HAVE found in my mind some degree of reluctance in writing to you, as many who were formerly enemies, have in their distresses, fled to me, and afterwards have been no small plagues and scourges to me; and I have been the more backward, on account of the scuffle about – at P. for my enemies are very glad to see me take notice of any, who have in: commonsense lain under any scandal; nevertheless, if the work upon you be of God, I wish earnestly to see you through, and out of it.

To set our secret sins in the light of God's countenance, and quicken us to feel the guilt of them, and the bondage and wrath which the law reveals, and works in the convinced sinner, is God's work; and all that come to Christ for pardon, peace, and rest, must be taught of God out of the law; "Every one that hath heard, and learned of the Father, comes to Christ," and none else; hence the blessing, "Blessed is the man whom thou chastenest, O Lord, and teachest him out of thy law; that thou mayest give him rest from the days of adversity, until the pit be digged for the wicked," Psal. xciv. 12, 13. You will never come out, till you are humbled to accept the punishment of your iniquity.

When we are brought to believe it is for our good, and that in very faithfulness God afflicts us; to fear carnal ease; to fear being given up to our own heart's lust; to fear our convictions should go off, and not terminate in pardon, peace, &c. and when they appear to abate, and yet no deliverance wrought out for us, we find a feeling after them, and a struggling to get under the load again; to an hungry soul thus taught, even

these bitter things are sweet, when compared to carnal security. These things attending our convictions, will end in submission to the will of God, and is no less than accepting the punishment of our iniquity. You will never hasten this work, by any carnal means that you can devise; to persevere in prayer, watching thereunto, reading and meditating, waiting and quietly hoping for the salvation of the Lord, is what God requires of sensible sinners, whom he is teaching his way.

Farewell.
W. HUNTINGTON, S. S.

LETTER LXVII.

TO M R. C.

Church-street, Paddington.

Sir,

A copy of your letter is sent to me, by which it appears that you are a Sabellian. You inform Mr. W. "your views are not exactly alike in all points." No, Sir, nor never will be, until God the Father by a sense of his eternal love shed abroad in thy soul, says, "Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love:" until Christ manifests himself to thy conscience, by an application of his atonement, that speaketh better things than that of Abel: and until the Holy Ghost cries, Abba, Father, in thee. When thou hast received these three that bear witness in the earth, thou wilt believe in the three persons that bear record in heaven, but not till then.

Mr. W. uses the term three persons, but you use the words, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, which is the language of scripture; but then if Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, be not three persons, what are they? Names? Characters? Emanations? Non-entities; Or what? I know of none, I know of nothing by the law of God, that is capable, or can be allowed to bear record, or bear witness against any, or for any, but persons, much less worshipped. God the Father is a person, Heb. i. 3; and then what can God the Son be? Why, "The express image of his person." If the Father be a person, the Son must, or he cannot be the express image of his person.

But perhaps you suppose, that Christ is a Son only by office, as magistrates are, or in covenant character; in neither of which senses can be be the only-begotten Son of God.

But you may object to this, and say, Christ is the Son of God by his miraculous conception in Mary's womb; but in that sense. he had no Father. His human nature was the woman's seed, and the Holy Ghost declares, that as man he is without father, and as God without mother. Both the Father and the Son, are called persons, as in Heb. i. 3; 2 Cor. ii. 10; Matt. xxvii. 24.

And as personal existence, working, and operation, bearing record, and bearing witness, counsel, will, power, understanding, law-giving, writing laws, qualifying persons for the work of the ministry, distributing gifts to them according to his own will, giving orders to separate Barnabas and Paul to the work whereunto the personal pronoun, I, have called them, dwelling in the saints, quickening their dead bodies, and fashioning them according to the glorious body of Christ at the great day; besides the act of blaspheming, and sinning against him, incurring the greater damnation; I say, if all these accounts of personal existence, and personal properties, can be applicable to any thing, or any name, character, office, or emanation, under heaven, but to a divine person, it will be impossible to fix the grammatical sense of any one word either in the book of God, or any code of human laws, so as to know substance from shadow, or persons from things.

You think the word, us, Gen. i. 26; and Isaiah vi. 8, is explained in John xiv. 23; holding forth the divine and human natures in inseparable union, John x. 30.

These are your thoughts, but God knows that the thoughts of men are vain, therefore he calls upon men to forsake their thoughts. The word, us, in Genesis you say, respects the human and divine nature, but the word, us, the objective case of We, respects persons, We, or us, is the plural of I, and means persons. But is Christ divided? Is his human and divine nature two persons? No, nor is his human nature a person at

all, nor is ever once called so in all the book of God; for his human nature never had personal existence; it never existed of itself, but in union with the person of the Son of God, and therefore you must find a better meaning for the word, us: for Christ's human nature is not called a person but a thing, "A new thing in the earth." And again, " That holy thing that shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of God." Here is one person, and a thing assumed or taken into union with that person, and both natures is Immanuel, God with us, one person.

You darken counsel by words without knowledge, instead of speaking in the language of scripture; and you do err, not knowing the scriptures and the power of God. You are in a perilous path, may a good God stop you. You must lay aside Mr. Elliot, and all like him, and sit down at the Saviour's foot and receive of his words; for all your lessons must be learned over again. If you are not subverted so as to be hardened in your heresy, you are welcome to write to me, and to any instruction God shall give you by me. But until you are better taught, I charge you in the name of God, no more to enter into my pulpit at Deptford.

Your's in the verity and power of the everlasting gospel,
W. HUNTINGTON.

P. S. You would have had a full refutation from me of every branch of damnable heresy that appears in your's, were it not for my deep engagement with a work now in the press; for as the Lord liveth, there is but one truth in all your letter, that is, "Our views are not alike." But in a few days shall be disengaged, and then will attend to you, either as a correspondent, or an antagonist.

LETTER LXVIII.

TO THE SAME.

Sir,

YOUR last came safe to hand. I have had my suspicions according to the contents of your's, but this was no matter of grief to me. I was the more concerned from thinking, that he had imbibed his tenets from you, which I am certain will bring bitterness in the end both to you and to him.

God knows I want to deceive, beguile, or mislead, no man. Dreadful conflicts hath the devil carried on with me for years against that point. When I had no friend to condole, no sound minister to attend, no commentator to consult, God gave me this promise, "Call upon me and I will answer thee, and shew thee great and mighty things which thou knowest not," Jer. xxxiii. 3. But it was long before he fulfilled it, and when he did make it good he did it effectually. I have a letter which hath been lately sent to me by a very honest, simple man, and he holds God the Father to be the only object of worship, and excludes both the, Son and Spirit. You hold the Saviour to be the only person, and exclude both the Spirit and the Father; and the Bible favours him as much as it favours you: and thus you two hold two distinct Gods.

However, my former teaching is now of use to me, and I am endeavouring to handle every text that he hath sent, and every text that you have, and to set them in their own proper light, in harmony with other parts of holy writ, in which there is no confusion, nothing froward nor perverse. Satan can distress, confound, confuse, and perplex us about these deep things of God; and he can suddenly abate in these his infernal operations, and cast a false ray of light, put a false

construction on God's word, make a false application of it, give a false joy with it, and fix a false confidence in it. I have seen enough of this to make you tremble, and of the dreadful consequences of it, in three persons who held just the same as you do.

But let a man fix on what he may, all the time that nine parts of scripture out of ten militate against him, it is impossible that he should ever stand the fiery trial. Truth must be our shield and buckler, and truth must make us free; but those who are found to be false witnesses of God, are without this armour, and without this freedom. However, if you have any reverence of your Maker, or any regard to your soul's welfare, and are not wise above what is written, you might wait upon me at my house, you would find an open heart, and an open mouth. I should neither defile your judgment with heresy, or corrupt your manners by bad example. If you do not comply with this, your trying hour will soon find you out; and when once you begin to sink, and your bands to be made strong, you will find this to be true, God shutteth up a man and there can be no opening. I can shew you a man now in town, who fell from your trap, and has lain in irons twelve years, and there he will lie I believe to all eternity.

I admonished him, but he was too well established to listen to a fool, therefore began to preach the same doctrine that you do, but down he came in a moment; and by this awful instance God convinced me, and confirmed me, that the teaching he had given me was the truth. I cried to God day and night for years for this man, because I loved him, but never could prevail. God stopped my mouth, and at last turned my heart to hate him; and this is the second time, Sir, that I have admonished you. Should you humble yourself so much as to accept this offer of mine, signify it to me by a line, and I will appoint the morning when I shall be at leisure, and

you can come early and breakfast with me alone in my study.
Your willing servant in the truth,

W. HUNTINGTON.

LETTER LXIX.

TO MR. N.

Paddington.

INDEED my dear brethen in the Lord Jesus Christ, my great labour and incumbrances make me forget many things. In the spring of the year I was engaged in publishing the banns of marriage between my Master and many more. All the summer I have been busy in reaping and carrying corn; the hot weather has taken away many shocks, coming, ascending in season. At present we are busy in ploughing and stirring the fallows, breaking the clods, and grubbing up the thorns. All the winter I shall be busy in threshing in hope, and beating the mountains, while my Master fans away the chaff. My curates at present are all engaged, they have set up for themselves, and I am saddled with the duty; and my flight must not be in the winter, because of my tottering tabernacle, nor on the Sabbath-day, because I cannot be spared. I have been two journeys already, and I have two engagements more; I have many frowns and sour looks for this. Having therefore stood proxy for my Master, and married a wife for him, I cannot come, therefore have me excused.

I hope to come and see my son before I die, and to be a witness of his glory in Egypt, but I am afraid to say when, because I am not my own master, and being the servant to an elect lady, I am not my own man; my mistress being of high rank, takes a deal of waiting on; I have all the shoes to clean, that their feet may be properly shod, and the beds to make as under chamberlain; for if they make them themselves, they are always so short, and the coverings so narrow, they cannot wrap themselves in them. What with lighting the candles, sweeping the house, carrying the lanthorn, girding up my

loins, and running before, I have work enough; I am Jack of all trades, servant of all work, and master of nothing.

I wish you all the presence and the blessing of the Lord of all lords, and sincerely wish that you may not act as Paul did to the Galatians, that is, change your voice. That his doctrine may be yea, and amen, and that your voice may not be Hosanna now he is upon the ass, and crucify him when he drives out the buyers and sellers. That he may be at a point, and you at a certainly, the prayer and desire of, dear brethren,

Your Brother in Christ,
and fellow-servant in his kingdom and patience,
W. HUNTINGTON.

LETTER LXX.

TO THE SAME.

IF my dear brother hath anxiously expected a line from me, I think by this time that patience must have had its perfect work. But he knows that I am a man of much business, and have but little time to spend or to spare; and sometimes when I have time I have no matter, of course no head nor heart for the work. For when we are forced to pull, to pump, to squeeze, and to press, it is hard work, and the contents as dry as a basket; but when the spring arises and overflows, then the head is like a bee-hive sending forth its swarms, while the pen labours to keep pace with the thoughts: "Counsel in the heart is as deep waters, and the words of wisdom as a flowing brook."

This spring is at times shut up, and this fountain is often sealed, but when the good Spirit opens and stirs the spring, and unseals the fountain, then it rises, runs, and refreshes, so that every thing lives where this river of life cometh. And we are astonished at the wonderful fountain, never suspecting there was such a wonderful source within, the treasure affording both things new and old. I am at this time an invalid, have been unable to march, or to use my arms, and therefore was thrown up upon the baggage wagon, and am now in the hospital among the sick, poor, wounded, halt, lame, maimed, and bruised, but hope shortly to be able to appear again in the field of action, or else the Philistines will shout, supposing the ark to be taken.

I have been now about twenty-four years without the camp, bearing his reproach, and hope not to be dismissed without a pension, having served so honourable a captain. But long marches, bad winter quarters, short allowances, stoppages,

and perpetual skirmishes, have much weakened and impaired the earthly tabernacle; however I hope to die in the field, and never to desert the standard, nor the banner of everlasting love. Truth hath hitherto been my shield and buckler, and the Lord of hosts, mighty in battle, hath stood by me and brought me off more than conqueror, so that none could ever say, we have prevailed against him; and I believe and hope they never will. Sore engagements have I had with devils, a long and lingering war with the old man who hates peace, with this enemy there is no flag of truce, no discharges but by death. As to the world and I, we are well agreed, that is sick of me, and I of it, they will shout when I am gone, and so shall I.

But hypocrites in Zion are the worst foes, for they come in the garb of friends, war in the heart, but words smoother than oil. These generally betray, or stab you to the heart with a kiss, as Joab and Judas did; but surely there are none so abhorred of God, none in such a perilous state as these. A hypocrite in Zion is worse than a devil, and we abound with such in our days, especially in London, where the generality of ministers foster, nourish, and bring up nothing but such. I hope to have no peace with these, but to be an iron pillar and a brazen wall against them, even to the last. How thou goest on I know not, but am fully persuaded that if the Lord makes thee useful, the devil will make thee miserable. He that eats the little book, hath honey in his mouth, and wormwood in his heart. The paschal Lamb and the bitter herbs, the bread of life and mingled wine, must go together. These exercise us, and make us feel for others, and teach us to know what is in our hearts, by harrowing up all the rebellion therein; and this leads us to see in the word of God, what he says to such sinners in such cases.

I hear thou art married, that thou hast got the one thing needful, seeing it is not good that man should be alone. You have agreed to put your troubles together to make one

common stock of it. Be it so; live joyfully with the wife of my youth whom thou lovest. God bless you both, and all the little flock.

So prays
W. H., S. S.

LETTER LXXI.

TO MR. W.

I WAS not a little dismayed last night at hearing the melancholy accounts, and bad success that seems to attend the poor trades-folks in business. I believe that your path will never be worse than mine has been; however, it may not be always so; the prosperity of the wicked, and the adversity of the just, has ever been, and ever will be, a stumbling-block to them that God makes honest. Many such as these have I seen, and bitter eye-sores have they been to me; but many of these stumbling-blocks are now removed out of my way, they are no more: and although I envied them in their life, yet I never once coveted their end.

Do not be dismayed, times may take a turn, and faith, prayer, and patience, do sometimes perform wonders; and in this I may be permitted to contribute a little. Bread is to be given us, and our water is to be sure, Isa. xxxiii. 16; pluck up, and take heart. God bless you both,

Your's very affectionately,
W. H., S, S

LETTER LXXII.

TO MRS. W.

My dearly beloved Daughter,

YOURS came to hand, and I wish much to know how poor W. is. It has been my constant prayer, that the dispensation may be among the all things that work for good. I had an inclination to have called on him Tuesday last; but much work on my mind, and not settled with the subject, I deferred it. Should be Glad to know how he is, and if he has any desire to see me, and where his house is, for I know not. You might send me a line by Mrs. S. My best respects to him, Lois, and accept the same from.

Your affectionate father,
W. H., S. S.

LETTER LXXIII.

TO THE SAME.

Dear Naomi,

MAN is born to trouble, and those that are born again, are born to additional troubles; but these trying times are the Lord's opportunities. He will be a very present help in trouble, and near to them that feel after him, and will be found of them. It is in the furnace that he has chosen us, and in the furnace the fervour and energy of prayer appears; and in the furnace God promises to hear, to answer, and to acknowledge the objects of his choice: "I will say, It is my people; and they shall say, The Lord is my God." I know this is a sore trial to thee, but faith is gold, and will never waste, corrupt, nor consume in the fiery trial; it is God's cash, and God's coin, and he will preserve it, and enrich us by it, and make it more strong, more bright, and more precious, by ad these exercises; and God will own it, honour it, and bless the fruits of it, when it has overcome and prevailed.

These things promote appetite, and make every bitter thing sweet; they collect our thoughts, they excite watchfulness, they keep us looking to God; and every favour or token from him is observed, admired, and acknowledged with the most profound respect and gratitude. In these times I always give myself unto prayer, and attend upon all occasions to this very thing; and God has never failed me yet, nor do I believe he ever will. And I know that all these things have worked for my good; and they ever will terminate in God's honour, and in our welfare. Let me know haw Mr. W. is. I shall continue my prayers, and conclude,

Dear Naomi.
Your's in Christ
W. H., S. S.

LETTER LXXIV.

TO THE SAME.

Dear Naomi

I HOPE faith and patience will hold out; the furnace is to try these, but grace and truth can stand the fire, and all counterfeit coin dissolves. It distinguishes between speculative and experimental knowledge; between an assent of the mind, and faith in the heart; between a good, and a false hope; and between the joys of elated nature, and that of the Holy Ghost. The furnace always dashes presumption and conscience out of countenance, and stops the mouth of all prayer, but that of the Spirit of supplication. In the worst of hours, we are sure of support; if no joy, no peace, no love, no comfort, yet we are sure of strength; "As thy days, so shall thy strength be:" and our evidences are more clear, faith more strong, and the peaceable fruits of righteousness more abundant afterwards. The furnace is not joyous, but grievous, neither are they any pleasure to God; but their is a needs be for them, and depraved nature cannot do without them; and the promise is, that the branch purged shall bring forth more fruit.

I have remembrance of thee in every prayer of mine, making request in thy behalf; and am fully persuaded of thy deliverance in God's own time. Farewell, be of good comfort, for they that fear God shall come forth of them all.

Your's affectionately,
W. H., S. S.

LETTER LXXV.

TO THE SAME.

Downham.

Dear Housekeeper,

WE have just received tidings that we have got rid of the lease of Providence Chapel, which I am glad of at my heart: and I do believe that we shall see the good hand of God in this conflagration, as many here are receiving benefits from our visit this way, which the fire served to hasten; for I did not intend coming so soon, nor staying quite so long, had I not been burnt out of my nest. The long fast in London will spur them on to liberality.

The leper, under the law, that had in his own eyes on one spot, was utterly unclean; but when he was covered all over with scurf, from head to foot, he was clean; and was to be pronounced so, Levit. xiii. Little spots need not the great Physician, out when our whole nature is laid open, we are devils indeed; and none in earth or hell, appear half so bad. This is God's teaching, and blessed learning it is; there is no guile, deceit, or hypocrisy in these wholesome lessons. We see, we feel, we rue, we lament the pollution, and tremble at the consequences; and with such trembling ones will God dwell; this makes the heart and mouth honest, conscience tender, and the Saviour precious. Such as these, and no other, will Christ accept.

"Sinners are high in his esteem,
And sinners highly value him."
Accept my love.
W. H., S. S.

LETTER LXXVI.

TO MR. B.

Northampton.

Dearly beloved in the Lord Jesus,

WE arrived safe here, and are in good health. I have drawn and brandished my sword at Tippoo, the black prince, and was not alone in the field of battle; the God of armies seemed to be present; not a dog moved his tongue, nor a person hardly moved his foot; they were all attention; all silence, all waiting and expecting, and I hope their expectations were not cut off. I heard B. here on Tuesday night; we had the wind and the earthquake, but the fire and water, dew and rain, oil and salt, honey and butter, milk and wine, meat and bread, were all wanting. It was a concert, not a feast; it was all for the ears, nothing for the palate; much music, no provision; a deal heard, but nothing felt. I had hard work to keep my eyes open; there came nothing from the vision, so I wanted the pillow; it was a terrible noise, but not enough to keep me awake. Such are poor midwives, worse shepherds, and worse nurses. No man shall ever touch the mystery of godliness in the saint's heart, who never was in God's secret council. The Saviour is a sealed mystery, the Bible a sealed book, and the church a sealed fountain; and none but the ever-blessed Spirit of God can unseal, open, or explain either of these three. They that get at the Saviour will get at us; if they get into his heart, they will pick the lock and get into ours also; but they know us not because they know him not.

Blessed be God for a preached gospel, and blessed be his name forever for an unctuous experience of its divine power. We are in the covenant, they go round the bounds of it; we get

into the guest chamber, while they bungle at the door; they have no crosses, and so no consolations; they have no bitterness, consequently no joys; they have no adversity, therefore no prosperity; they have no rods, and so no sonship. Trials are our purifying furnaces, our purging draughts to keep us clean, and our bitter herbs to give us an appetite; and there is nothing in us that dislikes it but the flesh, and the old man, neither of which are any great friends to us. To be at peace with these is to be at war with God; an alliance with them is attended with enmity to God himself.

I take it for granted that our old friend Peg is still a feeling after a path that is overgrown with moss, where it will be easy for her corns, and where she can walk in her old, clouted, easy shoes. Ali, poor Peg, thy road shall have some rough as well as smooth steps, some crooks as well as straights, some mountains of difficulty as well as valleys of humility, some perplexing entanglements as well as directing landmarks; it lies through the dreary desert, as well as the valley of Baca. Go on, old girl, thou shalt neither lose the way, nor miss the end. The anointing, the unction from the holy One, shall teach thee, guide thee, lead thee, check thee when wrong, and cheer thee when right; and teach thee a thousand little lessons in thy own heart, which thou shalt never be able to teach or explain to another in this world. Lay by listening to the devil and unbelief; have no ear but for Jesus; we know he is true, but the others were always liars, evil beasts, slow bellies; this witness is true, therefore rebuke them sharply, Tit. i. 12. I shall go from hence on Monday morning next, and shall lodge at B. Tender my love to R., to S., and to all friends.

James, God bless thee, my son, the son of my vows, and my companion in travel. Peg, God be gracious to thee my daughter, and give thee favour in sight of the man, that thou mayest lie at his feet, and find grace in his sight.

W. H.

LETTER LXXVII.

TO THE SAME.

My dear Brother and Sister in the Lord Jesus Christ,

GRACE, mercy, and peace be with you. I am still in the land of the living, but rather poorly for this day or two, through the sudden alteration of weather; but as long as we are in this world, bonds and afflictions abide us; and these inform us that this is not our rest; here we have no continuing city, but we seek one to come, and whither our Beloved is gone we know, and the way we know; and sure I am that the wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err in the way. The voice behind us which at first spoke to us, is to be our guide even unto death.

I am at present full of rheumatic pains all over; I think the weather is going to change. Oh, that we were but safely landed in the heavenly country, where the inhabitants shall no more say, I am sick; where there shall be no more heat and cold; but till we arrive there we must be clogged, bowed down, and burdened with this wretched body of sin and death, which miserable load gets more and more intolerable to me. But, through grace, the sinner man is still alive in hope and faith, and is often looking out, and looking forward to that country which Abraham sought. Were it not for this I should be of all flesh most miserable, sick of life, and afraid of death; but the faster and heavier these burdens and infirmities come on, the sooner will they be over. All our afflictions are dealt out to us in weight and measure; what is appointed for us we shall have, and no more. There is a measure of the sufferings of Christ to fill up, and when that measure is full, farewell to all furnace-work; but till this is finished we must die daily, the old man must wax weaker, and the new man must be renewed day by day.

Next Tuesday I set off for Petersham, and shall preach on Wednesday at Richmond, where I hope to meet James, in company with – –. I have great success in the work in these woods, such as I think I never saw before; and most certainly it will appear, when God writes up the people, that this and that man was born here.

God bless you,
W. H., S. S.

LETTER LXXVIII.

TO THE SAME.

Grantham.

Grace and peace be with you.

I was sorry to hear my poor dear friend had got his old disorder returned upon him; but we must come to our end some way or other. God has not hurled you, as Job speaks, out of your place like a storm; nor like a tempest stolen you away in the night, Job xxvii. 20, 21. "The wicked is driven away in his wickedness," as you have often seen it all round your neighbourhood. You are gently gathered, not hastily plucked. God takes down your tabernacle a pin at a time, and loosens the cords as you are able to bear it. God comes not to you, my dear friend, like a thief in the night; but knocks at the door, time after time, and gives you kind, mild, and gentle warnings; but no killing rebukes, no terrible alarms, no threatening judgments: and this I have long observed, yea, and I have admired his kindness in it.

Should you meet with some bands in your death, wonder not at it; the scriptures say the wicked have them not. God sometimes exercises his children before he takes them; it is their last furnace, their last purging draught, and sweet refreshing from above are sure to follow; his favour comes like a cloud of the latter rain. Oh, what must the change be, to go from a body of death to a fulness of life, from a bed of sickness to eternal health!

God makes us willing in the day of his power, not only willing at first conversion, but willing to follow him, willing to bear the cross; willing what he commands, and working in us to do

what he requires. This lung, painful illness will make my dear friend willing to leave this life and this world, it being labour and sorrow, vanity and vexation; hence the wise man observes, "It is better to go to the house of mourning, than to the house of feasting; sorrow is better than laughter; and the day of Beat, better than the day of one's birth." The elect are born to trouble but they die to trouble, and to all sorrow for ever; for sorrow and sighing are to flee away. My kind love to all friends.

W. H., S. S.

LETTER LXXIX.

TO THE SAME.

Newark upon Trent.

Dearly beloved in the Lord,

I HAVE preached three times in this place, and am to preach here this night also, being Tuesday. I have received, first, a letter, and then two messengers to invite me to Gainsborough, but I would not comply. I am to go to-morrow to preach at Retford, twenty miles below this place. I did then intend to steer my course for York, and for Helmsley Blackmoor, which is beyond York; but this is all frustrated by many pressing invitations to Nottingham, and to the regions beyond that. You would stand astonished to see .the troops from all quarters that come to hear; not flying troops, but principally invalids, the poor, buffeted, tempted, and tried; these come by shoals, and some of them from upwards of thirty miles. I stand astonished to see how God has blessed my books, and how many are alarmed, awakened, undeceived, and enlightened by them.

I do believe that was the Lord to make me a bishop at large, that I should preach and be followed throughout the nation. God has been so kind as to stand by me, support and furnish me every time that I have stood up; and to see how they flock to hear would surprize you: the Lord give me a good dowry.

The corn all the way that I came, of every kind, is the finest I ever saw: it has been very showery here for these three days past. The poor souls here have collected ten pounds for me, and intended to get more, but I told them I would take nothing of them, which surprised them, for they are very poor; the rich

shall supply me. Tender many thanks to – – for her kindness in sending me my book of peculiar treasure. The Lord reward all her kindnesses, for in how many things she has administered to me thou knowest very well; she has been a succourer of me and of many. Forget her and the old half-way house, I hope I never shall.

My soul is on the wing at the work, believing that it will be the most successful and advantageous journey that I ever took. All that attend me here once hated me, but God makes my enemies stink who have preached against me, and me a sweet savour. Dear souls, adieu! but no more Doctor in the Cabin till the pay, the bounty, and the prize-money is spent. Shall follow this with my prayers, and remain,

Ever yours in Him,
W. H.

LETTER LXXX.

TO THE SAME.

Dearly Beloved in the Lord,

GRACE and peace be with thee through our Lord Jesus Christ. Never, my dear friends, did I see more need of my coming to any place than to this; nor have I had one dead, barren time in the pulpit since I have been here. A spiritual fast is a great blessing; the people came with a sharp appetite; and to a hungry people God sends his pastors in the fulness of the blessings of the gospel of peace. The young B – 's were sadly down, the M – 's at a very low ebb, but every soul is revived, and never was this chapel filled so before; and surely God is with us.

I feel the benefits and the blessing of speaking to a people that are not too full fed, as they are at Providence. What passes for light food there is swallowed, up here, and not fragments enough left to fill one basket. I have preached every discourse out of the sixth chapter of the Hebrews, and not a few in Satan's trap are let out. One gentleman yesterday put six guineas into my hand; so I keep on sowing spirituals and reaping carnals, I Cor. ix. 11.

I hope after this long fast at Providence, there will be some appetite for the savoury meat; and you know the blessing is upon the head of all that hunger after the fatted calf, the Lamb of God, and the living bread; and this hungry belly is not to be filled too full in this life, lest Israel wax fat and kick: but in the world to come we shall be filled with all his fulness-when, it is said, "They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun" of persecution "light on them, nor any heat." For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne, shall

feed us to the full; fill us with light from his sweet face, and with love, joy, and peace from his heart: and the more we are kept on short commons in this life, the greater and sweeter will the marriage-supper of the Lamb be. God has preserved and appointed our good things to come last; "Thou," says Abraham to the rich man, "hast received thy good things, and likewise Lazarus evil things: but now he is comforted, and thou art tormented."

This day is Saturday; I hope to preach to-morrow, on Monday, and on Tuesday evenings; and on Wednesday morning set my face for London, where I hope to arrive by four o'clock. Farewell, be of good cheer, Christ loves all that love him, and will reward them that fear him; and, "We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren." Grace, mercy, and I peace be with you, is the daily prayer of,

Dearly Beloved,
Yours in the Lord,
W. H., S. S.

LETTER LXXXI.

TO THE SAME.

Bolney.

My dearly beloved Friends in the Lord,

I WISH grace and peace to be with you, together with faith and hope, life and love. As for bodily health and strength, worldly peace or prosperity, gains or profits, riches or honours, favour or affection, kindness or civil treatment from this world-let it not be once expected, nor once mentioned among you as becometh saints, for these things are not in the covenant, they are no part of the better inheritance; for these things are seen, but the great reward of inheritance is not seen; these are temporal, but the portion is eternal.

But is there no better reward for present services, even in this life, than temporal things? O yes! his favour is better than life itself, and his countenance is as a cloud of the latter rain, which often distils precious drops; which serve to soften the clouds, and prepare it for the reception of the word of life, which sinks down deep and takes root, after it has been made soft with the showers. Let us glory in our infirmities, for these keep us from confidence in the flesh; let us glory in reproaches, for these keep us from having fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness--for he that is a friend of the world is the enemy of God. Let us triumph in our bodily afflictions, for when the outward man decays, the inward man is renewed day by day; and even bodily pains are intended to eject us out of this earthly house, that we may be admitted into our house that is from above, where the inhabitant shall no more say, I am sick. Seeing we have such hope, what have we to fear, seeing our whole work is to cleave to Christ, to follow peace, and to

endeavour to please conscience? And how can we be poor that have got God for our portion? This is not our rest because it is polluted, this is not our home nor our dwelling-place; and we are called strangers, pilgrims, and wayfaring men; and we know we have turned the corner, gained the summit, and are going down the hill.

The valley of the shadow of death is at the bottom, and then comes the river Jordan, and on the other side is the chief mountain, the fountain of life, and the everlasting hills; on the top of which this world will look like the drop of a bucket, and all its formidable inhabitants as grasshoppers, and as the dust of a balance: less than nothing, and lighter than vanity.

Oh! my sweet ones, the joy of my heart, and the crown of my rejoicing in that day, set your hearts on this heavenly country, where we shall see our best Beloved, and enjoy each other's company and conversation for evermore. No lion shall be there, nor any ravenous beast shall be found there; the lion's den will be removed from the heavenly mansions. The sumptuous glutton and hungry Lazarus shall be separated by an infinite chasm, and over that gulf they shall never pass. What is our life but a vapour? and what is our time in this world but a span long, or a hand's breadth? and all the world but a bubble.

A young professing woman in this place, upon the eve of marriage, died yesterday; but our match is for ever, and in this no dissolution nor disappointment.

Ever yours,
W. H., S. S.

LETTER LXXXIII.

TO THE SAME.

To the old Invalids.

Beloved,

THE Doctor wishes grace, mercy, and peace to the old soldiers who are creeping into winter quarters. It is written in our laws, that there was a commandment which went forth from the King of kings, and Lord of lords, eighteen hundred years ago, that the poor, the halt, the lame, and the blind, were to be invited, compelled, yea, brought in to be present, and to be guests at the marriage-supper of the Lamb. This command has never been recalled; this law has never been repealed, but stands in full force to this day, like the laws of the Medes and Persians, which alter not.

It is also appointed and decreed by an unalterable statute, that all old soldiers or invalids, who have been engaged on the Lord's side against the world, the flesh, and the devil, that these upon being dismissed from service shall have a pension settled upon them, and shall be free from war for ever after.

And it is further enacted by the authority aforesaid, that in case these soldiers have continued and appeared staunch to his Majesty's interest, and have not been finally overcome by the King's enemies, namely, the world, the flesh, and the devil, so as to be drawn away from his Majesty's service, and to engage with the rebels against the King and his forces as aforesaid; it is decreed, ordained, and immutably fixed by an eternal mandate, that such shall wear a crown in token of royalty, loyalty, and victory; and that they shall have a branch of palm in their hands, a token of eternal triumph; and shall shout among all the King's worthies, "Salvation to him that

sitteth upon the throne, to the Lamb for ever and ever." Long live the King! Long live the King.

W. H., S. S.

LETTER LXXXII.

TO THE SAME.

Cuckfield.

Dearly Beloved in the Lord,

I wish above all things that you may prosper, thrive, and grow, which God promises shall be the case of those who are planted in the house of the Lord. The flesh is a corrupt soil, and we are by nature rooted in it; and the soul being rooted, influenced, actuated, and led by the flesh, makes the soul a corrupt tree which cannot bring forth good fruit; hence comes the needs be for convictions, law-terrors, temptations, and sore trials, to loosen the roots of the soul, and to raise it up and root it out of the old soil of flesh and blood, that it may be rooted in the Lord Jesus, and draw heavenly moisture, heavenly treasure, and heavenly satisfaction from him.

Although the soul is prone to seek and settle in the old mould again, yet the daily cross still unsettles the soul, and keeps this union from taking place; hence it is that the motions of sin in the body work in the soul to bring forth fruit unto death. "They that are in the flesh cannot please God," because the flesh leads the soul captive; but the daily cross suffers not these to unite, and the word of God often preached and often heard, affords other entertainment for the soul. It feeds the mind with divine things, which makes the soul alive to them; "To be heavenly-minded is life and peace." Be contented with these scraps.

W. H., S. S.

LETTER LXXXIV.

TO THE SAME.

MY poor old dears little think what a glee and heavenly sensation rolled over my mind when I gave my last look at them getting into the coach, at the thought of going shortly to our eternal home and safe abode; where I doubt not but we shall all meet in a more comfortable, more lasting, and more uninterrupted frame and state than ever we have enjoyed in this life. I looked back upon you with pleasure, and with unspeakable delight, and something of heaven springing up in my heart, seeming to say, Ere long you will all be gone, and talk over again the things which are so imperfectly known in this vain world. I cannot describe what I felt, but something yet to come shall make it manifest.

Ever yours;
W. H., S. S.

LETTER LXXXV.

TO THE SAME.

*Downham,
Friday Morning.*

Beloved in the Lord,

We arrived here safe last night soon after six o'clock, and were very kindly received. Many of the people round the country have made great inquiries when I should come, therefore I have hope of a good company to hear me, and of some success among the hearers; but this work lies with the Lord. I am at present in myself rather low and flat, much more in the valley than on the mount; more darkness than light, more rough paths than plain, and more appetite than food. It ill, however, becomes me to complain, knowing that nothing but sovereign grace makes the difference between the heir of promise and the son of perdition.

I do long to see the word run and be glorified, but ours are not days of great success. In our days we labour much for little fruit, much ploughing and sowing, but little crops, little reaping, and small harvests. We labour, but the time will come when others will enter into our labours, and reap what we have sown. The Arminians have built a place at Littleport, and now they have opened a house at Downham; but still their end will be according to their works. We must have a daily cross, and daily oppositions; but this we do know, that no vessel but a vessel of mercy can sail both against wind and tide. It is not the first but the last in the heavenly race, that wins the prize; and this no Arminian ever saw.

I am now on my watch-tower, hoping, begging, and expecting that the Master will come at the second or the third watch; at least at the cock-crowing, or in the morning; for sure I am that unless the Master bless the sacrifice, the guests that are bidden cannot be satisfied. There is bread enough in our Father's house, and wines plenty on the lees, but the feasts are too, too seldom; the Master is rich, but all the servants are poor.

When first he woos, and wins, and draws our hands to the plough, how kind, how liberal, how bountiful, he doth appear. So tender, so indulgent, so sympathetic, that he comes leaping upon the mountains, and skipping upon the bills, as soon as his promised aid is sought. But when your hands are fast to the ploughhandles, then there is a suspension of these soul-dissolving visits. Smiles are exchanged for frowns, embraces for refrainings, visits for desertions, and kisses for strokes; then the time is come that we desire to see one of the days of the Son of Man, and we desire in vain. Nevertheless faith holds her own.

Ever your's,
The Heir at law.
W. H., S. S

LETTER LXXXVI.

TO THE SAME.

My dearly beloved Children in faith and hope,

I AM safe arrived without any accident. Poor Mrs. M is much better, only given lip much to pensiveness, and sits solitary; sitting up late at night, and rising late in the morning, which I do not like; yet I think she will come out bright in time. Here are not a few in soul-sufferings, and who need the great Physician; and I have hope that he will heal as well as wound.

The farmers here are very rich, and live somewhat like the London citizens; but I envy them not, for all seem to walk upon a snare. Traps are set for them in the ground during this famine, and the gin takes them by the heel; while the poor in spirit by their cries to God tread them downy and the steps of the needy crush them; but they are not in this secret. They are not in God's privy council, nor does he commit himself' unto them, because they are not the Bridegroom's friends; he knows them, but it is with a knowledge of reprobation, disdain, and disapprobation. We are the folks notwithstanding our being turned over into the hand of the oppressor; it is the grinder's harvest, and ours also. Their sudden destruction must be at hand, or God would never suffer them to ripen so fast. Every sinner must fill his measure; and there has been more put into that cup these five last years, than there was in twenty years before.

Sure I am that the poor saints are all on their watch-tower; God has drawn all their eyes upon himself and upon his works, to see what he is at, and where it will end; and I still have a pestilence before me; I may be wrong, but nothing but time can convince me. Strange things will soon appear in the world; our hopes and expectations will not always lie in

suspense; wisdom will direct us, and divine goodness will provide: judgment must return and vindicate the righteous, and destroy the wicked, that the upright in heart may not be at a loss which course to steer. The insensible – – is swimming in red port, and often alarmed by the death of one or another, and when sick has a whole tribe of attendants; and though he denies the Bible, he claims heaven as his own: but we never Should have known that there had been a heaven, if divine revelation had not made it known; and how any can expect such a country, and deny the authority of the book that brings it to light, is a mystery. But the ways of the wicked are Brooked, and they froward in their paths.

Here is a little flock in this place all waterfolks, three of which have visited me, but they are not unctuous. I believe old Providence is not inferior to any other churches, far from it; but the day of accounts will skew all this. Our bitterness is better than this world's honey, our sorrows far beyond their joys, our poverty better than their wealth, our cross is better than their crown, our afflictions are better than all their comforts, and our appetites and hunger better than their entertainments and fulness. "The wanes of sin is death;" but, if we suffer we shall reign; it' we die to this world we shall live. This world is a good servant, but a bad master; a very good inn, but a sad Home; a comfortable bever, luncheon, or bait, but a sad inheritance. Dear souls, adieu

God bless you all.
W. H., S. S.

LETTER LXXXVII.

TO THE SAME.

Beloved,

I AM now within twelve miles of Castle Howard, the seat of Lord Carlisle, and shall pass it on Monday next in my way home. My success seems to be exceeding great, and I have no doubt but God sent me here. I am now at Helmsley Blackmoor, in the north riding of York, and twenty-four miles beyond the city of York.

I find many here poor and needy in soul, and these are blessed indeed. One poor old farmer has followed me more than two hundred miles, and last night he dropped his chains. This morning he came to visit me with the rays of the sun on his face, and the wings of a dove on his back; and no less than three more have heard the jubilee, and felt their release. I have no call to tell you that the eyes of these seeing me, bless me; and their ears hearing me give witness to me. I have invitations from all quarters, and might soon become a bishop at large.

I preached first at Grantham on Friday night, and was almost melted; on Sunday twice; on Monday evening at Newark; and on Tuesday evening at Retford. On Wednesday I went to Sherborne, but finding but one professing man, the man who invited me, and being informed that the little town was stuffed with empty critics and hypocrites, I fell into a bad humour, and finding there were none poor and needy, or that wished to hear me, I sent six miles for a post-chaise, and reached Elvington, six miles below York, that night. I then sent the poor old farmer before to Helmsley, to inform them that I would preach to them on Thursday and on Friday evenings; and he

reached Helmsley about ten o'clock in the forenoon. I arrived about four hours after, and preached to not less than six hundred, as it was conjectured, and last night to a full house; to-morrow I intend to preach twice, and on Monday set off for Newark, Tuesday evening, Wednesday, and Thursday night at Grantham; on Friday I steer my course to Ely, Downham, and Littleport, and then for Cricklewood, if God permit.

I am at a farm-house on a pleasant and beautiful hill; my host has been in irons, so we agree well, but I have a mile to walk every night after I have clone, and the way almost all up hill; this tires me beyond measure, but the cross must attend us. Kind love to Peg and James. So concludes

The servant of servants,
W. H., S. S.

LETTER LXXXVIII.

TO THE SAME.

Spelmonden.

Dearly Beloved in the Lord,

I AM now with friend L. and the Welsh Ambassador is with me. I preached at Otford, Monday and Tuesday, and at Cranbrook Thursday and Friday; and Mr. J. came to me last night, being Friday evening. I have been well attended; but the first two days the weather was cold and very unfavourable, but now it is warm, showery, and blessed growing weather.

I have found the people at Cranbrook cold, and rather dead; nor have I been very lively myself, having been but little alone. The life and soul of real religion lies in being alone with God, and in seeking his blessed face by humble prayer; and the little Cabin and my own bedchamber at Cricklewood, are the favourite and consecrated spots for this business. Seek his face, my dear friends, and let no reproofs, no rebukes, no chastisements, no crosses, no discouragements damp your spirits at this. Remember, the rod of God is not upon the wicked, it is them that God loves that he chastens; chastisements are the lot of sons, not of servants. God bless you. I do not, I cannot forget you in my poor prayers.

Ever your's in Christ Jesus,
THE DOCTOR

LETTER LXXXIX.

TO THE SAME.

The Heir at Law to his venerable and dearly beloved Parents, sendeth greeting.

FAITH and hope are now with me, and both prophesy good of the Doctor with one consent; and as far as I can understand their still small voice, they tell me that the adversary and enemy, I mean wicked Haman, will not prevail against the Coalheaver. But that this trap that is set will catch himself, and put a final atop to his profession, his writing, his preaching, and his believing and hoping; and that he will be abashed, ashamed, confounded, ruined, and perish in his own corruption, for "Our God is not mocked."

I have written four letters this day, craving the prayers of all the flock against, and he will find in the end that the church u as terrible as an army with banners. God bless my dear friends to evermore. So prays

The Heir at Law,
W. H., S. S.

LETTER XC.

TO THE SAME.

The Heir at Law to has aged and benign Parents, sendeth greeting, with perfect peace, and at such a time.

I WAS glad to heal that poor James is better; life and death now is in the hand of our Lord, he has conquered both death and the grave, and we are in union with the resurrection and the life. His righteousness is our breast-plate, through which the devil's darts cannot penetrate, through which the curse of the law cannot enter, and against which death's attacks can make no impression.

The soul is alive for evermore; hope is its anchor, and God its shield; truth is its girdle, and peace its ammunition shoes; the Spirit is its possessor, and Christ its owner; and he will never lose his right, nor give up his charge: "He that believeth shall never die;" "on such the second death hath no power." The body, the clog, the burthen, the body of death, the weaker part shall go to the wall-and this is all that the devil can boast of with respect to the saints: and these shall be raised again, and then the devil, the king of darkness and of pride, the famous god of this world, shall be judged by the saints, and we shall accuse and condemn him that has so often accused and condemned us. We shall take them captive whose captives we were, and rule over our oppressors; then shall the poor, despised flock of Christ be terrible as an army with banners.

All these things we have in hope, and hope is steadfast, and what we have got in hope we shall soon have in hand; for, "Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." Every heavenly smile, every enlargement,

every indulgence, every comfort, every promise, every deliverance, all succour and all support, are so many pledges, earnest, foretastes, and first-fruits of the future and blessed inheritance.

Our Lord will give us a few tastes of these, just to let us know that our Redeemer liveth, and that we are not forgotten of him. But the new and good wine must be kept till the last, when we shall drink so as to forget our poverty, and remember our misery no more for ever. Farewell; grace, mercy, and peace be with

So prays
THE DOCTOR.

LETTER XCI.

TO THE SAME.

Cuckfield,

It is agreeable to my promise that I send a few scraps to my old companions in travail. Mr. B. met us many miles on the road, and was very glad to see me. We arrived safe and in good time, and I believe, I continued my sermon with for near thirty miles with little intermission. She seems exceeding low, and low she must and will go if she belongs to the Royal family of the house of David, not only to discover the sin of her nature and the follies of her life, but to stir up and purge out what she has been for five years scraping together as a covering.

The new cloth will never agree with the old garment, and especially when the human web is spun first, and the Lord's wedding garment of white linen is brought forth to complete it. Nor will the new wine of heavenly joy and love remain in a hard, unfeeling, and insensible heart. Heavy and lasting afflictions fill the soul with trouble, grief, and sorrow, and, "by sorrow of heart the spirit is broken;" and it is a broken spirit and a contrite heart, which is the new bottle. The new wine of heavenly joy in a broken heart will not swell it with vanity, nor burst it with pride; a new heart and a new spirit, both these are preserved according to Christ's promise; nor can Satan destroy either.

At breakfast this morning as we were talking together with Mrs. B. concerning her former troubles and present hopes, she appearing broken-hearted and thankful to God for his mercy to her, seemed very much cut up and wept bitterly, and has been shut up in her room ever since. As for me I fetch all

my hopes of her from her misery, and my faith tells me that her heart is not half so holy, so pure, and so good now as it was when she first came among us; and I hope to roll her in the ditch till her own clothes abhor her, for none but lunatics and lepers are fit for our infirmary, and indeed it was built for another at first.

She had some time ago a singular dream, of God bringing her to judgment in this world, and it appeared to me a very scriptural account of the judgment, and sharp trial of a poor convinced sinner; and I know that God fills Zion with judgment and righteousness; judgment first, and righteousness afterwards. It is by the spirit of judgment, and by the spirit of burning, that our guilt and filth is purged from us; and the devil is busy enough in his constant attendance on this court, to see how the matter will go, in hope that we shall either hate the light, fly from the truth, despair of his mercy, or fly in the face of the Almighty.

But, we have an Advocate with the Father, and he has appeased the wrath of God which was provoked at our sins; and God will not gratify the devil's rage in condemning us poor debtors and our ever-blessed Surety too, for our. God hates the devil more than we do. He suffers him to labour hard at us, and to try his infernal skill upon us, and in spite of all Satan's craft, malice, and cunning, we remain just where we were, at the foot of Christ, suing for mercy; and I do believe that it is one part of the devil's punishment to be suffered to wreak his rage on the vessels of mercy; for what can be a greater torment than to labour to destroy those his envious mind abhors, and yet to labour in vain?

How desperate do we see apostates, whose heart God has turned to hate his people, and to deal subtly with his servants, when their rage is kindled, and they would wish to send us out of this world and from all the glories of another-I say, how

desperate they are when they find they can do us no hurt. How many javelins did Saul throw at poor David, and how many bitter oaths, threatenings, and sentences did Saul breathe out against the son of Jesse. Every time the devil entered Saul this was David's perilous case; and every time that he checked the devil, and made him depart from Saul, then Saul cried, "Return, my son David, for thou art more righteous than I." But when men are given up to the devil, they are not to be believed, though they speak fair, for there are seven abominations in their heart, because, like Mary, seven devils have entered into them; and these go in and out of their own habitation, but still it is under the strong and ruling hand of God. or else, Wo be to us.

I am at present rather low, and meek, and have been kindly indulged in prayer both last night and this morning for which kind indulgence I thank my God; nor have I neglected to pray for the poor dears in London. These lines as well as my prayers are intended for three.

Ever your's
W. H., S. S.

LETTER XCII.

TO THE SAME.

Dearly Beloved in the Lord,

I was and still am grieved to see you, so ill as you are, attending to that shop; you really hasten your own end, and deprive yourself of a little wholesome air, which in your state is so much needed. I have now a comfortable bed, and a good room, entirely at your service; and there is no want of any thing, nor any creature in the way to make you uneasy-all love you, and you know it.

It is my earnest desire that you would write to N. and let him come, and weigh, and take your goods, as you will want nothing here but your wearing apparel; and here are drawers upon drawers for all your clothes. I have no doubt but the adversary is busy enough with carnal reason, but strength shall be equal to thy days; "For God is not unrighteous, to forget your work and labour of love, which ye have shewed toward his name, in that ye have ministered to the saints and do minister," Heb. vi. 10. Whosoever receiveth whomsoever I send, receiveth me, and him that sent me, John xiii. 20. And he that receiveth a prophet, a righteous man, or a believer in Christ, he shall receive a prophet's reward, and a righteous man's reward, and this comes from the God of truth, the lips of truth-the Lord Jesus Christ himself. Let no man or devil beguile you of this reward, for you have received me into your faith, heart, conscience, and affections; And I know that Christ sent me, and you believe this, and received me as such, and therefore did receive him also. Moreover "He that loveth another hath fulfilled the law," and, "He that loveth his brother abideth in the light, and there is none occasion of stumbling in him;" for "We know that we are passed from death to life,

because we love the brethren." And, "By this," says the Son of God, "shall all men know ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another;" and I know that you love me, and God knows I love you.

It is true we are poor, worthless, sinful wretches, and have cause daily to loathe ourselves on the account of the evils that are in us; but no self-loathing is to rob us or deprive us of the comforts of faith, nor of the comforts of hope in a Saviour, for he came to save sinners, yea, the chief of sinners; nor will he take notice of any other. He leaves the self-righteous to swell, to boast, and to banter, till pride becometh their ruin; "I came not to call the righteous."

And now, my dear James, as God has prepared a way for you, and provided a room for your reception, a dutiful and affectionate son to receive you, do come, and bring Mrs. B. with you, it is my wish. God bless you.

Ever your's in Christ Jesus the Lord, W. H., F. S.

LETTER XCIII.

TO THE SAME.

Beloved,

I Have preached here three times, and am to preach here again to-morrow evening, and after preaching we go to Downham. The fruits of my labour do very visibly appear; I have been well attended, some have been much comforted, others are in labour and soul travail.

The people of Lakenheath in Suffolk are constantly here, and have sent me a present. My whole work seems now to be that of comforting; this is my natural element, and best suits my present frame. I preached en Sunday twice, from Prov. xiv. 26; and last night from John iv. 35-38. The people begin to shew us no small respect, and several baskets of fruit have been sent to us. We are going to-day to see a woman who has been long ill, and who was much comforted the last year, but has lamented through all her illness, and complained that she should see my sweet face no more. The poor woman wept that brought the tidings.

I have been greatly indulged in private prayer ever since I have been out, which is a heaven upon earth to me, and I believe that has heard to her comfort and establishment. The harvest is very great, the crops good, and the weather fine; for which I bless my gracious God. I long to be at home.

Ever your's in the best of all bonds,
THE DOCTOR.

LETTER XCIV.

TO MRS B.

Dear Peg,

SUCH a stroke as this twenty-seven years ago, would have caused our hope to give up the ghost-but being a little stronger in the Lord, faith has heavier burthens laid on. The temple built by Solomon, and that built by Cyrus were both burnt. The first book of Samuel, and the thirtieth chapter came to my mind also, together with this promise, "He shall not be afraid of evil tidings; his heart is fixed trusting in the Lord.

It will cause a little rejoicing among the Philistines, as has been the case often; they once triumphed gloriously when the ark of God was taken, supposing that Dagon had overcome the God of Israel, but their joy was but short-the fall of Dagon, the Emrods and the mice, made them glad to send it back again, and a trespass-offering with it, for they cried, We are all destroyed, for his hand is heavy upon us, and upon Dagon our God. This I know, that it shall work for our good, but how I know not; if I did, I must walk by sight and not by faith. Bless God, we are trot in beggary yet, nor ever shall. I herein enclose you a trifle, as I am going out, into the country.

God bless thee.
THE COALHEAVER.

LETTER XCV

TO MRS. M.

Dear Sister in the Lord,

I HAVE been very poorly, laid aside for a whole week, and am still very weak and feeble. Many warnings come about quitting this clay cottage, and much daubing, plastering, and new materials have been spent upon it; but the plague is in the house, the leprosy is in the walls, and the sad infection has spread itself, and therefore it must come down. The priest has looked at it again and again; it has been often shut up and opened again, still 'tis unclean, yea, utterly unclean, the plague is in the head, Levit. xiii. 44.

Old Adam, the old man, the plague of the heart, is still within; bin the new man of grace shall reign to eternal life; hence Peter calls Grace, "The grace of life;" and it is a truth, that every grace from the Lord's fulness hath eternal life in it. Quickening grace gives life to the dead, and brings us forth from insensibility, and from the sleep and cold chill of death. Hope is called a lively hope, because it looks out, labours after, and expects the good things promised to hoping souls. The forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of his grace, removes the sting of death, "Oh death where is thy sting?" Being justified freely by his grace, is called justification unto life; surely if God circumcise our hearts to love him, it is clone that we may live; and every body knows that faith is no less than eternal life in hand, for, "The just shall live by faith."

Mary may see in all this, that I am mustering up all the evidences that I can, for indeed at present I am very cold, dry, and barren; so that I can fetch no comfort from his countenance, his presence, his throne, nor from his promises; but I can fetch it from some past experiences of his life-giving

power; "This is my comfort in my affliction, for thy word hath quickened me." We have the promise of being watered every moment, but what that moment means in the Holy Spirit's sense of the word, I know not. My unbelief would tell me that it is not so done in me; however, he knows the thoughts of my heart, and the desires of my soul; he knows the way that I take, and when I am tried, I hope I shall lose some dross and some tin, and if I do the gold will shine the brighter. We have get two hundred pounds for the poor young man at Brighton, and I have no doubt but we shall gather enough to finish the chapel, by the assistance of our friends at Lewes. He is gone home in high spirits, but rather concerned for the Coalheaver. Last night the old disciple with whom you lodge in town, came and took a dish of tea with me. Dear Mary, adieu.

Your's to serve,
W. H., S. S.

LETTER XCVI.

TO THE SAME.

My dear Friend,

HAVING been informed that thou wast in the country for the benefit of thy health, I drop these few lines to inquire after that invaluable blessing. The true causes of all real sickness, according to the service of the established church, are sins of commission and omission, "We have done those things which we ought not to have done, and we have left undone those things which we ought to have done, and there is no health in us." But God's way of healing is but little known, and those methods of healing which men have devised are little worth.

David's prayer to God, is, that he would made known the way that he has devised of healing sick sinners; "That thy way may be known upon earth, thy saving health among all nations." This prayer was answered, this request was granted when the following orders were given, namely, "That repentance and remission of sins should be preached in his name among all nations, beginning at Jerusalem." In the gospel, Mary, the ancient prophecy is fulfilled, "I will bring it health and cure, and I will cure them; and reveal unto them the abundance of peace and truth." This abundance of peace and truth in bringing health and cure, is taken from the name of the Lord proclaimed before Moses, "Abundant in goodness and truth, pardoning iniquity, transgression, and sin." Wherever pardon is proclaimed, there she name of the Lord is declared, as Christ says, " Father, I have declared thy name unto the men which thou has given me, and I will declare it," again and again. Wherever pardon is obtained, there the truth of God's promise is verified.

Our health lies in the atoning blood of Christ; "The blood of Christ cleanseth us from all sin:" and where this is applied by the Holy Spirit, there sickness is removed and health restored. This, Mary, is the glory of mount Zion, and of all the citizens of that mystic city, as it is written; "And the inhabitants shall no more say I am sick, for the people that dwell therein shall be forgiven their iniquity;" and this health and cure is to be attended with the abundance of peace. This our great Physician always proclaimed to every one of his patients where the balm of Gilead was internally applied; "Son, Daughter, be of good cheer, thy sins are forgiven thee, Go in peace." Thus he brings health and cure, and cures us, and reveals to us the abundance of peace and truth. Peace with God, peace with conscience, peace with one another, and peace within Zion's walls, and prosperity within her palaces. In this city, and in the enjoyment of this blessing I conclude, with Peace be unto thee.

Ever thine in Christ,
W. H. S. S.

LETTER XCVII.

TO THE SAME.

To his Daughter Mary, wishing grace, mercy, and peace, through our Lord Jesus Christ.

I was sorry to hear that thou hadst been ill, and that thy cough was worse; I have called every Tuesday on the Widower to know how Mary did, and the last time I called was informed thou wast better. A daily cross is appointed for all those who are ordained to wear the crown, "If we suffer with him, we shall reign with him." The cross is intended to mortify and subdue the old man, that the new man may be uppermost; and the new man oft appears, when the old man is the most debased.

Sometimes liveliness appears, "In all these things is the life of my spirits;" sometimes meekness appears, sometimes deep humiliation, sometimes self-abhorrence, sometimes contrition, sometimes godly sorrow, sometimes hope of better days, sometimes gratitude to God, and sometimes strong faith that we shall never be moved. Mary, observe these things, and thou shalt understand the loving-kindness of the Lord.

Faith exercises itself on the various attributes and perfections of God, and our sensations under them are various also. Faith in the law, and in the justice of God, brought fearfulness and trembling upon David. Faith in the holiness of God made Isaiah cry out, "Wo is me." Faith in his anger and terrible majesty, sinks us in deep waters where there is no standing. Faith in the sure mercies of God in Christ Jesus melts the soul, and softens the heart like wax before the flame, and fills it with the deepest compunction. But faith in the eternal love of God, displayed in the gift of Christ Jesus, swallows up all, this

sinks us into nothing, into the drop of a bucket, or the small dust of a balance. But so it is, "We have believed," says John "the love that God hath to us; God is love." This love is brought into the heart by the Spirit; " We receive the promise of the Spirit through faith;" this faith in the love of God is the highest act of faith that ever was acted in this world, and the effect of it is most wonderful, for "He that loveth dwelleth in God, and God dwelleth in him."

Oh! stupendous grace, unparalleled condescension; and such humiliation in the Almighty as the heart of man could never conceive but by the Holy Spirit. But though he be high, yet hath he respect unto the lowly; he humbleth himself to behold the things done in heaven, and to dwell with the contrite upon the earth. These things, my dear daughter, the universal profession of the present day knows nothing of, and yet there is no salvation without them; but, "We speak that we do know, and testify that we have seen," and but few, very few, receive our witness, John iii. 11. Those that do receive it, set to their seal that God is true; true to his word, though it be published by a Coalheaver.

Dear daughter, farewell; be of good cheer, be of good comfort keep Christ and conscience in friendship, and the devil himself shall never dissolve the union. So I write and so you believe.

Ever thine in him,
W. HUNTINGTON.

LETTER XCVIII.

TO THIS SAME.

Dear Sister in Christ Jesus, and beloved of God,

GRACE and peace be with thee: I wish that thou mayest prosper and be in health even as thy soul prospers. God has done great things for thee, he has given thee a solid, stable, comfortable, and good hope through grace; and, "We are saved by hope;" which hope is an anchor of the soul to keep the vessel of mercy firm to him who is within the veil—that the storms of Sinai, when we get into legal bondage, nor the sudden assaults of Satan, nor the gusts of error, nor the billows of inbred corruptions, nor the waves of ungodly men may not move us, so as to sink us in despondency, despair, nor obdurate hardness of heart We may be distressed but not in despair, cast down but not destroyed, for this anchor still brings the vessel again to her anchorage.

Sure I am that our inveterate enemy is slain, and that unappeased wrath; unatoned guilt, shall sink us no more. As for those groundless fears that Satan may beget, and those terrors and the horrid gloom which he may be suffered sometimes to spread over our minds in the night, or when we are under spiritual desertions; we know that these differ from the piercing sentence of a broken law, and from the galling bars of unbelief; therefore, "Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night nor for the arrow that flieth by day: nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness: nor for the destruction that wasteth at noon-day."

A good hope, Mary, is annexed to the reward of inheritance, and this hope is a firm expectation of the happy enjoyment of it, and is as sure as the reward itself; "For verily there is a reward, and thine expectation shall not be cut off" We are the

folks. Mary; we are the seed which the Lord hath blessed. "Our life is bid with Christ in God;" and every visit, ray, glimpse, revival, refreshing, pious thought, humbling reflection, sweet enlargement, melting sensation, attracting beam, and soul-dissolving look is to let us know that our Redeemer liveth-lives for us, and we shall live through him, and at last with him.

I have a most violent cold, and a most tormenting cough and hoarseness. I have, like Ephraim, had my belly filled with the east wind; but all is well, for Parson Sack will never die. I am still upon the high-way, and my eye upon the prize of the high calling, and many pledges of it have I had by the way; and sure I am that the harvest is as sure as the first-fruits. Farewell. Be of good cheer, for Christ loves us dearly.

Ever thine in him,
W. H., S. S

LETTER XCVIII.

TO THIS SAME.

Dear Sister in Christ Jesus, and beloved of God,

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Ever thine in him,
W. H., S. S

LETTER XCIX

TO MR. C.

Cricklewood, Edgeware Road.

Dear Friend in Christ Jesus,

I WAS glad to see a few lines from you, which last night were brought to me by your son-in-law. I hear continually, and that from different quarters, that the darkness begins to pass away, and that the true light spreads itself, and gains ground; and so it is written, when the heart of the poor sinner is turned to the Lord, the veil shall be taken away, and the yoke shall be destroyed because of the anointing, Isa. x. 27. Light discovers the darling object, and love dissolves the stony heart, bursts the legal bands, and sets the prisoner of hope at large. Nothing so perilous as a blind watchman groping on the dark mountains of Horeb, and Crying, Lo here, to blackness, darkness, the tempest, and the voice of words: "O my soul come not thou into their secret, unto their assembly mine honour be not thou united," for in a broken law God is a consuming fire, in a killing commandment an inexorable creditor, in unappeased wrath terrible in majesty, in Unsatisfied justice an angry judge; but in the face of his dear Son a propitious father, in a covenant of grace a fountain of living waters, and in an unconditional promise in Christ our exceeding great reward.

The hearts of all believers open and shut, rise or sink, conceive or discharge, harden or melt, according to the above views; hence the charge, "Look unto me;" "Run the race set before you, looking to Jesus," Heb. xii. 2; and Chile we look we "ate changed into the same image, from glory to glory." "Have I been so long with you and hast thou not seen me,

Philip? He that hath seen me, hath seen the Father." But God, as a father, is never seen or known but in the face of Christ Jesus; God hath shined into our hearts, to give us the light of the knowledge of the glory of God, in the face of Jesus, 2 Cor. iv. 6; and it is the light of his countenance that casts up and points out the path of the just, and the heat of the sun of righteousness that warms the heart, and woos it to walk in that charity which is the snore excellent way.

Hagar and Sarah, says Paul, are the two covenants, and the two Jerusalems; and how many citizens of this country have we got? Citizens of the Jerusalem that now is, and is in bondage; these are the enemies of the poor prodigals who feed with husks. And under such the wise man's saying is verified, "The labour of the foolish wearieth every one of them, because he knoweth not how to go to the city," Ecc. x. 15. Christ is the way, and we walk by faith, and faith believeth the love of God in Christ, and charity never fails. "Cursed be he that causeth the blind to wander out of the way," for he counteracts the purpose of God, who brings the blind by a way that they know not. But the light of his countenance makes darkness light before us, and when all things work for our good, then, and not till then, are crooked things made straight.

Tender my respects to Dame, and to your son, and should God permit and spare the Coalheaver, we may see each other once more, when the winter is past, when the rains are over and gone, when the flowers appear on the earth, and when the singing of birds is come, and when the voice of the turtle is heard, and the vultures are screaming against her.

Ever your's,
W. H., S. S.

LETTER C.

TO MRS. G.

NOTHING, my dear sister, has kept me so long from acknowledging the receipt of your basket, but the hard labour and fatigue of writing the book in hand, which seems to grow so fast in my mind, and to swell so big in my hands, that I know not when I shall finish it. These, my dear girl, are not times for the poor of the flock to abound in liberality; I was pleased at the good will, but the deed must hurt you; besides, the poor oppressing the poor, is a sweeping rain that leaves no food behind, Prov. xxviii. 3.

The Lord maketh poor and maketh rich, to some he gives a fortune in gold, to others in faith; the former lives upon his stock in hand, the latter by faith on the Lord's promised bounty; the former is an independent, the latter a pauper, and of all trades that is on foot, begging is the best. Heaven is the mansion house, the cross the door-post, Christ the door, God the benefactor, the sensible sinner the beggar, the Spirit the pleader, faith the hand, conscience the mouth; and nothing can feed it but blood, righteousness, peace, love, comfort, and experimental knowledge. His flesh is meat, his blood is drink, his comforts are milk, his love wine, his peace a river; and to eat the little book is to feed upon knowledge and understanding.

This last is a dry crust put between our gums to mump upon, when weaning time comes on, which are bad days for little ones, who would much rather quiddle the breast, as long as there is a drop to be got; but it must not be so done in our country, for fear of making us pot-bellied, large bodies but little heads; much life and power, but no wisdom or knowledge to defend ourselves against thieves and robbers. Farewell, be a

good girl, and mind your books; the day book, conscience; the
post hook, the Bible; the ledger, the book of life: and when it is
well with you remember me. My love to your husband.

Ever your's in faith and love,
W. H., S. S.

LETTER CI.

TO MR. A.

I WAS glad to hear from thee, my son, but am much engaged with a book in hand, which by visitors I have been much hindered in writing. You must not judge of your success by your different frames; the treasure is lodged in an earthen vessel, that the excellency of the power may be of God and not of us. He often displays his power when we are most weak, and his wisdom in and by the most simple means and words, that men may learn to distinguish between the instrument and the hand that uses it. Paul's bodily presence was contemptible, said his enemies, and his speech weak; but his letters were weighty and powerful, and so were his words. Paul's words were seasoned with grace; the more he cleaved to Christ, the more he savoured of him; and the more savoury he was, the more unctuous was the flock. "All his garments smell of myrrh," which is sweet, "and of aloes," which is bitter. Ezekiel's roll and John's little book were bitter sweets; the sweeter the Lord's presence is, the more bitter his absence; and the more fruitful we are, the more purging will the branch need. Give yourself much to study and reading, and when this becomes our delight, the work will be the more pleasant.

I am very well satisfied with the report that I hear of thee. Purifying faith, truth in the love of it, and a good conscience, will carry a man with peace and fortitude through this vain world. Farewell; grace, mercy, and peace be with thee, and with all them that love our Lord Jesus.

Ever your's in Him,
W. HUNTINGTON.

LETTER CII.

TO THE SAME.

Dear Son and Fellow-labourer,

GRACE and peace be with thee, through our Lord Jesus Christ. Souls young in faith, and under the powerful constraints of love, are always forward to lengthen Zion's cords, and to strengthen her stakes; and while the promises flow in, and consolations abound, they are for pouring this treasure out to them that are abroad; and nothing pleases them so much, as a few children to curse. Others are fired with zeal, I will not say always according to knowledge, but these are forward to sound an alarm, to awaken, and to plough up the fallow ground. Thus love draws the one, and zeal drives the other; and while these two springs last, the work goes off tolerably easy, and the workmen are much pleased, especially with themselves. But when the former spring becomes dry, and the nurslings, like the daughters of the horse-leech, cry, Give, give, and there is nothing but a dry breast-then the forward nurse would be glad to put up a bill in the window, with the following inscription, "No nurse children taken in here." The ploughman begins to look back, but Lot's wife stands in the way; but the breasts are put up, and weaning time comes on, that we may learn to eat meat, yea, strong meat, and not milk, for that is for babes, and for them who are unskilful in the word of righteousness.

Weaning serves to exercise our senses, to discern between good and evil, and these trials lead us under the Spirit to full age, so as to be able to digest strong meat; but as- long as we can get milk, this sort of food will not go down: "Whom shall he teach knowledge? and whom shall he make to understand doctrine? them that are weaned from the milk, and drawn from the breasts," Isai. xxviii. 9. This teaching makes us pastors

after God's own heart, who are to feed the people with knowledge and understanding; and I have no doubt but my son, who was forward enough at the first, now finds that all the felicity of the just is not confined to the pulpit, nor all the happiness under the sun peculiar to the ministry.

When the Bible cannot be read with light and life, because it is sealed; when the gate of life and the door of hope are both closed; when heaven frowns and Satan smiles; when the hart is too full, too big to vent its grief, and God denies access, and the least apparent relief; when heaven appears to resist us, and Satan to reproach us; when the people are assembling in hope, and the preacher alone in despondency; the flock expecting the sermon, and the priest at a loss for a text; God's rod on the back, and enmity rising in the heart; the people waiting for comfort, but the ambassador is weeping in bitter grief-this sort of work would make him run as well as the former, that is, he would be as glad to run back, as he was at first to run forward.

But the branch that is in the vine must have a threefold purging; the head from blindness, darkness, ignorance, and confusion, that the watchman may see; the heart from idols, that Christ may be all in all; and the whole soul from self, which sends forth a stinking savour, that God may make manifest the savour of his knowledge by us in every place, 2 Cor. ii. 14. The more the branch is purged, the closer it sticks to the vine; and the closer the union with Christ, the more savoury, the more unctuous, and more precious is the branch. The preacher wants ten times the purging that the hearer does. The hearer works for himself, and all he gets he keeps; we work for others. A whole day in the furnace may afford one meal, but the first sermon empties the cupboard; so the preacher starves himself to feed others. The more powerfully he preaches, the more lively the people, but the longer he preaches the deader he gets; life works in them, but death in

him. Tender my love to the friends at N. and G. and accept the same from thy friend and father in Christ Jesus.

W. H., S. S.

LETTER CIII.

TO MRS. E. M.

Dear Friend,

THERE was nothing at O. that was in the least disagreeable to me, all shewed me great attention; but going so far as B. out of my way, was a vexation, and the wet weather and dirty road I imagined would quite lay me up, and render me unfit or unable to perform my journey, as I had but just before been recovered from a fit of sickness. But God's care is all-sufficient.

There is not one word, my dear girl, in all the book of God, if rightly understood, against a sensible sinner, that feels the plague of his heart, and who is willing to be saved in God's own way, namely, by grace, through faith in Christ; "Whatsoever things were written aforetime, were written for our learning; that we through patience and comfort of the scriptures might have hope," Rom. xv. 41. If we belong to Christ, we shall soon know it; for searching the heart, and trying the reins; self-denial, and the daily cross; the furnace of affliction, and the enmity of the world; the hatred of hypocrites, the corruptions of nature, and the buffetings of Satan, will all come upon us, beset and pursue us, by day and by night; and for no other cause, "But because I have chosen you out of the world." Adieu. My love to your husband; and remember me to your father and mother, and all friends.

W. H., S. S.

LETTER CIV.

TO MR. T.

Church-street.

Dear Sir,

I RECEIVED thy kind epistle, but have been out of town this week. I should be glad to see the weather settled before I undertake so long a journey; however, toward the latter end of next week, will send you my appointments, as soon as I can procure a supply in my absence. I hope to see you in about eleven days, but cannot be certain, because I am so at a loss to get curates in my absence.

I would wish to put the dissenters at B. to no inconvenience on my account, nor to bring any odium on them, for harbouring, countenancing, or encouraging such a one as myself. My God is the same to me, whether in a barn, or in a cathedral. Your barn would be the best by far, as that can give no offence, and will contain the people; whereas, if the weather be fine, the other will not. however, I shall leave this matter with you, only wish to be no intruder. Legions are in expectation of the Coalheaver at G. and I believe that God will not let me travel thither in vain. Farewell, may providence and grace be the support and comfort of thee and thine, me and mine, is the prayer and desire of,

Dear Sir,
Your willing servant in Christ,
W. H., S. S.

LETTER CV.

TO THE SAME.

Dear Sir,

I RECEIVED thy kind letter, and thy kind offer, and humbly thank you kindly for both. I hope ever to acknowledge with gratitude, your many unmerited favours to me, and to have you in remembrance before God, in my poor imperfect petitions; for this is all that those who are poor in pocket, and rich in faith, can do. I have got a bad cough and cold upon me, which generally falls to my share in the winter season; but a good hope through grace, more than counterbalances all bodily afflictions. There is a mansion above, prepared for poor sensible sinners, where the inhabitants shall no more say, "I am sick." Excuse haste dear sir, as it is Friday afternoon.

Ever your's to serve you in Christ Jesus,
W. H., S. S.

LETTER CVI.

TO THE SAME.

My dear Friend,

GRACE, mercy, and peace be with thee. I take this opportunity of informing thee, that I am somewhat better of my cold, and hope to be out to-morrow, though I am rather hoarse. My God has been good to me in this affliction, and does (to the honour of his name be it spoken) maintain my heart in faith, and my soul in hope; and suffers not my confidence to be shaken, or moved. Ali, my dear friend, the Lord Jesus is a present help, and an unchangeable friend, when all other refuges fail, when all earthly comforts vanish, and when our souls shall say, I have no pleasure in them.

I bless my God, I know whom I have believed; and I know that he will own, and acknowledge me to the end: and my earnest prayers are for you and your's, that you may share in the saving benefits of a dear Redeemer's cross, as the only refuge from Satan's rage, from a guilty conscience, and from the anger of God. The prophet tells us, he is a hiding-place from the storm, a covert from the tempest; and the shadow of a great rock in a weary land, Isa. xxxii. 2. And such he has long been to poor unworthy me; and my prayer is, that he may be the same to you, that he may reward you in your own bosom, ten thousand fold, for all your undeserved and unexpected favours to me, his poor unworthy servant. I send these few lines by my friend Mr. B. with whom you dined at my house, who has been ill, and who is going a tour into the country for the air. God bless thee, and keep thee, so prays

Thine affectionate friend and servant in the Lord Jesus,

W. H., S. S

LETTER CVII.

TO THE SAME.

Dear Sir,

I WISH grace, mercy, and peace to thee, through Jesus Christ our Lord. I have no other way at present of acknowledging thy manifold favours by the hand of Mr. A. to me, but by a line of thanks and prayer, in this way; if thou wilt have patience with me, I will pay thee all.

I humbly hope that as the Lord hath inclined thy heart to lend assistance to the addition of our little Chapel, that he will vouchsafe to give you a meeting, a blessing, and pay you a comfortable visit whenever you come among us; and I know that one such visit will abundantly recompence all thy kindness to me: "In his favour is life, in his presence fulness of joy, and at his right hand pleasures for evermore." The hardest work is for the sensible, self-despairing, and sin-burthened soul, to obtain the first visit. Shame covers our face, guilt fills us with confusion, corruption annoys us; law, conscience, and Satan accuse us; unbelief, and carnal reason, contradict us; so that there is no getting at the dear Redeemer for the press. All the enemies crowd about the strait gate, and make it so narrow, so contracted, and so difficult of entrance, that it requires knocking, importuning, and striving too; "Strive to enter in at the strait gate," says the dear Lord and Saviour.

Indeed it is a sight and sense of our lost estate, and the accusations that we feel, that should drive us to the Advocate and Saviour; "The kingdom of Heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force." A labouring and heavy-laden sinner, with a mouth full of confessions, pleading guilty like the publican; and pleading the blood of Christ, the invitations and

promises of God, the covenant of grace, and God rich in mercy in Christ Jesus, is as terrible and as formidable at mercy's door, as an army with banners. Such a sinner cuts a noble figure at a throne of grace, and is sure at a long run to carry the day In due time ye shall reap if ye faint not;" and faithful is he that hath promised, who also will do it.

The best weapon in this combat is faith, the next is importunity, and the third is patience; " It is good that a man patiently wait, and quietly hope for the salvation of God:" and sooner or later the Saviour will be won and overcome too; " Turn away thing eyes from me," saith he to the spouse, "for thou hast overcome me;" and he is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.

Dear sir, farewell. The Lord bless thee, and accompany these scraps with his blessing. To encourage and comfort thee is the prayer and desire of,

Thy much obliged friend,
and willing servant. in Christ Jesus,
W. HUNTINGTON.

LETTER CVIII.

TO THE SAME.

To my dear Friend,

WISHING the best of blessings, the grace and mercy of our God in Christ Jesus, and the enjoyment of all other blessings which are the fruits and effects of it; all promised and freely given to poor sensible sinners who feel their need, and call upon our Lord Jesus Christ for it. This is the best Christmas box, the best wish, the best treasure; and to be visited of God with these is the best compliment of the season, and nothing short of this can procure or secure a happy new year.

And now what new year's gift am I to send him? why, "The Lord hath created a new thing in the earth, a woman shall compass a man," Jer. xxxi. 22. To us this child is born, to us this son is given; he is given as our surety to pay our debts, to clothe the naked, to heal the sick, and to give life to the dead. This is the best new year's gift that ever was given, and it is a gift that will last for ever.

I am trying hard to begin this ensuing new year by seeking the face of Christ by humble prayer and confessions; and if I can enter upon it under the light of his countenance, and with a sense of his approbation and of his presence, I defy the world to make a better beginning than I shall. And I am in hopes, by what I have felt this morning, that I shall not seek in vain. L. told me that you said I seemed to have cast you off, as I had not written to you; but you do not consider my much labour at this time of the year; and besides, I have been very poorly with a cold and fever; nor am I well now, far from it. Poor J. is very ill, and almost blind with a cold. I am going for a week or ten days into Sussex; at my return I hope to see you, if you will do me the pleasure. I thank you kindly for my malt. Farewell, grace and peace be with thee, so prays,

Your's affectionately,
W. H., S. S.

LETTER CIX.

TO THE SAME.

My poor dear Friend,

MERCY and peace be with thee, through our Lord Jesus Christ, our only Mediator and Advocate. My hearty prayer and desire is, that thou mayest obtain mercy of our dear Redeemer, through faith in his name; and be delivered by him from the malice and furious assaults of Satan, who goes about, seeking whom he may devour. Christ was manifest in the flesh, to destroy the works of the devil; and he says, he will take the prey from the mighty, and deliver the lawful capture; and contend with him that contends with us, and rescue us from the hands of him that is stronger than we.

I wish my poor old friend to give his mind to reading, and that he would be often calling on the name of our Lord Jesus Christ. If you read the four evangelists, you will there observe how many, with different cases and complaints, come with their petitions to him, and how they all prevailed; so that not one was sent empty away: and the scriptures say, that Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. However feeble or incorrect our poor prayers may be, yet the searcher of hearts knows our wants, and what we stand in need of. Moreover, I could wish you to come and stop a month with us, you shall be heartily welcome; and my study and books are at your service all the time I am in town. Farewell, peace and truth be with thee.

Ever yours,
W. H., S. S.

LETTER CX.

TO THE SAME.

My dearly beloved Friend,

I was glad at my heart to hear from you, and to see your handwriting once more. Fret not at being low: God brings low, and lifts up; he wounds, and he heals; he kills, and makes alive; and blessed are they that trust in him, through Christ Jesus, in whom God is reconciled to sinners, and in whom he is well pleased.

Paul tells you, that God shewed forth all long-suffering toward him, as a pattern to others, who should believe on him to life everlasting; and therefore asserts, "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners; of whom," says he "I am chief," 1 Tim. i. 15. And the Saviour says, "I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance: the whole need not a physician, but they that are sick" Such, and only such, Jesus Christ calls to; "If any man thirst, let him come unto me, and drink." "Come unto me all ye that labour, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; and ye shall find rest unto your souls."

I was glad at my heart, to see your hand-writing once more; for God knows that I have ever longed after your soul's welfare, and put up many such poor petitions as mine are, in your behalf, when I thought the enemy of souls was carrying you captive, as was too often the case. I beg the young ladies' pardon for not mentioning them in my last, but it was through hurry, and not through slight or disesteem. If I should not be favoured with your company, I do intend to see you some way or other, ere the cold weather comes on too sharp. Satan has never laid harder at you, than he has at me; nor is your misery

greater than mine has been; yet, here am I to this day, blessing God for a free and an everlasting salvation. Manasseh's witchcraft, Paul's murder and curses, Mary's seven devils, the poor thief's murder and insurrection, no, nor the mad Gaderene's legion of devils, could stand before the omnipotent arm of the Son of God, and sinners' only Saviour. God for ever bless thee and thine, so prays,

Your's to serve in Christ,
W. H., S. S.

LETTER CXI.

TO THE SAME.

The Cabin.

Dear Friend,

AM sorry to hear that you are so much debilitated; I was in hopes that I should have seen you before now, as I think you might be able sit in a carriage. Who knows but this long affliction may be a visiting sin with a rod, and iniquity with scourges? it may be in very faithfulness that thou art afflicted.

God is near to them that feel after him, and he says, "In their affliction they will seek me early." His afflicting hand, and his displeasure are to be found in a troubled mind, in a disquieted conscience, and in the workings of a misgiving heart; and when confessions and prayers are made to him for what has been done amiss, 'there, that is in the mind and conscience, he is to be felt after. He promises to look to them that tremble at his word, and to dwell with them that are of a broken heart, to revive the spirit of the humble, and to revive the heart of the contrite ones, Isa. lvii. 15. This promised looking to us, dwelling with us, and reviving of us, are the things that we should feel after; and Paul says, " He is not far from every one of us."

I have no doubt but the devil in this affliction will drive you bard; he is always most busy in the troubles of poor sinners, as may be seen in the case of Job; but the word and counsel of God that shall stand; Christ saves to the uttermost all them that come unto God by him, Heb. vii. 25.

The salvation of Manasseh, Magdalen, the thief upon the cross, and the Apostle Paul, are left upon record for a pattern

to them that should hereafter believe on the Lord Jesus Christ to life everlasting, 1 Tim. i. 16. Paul styles himself the chief of sinners, and well he might; but the atonement of Christ is of infinite value and efficacy, and it cleanses from all sin; those that are ready to perish, the lost, and those that are dead in trespasses and sins, are invited to the fountain that the Son of God hath opened. Nor doth God expect either worth or worthiness in those that come to him, for there is no such thing in man; God aims at magnifying his own mercy, and at the displaying of the riches of his own grace in Christ Jesus, in his good will and goodness towards us through the only Mediator. If my dear friend wishes to see me, I will come down the first opportunity.

Your's very affectionately,
W. H., S. S.

LETTER CXII.

TO THE SAME.

My dear Friend,

As I have dropped you several lines, and have received no answer, I am afraid that thou art ill, and the more so as I inquired of ----, on Monday evening last, and found that you had not been at W., and that you had not been there for a fortnight.

I should be glad of a line to know how you are; and I hope in God that he will incline your heart to spend a little more time in reading his word, and seeking his face, who is the poor sinner's only friend and Saviour; and who has promised to be found of all that seek him, if they seek him with all their heart. But this the devil hates, and therefore labours to divert the minds of poor sinners to follow a thousand vanities, promising as much satisfaction in these things, but always disappointing us; for they that sow to the flesh can only reap corruption: and if conscious sinners call upon the Lord, Satan turns accuser of them, and buffets, confounds, and confuses them, and covers them with shame and fear, that he may keep us from all hope and trust in the only Saviour of the sinful sons of men.

You have been under God a kind friend to me, and, should it over be in my power, I would willingly requite it, and if not I know that God can; and gratitude constrains me to acknowledge your favours, and I hope it ever will. I could wish to see my friend a little more steady and sober-minded; I am not fond of reproving or rebuking, for I find enough in myself to make me sick of sin, sick of myself, and sick of this world; but to bear about a body of sin and death, is the sore travail that is appointed to exercise the sons of men.

I did intend fully to have come, and slept a night at B.; but, as I told you in my list, I was prevented, by going to preach in Suffolk. Should be glad of a line to know if you are well. Excuse my troubling you with these, and believe me to remain,

Dear friend,
Your's most affectionately,
W. H., S. S.

LETTER CXIII.

TO THE SAME.

Dear Friend,

I RECEIVED thine epistle with joy of heart, and bless my God for every respite, deliverance, ground of hope, beam of light, or any comfort granted to thee. Much tribulation must be the lot of all those who enter the kingdom of God; but the Captain of our salvation was made perfect through sufferings, and is touched with the feelings of our infirmities, being tempted in all points like as we are, and therefore able and willing to succour those that are tempted. If the dear Redeemer indulges thee with access to himself, with union, communion, and fellowship with him, this will keep thee out of the world, and from the company of it. It will be thy only refuge, refreshing, delight, and felicity in this world; your home will be a Bethel, your closet your banqueting house; and God in Christ, a fountain of living waters to satisfy every desire of thy soul. The blood of Christ cleanses us from all sin, the righteousness of Christ justifies us from all things, the Spirit of Christ makes us meet for the glorious inheritance, the grace of Christ is sufficient for us, and the strength of Christ is made perfect in our weakness. Therefore trust thou alone in him, for without him thou canst do nothing; for as the branch cannot bear fruit except it abide in the vine, no more can we except we abide in Christ.

My happiness lies in my lonely hours, when reading, praying to him in private, or meditating on him, and on what he hath done for me, poor, miserable, wretched, worthless me; and in blessing of him, praising him, thanking him, and talking freely to him of his superabounding grace, and discriminating love to me the least of all leis creatures, the chiefest of all sinners, and less than the least of all saint. But by the undeserved,

unexpected, unimplored, and unthought of grace of my God, I am what I am. Nor do I envy any man his happiness, nor covet any man's state. I know in whom I have believed, and I would advise my dear friend, not to get into company, nor to contend and dispute with them that are unacquainted with the power of godliness. This often strips us of our joy, comfort, and peace. It is best to examine, and prove ourselves whether we be in the faith; "Let every man prove his own work, and then shall he have rejoicing in himself alone, and not in another." For he that prays to the Father in secret, shall be rewarded openly, that is, when he saith to the prisoner, Go forth, and to them that sit in darkness, shew yourselves, Isaiah xlix. 9. Then they come forth shining in light, knowledge, wisdom, and understanding, with a healthy conscience, and a cheerful countenance; with joy in their souls, with Christ in their heart, and heaven in their hope. This, my dear friend, is the religion of Jesus; be this religion mine, and God grant it may be thine also.

I have many implacable enemies, but the Lord still condescends to own and honour the work of his poor feeble labourer, and makes his yoke easy, and his burthen light; for I love my dear master, and he has given me many infallible proofs that he has loved me, and that he gave himself for me; has manifested himself to me, and has been my comforter, my guide, my constant and faithful friend, my leader, my provider, my overseer, and bountiful benefactor for twenty-two years, yea, all my life long; and may he ever continue the joy and rejoicing of our hearts, in the house of our pilgrimage. Give my kind respects to your spouse, and when it is well with you pray for

W. HUNTINGTON.

LETTER CXIV.

TO THE SAME.

My dear Friend,

I WAS very sorry to hear last night, of your indisposition of body with a bad cold, which is now my case, and I am endeavouring to nurse myself a little, and I wish you would adopt the same method. The weather my dear friend is too cold for persons in years to cope with; indulge yourself a little, till this inclement season is overpast. I have thought your present law-suit sits irksome on your mind, and troubles you not a little. I am in the same state; my predecessor is at me again about the dung. We are born to troubles, but the only remedy is simple prayer to God our Saviour, who is the wonderful Counsellor, the mighty God, the everlasting Father, and the Prince of peace.

Into this court I have taken my cause and your's too, and when we meet again we will do it together. "Oppression," says Solomon, "maketh a wise man mad;" but Christ will break in pieces the oppressor. We are not to be at ease in Zion; something must come to stir us up, and to inform us, that this world is no resting place, it is polluted; and those in it who have no trials, troubles, or changes, spend their days in pleasing dreams, while conscience and the understanding are both asleep. But the Saviour says, that in hell they lift up their eyes. Better there lore be harassed by the world, the flesh, and the devil, than to lie in such a spiritual lethargy.

Be constant in prayer, and take advice and counsel in the word of God. Thy word, saith David, hath been my comfort and my counsellor, in the house of my pilgrimage. The Lord bless, guide, direct, and keep you, is the prayer of, dear Sir,

Your willing and faithful servant in Christ Jesus our Lord,
W. HUNTINGTON.

LETTER CXV.

TO THE SAME.

My dearly beloved and kind Friend,

HAVING in humble prayer begged of God my Saviour to be favourable and gracious to you, and that he would guide my hand and pen to send a few lines to you; I hope you will take the comfort and encouragement, which the word of God holds forth to poor sensible sinners, who feel the need of the atoning blood of Christ: "The blood of Christ cleanseth us from all sin." Moses the murderer, Paul the persecutor and blasphemer of Christ, and the murderer of the children of God, are living witnesses that Christ saves to the uttermost all that come to God by him.

Give no place to the devil; he is, and always was, the father of lies; but the word of Christ stands faster than heaven and earth, for both these, saith the Lord, shall pass away, but my word shall not pass away. And he declares, that whosoever cometh unto him, that he will in no wise cast them out. All that the devil wants, is to get us to dishonour God by our unbelief, and by making us believe that God will not be faithful and true to his word: when Jesus himself declares, that he is not sent to call self-righteous souls, but he calls sinners to repentance; and that the whole need not the physician, but them that are sick: and that he fills the hungry soul with good things, but he sends the rich empty away. Yea, more, he declares that they shall come to eat at his sacrifice that were ready to perish, Isa. xxvii. 13. And what can the Almighty say more, to encourage perishing souls to look to the blood and righteousness of his dear Son? I shall, by God's leave, follow this with my constant prayers. Kind love to E

Ever your's,
W. H., S. S.

LETTER CXVI.

TO THE SAME.

Dear Sir,

SOME few days ago I sent a few lines to you, to give you a hearty welcome to my house, that you would abide a month with me, or stay till harvest; and you can have my study and books to yourself, while I am in town. I asked Mr. B. last night if you had received that letter which I speak of, he told me you read one to him that I sent some time ago, by which I suspect that you have not received it; and this is the reason of my sending again, to inform you that I shall be glad to see you, and that you will ever be welcome to me, and to any thing that my house affords, and I think you will be much more comfortable.

I believe that my good God will never let his unworthy servant want, as I have had a long experience, and innumerable proofs of his faithfulness to the poor crawling earthworms, who put their trust in him, and embrace the Rock for want of a shelter. I shall expect to see you on Saturday next, without fail.

Your's most affectionately,
DR. SACK.

LETTER CXVII.

TO THE SAME.

I WAS very sorry to hear of my poor friend's indisposition, dejection of spirit, and sore temptations, but man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upwards. However, in this my dear friend is not alone, I have had and still have my share of the same bitter cup. The Saviour of mankind has bruised the serpent's head, and Satan will never forget it, nor can he forgive it; and seeing poor sinners flying for refuge to the Son of God, and by him to be brought to that glory from which he fell, makes him desperate at them.

But Christ has led captivity captive, and holds all the fallen angels in the chains of their own sin, bound over to the works of darkness, in fearful expectation of future punishment, and holds them in, and bounds their rage by his own almighty power. Therefore trust thou in the Son of God, who saves to the uttermost all them that come to God through him; and he has promised to give us power to tread upon serpents, and scorpions, and over all the power of the enemy, and nothing shall by any means hurt us.

The Lord Jesus Christ was tempted in all points as we are, that he might be a merciful and faithful high-priest, to succour them that are tempted. Satan tempted the Lord himself to turn stones into bread, and to fall down and worship him; yea he took the Saviour up, and carried him through the air, and set him on a pinnacle of the temple, and tempted him to self-murder, by bidding him throw himself down from thence; but the second Adam foiled him, defeated his dark designs, and destroyed his works; and his glorious victories become ours, if we believe and trust in him. "Be of good cheer," says the Lord, "for I have overcome the world:" and we shall be more than

conquerors through him; for, "This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith," 1 John v. 4

I was in hopes of seeing you before this time, to have spent a few weeks with me, as you could be well spared at this time. I have heard likewise of your orders to; but if we put our trust in the Lord, we have no call to fear what flesh and blood can do unto us, for, " The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof;" and those who call their lands by their own names, are W more than stewards under the heir of all things, and he will one day let them know it, when he brings them to books. And the instrument of this evil will only shorten his life by his duplicity, for deceitful men shall not live out half their days. Tender my kind love to Betsy, and to little Ann. I add no more but my poor imperfect prayers, and subscribe myself, the willing and affectionate servant in Christ, both of you and your's.

W. HUNTINGTON.

LETTER CXVIII.

TO THE SAME.

Dearly beloved Friend.

I HAVE been confined ever since last Monday week, with a violent cold and a fever, but blessed be the Lord God of Israel, I am much better; he brings down and he lifts up, he wounds, and his hands make whole. What a present help, how faithful to his Word, how steadfast, how near at hand to them that feel after him 10 times of trouble. My old master, the devil, hath lain hard at its, to inform me that all these things are against me, but he never lolls me that all things work together for good to them that love God; no, the Lord says, Satan is not divided against himself, if he was, how should his kingdom stand.

How terrible is God to the enemies of his people, how faithful to them that fear his name; though he will try us, cross us, disappoint us, visit our sins with a rod, and our iniquities with scourges, yet he will not suffer the children of men to do it, nor to pass unpunished if they attempt it; no, says God, I will undo all that afflict thee; "He that toucheth you toucheth the apple of my eye," Zech. ii. 8; for in all our afflictions he is afflicted, as Christ and his people are one spirit. How your health is at this time I know not, but this I know, that there is balm in Gilead and a physician there, who is both tender and skilful, and who never undertook a case that he did not cure, and the more desperate the disease, the more glory redounded to the great undertaker.

All that he requires in the patient is, faith in his abilities, and love to him, and thankfulness for the cure when it is obtained; and so he says, "I will bring it health and cure, and I will cure them, and will reveal unto them the abundance of peace and

truth. And it shall be to me a name of joy, a praise and honour before all the nations of the earth, which shall hear all the good that I do unto them," Jer. xxxiii. 6, 9. Being shut up I have kept on scribbling for these five or six days together, and so have sent my scraps all round the country, and among the rest I have been thus far plaguing you, which I hope you will excuse.

From your willing servant
In Christ Jesus,
W. H., S. S.

LETTER CXIX.

TO THE SAME.

Dear Friend,

I LONG much to know how you are, and if there be any hopes of your recovery, or of your being ever able to come to Cricklewood again; if not, should be glad of a line to inform me, as I much wish to see you, and if there is no probability of that, I would come down to see you. It has long been my prayer that the Lord would remember you in your low estate; his mercies in Christ Jesus are exceeding great; he has given his dear Son for a covenant to the people; and he is able to save to the uttermost all that come to God by him.

The blood and righteousness of the Son of God, is the only hope and refuge that God has set before perishing sinners; and dear Redeemer has given the kindest invitations to those that hunger, to those that thirst, and to those that labour and are heavy laden; and promises that whosoever cometh unto him, he will in no wise cast them out. His errand into this world was to save sinners, and to seek the lost sheep that were gone astray; sod he declares, that there shall be joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons, who vainly imagine they need no repentance, Luke xv. 7. Be so kind as to send a line, to inform me how you are, and you will much oblige, dear friend,

Your unworthy servant,
W. HUNTINGTON.

LETTER CXX.

TO THE SAME.

THIS comes with the doctor's kind love to his old friend, wishing him grace, mercy, and peace, through our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. "It is," says Paul, a "faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into this world to save sinners, of whom I am chief." Nor will the Saviour have any thing to do with the wise and prudent; he neither heals the whole, nor feeds the full; he leaves the ninety and nine self-righteous in the wilderness, and goes after that which is lost, and which is gone astray, and rejoices more over that sheep, than over ninety and nine, which in their vain imaginations went not astray; yea, here is joy in the presence of the angels of God, over one sinner that repenteth. Surely these are good news to sensible sinners that feel their need of a Saviour.

Christ crucified is our surety, who has discharged our debts, and borne our sins in his own body on the tree; he was made a price for us, and died in our room, the just for the unjust, that he might redeem us from the curse, and bring us to God; and it is by the blood of his covenant that God sends the poor imprisoned debtors out of the pit, in which is no water. Christ's blood is our cleansing, his obedience is our righteousness, his sacrifice our peace; his appearance in heaven is for us; to him we must fly, upon him our faith and hopes must feed; he is the food of our faith, the life of our souls, and will be our only entertainment for evermore. Nor are any called to this feast, to this marriage supper of the Lamb, but the poor, the halt, the lame, the maimed, and the blind. Nay, more, God says, "In that day the great trumpet shall be blown, and they shall come that were ready to perish," Isaiah xxvii. 13; here is wine and milk, the water of life, and the oil of joy, without money and

without price. "Come unto me," says the Master of the feast, "all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest; for my yoke is easy, and my burden is light."

Come, my old companion in sin and misery, be of good cheer; arise, for Jesus calleth such as you and me, and promises that whosoever cometh he will in no wise cast out. Farewell. Grace, mercy, and peace be with thee, so prays,

Thine to serve in Christ Jesus,
W. H., S. S.

LETTER. CXXI.

TO THE SAME.

I AM thankful to my dear friend for his goodness, but was sorry for the expense, knowing that old age and infirmities are expensive times and things. But faith in Christ brings all things in, and surmounts all difficulties, removes mountains of sin, and other obstacles; it exalts the valley of the shadow of death, it makes darkness light, crooked things straight, and rough maces plain. It overcomes the world, the flesh, and the devil, and brings eternal life to souls twice dead.

Faith bakes bread, 1 Kings, xix. 6; it boils the great pot in famine, 2 Kings, iv. 38; and pays debts, 2 Kings, iv. 2, 3; and secures natural, spiritual, and everlasting life, and makes the kingdom of heaven sure. It gives all the glory of our salvation to God, and brings in every branch of salvation to us. Many, many years have I proved, and experienced what I here write; and never was my most indulgent parent so kind and bountiful, as now in my old age, when many infirmities are pressing on me. His providence is wonderful, and he keeps my soul in full possession of all the truth, the mercy, and the grace, that he made known unto my distressed and miserable soul at first; nothing is taken from it, nor anything human added to it, and God has done it that I might fear before him.

I long imagined, feared, and dreaded, that the time would come when my gift would get stale, and a sameness would appear in my reaching, and the people would wither; that I should get dry and barren, and the people wearied with the one tale so often told; 1bd this I knew had been the case with many, yea, with almost all that I have known who were the most popular, noted, and the most eminent. But now I see the difference between head knowledge and heart-felt

experience, between light in the bead and life in the soul, between memory and unction, between empty words and the power of God, and between speculative notions and a springing well. God still keeps my soul alive, nor does he suffer the flock to wither, die, or decrease; this, this I think would be death to me, against this I labour with all my might, and attend very much to this one thing, and make use of every scripture that I can find against this, of having a name to live; and blessed be God, he turns not a deaf ear to my prayer.

We have lost several lately by death, and not one but enjoyed a good hope. Trust in the Son of God, my dear friends, and let nothing move you from this. I have for some time intended to collect a few first-fruits, Easter-offerings, tithes, &c. and come sad pay my old friend a visit, if the roads, by frost or drought, become tolerable. Poor old James and Peg are worn quite out, and are coming home to me, for nothing but death must part us. God bless thee and thine.

THE COALHEAVER.

LETTER CXXII.

TO THE SAME.

My dearly beloved Friend,

I WAS very sorry to see you so low in spirits, when God has made such ample provision for every sort of sensible, self-lost, and perishing sinners, in his clear Son, whom he hath anointed and appointed to seek and to save such as are lost; and he is able and willing to save to the uttermost, all that come to God by him and promises that they shall come to his atoning sacrifice, that were ready to perish; and, "He that cometh," saith the Lord, "I will in no wise cast out."

Nor is the sufficiency of his sacrifice, and the fulness of his grace, the only ground of encouragement that God has been pleased to set before sinners; but every office of Christ proclaims the miserable cases of those whom he seeks and saves. Who want a mediator to make up the breach, but those who feel that their sins have separated between them and their God? Who want a surety, but insolvent debtors? Who want a physician, but those that are sick? And who want an advocate to plead their cause, but those that are condemned and accused, by the law, conscience, and Satan? Nor are we without precedents; many singular monuments of superabounding mercy and grace are set before us, to encourage us to hope and trust in the Son of God. The mad Gaderene, Manasseh, Mary Magdalen, the thief on the cross; and poor persecuting and murdering Saul declares that he was suffered to go on in ignorance and in unbelief, that in him first, Jesus Christ might skew forth all long-suffering, for a pattern to others, who should afterwards believe on him to life everlasting.

Nor are temptations intended to deter us from looking to Christ for help; nor is there any temptation that befalls the saints, but what is common to man; they are accomplished more or less in all the brethren that are in the world. Christ himself was tempted in all points like unto us; he Was tempted to throw himself down from the pinnacle of the temple, and even to fall down and worship the devil; and one temptation befel him which no child of God, no sensible sinner, was ever suffered to be tempted with. Satan was permitted to take the Saviour up in the wilderness, and to carry him through the air, and to set him upon the pinnacle of the temple, which is such a power as Satan never has been suffered to exercise over any poor penitent sinner that I have ever read of. I hope my dear friend will take some encouragement from these things, and I shall attend them with my poor petitions. Kind love to Betsy. Ann is well.

Ever your's to serve,
W. H., S. S.

LETTER CXXIII.

TO THE SAME.

My dear Friend,

I RECEIVED your kind letter, and thank you for it. It gave me no small satisfaction to find that you keep such good hours, and are so free from company, and so much at home. But God is a God that will hear and answer prayer, if we call upon him in trouble; and he has appointed his dearly beloved Son to be the great physician, and the saving health of poor sensible sinners; who in saving, saves to the uttermost all that come to God through him; who turns the hearts of sinners from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan to God; and who with poor lepers, idiots, and lunatics, condescends to converse: hence he says, The lepers are cleansed, to the poor the gospel is preached, and the devils are cast out; the dead are raised up, the lame walk, the deaf hear, the blind see, and "Blessed is he whosoever shall not be offended in me." My daily prayer for you, my dear friend, has been, that God would remember you, and that he would be pleased to deliver you from the sins that so easily beset you; as God does not debar us from any of the necessary uses of the blessings of his providence, so as we are but thankful to our God for them; he only prohibits the abuse of them to bad purposes; and I hope my gracious God will grant me my request in his own time.

W. H., S. S.

LETTER CXXIV.

TO THE SAME.

Cricklewood.

The Coalheaver to his old Companion, sendeth greeting.

I RECEIVED your kind letter, and was glad to find that you are in tolerable health, which is a great mercy to us old invalids, who in the course of nature must expect many and often infirmities. These, 9"these are the fruits and effects of Adam's fall, at which time sin entered, and death by sin, and all the disorders and diseases which lead to death. This was the devil's work, and to destroy this work was the Son of God manifested in the flesh. He took our actual transgressions, and the old man also, even the whole body of sins upon himself; he bare them in his own body on the tree. When he rose from the dead he left them all behind him; at his entrance into heaven he blotted our transgressions out of the book of God's remembrance, as a cloud, and as a thick cloud our sins. He then proclaims in his gospel, that his blood shall cleanse them from all sin, that believe on his name; and he promises that his righteousness shall be imputed to all that believe in him, for their justification before God; and this justifies them freely from all things.

Moreover, he promises to plant in our hearts, his fear, faith, hope, and love, and that these shall reign over all our indwelling sins, in spite of Satan and all his auxiliaries; and that at the day of judgment our vile bodies shall be changed, formed, and fashioned like unto the glorious body of Christ; and then adieu Satan, sin, and death, for evermore. These are the best tidings that ever came from heaven, the best tidings that ever were published on earth, and the choicest

melody that ever charmed the ears of a sinner, or that ever reached the soul of a saint. This is Christ, our just God, and complete, and all-sufficient Saviour, who saves from first to last, from sin, death, devil, hell, and the grave, and that with an everlasting salvation. God bless thee and thy two housekeepers, amen, and amen, says

Your old friend and companion,
W. H., S. S.

LETTER CXXV.

TO THE SAME.

Paddington.

My dear Friend,

BOTH your epistles came safe to hand, and I thank you kindly for the same. My long silence hath not originated from any displeasure, far from it, but merely for want of time, having been driven to write; have also reprinted one book which was out of print. My son Gad, who for some years back hath been sharply exercised by the chastening hand of God upon him, begins to "hold up his head; he told me last Sunday, that the word of God now comes with power, love, and comfort to his heart, and that he now believed that the Lord would most surely save him; I never expect to send you better tidings than these. Should be heartily glad to see either you or your daughters, whenever you or they choose to come; you are all welcome to such as I have. Tender my love and respects to them both, and accept the same from,

Your much obliged friend and servant in Christ Jesus,
W. HUNTINGTON.

LETTER CXXVI.

TO THE SAME.

Dear Friend,

I HAD no sooner sent off my last to you, than I received one from you; I think it was about two hours after. I have been for these three months hard at work, writing, a book, which has swelled to a much larger bulk than I expected; however, I hope shortly to finish it. I was very glad to hear from you, and shall be glad to see you at any time, and you are always welcome to any conversation with me. I bless my God my health is purely, considering my age and hard labour: however, a good God encourages me much in it, by sending vast numbers to hear the word, and by owning and blessing it not to a few, which is a sore grief to my adversaries; but God will work, and none shall hinder it.

Those that know the plague of the human heart, and the wiles of Satan, will ever thank God for sending me; and the Lord says, The whole need not the physician, but those that are sick." Those that are at ease will never approve of me, nor will God approve of them, for he sent his Son to seek and save them that are lost, and to call sinners to repentance. Never were my chapels fuller than now, which is taken notice of by almost all observers. Farewell; the Doctor sends his kind respects; and both the little ones, who are very well, join me in love and respects.

W. H. S. S.

LETTER CXXVII.

To MISS T.

Beloved of God,

I RECEIVED your last letter, but am a man in much business, and therefore have been silent to thee, though thou hast not been so to me. I bless my God the dear Redeemer of my soul is still with me, and has caused much of his goodness to pass before me, and my faith hath work enough to follow after, and to wonder at his goodness to the children of men. The life of faith is a mysterious life; by faith in Christ's obedience we are made just; by faith in his blood we come out of the pit wherein is no water; by faith in his arm we are made strong; by faith in his love we are made free; by faith in his fulness we are supplied; and by, faith in his victory we overcome the world. The business of faith is to go to market, go on messages, and to fetch errands; wine and milk must be bought without money and without price, but if we mix not faith with the word, we get neither. Every message sent to heaven must be carried by faith, whatever you ask believing ye shall receive; strength, comfort, peace and joy must be all brought in by faith. Faith is an excellent beggar, and all that she gets she gives to the soul: "I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me and gave himself for me." All medicines are brought in and brought home by the same hand; Believest thou that I am able to do this for thee? Yea, Lord; then according to your faith be it unto you; go in peace, and be whole of thy plague.

The business of faith is to be before us, and beforehand with every thing; it is the substance of things hoped for, and the evidence of things not seen. It is by faith we walk, and not by sight; what we do not believe to be true we dare not receive, what we believe to be wrong we dare not do, and the ways we are sure are perverse these we dare not go. If unbelief and

carnal reason are consulted before faith, we halt and hobble, and as soon as faith works we go all that ground over again. If sin or guilt be committed or contracted, there is a stand, a stop, a let in our pilgrimage, till faith deals with the atonement; then we make straight paths for our feet, lest that which is lame be turned out of the way; let it rather be healed. If we get at up in legal bondage, there is no coming forth, nor going on ain till faith works by love; no gratitude to God till we believe is, that, and every trial shall work together for good. Faith's business is to see things that are invisible and realize them, to Main and apply promises, to embrace Christ, and to call in love to admire and adore the object embraced. Faith sweeps the house and purifies the heart, and gives Christ a residence and a throne there; "That Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith." Faith fixes her eyes on the king in his beauty, and on that land rich is very far off, and tells us in due time that we shall arrive there; he that believes shall be saved.

Faith is as busy in the heart as a bee in the hive, and is very fond of flying about when the sun of righteousness arises and shines. The promises are the comb, and the sweetness in them is the grace, blessings, and comforts promised in these; these faith squeezes into the soul, which makes the little book sweeter than honey. The promises are the breast, and faith milks first one, and then runs and fetches another and squeezes that out; this is milking Zion's breast of consolations, until we are delighted with the abundance of her glory; thus the new-born babe feeds upon, and craves after, the sincere milk of the word: honey and milk shall every one eat that is left in the land. After this banqueting is a little over, faith extends our views, and makes us see afar off; she likewise feeds us with knowledge and understanding. As the faith of God's elect she feeds us with election, predestination, and the secret purposes of God, his covenants, counsels, faithfulness, truth, and the immutability of his perfections, and so leads us to live upon strong meat, to feed on more distant views, prospects,

and upon future glory. Fare thee well, peace and truth be with thee,

So prays,
W. H., S. S.

LETTER CXXVIII.

TO THE SAME.

I RECEIVED my little one's letter, am glad to hear she got down so well, and that she is so much better, and do hope, as her native air seems so well to agree with her, that her frail tabernacle will come under God to some degree of establishment; but above all I wish that the health of her countenance and her God may be present with and precious to her. The voice of atoning blood in the conscience, the unction of God's Spirit on the mind, and the wedding garment on the soul, is the only health of the saint "Say ye to the righteous it shall be well with him." As for our earthly house the leprosy is in the walls, it is infected; infirmities must invade it, make head and prey upon it, in order to bring it to its decreed doom; "To dust thou shalt return." But O my soul, thou art of nobler rank, of higher extract, and of divine origin! God is the Father of spirits; these were breathed into our nostrils, and under a second breathing of him whose mouth is most sweet, these shall soar aloft and be made perfect; this is their native seat, and God their only centre.

In these mysterious and celestial regions, the inhabitants shall no more say I am sick, for God is their health, and they shall be filled with all his fulness, and God be all in all; all to them, and all in them. Oh, the inconceivable wonder! "Thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations," Psal. xc. 1. "Put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ and walk in him," Rom. xiii. 14. And no less than this, is being clothed with our house that is from above, for mortality must be put off, and immortality must be put on these frail tabernacles; when he who only hath immortality shall appear, then, but not till then, shall all our joys be full, all our longing and reeking desires and appetites be satiated: "I shall be satisfied when I awake with thy

likeness," Psal. xvii. 15. This is the hope set before us, and this is the finishing stroke to mercy's fabric, and the full execution of the eternal plat! "He shall bring forth the top stone thereof with shoutings, crying, Grace, grace unto it," Zech. iv. 7. Mr. B. and the two ladies are with us. the old gentleman and Betsy are very happy, poor Mary is in a low place. 'Naomi joins in love your Ladyship and little Ann. Commending you both to your shield, and to the lifter up of your head, I rest

Your's in him,
S.S.

LETTER CXXIX.

TO THE SAME.

Dearly beloved of God, and beloved Sister in Christ,

GLAD was I to see, at my return home last night, a letter from thee; I had been from home ever since Tuesday morning, but had often visited thee in thought, in mind, in union, and in affection. None but God and the saint knows the lustre, the brilliancy, the glory, and the majesty, the soul-enriching, soul-ennobling, the princely dignity, and the soul-humbling, soul-dissolving, soul-emptying operations of infinite divinity which the soul passes under and is enwrapped with, when the Son of love to her. Every thing earthly, sensual, and devilish, disappears, and the whole soul is engaged with invisible realities, more excellent than the mountains of prey, and more precious than the golden wedge of Ophir; more durable than the sun, more profound than all the depths of nature, and more immense than the universal globe.

Heaven itself forbids not the ravishing ascension of our minds, nor refuseth the admittance of our captivated thoughts, and renewed affections; the heart rises up to the place where its treasure is, hope casts her anchor within the veil, and the soul sits together with Christ in heavenly places; this is the first resurrection; it is rising from a death in sin to newness of life, under the operations of the Spirit of God: "With my dead body shall they arise," saith the Saviour; "awake and sing thou that dwellest in the dust, for thy dew shall be as the dew of herbs, and the earth shall cast out her dead," Isai. xxvi. 19. And true fit it is, for the earth or earthly-minded men do cast out and abhor them that God quickens; but we shall sing when envy slays the only ones, who hate God, and the admirers of him; and the dew of his grace shall make us a sweet savour in

Christ, when the stink of their camps shall come up into his nostrils.

Oh Betty! what hath the Lord wrought? What hath he done for us? And what shall be the end of these wonders? We shall see him as he is, and be like him; he shall change our vile bodies, and fashion them like unto his glorious body; mortality shall be swallowed up of life, and immortality be all in all; then the inhabitants shall no more say I am sick, for the people that dwell in the realms of bliss shall be forgiven their iniquity; the Lamb in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and God shall wipe all tears from all faces; sorrow and sighing shall take their flight, and celestial pleasure shall overflow, while fulness and satisfaction abounding shall superabound, till all old things are buried in oblivion, and all new things for ever possessed, and for ever in view.

I thank my God upon every remembrance of thee and thy sister, knowing, beloved, your election of God by the chastening, supporting, encouraging, continuing, and delivering power which hath been put forth and displayed in behalf of thee and poor Ann, who I know is in the bundle of life, and in the book of God's election, in the heart of Christ, in the promise of God, and in the affections of the least of all saints. I am much bent upon seeing thee, but have many difficulties, invitations to preach, &c., to encounter; nevertheless, hope next week, if God permit, and nothing unforeseen prevent, to have that pleasure. Tender my most cordial affection to Nancy, and accept the same from,

Your's in the noblest of all ties, and the prospect of the brightest views,

W. H., S. S.

LETTER CXXX.

TO THE SAME.

My dear Little One,

THE grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be thy present support, thy constant attendant, thy deliverer, thy aim, and thy ultimate end. am poorly and low with a bad cold, loss of appetite, and shortness of breath, and was very sorry to hear of thy disastrous relapse; but we are born to trouble, as wave follows wave, and shall never find either rest or refuge but by faith in the wounds of the Son of God. In his stripes there is healing, in his chastisements there is peace; and as it pleased God to bruise him, in his bruises there is divine pleasure, and in his dying love there is rest, and in his righteousness quietness and assurance for ever, attended with plenteous redemption. I have no object for my hopes, no centre for my thoughts, nor satisfaction for my longing soul but this; this is the only hope and meeting place of sinners, the conscious soul's last retreat, the desperate patient's last physician, and the perishing soul's eternal banquet.

However useful we may be in his cause, however fruitful in life, however divinely taught or deeply experienced; however steadfast, valiant, faithful, or laborious, it must all be laid aside in point of dependence and acceptance with God. The one hour labourer fared as well, and received as much as he that bore the burden and heat of the day; he must, in his last stage, as well as in the first, fall helpless, worthless, and as unprofitable into the hands of an almighty, most merciful, most faithful, and never failing Saviour; and so leave every fruit to be taken notice of and brought forth in the great day, by him who makes the tree good, and who says, "From me is your fruit found." Here, my little dear, we are all complete, but in the law all condemned, in Adam all lost, at the bar of conscience

oft culpable, in the sight of God all corrupt; but in the representative without fault before the throne: so God says, and so I believe.

Christ took our flesh into union with his divinity, and so we became one as foundation and superstructure, stock and branch, surety and debtor, man and wife, are one; in him we lived and moved, in him we suffered and died, in him we rose, ascended, and sit down in heavenly places, and there God views us; in him he loves us, and by him he will display the riches of his grace in the eternal glorification of us all. In these views Faith will stand her ground and maintain her hold against every assault; and all that I have written lies in these words: "They overcame him by the blood of the Lamb, and by the word of their testimony," Rev. xii.11; they trusted in Christ, and relied upon the word of God. My dear little one, farewell; I have sent my poor prayers to God before I began to scribble this.

My best wishes to your father and sister. The salutation of Parson Sack with his own hand, which is the token in every epistle; so I write, and so you believe.

Ever your's in Christ,
W. HUNTINGTON.

LETTER CXXXI.

TO THE SAME.

I MUST send a few scraps to my poor little ones, because they seem to be scattered upon the mountains as sheep that have no shepherd; but the chief Shepherd fills both heaven and earth, so that there is no going from his spirit, or fleeing from his presence. He is near to them that are of a broken heart, and saveth such as he of a contrite spirit. Various are the visits that he pays to the children of men; sometimes he searches Jerusalem as with candles, to discover what they are, and to punish them that are settled upon their lees, in carnal security; "All the churches shall know that I am he which searcheth the reins and hearts," Rev. ii. 23. At other times he comes like a severe parent, "I will visit their sins with the rod, and their iniquities with scourges," Ps. lxxxix. 32; these are fears, troubles, reproofs, and rebukes, terrors of mind, and lashes of conscience. "He shall stir up jealousy like a man of war," Psai. xlii. 13; this he does by comforting the broken and contrite hearted, and appearing to take no notice of them that are more at ease, and more careless; sometimes speaks a word in their favour: O visit me with thy goodness, saith the Psalmist; visit me early with thy mercy, and visit me with thy salvation. Blessed are they that feel their need of him, and that seek him with their whole heart; for though he seem for awhile to hide his face, yet surely, "The needy shall not always be forgotten, the expectation of the poor shall not perish for ever."

Come, little ones, take heart, be of good courage, for he loves them that love him, and they that seek him early shall find him. We robbed poor – – of almost all her heart, and left her nothing but her carcass and her clothes for B., and I must confess that she stole away one corner of mine, so that I am

constrained to send the contents of it to R. Glad am I, that we are now of one heart making up our happiness in one object, meeting in one centre, drawing in one yoke. Go on, my dear girls, and you will soon find your hearts fixed, and your souls encompassed about with songs of deliverance. The religion of Jesus is the glory of our land, the cause of God, and the salt of the earth; it makes this world a bauble, one's own heart a principality, one's home a Bethel; it gives up our conversation to another world, it leads us to correspond with invisible realities, makes crooked things straight, and rough places plain. It makes a sick-bed easy, and the day of death to be better than the day of one's birth, because it introduces and paves the way to the wedding chamber, and shuts out all our rebellious infirmities, complaints, jealousies, disorders, and love-sicknesses: "The inhabitants shall no more say I am sick: the people that dwell therein shall be forgiven their iniquity," Isaiah xxxiii. 24.

"The spirit of Jesus never leaves us without a friend in this world, nor without a father, nor without a token for good, nor without a companion that sticketh closer than a brother, for if the God of heaven be for us, who can be against us? And what can harm those who have got the God of Jacob for their portion? You must take this in the rough, for I am in a deal of business My respects to father, and accept the same from

Your affectionate friend and willing servant,
W. HUNTINGTON.

LETTER CXXXII.

TO THE SAME.

Monday Morning, 4 o'clock.

You know not how my soul was rejoiced to hear from my poor dear little ones. Forget you, or cease to pray for you, I cannot; I have you both in my heart to live and die with you, and indeed one part of the furniture of my house is missing if neither of my little ones is in it. Would have dropped a line before, but Mr. J. and several from L. came, as soon as one poor nurse child was gone. Mr. J—'s chapel is shut up to be painted, so that he has been here ever since last Tuesday.

My dear Redeemer is good to me; he hath been with me much in his own work, extending my views, supporting and enlarging my heart, equipping me with fortitude and becoming boldness, furnishing me with arguments, and clothing his word with power. One gentleman came last Saturday from G., and after hearing me in the morning he went off, saying, This is what I wanted; so mightily grows the word of the Lord and prevails, and so extensively does God spread the fame of what he hath done for his poor and much despised servant. Whatever you do cleave to him, he is a refuge for us; you may dive into his heart, into his mind, thoughts, counsels, purposes, and covenant, and even tell his thoughts respecting yourselves. O how sweet are thy thoughts towards me! how great is the sum of them. You may be by participation beforehand with the inheritance, for we are raised up and made to sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus; he is in our name and nature in the presence of God for us, as our forerunner, sponsor, and head, and we in him.

O my sweet ones, what has he done, and what has he in reserve for us? "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor heart conceived! But God hath revealed them to us by his Spirit; for the Spirit searcheth all things, yea, the deep things of God." And the earnest is in our hearts, the foretastes of glory are the first-fruits of the Spirit; peace, love, joy, life, light, rest, and consolations, are blessings of an eternal date; all these will go in the soul to glory, these we shall carry with us through the dark valley of the shadow of death, and never lose them nor be without them world without end. Betsy, do come to see me, you know not how much I long for you. I suppose your sister must stay at home, as both cannot be spared. My love to your father.

Ever your's, dear souls,
W. H., S. S.

LETTER CXXXIII.

TO THE SAME.

Thursday afternoon

YOUR'S, dear Betty, is just come to hand, and am glad to hear you are better, and so comfortably situated. Your father has been with us ever since we returned; he is pretty well, and talks of going to B. to-morrow. The best things remain just as they were, without any alteration or diminution. Our sole and only landlord is heir of all things, and all are ours in him, dealt out in weight and measure as need requires, and as the Spirit moves and exercises faith to plead, to crave, and to receive them. God is the bank of faith, and all his promises bank notes; the Spirit enables us to carry them up for acceptance, and faith gets cash for them when it is wanted.

But faith has a better provision for the soul, and the just must live by faith on that; and most certain it is that faith is a most diligent, bountiful, liberal hand, to the spiritually poor and needy, for all that she can gather, reap, lay hold of, or get by begging, she gives it all to the soul; and many sweet scraps, crumbs, fragments, and drops does she bring in. She is a bold beggar and an eloquent pleader, and what she gets she will not easily give up, being good at hold fast. Many battles does she fight with Satan, and many renewed acts of her affiance in God, even when we have doubted of victory, and cast away our confidence, and Foolishly sunk and given way in the field of action, concluding it was in vain to struggle any longer. But faith lifts up her head again and again, renews the attack, and keeps the field. She will have the last word in the argument, and give the last blow in tie field, and carry off both the standard and the victory, and no wonder, for faith is born of God, and "Whatsoever is born of God overcometh the world."

Oh! how high the extraction, born of God! and how strong the alliance! Faith makes Christ's strength perfect in our weakness: "Trust in the Lord for ever, for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength."

O what a warrior is faith, the word of God is her sword, the finished salvation of Christ her breast-plate, and God her shield; the throne of grace is her armoury, the promises her encouragements, and the blood of Christ her fountain, in which she washes the garments of all her soldiers who are engaged in the fight of faith, and lay hold on eternal life. In this grace lies our claim to the heavenly treasure, "God hath chosen the poor of this world, rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom promised to all them that obey him." As faith operates we must move, every act of faith is one step towards the kingdom; "We walk by faith, and not by sight." The last step she will take in us, is to resign her seat, the soul, to her own author and finisher; "The end of faith is the salvation of the soul." Providence Chapel is very fall; Monkwell is shut up to be repaired: but we have had good times of late. We all wish to see thee. Naomi joins me in love.

W. H., S.S.

LETTER CXXXIII.

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W. H., S.S.

LETTER CXXXIV.

TO THE SAME.

GLAD was I, my dear child, to hear that thou wast better, and that I had a ground of hope of seeing thee once more in the flesh. He wounds, and his hands make whole; he brings down and lifteth up; he discovers deep things out of darkness, and bringeth out to light the shadow of death; he displays his wonders of love in the depths of human misery, and puts forth his power in human weakness, and causes all his goodness to pass before us, that we may discern the leadings of his providence, observe the work of his hands, and learn to follow him in his ways. By these means he captivates our thoughts, calls forth our attention after him, and engrosses our affections to himself, while every religious awe at his judgments, and every mental respect paid to the operations of his hands, have a devotion and a tincture of divinity in them "He that will observe these things shall understand the lovingkindness of the Lord:" and "When thy judgments are abroad in the earth the inhabitants of the world will learn righteousness," Isa. xxvi. 9.

My dear child now sees what is meant by election, for she sees not all flesh in her present state, and must acknowledge that God hath mercy on whom he will have mercy, as she had done no more than myself to merit it. But let me once caution thee to beware of the traps and snares of this delusive world; the heart will slide from the sinner's friend with a deal of ease, and in an imperceptible manner, but all the way back is against both wind and tide; one bask in momentary pleasure is succeeded with a month of woe. Every affection that wanders or is alienated from him incurs his high resentment, and provokes the Lord to jealousy, which he is sure to requite by leaving us to burn in suspicion while others are indulged in

our sight; we must most assuredly give place to one much weaker than ourselves, and with shame take the lowest room; this is the most painful sensation that ever impressed the human mind, it leads to desperation, and almost to madness. The Lord is jealous of the heart and affections of his people, and will not suffer a rival in his praise, nor in their love.

I once knew a young woman upon whom the good work was newly begun, she began to loose her bonds, and to get comfort, meekness, and contrition, the Saviour had just began to pay his wing visits to her, and a sweet simplicity took place. At this "lime a young man well settled in business, and much above her saw her humility, attention, and diligence, and was smitten, and followed her, and offered himself to her; this was soon accepted, and during the courtship her comforts seem to increase. After some months past she was married, and as she thought more happy than ever, and her match she thought was a blessing from God; but after, like Samson she went out and shook herself, but wist not that the Lord was departed from her; he gave her her heart's desire, but sent leanness into her soul. She is now near her time with the fourth child, but has never lifted up her head with heavenly joy since; the first match was interrupted, and has never come on since. They increase in riches, but she is racked with these suspicions, that God has put her off with a portion in this life. I shall watch over thee with godly jealousy, and hope we shall have joy of thee.

When the Lord condescends to visit us, and makes himself known to us, and when he indulges us with nearness, freedom, and familiarity with him, then is the time to obtain promises, to make our calling and our election sure, to dive into his mind and will, to watch his hand and handy-works, to compare spiritual things with spiritual, to get every fear removed, every scruple cleared, every doubt dissolved, and every thing in the court of conscience amicably settled; but if

these things be slighted and neglected at such a time as this, which is the time of our espousals, it is ten to one but our life hangs in doubt throughout the greater part of our pilgrimage. Be much in private, much in prayer, reading, and thinking, and may the Lord Jesus meet thee in all these. My love to Ann.

Ever thine in faith and affection,
W. H., S. S.

LETTER CXXXV.

TO THE SAME.

To the Elect Lady, whom I love in the truth, and for the truth's sake, that is with us, and shall be in us for ever.

AND now I beseech thee, Lady, not as though I wrote a new commandment unto thee, but that which we had from the beginning, that we should love another, for love is the fulfilling of the law, he that loveth another fulfilleth the law. "God is love;" this is his nature and essence, essential divinity is love; and where the love of God is shed abroad in the heart, that is a divine seed. His seed abideth in such, and that divine seed is charity, and charity suffereth long and is kind, charity hopeth all things, believeth all things, endureth all things; charity thinketh no evil, is not puffed up, behaveth not itself unseemly, is not easily provoked, and rejoiceth in the truth, I Cor. xiii. Love is the bond of the everlasting covenant, which keeps the everlasting Father and his children, the King of kings and his subjects, the heavenly bridegroom and his bride together; and he that loveth him that begat, loveth him that is begotten of him, 1 John v. 1. "He that loveth his brother abideth in the light, and there is none occasion of stumbling in him," 1 John ii. 10. Love emboldens us at the throne of grace; love enlarges the heart, and makes the face to shine; love softens a hard heart, and melts a stubborn mind; love casts out fear and torment, and makes our spiritual birth clear, for, "He that loveth is born of God, and knoweth God."

Precious, precious, precious is the Son of God to me, the faithful, the steadfast, the unchangeable, tender, sympathetic, and never-failing lover of our souls; the light of our eyes, the strength of our heart, the shield of our help, the guide of our life, the length of our days, the end of our faith, and the

salvation of all our souls. Oh! Betty, who is like unto us! And as the Lord liveth we are the people, we are the fools, the enthusiasts, fanatics, the Antinomians of the day; but God is with us. "Ye shall be hated of all men for my name's Sake;" and "Blessed are ye when men cast you out, and separate you from their company, and speak all manner of evil against you falsely for my name's sake.

Rejoice, and be exceeding glad; for great is your reward in heaven; for so persecuted they the prophets that were before you." "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," John xv. 19. No company like that of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost; no guardians like the angels of God, who are all ministering angels, sent forth to minister to them that are the heirs of salvation; no earthly company like that of our own thoughts, brought into captivity to the obedience of Christ: "In the multitude of my thoughts within me, thy comforts delight my soul," saith the Psalmist.

Meditation is conversing with the heavenly Bridegroom, and giving up our conversation to the upper world; it is getting out of self, and above the natural element of men; it is the ascension of the soul to God, and is attended with divine realities; it is soaring aloft in open vision, while the illuminated understanding discovers things invisible to mortal sight. Heavenly-mindedness is life and peace; " They shall mount up as upon eagles' wings, and see the king in his beauty, and the land which is very far off" In these pleasing flights the veil of ignorance on our minds opens, while the Spirit leads us from view to view, from glimpse to glimpse, and from one discovery to another, and from glory to glory. And here the inhabitants of the world look as small as grasshoppers, the earth as the drop of a bucket, or as the small dust of a balance; for, says the soul, Where have I been, and what have I been about all my

days; pursuing vanity, and depriving my soul of good. All these, Betty, are love tokens, love visits, earnest, pledges, foretastes, first-fruits, and all to assure us that the inheritance, the harvest, the glory that shall be revealed is eternally ours. Keep thy face Zionward, my dearly beloved; read, learn, mark, and inwardly digest, and thou wilt grow more in one month than all they at B. have done all their days. Ann is well, but wishes much to know how you do, and how her father is. Kind love to L. I sent a few lines some time ago, hope you received them; they were badly written, so I got a friend in the house to copy them, which I supposed surprised you. God bless thee.

Ever thine,
W. H., S. S.

LETTER CXXXVI.

TO MISS A. T.

My poor little Dears,

ALL hail! Glad was my soul last night to hear that the snare is broken; the little fox that spoils the vines is discovered, and my dear little ones delivered: and sure I am that you shall see greater things than these. You will soon see what a generation of vipers there are in a profession, and your souls, as well as mine, shall praise him with joyful lips, who has made us thus to differ. All your angels of light will turn into fiends before you, and the more God shines upon your souls, the blacker will they appear. We all rejoiced together last night, and blessed the Lord God of Israel. And how do I long to see my poor dears at Cricklewood. I have been rejoicing with you at B. all this morning, nothing but my carcase and clothes are here.

The Lord send us a little fine weather, that I may once more see you under my roof; surely death itself will never separate you from me. Be sure keep up prayer; in every thing seek God's guidance and assistance, and you shall find there is such a thing as a heaven upon earth; if it had not been for prayer, the wicked would have swallowed me up, and my soul bad dwelt in silence. Pray for me, and excuse haste. I am going once more to bear tidings in the city. Kind respects to father. God Almighty bless, preserve, and keep my poor little ones, for if I am bereaved I am bereaved. Grace and peace.

Ever thine,
W. H., S. S.

LETTER CXXXVII

TO THE SAME.

WAS very sorry to hear of the sad disaster of — —, hope she has received no material damage; for although I was a little angry with her at my setting off to B. mine anger is turned away, and I do earnestly remember her still in every poor prayer of mine, and I hope I ever shall. Poor is very ill, and I have no hope for him, but in the almighty arm of God, through the poor, feeble petitions of faith. There is much sickness among us at present, and indeed this world is nothing but an hospital, and every ward has got some that are sick; some of whom their sickness is not unto death, but for the glory of God, that the Son of God may be glorified thereby. It is too far for me to come to the harvest home, but I wish a plentiful crop, and safe in the barn.

And now how does my little one go on? Does she find the door of hope open to her, so as for a little confidence and expectation to enter in, and to bring out tidings of better days, better things, and better tidings? Is there ever any such a thing felt as the spouse describes, a little sweet-smelling myrrh upon the handle of the lock, or a little heavenly love which softens the rust of a hard and unbelieving heart, so that at times it gives way, enlarges, and opens to the best beloved? Is there now and then a live coal brought from the altar of burnt-offering, to melt down, to dissolve, and soften the soul; to meeken, humble, and resign it; attended with cutting contrition, regret. shame, blushing, and confusion, attended with self-loathing and pious grief, which are all set in motion by some fresh discovery of, and a feeling sense of, the dying love of Zion's bridegroom?

Does any of the kind invitations, promises, encouragements, and allurements held forth in the word of God, ever come into the mind with any relief, refreshing, consolation, or good news from a far country, just to let you know that your Redeemer lives, and that he has not forgotten to be gracious? Does the heavenly dove ever help thine infirmities on thy knees, so as to ease the mind of its cares, get rid of some part of thy burden, to scatter thy doubts, dispel thy fears, and to furnish thee with an answer against a lying devil? I hope my dear little one will send me a solution of some of these. If she takes her pen in hand as soon as she has read this over the second time, I shall receive mine own with usury, but if she puts it off till a more convenient season, the devil will have gained his end, and I shall receive neither principal nor interest.

W. H., S. S.

LETTER CXXXVIII.

TO THE SAME.

My Darling, the joy of my heart, the light of my eyes, the travail of my soul, the trophy of my prayers, the joy of my life, and the nourisher of my old age.

THOU knowest not how we were disappointed last Lord's day, at not seeing my poor little Ann; but alas! we were all disappointed. There is little talked of amongst us but poor little Ann; you are in our hearts to live and die with you.

Cheer up, my little one, he will wean thee, he will strip thee, he will purge and try thee, he will kill thee to this world, and to all but himself, and then thou shalt hear his voice and live. His work is before him, and his reward is with him. He is anointed, appointed, and sent to speak a word in due season to them that are weary, to bind up the broken hearted, to save the lost, to open the eyes of the blind, and the ears of the deaf, to pay the debts of debtors, to reconcile enemies, to give life to the dead, wisdom to fools, and strength to the weak.

Be of good cheer, arise, he calleth thee, he calleth to all that are weary and heavy laden, and to all that hunger and thirst, and to all that are made willing to take the waters of life freely.

And sure I am that heaven and earth shall pass away before one jot or tittle of his word shall fail, disappoint his people that seek him, or pass away unfulfilled. Dearly beloved and longed for, my joy and crown, and the crown of my rejoicing, be of good comfort, wait patiently, and he that shall come will come; nor shall little Ann, nor her unbelief, nor time itself, make me a liar. Ever thine,

W. H., S. S.

LETTER CXXXIX.

TO THE SAME.

I HAVE joyful news to tell thee, my poor little one; your poor friend Naomi, who has lain nine or ten years among the pots, is now as the wings of a dove covered with silver, and her feathers with yellow gold. Yesterday was a week, on Sunday morning, she was very, very low, and when I gave out my text, which was, "Lord, Lord, open to us," she said to herself, O here is nothing for me; but under that discourse God rent the veil, and destroyed the face of the covering that has long hung heavy upon her heart, and at night she heard to her comfort; and when she went home, to her great surprise, she found her Bible unsealed also.

The day-dawn shined in that dark place, called the sure word of prophecy, and such understanding she seems to have as is astonishing; she is almost a prophetess. When she came to find light, harmony, and consistency in the word, and she found understanding and judgment was given to her, the promises flowed into her heart like oil, promise after promise, with all their rich delicacies, and with all their glorious blessings, that she sucked and was delighted with the abundant displays of the goodness of her God. She came to town with me on Saturday night, and told me that she never understood any thing that I preached, nor any thing that she read, only felt her misery, her blindness, and confusion; but it was all removed last Sunday morning, and she was astonished at herself, and at the comforts she felt, and said, "I was forced to believe, for I could not help it."

I told her that her path would now shine more and more, and that she would see eye to eye with me, and that the veil on her heart would never gather that thickness again, and that

her own eyes would now see her teachers; who is anointed with that holy oil, and who not. I secretly thought on the Saturday evening that God would on the next day confirm the work, and accordingly, yesterday morning he did. For told me, last night, that after forenoon service she asked Naomi how she heard, she said her very face shined; she lifted up her hands and cried out, O how sweet has my father been this day! Naomi will pay great attention to her comforter, because she is fond of retirement, solitude, reading, and thinking; and now being alone, she will nurse it, and watch it all the day long, and I defy her to sleep if she would. It is this private work that waters the ridges, settles the furrows, blesses the springing, and crowns the new year. I think it is of God that you should be out from home, and Naomi alone, in this day of her espousals, for as God says, we shall all mourn apart for our sins, Zech. xii. 12-14. So he gently takes us aside out of company, when he manifests his love to our souls, as you read, Song vii. 11, 12.

Here, my poor little one, is some ground of hope for you, none shall seek the face nor wait for the Son of God in vain. You have been long in the pit, and God will bring thee out, for I have no doubt but his work is begun in thee; but there is a time for every purpose. I bless the glorious Majesty of heaven for his great condescension, and superabounding grace to my poor, honest, sincere, and affectionate child, who has rewarded her according to his faithful promise, and according to the integrity that he has put in her heart. My dear Ann, God bless thee, and pay the same visit to thee, so prays,

Thine affectionate friend in the Lord Jesus.
W. H., S. S.

LETTER CXL.

TO THE SAME.

I KNOW not what I could write in my last, to my poor little one, from which she could draw such conclusions as those that I hear are in Naomi's letter, unless it was from my saying, that she and her sister were absent, or sent out of the way when the Lord first rent the veil which has long hung heavy on poor Naomi, insomuch as she never before understood what I preached or what she read. And in this I alluded to God's common way of dealing with poor sinners, who have long sought him, that is, take them when alone, or draw them forth from company when he intends to make any discovery to them, as to Abraham when Lot was gone, to Moses when alone with the flock at Horeb, to Jacob at Bethel, when his family had passed over the brook Jabbock, to Peter in his ship, to the Eunuch in the desert, and to David in the hill Mizar; and indeed to the church at large, this is his language: "Come, my beloved, let us go forth into the field; let us lodge in the villages. Let us get up early to the vineyards; let us see if the vines flourish, whether the tender grape appear, and the pomegranates bud forth: there will I give thee my loves," Song vii. 12; this is the text I referred to.

Am glad to hear that you are coming home, where you are heartily welcome to me; you and I, Ann, can sympathize with each other, for my eyes have been closed this week not a little, the Bible has been a sealed book, and I have been kept in suspense, watching, waiting, praying, and thinking from noon till within half an hour of going into the pulpit; and even then two or three texts interchangeably presenting themselves, and I blind to the sense of them all. This tries me not a little, this sets the Doctor to trimming parson Sack, and parson Sack cavils at the Doctor, and the devil laughs at them

both; but it must be so in this country, no cessation of arms till death, and no discharge from that war. But I hope for a pension when worn out with the perpetual fatigues of the field of battle. Twenty-seven years have I been a soldier, and yet to the present moment at drill, for I no sooner learn a new motion but I forget all the old. And now I am expecting something like Jonah's gourd, a momentary shadow to screen his head, and cool the heat of his rage. My kind love to all friends, while I remain,

Dear Ann,
Your companion in travail, in trouble, in trials, and in
tribulation,
W. H., S. S.

LETTER CXLI.

TO THE SAME.

My poor dear little One,

I THANK you for your care, and kind inquiry after me and my welfare, and I can now tell thee, that I am, to my surprize, much better, and much increased in strength. I have been also much grieved at the weather, and at the awful appearance of famine but having been much in prayer to my God, I begin this day to lift up my head in hope that God hath not forgotten to be gracious, though we oft forget to be dependent, and likewise to be thankful. O my dear little one, we have a God graciously Severe, who will sorely try us, and that my soul knows, but his loving kindness, is as sure as his rod; wounding and healing, withdrawing and returning, bringing down and lifting up, searching after our sins and discovering the atonement; being left to offend him, and he giving us a sweet godly sorrow for it, fasting and feasting, appearing black and appearing comely, going in to find pasture and out to feel our need of it, days of mourning and days of rejoicings, are inseparably connected together. And so my dear little one will find it, and by these means she will go from strength to strength, and see her way shine more and more, but without these changes she will not set one step, nor advance once inch; when trials come not on, we stand stone still. I have no doubt but my little one, as young loves, wants much to see her lover, but patience must have its perfect work.

I pay you a visit every day, whether you see me or not, and nothing sure do I long to see more than the wedding-day of my poor little one, and whenever it comes it will be the day of the gladness of the bridegroom's heart, for he is as much set

upon it as you are, or he would not have begun to woo thee, for he is the last that thou thoughtest to make choice of; any thing before him, but now he is the chiefest among ten thousand, and the altogether lovely. The Lord hasten the match, so says the friend of the bridegroom, and thy friend in him.

Dear little one, adieu.

Kind love to father.

W. H., S. S.

LETTER CXLII.

TO THE SAME.

My poor little Dear,

I WAS sorry to hear by yours to your sister, that you was so low, but believe me your consolations will never abound but as your sufferings abound. No crosses, no comforts; no furnacework, no purity; no bitter herbs, no appetite; no appetite, no banquet. Prosperity always follows adversity, and nothing is so much to be dreaded as sloth, ease, carnal security, and cold indifference; a lifeless life, a hopeless hope, and a lingering languid fearless fear.

From vessel to vessel, from wave to wave, from sinking to swimming, from bitter to sweet, from darkness to light; visits and absence, budding and blighting, flourishing and withering, must attend all those who have life in their souls, the fear of God in their hearts, and who are not appointed unto wrath, but to obtain the salvation that is in Christ Jesus, with eternal glory. Therefore let my poor little one expect it: it is my portion, and it must be yours; and there can be no growth without it: "By these things men live, and in all these things is the life of our spirits." Be much alone; without private prayer, reading, thinking, and meditating, all is vain. Company does an heaven-bound soul little good, it must be carried on and settled between God and conscience. Farewell. Remember me to your father.

Your's in faith and love,
W. H., S. S.

LETTER CXLIII.

TO THE SAME.

Cricklewood, Edgware-road.

Dearly beloved Sisters in the Lord Jesus Christ,

I AM constrained to send a few lines to inquire after Betsy's health, hoping that her faith is strong in him who took our infirmities, and bore our sicknesses, and will make all our bed in our sickness, and make it easy too when our heart and mind are stayed and reclined upon his free, sovereign, unchangeable, and everlasting love, which enables us to hope to the end, and to defy the devil with all his arts, darts, and blasphemous suggestions. For thus saith the Lord, "Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night: nor for the arrow that flieth by day: nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness: nor for the destruction that wasteth at noon-day. A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand, but no plague shall come nigh thy dwelling," Psalm xci. 5-7; this I know to be true by long and blessed experience, for our God is faithful to his word, and will never suffer his promises to fall to the ground, or to fail them who rely upon his promising encouragements in Christ Jesus.

The broken and contrite heart, the believing heart, and the heart that hopes in his mercy, are his own living temples; in these he will for ever dwell, and that in order to strengthen us "My flesh and my heart faileth," saith the Psalmist; "but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever," Ps. lxxiii. 26. I will revive the heart of the humble, and the spirit of the contrite ones; Isaiah lvii. 15. Again, Christ dwells in the heart by faith; he first comes as a king and a conqueror, he wounds us and makes us submit; and then he comes as a physician,

he binds up the broken heart, brings health and cure and cures us, and reveals to us the abundance of peace and truth. After this he comes as a lover, presents his bright, glorious, and comforting presence to us, and proposes a match with our souls; this kills us quite, this melts us, this swallows us up, it is too great, this we cannot believe: then he gives us a sight of his sufferings, and a feeling sense of them, and of his dying love, and then we must submit; confess, and say it is truth, and so yield the obedience of faith; this knits the knot, his bowels of loving-kindness flow out, and ours melt down under the wonderful operation, and from that day forward we are joined to the Lord, and made one spirit with him. Love is the uniting bond which shall never be dissolved in this world, nor in that which is to come.

And as for thee, sister Nanny, I tell thee, that as sure as Jesus Christ is the Son of God, the Son of the Father in truth and love, and as sure as I am a poor unworthy prophet of his, so surely will he manifest himself to thee, and pour out upon thee the promise of the Holy Ghost, and thou shalt have a believing view of that just one, and shalt confess that he is the faithful and true witness, and that he confirms the word of his servants, and performs the counsel of his messengers, for none shall ever seek his face in vain. I was in hope of seeing you and your sister this autumn, but it is otherwise ordered now. Shall long to know how Betsy is, for if she continues ill, I will if possible come to see her. My kind respects to her, and to your father, and accept the same. Ruth and Naomi join in love.

Ever your's in faithfulness, truth, and love,
W. HUNTINGTON.

LETTER CXLIV.

TO THE SAME.

My dear Ann,

I HAVE wished much to know how your poor father got home, and how you both are now in health, and could but wonder how L. could write, and never mention how either you or your father are. I was very sorry that I saw not your father when in town, but when I heard that he was so ill I could not expect it. Have no doubt but you find yourself at a loss, and rather solitary through your father's indisposition, and want of your old companions, but no place under the sun can place us out of sight, out of reach, or out of the presence of the omnipresent God; and as God in Christ, and in covenant, he promises to be a little sanctuary in all places whither his people may come. He is our hiding-place, refuge, and stronghold, our fortress, high tower, our rest, and our dwelling place in all generations; and faith knows her way to him, and fervent and effectual prayer will reach his ear, however dark we may be in the direction of it.

Endeavour to keep this intercourse open by paying constant visits at court, where and only where our grievances can be redressed, our wants supplied, and our minds eased. While constant prayer keeps the gate of life and the door of hope displayed, the troubled soul will always find an asylum, for God is our only centre and our home; and when our thoughts, our confidences, and our hopes can find no shelter there, it is in vain to seek it elsewhere, for all besides are broken cisterns, refuges of lies, and cutting disappointments; therefore by no means get into a slothful neglect of this highest of all privileges. And as this is the great and unspeakable grant of God to all believers, so the prayer of the

upright is the delight of the Lord; and those families of the earth are deplorably threatened with fury, that call not upon his name. Be so kind as to tender my best respects to your father, and be so kind as to send me a line how he does, and how you are, and how matters are within, and you will much oblige,

Dear Ann,
Your willing servant and affectionate friend,
W H., S. S.

LETTER CXLV.

TO THE SAME.

To the poor Little Ones, greeting,

BELOVED girls, you must not wonder if you should see the poor despised Doctor come suddenly upon you on Wednesday evening next; but be not afraid, for though I come as a thief, and aim to catch you with guile, I shall not plunder or make a gain of you. I do long to be present, and to put up my poor imperfect prayers in behalf of your poor father, in which I have no doubt but you will heartily join with me. I expect to come in company with — —, we are on an intended journey to Newark-upon-Trent, if the Lord permit, and therefore intend visiting the little ones on the way, and taking a bed with them. And now for a word of advice: as you are deprived of the means, attend to prayer and reacting, that you may not go back, and remember that the Lord promises to be a little sanctuary in all places where his children may go. My kind love to your Lather, and accept the same f

Your affectionate friend,
W. H., S. S.

LETTER CXLVI.

TO THE SAME.

Newark, Tuesday Morning.

Dear Little Ones,

GRACE, mercy, and peace be at R. I reached this place in safety, have preached three times, and the God of all consolation was with me each time, and that with liberty and power. Alarmed, awakened, tried, and enlightened souls flock from almost all parts within the distance of thirty miles round. There is indeed a famine of hearing the word of the Lord in this place, and in all the adjacent parts. I have invitations from all parts. I cannot get to York, they will detain me in Nottinghamshire. To-morrow I preach at R., then at N., and then at S. and C. I know not where: but my soul is in the work, and I am Red how God has owned and blessed my books; they are the Bible, their only food, through the blessing of Christ them. I believe I could travel through the nation, and have all my expenses borne, they are so thirsty for the waters of life; and my soul seems as full of good tidings. I purpose to order matters so as to spend a day or two with the poor little ones, if the Lord permit, and shall endeavour to let them know when they may expect me, and then I hope your poor father will be able to go with me in a post-chaise; tender my kind love to him, and tell him that he has a share in my poor feeble petitions. Be much in prayer, reading, and thinking, and be sure to bless, praise, and thank God in Christ's name for every smile, ray, beam, revival, refreshing, comfort, hope, sensation, favour, or kind providence that turns up on your side. The Lord cannot endure ingratitude, or unthankfulness, therefore be observant, be diligent, be fervent, be attentive to

his hand and handiworks. My kind love to your lather, and my kind love accept, from

Your willing, affectionate, and faithful
friend in Christ Jesus,
S. S.

LETTER CXLVII.

TO MRS. E.

My dear Betty,

I HAD a good mind to hate called on you yesterday, but knowing how you was left, and not knowing how God has prospered the widow, I was afraid. However, I have no doubt but her heart is with us, and the hand will skew it, if she can afford it. God does most wonderfully bless his work in the new place; he has it made it the banqueting house, the wedding chamber, and the nursery; and it shall be said when God writeth up the people, that this and that man was born there. Betty, the Coalheaver saluteth thee.

W. H., S. S.

LETTER CXLVIII.

TO MISS D.

Cricklewood House, Edgware Road.

Dear Friend, Fellow-sinner, and Fellow-sufferer, Grace and peace be multiplied through our Lord and Saviour Christ Jesus.

REPORT tells me, that thou art fallen into the hand, and under the rod of God; that as the searcher of all hearts, and the trier of reins, he is now displaying his omniscience in thee, in making you know your past life, your vain thoughts, and the plague of your own heart, in its enmity, in its impenitency, in its unbelief, and in its rebellion; its guilt, its filth, its deceitfulness, its frailty, its fear, and its shame; and God grant that this report may be true. And if true, all the characters of God's darling and eternal Son, all his anointings and appointments are calculated, suited, ordained, and intended for such. miserable sinners, in these their perilous cases; "I am not sent, but unto the lost sheep of the house of Israel. And other sheep I have which are not of this fold, them also I must bring." The Spirit is upon me, because he hath sent me to preach good tidings to the meek, to bind up the broken-hearted, to open the prison to them that are bound, and to set at liberty them that are bruised, Luke iv. 18; to comfort all that mourn in Zion, to feed the hungry, and to heal the sick; "The whole need not the physician:" and wo to them that are full, who justify themselves before men.

This, my dear girl, is his work, allotted and lined out; to this was his appointment confined, and to accomplish this was he anointed and sent; and in this work he is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. Hence his own declaration, "Behold,"

take notice of that, " my reward is with me, and my work before me." He cleanses us from sin, quickens the dead, and justifies the ungodly; he enlightens the soul, works faith in the mind, and by the discoveries of his dying love he binds up the broken-hearted, and sets at liberty those that are bruised, and is the comfort of them that mourn in Zion.

There is not one word in all the everlasting gospel against a sensible, lost, and undone sinner, who feels his need of Jesus, and him with all iris heart, no, not one word. Christ himself invites the weary, the thirsty, the heavy laden, and all that are willing to come to him, and to take the water of life freely; and declares, that whosoever cometh he will in no wise cast out; and his gospel is not yea and nay, but yea and amen. Be of good cheer, he is the resurrection and the life, and whosoever believeth on him shall never die. Grace and peace be with thee.

W. HUNTINGTON.

LETTER CXLIX.

TO MR. H. W.

Dear Sir, Cricklewood

YOUR'S came to hand, but I have been busy in writing a funeral discourse delivered at the interment of my invaluable friend, the Rev. Mr. Jenkins. I know but little of the general profession of the present day. The Almighty brought me under his discipline, himself alone; he supported me under it; and in his tender mercy, he delivered me himself in his own time; so that the whole of my religion came from the fulness of God my Saviour.

I was once, for a few months, cast among a company of fashionable professors, who had prayer-meetings, experience-meetings, and examining-meetings, and they got me for a while among them; and this is well if carried on by spiritual men. But these to whom I allude were not such in my judgment; I therefore left it off, and came out from among them; for pride, ostentation, and bowing the knee to compliment God, in order to gain the applause of men, is, in my sight, most abominable. God Almighty has kept me from this; and of this be assured, that the whole mystery of all real godliness is "God manifest in the flesh."

The doctrine that is according to godliness, is Christ in his divine attributes; Christ in his office-character; Christ in the different branches of his finished salvation; and Christ in that near relationship that he stands in us to poor sinners, such as Father, Saviour, Redeemer, Brother, Bridegroom, and Husband. The power of godliness is the Spirit of Christ in us; the gain of godliness is to have God for the portion of our souls. All religion must in communion and fellowship with the

Father, and his dear Son. And this fellowship is joint-interest; we have God's love, and he has our love; we have Christ's salvation, and he has our faith, trust, hope, glory, and praise. We have the Spirit's witness and comforts, and he has us for his abode; we are the temples of the Holy Ghost, I Cor. vi. 19. To espouse souls to Christ, are ministers sent; and they must be hearty friends to the bridegroom who are successful in this work.

Sweet is that religion that lies between Christ crucified, and the sinner's conscience. The great physician, and a wounded spirit; the good shepherd, and the lost sheep; the perishing prodigal, and the fatted calf; the condemned criminal, and the Lord our righteousness; the enemy to God, and the reconciler. What a meeting, what a match, and what a sweet joint do these two parties make when joined together, and made one spirit. This is what all seekers in Christ should aim at, this is the vital part; "And I, if I be lifted up," says Christ, "will draw all men unto me." To be united to him, as the branch is to the vine, which receives all its life and fruit from the root and stock; this is sweet indeed, and is our sure abiding; and without being in the vine, and abiding therein, we can do nothing. But too many aim at a fair shew in the flesh, and no more; and if by this they obtain the witness of men, and their approbation, they seem pleased and contented. But when temptations come on, when sin revives, when conscience begins his reproaches, when fears are awakened, and terrors surround us-all this external appearance blasts, withers, and fades away.

Private retirement, watching the hand of God both within and without; calling on his blessed name in the secret closet; acknowledging every favour, both in providence and grace, by thankfulness, by blessings, and praises; reading his word and meditating upon it; feeling after him in trouble, and confessing what I find amiss-these have been the simple means by which

my soul has been kept alive to this day; and I believe that I shall never die. I do not know the gentleman that has dismissed you from his flock; I was about three times in company with his father, more than thirty years ago, but never since. We are to deficit from froward men, who have not the lips of knowledge, Prov. xiv. 7. Grace and peace be with all that love the blessed Saviour.

Your's most affectionately,
W. HUNTINGTON.

LETTER CL.

TO MR. J. B.

WELL, brother trade, how goes business on, have you plenty of patients, are you at work night and day? if not, I am; I mix many ingredients by night and carry them forth by day. Broken bones and broken hearts, the leprosy, and the plague, often break out among us; inward fevers from the fiery law, that worketh wrath, and the influenza from the old man of sin, are too common at this season of the year.

Many groanings have I to attend, many pregnant women who look every hour, and whose reckoning, according to their account, has been out these three, some four, and some five years; these dude they have passed the time, and shall always be big, bring forth wind, or die in labour. Many, many difficulties, singular cases, and strange influenzas, attend our profession; and in these I act as you do. In gouty complaints, I recommend flannel, the obedience of the Lamb, and patience; to dropsical, lethargic, and drowsy complaints, I prescribe bitter herbs, worm-wood, gall, and aloes, together with a little nitre, or the fire of spiritual jealousy; the former promote appetite, and the latter perspiration: for jealousy is the same to a careless saint, as the golden fly is to a sluggish bullock, it will move him when a wire of a inch long will have no effect.

To bilious complaints, such as gripes in the conscience, straitness in the bowels, or heaviness in the heart, I administer or recommend a little of the new wine of the kingdom; this is for their stomach's sake, and their often infirmities. But for those afflicted with the stone, I do not mean gall stones in the liver, gravel stones in the kidneys, or chalk stones in the joints, but flint stones, an adamant stone in the heart; for this complaint I generally hold forth the oil of joy, and

the juice of the spiced wine of the pomegranate, the former is of a softening, dissolving nature; the and latter is inebriating and enlivening. In costive habits, I recommend hyssop and saline draughts, hyssop purges and salt keeps matters open; "Have salt in yourselves, and be at peace one with another:" but for all inward bruises and green wounds, I have recourse to the balm of Gilead, and consult the great physician there; this is a sure restorative.

To swelling humours, white swellings, boils, ruptures, and breakings out, figs for a plaster is my choice remedy, I mean such figs as grow upon the good fig-tree, the humbling graces of the Holy Spirit, as an effectual remedy for all swellings, and breakings out. For all running sores, such as run in the night and cease not, at which time the patient refuses to be comforted, I generally recommend a bandage, and order it to be put tight, and to swaddle the part affected with many folds. The best rollers or swaddling bands, are those called the cords, or bands of love; and I now have been in practice thirty years, and to my knowledge, I never observed this remedy to fail.

For all ricketty, hobbling, or halting complaints, or relaxation in the nerves or muscles, I prefer the girdle of truth Gird up the loins of your mind, be sober," &c.; as for crutches, stilts, sticks, and all iron bows, and stays, I never recommend. Cold water for thirsty souls; good news from a far country, for melancholy complaints; bathing up to the ancles, knees, and loins, in the water of life, for stiffness in the joints, I am very partial to. Sincere milk I recommend to young ones, whose teeth are too weak to mump a hard crust, or grind strong meat; strong drink I generally make use of to them that are ready to perish, and old wines on the lees to those of heavy hearts. Honey I generally give to lying-in women, when their legal labour is over, and love has cast out fear; this so sweetens their spirits, as to make them forget their anguish for

joy that the new man is brought forth. But in all dangerous symptoms, perilous cases, or those chronic disorders that have any desperate appearance, I generally apply the leaves of the tree of life; this is more sovereign in such cases than either the pope's extreme unction, wafers, or holy water; it revives the expiring, and gives life even to the dead.

Now though I know you do not make use of my medicines in your line of practice, yet I think you will acknowledge the salutary effects of many of these prescriptions. Brother trade, Doctor Sack's kind love to Doctor B. and wishes that your trade may decrease, and that mine may increase; so prays the gentleman of the faculty. Love to Mrs. B., excuse the ins and outs, spelling and inditing; the thoughts soon came, and were as soon down.

W. H., S. S.

LETTER CLI.

TO MRS. M.

THIS winter tries me not a little. I have been confined; my cough is bad, and my breath very short; but a good hope sweetens all. And why are we favoured with this, when thousands are without, and when all are by nature children of wrath, one as well as another? But he would not suffer this to be our rest, it is polluted; nor will he put us off with a portion in this life.

He has flatly forbid the banns between our souls and the spirit of this world; and put enmity between the serpent and the Saviour, between the seed of the church, and the serpents, and generation of vipers; so that there is no concord between Christ and Belial, no fellowship between light and darkness, and no equal part between the believer and the infidel. God put enmity long since, and Christ came four thousand years after to confirm it: "Think you that I am come to send peace on earth? no, rather divisions, yea, a sword and a fire," Matt. x. 34. And this drives us to each other, and all of us to Christ; and I defy the world and professors ever to hate me more than I hate them.

This enmity stays not here, the war is within as well as without; blindness and light, faith and unbelief, hope and despondency, peace and war, joy and misery, love and enmity, submission and rebellion, meekness and stubbornness, humility and pride, a will to work and a will to loiter, strength and weakness, truth and falsehood, sincerity and hypocrisy, filial fear of God and carnal fear of man, prosperity and adversity, sweetness bitterness, all are at times, to this day, warring in the Doctor, who holds with Christ and with Satan, one part serving the law of God, and the other

the law of sin. But it is in vain to is vain to fret, in vain to repine, for nothing else but dying in this war can discharge us from this war. I have often thought that the greatest share of this sort of strife and contention that ever fell to the share of mortals, has fallen to the lot of that composition of mud and water, commonly called the Coalheaver.

The private saint has always something to stay him if he is in bonds, he has his closet, he has his lonely retreat, but not so the watchman, not so the labourer; his light must shine before men if he is stone blind, he must feed the flock if himself fasts, and proclaim liberty to others if he is in bondage himself. He must strengthen weak hands if his own let go, and confirm the feeble knees if he cannot stand alone himself; yea, and recommend and set off' the excellency of Christ even when his own heart kicks and rebels against him: and if this is not hard work, what is? And yet at this time I envy not nor covet the best man's state in all the world.

Adieu,
W. H.

LETTER CLII.

TO W. J.

My son,

WHEN thou wast in town I was just ready to say to you as Joseph did to his fellow-prisoners, "Why look ye so sadly today?" I hope times are better with thee now, "The rod and reproof give wisdom, but a child left to himself will fall." If sorrow succeeds the rod it is sanctified to us, "By sorrow of heart the spirit is broken, and by the sadness of the countenance the heart is made better." There is no rod laid upon us but what we make ourselves; we cut the birch and bind it up, God only uses it. "Hast thou not procured these things to thyself?" this is the question asked; and the answer is, "I will bear the indignation of the Lord, because I have sinned against him, until he plead my cause, and execute judgment for me," &c., Micah, vii. 9. By these things we learn to walk upright, by these things we grow, by these things we learn, by these things we live, and in all these things is the life of our spirits, so God revives us and makes us to live. These are our swings, our leading-strings, and our go-carts, and all little enough to teach us to set one foot before another in faith, or to make straight paths for our feet; and surely there never was any nurse, governess, father or mother so tender, kind, careful, pitiful, and affectionate, as our dear and dearly beloved Lord Jesus Christ: "His wrath is but a moment, in his favour is life; weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning," Psalm xxx.5.

Go to him again, my son, he will wipe thine eyes, comfort thine heart, and bid thee go in peace; he knows our frame, and he knows thou art a stubborn one, who will want a good many yokes, clogs, and fetters, by the way; he will bring them forth and put them on just as thy folly calls for them, and make

all things, thy old man and all, work together for thy good. Tender my kind love to your mother, and to the person that sent the hare, and thank him for it. My respects to W. and all friends that love my Master Jesus.

While I remain, ever yours,
W. HUNTINGTON.

LETTER CLIII.

TO MR. T.

Dear Friend,

To pray for the death of any person is contrary to the word of God. When the disciples desired fire from heaven to consume the habitants of Capernaum, they were rebuked by the Saviour; and if a person prays for the death of another, in order to get rid of a cross, or to enjoy their property, the sin is still the greater, and cowardice or covetousness is the root of it; and if they pray for the death of a person out of revenge, the spirit is nigh of kin to that of Cain. If a person triumph at the death of an enemy, and supposes himself a favourite of God on this account, Israel might draw the same conclusion at the destruction of Pharaoh, but God destroyed all the Israelites that believed not; the answer of pardon and peace from God through Christ, and that alone, can shew us that we are prevalent with God. " Rejoice not when thine enemy falleth, and let not thine heart be glad when he stumbleth: lest the Lord see it and it displease him," Prov. xxiv. 17, 18.

Tender my kind respects to the person of whom you speak; tell her the man was born blind, that the works of God might be manifested on him; and some were born eunuchs, to whom God speaks in Isaiah and says, let them not say "I am a dry tree;" and perhaps she is a cripple that her feet may not run to evil, but that her heart may run to God. The Holy Ghost makes the lame leap as a hart, and the tongue of the dumb to sing. If she learns to walk by faith, she will fulfil Isaiah's prediction, "The lame take the prey." My humble service to her. Excuse haste, as I am going shortly to B.; will, if God permit, send you a line from thence.

Ever thine,
W. H.

LETTER CLIV

TO MR. M.

To my beloved Brother in the Lord, greeting,

YOUR'S came to hand, and I thanked God for it, as I am always glad to hear how the poor family of the Lord do. For my part I am but poorly with a cold, and the rheumatism in my head, which for some time has tried me not a little. A cough and shortness of breath has rendered my cabin almost unbearable; these things often make drill, field-days, reviews, the camp, and the field of action, irksome; and make me cringe, and think of winter quarters, dismissal from service, the king's letter, or a honourable pension. But instead of this, I am obliged to keep on, although I confess my heart at times sinks upon a Sunday morning, as soon as the drum beats, at the thoughts of mounting guard, or doing duty at the palace.

However, the Captain of our salvation is always better to us than all our fears, and brings me sometimes through with such a high hand as to make me a wonder to myself, though at the same time I have thought that I have scarcely strength to sit up, even on the baggage wagon. At this momentary, timely, much needed, but undeserved and unexpected aid and assistance, I have much wondered, and have gone on as if in the first campaign; but no sooner is it over, than I dream of the surgery, or the hospital, and if I do in any measure survive this, still nothing suits me, or charms me more, than the pleasing sound of "Go to bed Tom."

When I obtain this, I am often interrupted with dreams, or visions of a rout, a halt, a march, or a call to arms. Sometimes I fancy I am pursued, or my road so slippery I cannot stand; at other times I am called to action, without either arms or ammunition. Sometimes I fancy my station on the forlorn

hope, the worst station of all the besiegers; at other times I am giving the word of command, but, alas! I am dumb; and when I order others to march, I myself wish to retreat.

Lately I have been erecting the King's standard, I have been waving the banner, and beating up like one on a recruiting party, delivering the King's speech, promising new clothes, a large bounty, present pay, good quarters, invaluable and invincible accoutrements, certain victory, infinite spoils, and eternal honours; at the same time my wicked heart rebelling, and giving the lie to every word my mouth has uttered. And I often find at this work that I vainly suppose not a few recruits have volunteered their services, and have seemed to join the young troops, but soon softer, when I expect them at roll-call, one half are missing; some complaining of too much drill, others of the difficulty of learning the manual exercise; and often in the recruiting business I have exceeded, I mean, in spending more than the King's allowance, or I have feigned the bounty when in truth the whole stock has green gone.

This has brought me in short in my account, and this puts me under stoppages, one halfpenny: in two days, and hardly that; at this time, catering, or hunting for forage, and asking, or taking French leave in a furlough; and even this has often confined me in the guard-house, and many heavy petitions have gone up before I could appear to enjoy the privilege of a prisoner on the parole of honour: and what do you think of such a soldier as me!

W. H, S. S.

LETTER CLV.

TO M. S., THE AUTHOR OF THE LETTER SENT ME BY MR.
H.

Church-street,
May 17, 1798.

Paddington,

BELOVED of God, elected according to his foreknowledge, and predestinated to the adoption of sons and daughters, preserved in Christ Jesus, and shortly to be called to the fellowship of him, William Huntington, S. S., sendeth greeting.

The divine teaching of God is wonderful and unaccountable to the children of men; nothing is more debasing, nothing more confounding to worldly wisdom and natural prudence. Alive we are without the law, and sin is dead, guilt benumbs the conscience, sin in its true colours is hid, and the bare commission of it banished from both mind and memory. In this state of insensibility, or spiritual death, we flourish like grass, and adorn ourselves with an external form of godliness, to gain applause, till in our eyes we appear like the flower of the field. But God's voice says, Cry; and the echo is, "What shall I cry? All flesh is grass, and all the goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field; the grass withereth, the flower fadeth, because the Spirit of the Lord bloweth upon it: surely the people is grass. The grass withereth, the flower fadeth, but the word of our God shall stand for ever," Isaiah xl. 6-8.

Under the motions and operations of this heavenly wind, thou now art my son, this scripture is now fulfilling in thee; God hath sent it on thee, and the effects of it are produced, and producing, daily. This wind is sovereign, it bloweth where it listeth, thou feelest the effects, and with mental ears hearest the sound thereof; and so must and shall every one that is

born of the Spirit. This wind that bloweth is to wither, both the grass and the goodliness of it, which is compared to the flower of the field. Under the cutting reproofs, convictions, rebukes, and quickening operations of the Spirit, we pine, sink, wither, and die to all vanities of this world; our souls can no longer feed upon mirth, pleasure, evil imaginations, the lusts of the flesh, nor the pride of life: and as we cannot feed upon these vanities, we cannot grow nor flourish in them; nay, the sweet, stolen morsels that we have eaten, we wish to vomit up, for the remembrance of them becomes grievous to us when God smites us, and a sore burden they are to the soul that he wounds. Being dead to sin, we cannot live any longer therein; hence carnal company becomes a sore plague, and past follies a heavy burden.

The goodliness of this flower of the field fades also; every intellect is impaired, shattered, wounded, puzzled, perplexed, and confounded, so that reason, nor even all the light of nature, can make no judgment of the case and state, nor give the least account of the change and wonderful operation that has taken place. Natural and acquired abilities vanish, and leave the sinner a poor helpless idiot; recollection, memory, and understanding, quite fail; absence, reservedness, and pensiveness, possess us; and lonely retreats and silent solitude suit the gloomy, dejected sinner best. And here it is we lose all our forms and outward show of godliness; the anger of God enters into our conscience, guilt and sin are stirred up, all fleshly hopes give way, and down we go; for all self-righteousness is no breastplate, no defence, no armour proof, against the wrath of God, the curse of the law, the sting of death, nor against the fiery darts of Satan. Thus all the goodliness of the poor flower of the field withers, when the Spirit of God bloweth upon it.

When God, by the teaching of his Spirit, hath thus made our wisdom foolishness, and stained the pride of all our glory, he

goes on with his own work upon us, but keeps us altogether in the dark about it, till he sets things to rights by his own presence. "I will bring the blind by a way that they know not, I will lead them in paths that they have not known; I will make darkness light before them, and crooked things straight: these things will I do unto them, and not forsake them." Thou art in this path now, and one of the blind ones that God is now leading, and it is a way that thou knowest not, and it is a way that leads to life, and few there be that find it; but, by the help of my God, I will point it out to thee.

David mentions it thus, "God be merciful unto us, and bless us and cause his face to shine upon us. That thy way may be known upon earth, thy saving health among all nations," Psalm lxxvii. 1, 2. Solomon hints at it thus, "The way of life is above to the wise, that he may depart from hell beneath." Many labour hard, who never find this path: "The labour of the foolish wearieth every one of them, because he knoweth not how to go to the city;" Eccles. x. 15. Nor is the light of nature sufficient to guide him, every one that followeth that taper is sure to be wrong at last: "There is a way which seemeth right unto a man, but the end of that way is death," Prov. xiv. 12. This way is the way of life, by the keeping of the commandments of the moral law, this always seems right to the natural man; but as the law cannot give life, so this way must end under the sentence of death, and they obtain the curse instead of the blessing: "Their way is cursed in the earth; he beholdeth not the way of the vineyards," Job xxiv. 18. This is the way of the fool, which is right in his own eyes, Prov. xii. 15.

But the ways of God differ widely from this: hence the charge, "Let the wicked man forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts: for my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord. For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher

than your ways," Isaiah lv. 7, 8, 9. The path that leads to God, and the way in which he leads his children, is hid from all living; nor can it be discovered but by the light of the Lord's countenance. "There is a path which no fowl knoweth, and which the vulture's eye hath not seen: the lion's whelps have not trodden it, nor the fierce lion passed by it. It is hid from the eyes of all living, and kept close from the fowls of heaven," Job xxviii. 7, 8, 21. The prophet Isaiah quotes this passage of Job, and makes the ways of God which lead to heaven a little more plain than Job did "And an highway shall be there, and a way, and it shall be called, The way of holiness; the unclean shall not pass over it, but it shall be for those: the wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein. No lion shall be there, nor any ravenous beast shall go up thereon, it shall not be found there; but the redeemed shall walk there," Isaiah xxxv. 8, 9.

But then what is this highway, and the way? The highway is Christ; and the way, which shall be called the way of holiness, is regeneration: "I am the way, the truth, and the life." I am the way: "No man cometh unto the Father, but by me," John xiv. 6. This is the highway that leads to the Father; this is the way cast up, a highway prepared for God's people. "Go through, go through the gates; prepare the way of the people; cast up, cast up the gather out the stones; lift up a standard for the people," Isa. lxii. 10. And the way, that shall be called a way of holiness, is regeneration; "Then answered Peter and said unto him, Behold, we have forsaken all and followed thee; what shall we have therefore? And Jesus said unto them, Verily I say unto you, That ye which have followed me in the regeneration, when the Son of man shall sit in the throne of his glory, ye also shall sit upon twelve thrones, judging, the twelve tribes of Israel," Matt. xix. 27, 28. "Of his mercy he saves us, by the washing of regeneration, and the renewing of the Holy Ghost." And he that overcomes shall sit with Christ on his throne, even as he overcame, and is set down with his

Father in his throne, Rev. iii. 21. Thus have I shewed you the highway and the way.

And now for a short explanation. Those that receive Christ in faith, and walk in him, or walk by the faith of him, and not by sight, are in the highway to the Father; for we have access with confidence to the Father, by the faith of him. Every believer in Christ, therefore, is in the highway; and, "He that loveth, is born of God, and knoweth God." Regeneration removes our carnal enmity, and draws the heart to love God above every object in heaven or earth; and to walk in love as Christ hath loved us, is to follow the Lord in the regeneration, and such shall not miss of endless glory, for "Charity never faileth;" it is the more excellent way, and all profession is nothing without it, 1 Cor. xii. 31. And now put this highway, and a way together, and it amounts to this, "Faith worketh by love," Gal. v. 6.

"Into this way the Lord is now leading thee, and it will not be long before thou wilt descend into the valley of vision, Isa. xxii. 1; and then, "He will make darkness light before thee, and crooked things straight;" and then wilt thou read all that he hath written on thy heart, and unriddle all that he hath done for thee. Lie Passive in his hand, however confused and confounded, and remember this, "The wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err in that way; and how can they, when God himself leads them? and it is the blind that he leads; nor shall one, led of God, fall into the ditch. Was I in thy place, I would not go to hear the word at all, for thou wilt not find one interpreter who can explain the impressions of God on thy soul, among a thousand, Eccles. vii. 28; Job xxxiii. 23. And when God delivers thee, thou wilt find it as I did; I told the vision, but none understood it Dan. viii. 27. I would give up my mind to lonely solitude, and read, confess, and groan out my troubles, burdens, and desires, before him, and God will hear the groanings of the prisoner, and will not forget the sighing of

the needy, Psalm xii. 5. But as for any ministry that cannot point out your case and state, and by which God doth not search, try, and discover thy heart, that ministry will be of no use to you; but it may stifle convictions, and lull into carnal security, which is much to be feared and shunned. Read this epistle over every day, and the Lord will communicate some light by it; and forget not, that life and immortality are brought to light by the gospel. Nor is there any thing in us, that is not made manifest by the light which Both appear; and this light is now making manifest in thee the counsels of thy heart, and ere long it will shine in the face of Jesus. Let me know how you go on, God will bless the correspondence. My love to Mr. H. Adieu.

Thine in Christ Jesus,
W. H., S. S.

LETTER CLVI.

*Church-street, Paddington,
July 12, 1798.*

Unknown Friend,

I WAS in the country when thy last epistle came, or thou wouldest have heard from me before this time. You inform me in your's that I have quite mistaken your case. This to me is nothing new. Hundreds before you have told me the same, and that I was altogether ignorant of their perils, and wholly deceived by them, for they were reprobates and hypocrites; but they do not tell me so now, but otherwise. One of old said, "All men are liars." This he said in his haste. But though, in one sense, this is true, yet lying is not the trade of God's servants. Nor did I mistake your case, and that your own conscience knows, for sure I am that, if the power of God did not uphold thee, and if his Spirit's might did not support and fortify thee, and if there was not hope and expectation at the bottom, thou couldest not stand one hour, but must be drowned in despair, driven to madness, or sink into the bottomless pit in an instant; for no man can, in such circumstances, stand one moment alone, much less write such a letter as your's. In my trouble, so far was I from being able to write, that I did not know my own master when he came to me, nor one word that he said, and that for months together. Thou art not so deep in the horrible pit as I was by a thousand fathoms, and thou art in God's hand now, or thou must have been in hell long ago. "God instructed me," saith the Prophet, "with a strong hand;" and again, "Now when they fall they shall be holpen with a little help."

The characters and cases for whom Christ was anointed, appointed, and to whom he was sent, are all pointed out in the

Word of God; and those who reap no benefit by his death are described also, as, for instance, the self-righteous, "I came not to call the righteous, but sinners, to repentance." The insensible, and secure, and whole-hearted; "The whole need not a physician, but they that are sick." The wise, the prudent also; Woe unto them that are wise in their own eyes, and prudent in their own sight: from these the mysteries of God are hid, and Christ thanks his Father for it. Those who trust in, and boast of, the light of nature; "If ye were blind ye should not have sin, but since ye say, we see, your sin remaineth." Those who vainly dream that they are right, and that their state is good, though never changed in heart; "I am not sent but unto the lost sheep of the house of Israel;" and to the lost sheep among the Gentiles; "I have other sheep which are not of this fold, and them I must bring, and they shall hear my voice." Those also that are alive under the law, while sin is dead in them, not these, but the self-condemned; "The dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God, and they that hear shall live." And they that say, "Stand by thyself, I am more holier than thou" Those that sanctify themselves, and purify themselves, shall go to confusion together. The strong man also; "I will feed the fat and the strong with judgment." The mere formalist comes in among them. These make many long prayers, but feel no need of the Spirit's aid; "All they do is to be seen of men; verily they have their reward." Those that never at any time transgress the commandment; to these he gives not the robe, the ring, nor the shoes; nor to any other that hate Zion and remain strangers to their own hearts.

Now let us see to whom Christ's commission reaches, and to whom he is sent; for he must do the will of him that sent him, and be faithful to him that appointed him, that he may be the faithful and true witness: "The Lord God hath given me the tongue of the learned that I should know how to speak a word in season to him that is weary; he wakeneth morning by morning, he wakeneth mine ear to hear as the learned." "I am

come that my sheep might have life, and that they might leave it more abundantly." Now the dead that shall hear his voice and live are persons that are condemned at the bar of equity, at the court of judicature, and in the spiritual court of heaven, for he is condemned by his own conscience, cursed as a transgressor by the law, and damned as an unbeliever by the gospel; and this was my case. I was without life, without motion towards God, or any affection for him; and here I was when he justified me. And it is such souls as these, and no other, that hunger and thirst after righteousness; and blessed are such, for they shall be filled; for "He shall feed his flock like a shepherd," &c. Again, "He hath sent me to preach good tidings to the meek," to such who, through grief, anguish, trouble, and distress, are so cowed, dismayed, and dejected, that they cannot bear a hard or harsh word, their spirits being sunk so low, through continual sorrow of heart and grief of mind.

"He hath sent me to bind up the broken-hearted." They are broken by the cutting reproofs of God and conscience, the terrors of the law, the buffetings and accusations of Satan, and the reproofs of those that are at ease. "He hath sent me to open the prison to them that are bound;" they are shut up under law terrors, in unbelief, and in the strong-hold of Satan, barred in by infidelity, carnal enmity, and hardness of heart, and bound. Their guilt is bound to their conscience, and the yoke of besetting sins upon their neck; they are in bondage in their souls, in bondage to wrath, to the meditations of terror, fear, torment, destruction, and the fear of death. Now he is sent to open the prison to such souls as these, and their enlargement and sensible deliverance is as sure as their sensibility to their bonds and confinement: "He hath sent me to set at liberty those that are bruised;" made sore, tender, and chafed in their minds by the frowns of God, cutting reflections on past follies, and meditations on future judgments, and tormenting anxieties, crosses, and

disappointments, life hanging in perpetual doubt, and God appearing to pay no regard to our sighs and groans; these he is sent to proclaim liberty to: u He hath sent me to comfort all that mourn" on account of their sin, their rebellion, and the enmity of their minds, and the hardness of their hearts) and who mourn after Christ, and after an angry God, and who mourn over the fallen race, the careless state of sinners, and at the carnal insults that God receives from them, and at the dangerous state of thousands, who are insensibly hovering over the brink of hell. He is to set a mark upon all these, Ezek. ix. 4, and he is to comfort and protect them.

Moreover, "He is to appoint and give beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness." The oil of joy is the spirit of love; beauty is the grace of God, and the light of his countenance lifted up, under which we rise and shine forth as the morning; ashes is sin, self-abasement, and self-abhorrence, on account of the sin; the garment of praise is the righteousness of Christ, the best robe, that justifies us freely from all things; and the spirit of heaviness is the wrath of God, called a spirit of bondage to fear, and is attended with the burden of guilt, the burden of the law's demands, and the burden of its killing sentence, which sinks the soul into the horrible pit and miry clay. Moreover, "He is to give light to them that sit in darkness, and in the shadow of death." This shadow is the old veil upon the heart, that keeps us in darkness, the god of this world having blinded our eyes; arid it is called Death's shadow, because it is an emblem of Death, and the pains of hell are felt under it, such as guilt, fear, wrath, torment, Satan's darts, and a sensible separation from God. Now the sun of righteousness shall arise upon these, and open their blind eyes, and make them look out of obscurity and out of darkness. But again: "He shall gather the lambs in his arms, and carry them in his bosom, and gently lead those that are with young." Lambs are souls with budding hopes, distant views of latter days, and feeble

and imperceptible expectations, who are quickened to fear, and alarmed to feel, and enlightened, but it is only to see their danger. Ewes great with young are such as are quickened by the word, travail hard for deliverance, but doubts and fears counteract the work, and incline them to despondency or despair. To carry them in his arms, is meant protecting them by his power, though not delivered; to carry them in his bosom, denotes their nearness to his heart, and the certainty of his love to them, for the bosom always signifies loving-kindness, compassion, and pity, or tender regard.

Once more. "The prey shall be taken from the mighty, and the lawful captive shall be delivered." The prey is a sinner in the jaws, and under the power, of Satan, sin, and death, and one who is a voluntary and willing slave to his orders and commands, and led captive by him at his will; the stronger than the strong man armed is come upon him, binds him, casts him out, and divides the spoil. But to proceed still further: "The bruised reed shall he not break, and the smoking flax shall he not quench, till he send forth judgment unto victory." The bruised reed is a smitten and wounded soul, who can make no melody in the ears of God, but which is a mere jargon of confusion and inconsistencies, a mere jumble of complaints, desires, groans, petitions, murmurings, discontents, and, in short, a medley of every thing but peace, truth, and harmony. The smoking flax is pious breathings, holy longings, earnest desires, fervent anxieties of the soul, without any wisdom, knowledge, or understanding, all of which are love in the smoke, but not in the flame, till joy comes to fan it up. Again, the hills are to melt, and the mountains to flow down at his presence. By the hills we are to understand hard hearts, which are to be taken away, and hearts of flesh to be given; and by mountains, difficulties which lie in our way, such as a broken law, the sword of justice, a sight of sin, and the power of Satan.

Come, my friend, be of good cheer, God is making thee a fit object for the cordial reception and sweet embraces of his dear Son, who receives all those who labour and are heavy laden; and forget not, that it is the foolish things of this world, the weak things, and base things, and things that are despised, that God hath chosen. My kind respects to — —. I shall follow this with my poor prayers, and may the Lord hear, answer, accept, and bless thee.

Ever thine in Christ,
W. HUNTINGTON, S.S.

LETTER CLVII

TO Q. IN THE CORNER.

(By the hand of Love in a Mist).

Cricklewood-house.

Beloved of God,

I HAD no more doubt from the first letter I saw from thee, of the work, the strange work in thee, being the work of God, than I had of my own existence. When we are dead to God, alive to self and the world, sin is dead, and we secure; dreaming of a God all mercy, and of meriting his favour, the great reward, by dead works; for our works can rise no higher than the workfolks. We are dead, and our works dead also; the evil day is put far from us, and Satan searing the conscience, the sting of guilt is not felt; thus we are alive without the law, but all this time sin lies at the door. As soon as God sends the law home to the heart, attended with its binding, condemning, sin-discovering, accusing, and wrath-revealing power, then all our guilt and filth, that before lay at the door, rolls into the mind and conscience; then the burden is felt with all its weight, and guilt with its awful sting; the eye of justice, by the lamp of the law. presents our sins to view, and the quickening Spirit of God makes us feel their venom. This, my dear friend, is God's first soul-humbling lesson; " I search the heart, and try the reins; I make a man know what are his thoughts." "I will set your sins in order before you," &c.; and "Blessed is the man whom thou chastenest, O Lord, and teachest him out of thy law; that thou mayest give him rest from the days of adversity, until the pit be digged up for the wicked." "Every one thus taught of the Father," saith the Saviour, "cometh unto me; and he that cometh, I will in no wise cast out."

Under this lesson thou now art, and thy way is hedged in, and hedged up with thorns; and here God will keep thee, till thy strength is all gone, thy wisdom, thy righteousness, and brilliancy of all thy faculties; also thy memory, thy parts, abilities natural and acquired, and he will make thee as big a fool and idiot in the things of this world, as thou art in the things of God; and then thou wilt stand idle in the market place, for no man will hire thee: not the worldling, for thou canst not make sport, nor those of natural religion, because thou canst not act the hypocrite, nor wear the mask. These are the persons that the great householder hires into the vineyard, and glad enough they are to go, though but for one penny per day. Such a sinner, as above described, is a lost one; not only at a loss about the things of God, but lost and absent in himself, lost to this world and to all worldly societies, and in his own apprehensions lost to all eternity, having the snares of death and pains of hell upon him; this is what the Saviour means by a lost sheep.

The Holy Spirit in his work upon the soul, is the best teacher, the best guide, the best interpreter, and the best commentator. We cannot love him while he reflects his anger from a fiery law; an earthly judge is a terror to an evil-doer, no criminal can love him; but ere long, God will shine in the face of Christ, and then thou wilt have the light of his countenance lifted up upon thee; then shalt thou shine forth, and thy health shall spring forth speedily, yea, thou shalt be as the morning. My dear Master will make many slow advances, momentary and transient visits to thee, previous to the day of espousals; he will appear on the mountains, and many of the obstacles will lower their towering heads. Then he will shew himself through the lattice; this will make some slits, crannies, and crevices through the old veil that is upon thy heart; but it will not destroy the face of that covering, nor wholly swallow up death in the victory. Then he will stand behind the wall, and the old strong hold will begin to shake; prejudice, enmity,

hardness, infidelity, and despondency will hardly hold together. But, oh! when once he puts in his hand by the hole, and rends the caul of thine heart, then unbelief flies back, faith goes in, and love, sorrow, and evangelical repentance will flow out, for thy bowels will be moved for him more than ever Joseph's were over Benjamin, or the real mother over the son that Solomon ordered to be cut in twain.

And this will be thy blessed and happy case and state, not many days hence; nor shall my words fall to the ground, for God will confirm the words of his servants, and perform the counsels of his messengers. Nor shall one soul, that God by his law hath wounded, ever seek his face in vain; his delays and long-suffering is salvation; he delays, that our case may become desperate and incurable; that his wisdom, skill, power, and goodness may be seen, that our deep need may be felt, and that a lasting impression may be left on the soul, and the greater glory may redound to his dear and matchless name. Every respite, every breathing time, every ray, every glimpse, every view, every revival, every sweet thought, every dissolving sensation-call them Gad, for there is a whole troop behind, and the banner of love with them; wonder not at the mystery.

Our carnal minds are enmity, and do oppose the Lord, even it his work on our souls, but this shall not counteract God's design of grace; and thou wilt ever find, that when thou art the most afraid, ashamed, and abashed, the farthest of all from God, and the last that can expect to be regarded, that thou wilt ever then feel the greatest freedom and nearest access: it is Christ's merit, not ours, that procures access to the Father. Legal pride, my daughter, always works with legal bondage; the law, in all its operations, never excludes boasting. Thou mayest not only find thy heart drawn out to seek applause, but thou wilt find the time when thou wilt be proud of thy sufferings; it is pardoning love that works humility, and not sin-

reviving wrath, and this, my girl, shews us the need of purging, fanning, and winnowing. But when Jesus comes, his work is all before him, and his reward is with him; healing and health is the work of his hands, and every grace is the reward that he brings.

It is no difficulty to me to make thee out, I see plain enough where thou art; God is teaching thee, wounding thee, and condemning thee by the law that he may lead thee to his dear Son, to receive at his foot the word of life, and to be healed, justified; and saved by him; and thou art, at this time, learning the last lesson at that school; the work is nearly finished, and salvation is at thy doors. Hope and expectation are now in thy heart, and thou wouldest not part with thy present chastisements of God, for all the world; nor wouldest thou change states with the most carnally secure, nor with the brightest hypocrite that shines in Zion for though he fills thy mouth with gravel, and gives thee gall to drink, yet to the hungry soul these bitter things are sweet; for the quickened soul would rather have them, than be given up to its own heart's dusts, or to be let at case in Zion. I have no friend at hand to copy this, it comes pure from the coal barge, and I suppose will puzzle you as bad as your scribble puzzles me. God bless thee. My kind love to Miss C. H.

Yours in the best of bonds,
W. H., S. S.

LETTER CLVIII.

TO MR. H.

Dear Friend,

MY dame has told me that thou art ill, which is the cause that thy seat at the King's table was empty. We are born to trouble at our first birth, and a brother is born for adversity when he is born again. These afflictions are not joyous but grievous, yet afterwards they are to yield the peaceable fruits of righteousness in those exercised thereby; and these fruits are peace, quietness, assurance, submission, and gratitude to God. We descend into the furnace with much reluctance, hanging back; self-will withdraws the neck from the yoke. There is in our corrupt nature a disapprobation of the divine conduct, and a resentment of it, fretting at it, and kicking against it; but if all within was resignation, where would be the cross?

But God makes us willing, because we expect the present help promised, for this we hope, this we expect, this we call for, and for this we look and long, and God shall satisfy the longing soul. The good Spirit mingles his meek and quiet, humbling and softening influences, with our pain and grief, and turns all the sorrow into a sorrowing after God, or sorrowing over Christ, and both these are of a godly sort. The balm of Gilead, under the Spirit's testifying of Christ, calms and composes conscience, when the sparks of love, and the oil of joy, melts the mountains, and dissolves the doubts, and makes servile fear give way, when grateful acknowledgments expand the heart, and flow out with a thousand blessings and praises to the sympathetic high priest of our profession. Our best obedience in affliction is to be passive; we were so when we were formed anew in Christ Jesus, and we must be the

same under every after transforming, for we are ordained to be conformed to Christ's image.

God bless you both,
THE DOCTOR.

LETTER CLIX.

TO MR. S. S.

I LONG to know how my friend is. As for the Doctor he is very feeble, so that you may retort the old proverb, Physician heal thyself. But the object of our hope is the living God, and our life is hid with Christ in him; this life no corruption can touch, no sin can infect it, no hypocrite can procure it, no devil can approach it. From God the fountain of life comes the second Adam, the quickening Spirit, and through him comes the Spirit of life and love, and under his sweet operations, faith, hope, and love spring up in the soul; and the life that lies in these three precious fruits raises us out of the regions of the shadow of death, and above the sting of death, and above the sentence of the law. "He that believeth hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation." This is the greatest of all blessings; and what is this blessing? Why, it is the Spirit of the living God: "I will pour my spirit upon thy seed, my blessing upon thy offspring." This is the source of all good in God's family. All heavenly sensations and feelings; all longings, hungerings, and thirstings after God and godliness; all our confessions, petitions, praises, or thanksgiving; all composure of mind, tranquillity of heart, or peace with conscience, springs from this fountain of life in us.

I do dearly and sincerely love this blessed and adorable Comforter, though I can discern, discover, and make out so little of his wonderful works. But this I know, that all sensible sinners, who feel the plague of their own hearts, and the buffeting of Satan, must sink in despair, and drown in perdition, unless he takes possession of the soul, seeing it is his work to dispossess the strong man, and to spoil his house; and thus to make the devil's cage his own temple.

The invalid to his Patient,
W. H., S. S.

LETTER CLX.

TO THE SAME.

I MUST send my poor friend a scrap, because he is an invalid, not fit to march, nor to attend the camp, and therefore he must abide by the stuff, or go on the baggage wagon. I am very stiff and weary this morning; I am too profuse and abundant when the well springs and the cup overflows, feeling I am more than myself; but when it is over I find I am frail man, encompassed about with infirmities. But even in this mortal mass there is a treasure, some good thing toward the Lord God of Israel, a living principle that cannot fail, sicken, decay, or die. No ray from the sun of righteousness can be extinguished, no incorruptible seed can corrupt. Let us cleave to our dear, and dearly beloved Lord; he is the heir of us, and the sole proprietor of us; he is every spring in us, and the fountain of life to us. They that have despised him are under their own sentence, and must bear their own burden; and we evidently see that all who depart from us are withered, decayed, and dried up like a potsherd.

God has founded Zion in the sacrifice of his Son, and he builds her up, and establishes her by the faith of him, and faith feels all her springs of life in this city; salvation is her walls to all that are within, and all without the walls are dogs. "They that be planted in the house of the Lord, shall flourish in the courts of our God; their leaf shall be green, they shall bring forth fruit in old and to skew that God is upright," Psalm xcii. 13, 14. But is there a soul that has departed from us, that has the least moisture or verdure upon them? Or does God appear the health of their countenance? No; carnal enmity and hatred is fixed within; they bate Zion and are desolate; the evident tokens of perdition are in them, and their countenance

reflects the sentence. But the Lord is with us. Remember me to Betty. I hope to see you this week.

THE COALHEAVER.

LETTER CLXI

TO THE SAME.

I AM sorry to hear that my poor friend is so ill again, but the decays of the body are often the health of the soul; "But though our outward man perish," says Paul, "yet the inward man is renewed day by day," 2 Cor. iv. 16. Our breath is in our nostrils and must go forth, and that very day all our evil thoughts perish. But where God breathes upon the soul, there the spirit of life enters, and there spiritual bread, the hidden manna, the best wine, the fatted calf, and the paschal lamb are craved, relished, savoured, eaten, digested, and concocted, and no where else. Blessed are they that hunger, and blessed are they that thirst, for they shall be filled. When God quickens us, he revives us by the fruits of his Spirit, and in these fruits his divine life is hid. He lives in our thoughts, minds, affections, and conscience, and will never resign his residence to any; and he will cheer us, entertain us, employ our thoughts, and comfort our hearts, according as he is entertained, attended to, and pleased; and if displeased with our neglect or inattention; he lets our faith and hope come to a low ebb, and will make us feel our need before we feel his indulgent fulness.

If my dear friend's gout was of the same class of disorders with mine, a paper kite, or a box of golden balsamic pills might give relief; but his is not in the pocket, but in the feet. But, blessed be God, faith can travel when the feet are confined with pain; and God can come to us to make the bed in our sickness, if he does not keep sickness from us. I long to see my fellow-sufferer, gouty folks can feel for each other's infirmities, and our high priest can feel for us both. Kind love to Betty.

S. S.

LETTER CLXII

TO THE SAME.

My dear Friend,

OUR God filleth all space, and is near to all that feel after him. He transacts all the grand affairs of his kingdom in the court of conscience; to that court the Lord's ministers commend themselves; into that court the word comes, and makes it good and honest. Here the precious blood of sprinkling speaks pardon peace, and reconciliation. The prince of peace sways his sceptre here, he is enthroned here in his own love; hence charity out of a pure heart and a good conscience, is the end of the commandment. Afflictions are to disturb, disquiet, and to stir up this court, that things amiss, things neglected, and things forgotten may be brought forth to the light, be sifted up, and canvassed over.

And there is no settling the accounts without the blessed surety of the New Testament; he is the chief speaker, and sovereign ruler here; his atonement is our pardon; his faith is the manifestation of our sonship; and the sentence of justification by his righteousness, is passed in this court. Watch, and you will see these things going on, and as light discovers, pardoning grace will remove what is amiss. He sits as a refiner by the furnace, and he is the purger and the purifier of all his priestly family. He has not chosen us in the furnace, in order to desert us when in the fire; he is our all in all. Love to Betty, and accept the same: from

S. S.

LETTER CLXIII.

TO THE SAME.

My dear Brother and Sister in Christ,

CAN only say I received yours, being busy in moving, and fitting the nest, which takes too much time, and is too much trouble, to one engaged in such a warfare as hath fallen to my share. But the goodness, the bounty, the unexpected and undeserved mercies and favours of my God in this removal are too great to be mentioned; they are so great and so conspicuous, that my enemies have almost filled a column in the newspapers with the accounts, insomuch that it seems to be a revival of the old confession, "They said among the heathen, the Lord hath done great things for them," Psalm cxxvi. 2. Those that have watched for my halting, and those that have predicted my fall, my beggary, &c., are, Sanballat-like, much cast down, and I think that some of them will soon go beside themselves, for my friends have given me a handsome coach, and a pair of able horses, which are sufficient to do all the work of my little farm. I am not worthy of the least of his mercies, for I entered into his service with one shirt, and now I keep my carriage; and this is the way that God raiseth up beggars from the dunghill. They that abhor my soul walk on foot, while Mordecai rides, to the grief of all that hate him; surely God honours those that honour him, and knows them that put their trust in him.

My soul blesses my good God for the defeat in Ireland; the Jacobins hang down their heads, they are with child, they are in pain, they bring forth wind, they work no deliverance in the earth, nor are the ruling powers fallen; the foundations of the earth are still in course, and we enjoy both our lives and our property. God bless you both; a good journey, and safe return. So prays,

W. H., S. S.

LETTER CLXIV.

TO THE SAME.

Dear Friend,

I AM glad to hear the good tidings of our Perfumer, and that " he gains by trading. Incorruptible grace will stand the fire; vessels of gold and silver consume not, though vessels of wood and earth will. He calls us gold when we go into the furnace, and indeed if we were any thing less, we should never come out I long to see our Perfumer here, perfumed with myrrh, and frankincense, and all the powders of the merchant; smelling of myrrh, aloes, and cassia, out of the ivory palaces; these will make his heart glad. However, one grain of faith, or beam of hope, is worth more than a million worlds. Every influence or operation of the Holy Spirit, every grace that he imparts, and every fruit of his, is incorruptible seed, that shall live and abide, being in the sight of God of great price: these come down from above, and teem, aspire, and spring up that way, as to their own original fountain and source. This treasure is lodged in the souls of all saints, a treasure from the head, which makes us so many parts of himself, members of his body. Oh, infinite depths profound mysteries! My friend can hear me very well in the vestry, if he likes to come. God bless you.

THE COAL MERCHANT.

LETTER CLXV.

TO THE SAME.

Cricklewood. Thursday.

I HAVE been this morning begging of the best of all Benefactors, to remember my poor friends, and I believe that it was the Lord that set me at it, and it was the same that helped my infirmities when at the work, and gave sweetness and delight, pleasure and love, in the heavenly occupation. I have begged with more than human power, and all power is from above, and he does put it forth, and manifest it in the souls of much despised reptiles. Of all sensations, enjoyments, pleasures, or entertainments; of all delights, amusements, refreshings, or comforts; nothing is ever once to be named, or mentioned in competition with the humbling, softening, meekening, composing, and becalming influences of the most holy, harmless, innocent, and inoffensive Spirit of all grace, life, light, and love. And all his operations lead and direct to the great atonement, and to the all prevailing, and ever acceptable mediation of Jesus. This is the saint's sweet repose, his refuge and his rest, his safety and his sure defence.

I am in comfortable hope that the Holy Spirit will mingle his softening influences and his quickening operations with my friend's afflictions, and if he does, the inward man will find support to sustain the outward man's decays. And of this be assured, that conscious peace is the best sick bed, and love the best pillow; faith is the best bedstead, and the Lord's righteousness the best covering; the Holy Spirit is the best nurse, and the Lord Jesus the best physician. The joy of God is the best candle, for this burns the brightest in the darkest night; the midnight cry will not extinguish it, nor the storms of

Sinai blow it out. This is what is called a bad spirit, and Antinomianism, but I am more than sure that it came down from heaven, nor have I a doubt but to heaven it will reascend. Love to your dame concludes me, Your affectionate friend,

THE DOCTOR.

LETTER CLXVI.

TO MRS. M., NOW MRS. B.

Beloved of God,

YOURS came to hand, and as you have acknowledged me in part, I hope you will acknowledge me to the end, and my doctrine; those whom God makes manifest in each other's hearts sad conscience, are fellow-heirs of the grace of life; and those who meet together in the unity of faith in their covenant head, will meet together in the image of Christ, and in God the fountain of life, and Father of glory, in the realms of bliss.

The wretched rags, the fig-leaf dress, the useless web, is a sad bar, a great impediment, and a deeply-rooted deception, which was a middle wall of partition between the divine woes and the woe. God will draw and present his highly-favoured Hephzibah to the second Adam, in the wedding-garment of his own imputing; she must be brought unto the King in a raiment of needle-work, ready wrought out to her hand, in the preparing which she lent no aid, and with which nothing must be mixed. Adam and Eve when fallen must both be stripped and clothed by the Lord, before any union could take place between him who inhabits eternity, and them in their low estate.

Thy match is made, and thy day of espousals is come, the Lord Jesus is thine, and thou art his; to have and to hold, for better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and health, in life and death, for time and eternity. None but God and the wedded soul knows, or can know, what fellowship with the Father and the Son, and the blessed effects of it mean; eye

hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor the heart of man conceived; but God hath revealed them to us by his Spirit, 1 Cor. ii. 9, 10.

Thou wilt find thy present match with the Son of David to be attended with the same train of changes, as do in general wait on newly-married folks; there will be many love-tokens, and as many withdrawments; some warm embraces, and some cold refrainings; free converse, and silent reserve; provocation to jealousy on both sides, and renewing of love; doubtful suspicions, and mutual satisfaction. Unparalleled indulgences, with soul-cutting slights and neglects; many heavenly smiles, and many gloomy frowns; the sweetest union, and the greatest distance; the kindest respect, and the greatest shyness; frequent visits, and lamented absence; banquets of wine, and waters of Marah. The best of house-keeping, and the worst of fasting; the highest joy, and the deepest sorrow; the sweetest harmony, and the strongest contentions: this is for better for worse.

Chastity will be sifted to the bottom, and every disaffected thought, wandering desire, and treacherous affection, will be sought for and brought to light. "His name is jealous," Exod, xxxiv. 14; and thou wilt often provoke him to fulfil his name. Whatever thy present cross may be, thou mayest find it in the law of retaliation; God hangs the balance of the sanctuary in the judgment of all his children, and there is written on the beam, "Hast thou not procured all these things?" It is but to reflect, and to come to impartial examination, and the cause is soon discovered; conscience will tell thee in thy own mother tongue, that it is but measuring back to thee what thou hast formerly dealt to others, and therefore there is no room for complaint, for God gives no stroke till the fool's back calls for it. Nevertheless, he will make thee run to and fro the yard, and look up to heaven again and again yet, for he is as merciful as he is severe, and as good as he is terrible.

As to creature-comfort, it is nothing but a dead fly in the good physician's ointment, drops of gall in the pot of honey. Thou wilt find it as I have done, the less vanity the more divinity; they who have got the living fountain, will not pine after the broken cistern. The bread of life will suffice, without spending money for that which is not bread, or labour for that which satisfieth not. The glory of the Lord so filled the tabernacle and the temple, as to leave no room for one Levite to minister; and when his power and presence fill the sinner's heart, there is no room for a second, who at best is but a rival. The Lord calls for the whole heart, and love with all the heart.

Cleave close to that friend who loveth at all times, and be thou always ravished with his love, then wilt thou be at home, and wilt always have enough, for he is our dwelling-place, and our exceeding great reward. Unknown friend, farewell. The Lord give thee the blessing of Sarah, the wisdom of Hannah, and the affection of Mary;, while I remain

Thy willing servitor in the household of Faith,
W. H., S. S.

LETTER CLXVII.

TO THE SAME.

To the Daughter of my vows, greeting, with perfect peace, and at such a time.

"HAIL, highly-favoured," said the angel to her that believed, "the Lord is with thee; blessed art thou among women. Surely he hath put down the mighty from their seats, and exalted them of low degree." Blessed is he that remembereth the poor, and blessed for ever be He that took notice of thee, to put thee among the fish of my net, that thou mightest be a gem in my crown, yea my crown, my joy, and the crown of my rejoicing, in that day, when the seedsmen shall return with joy, and bring their sheaves with them.

Does my daughter maintain her hold of the skirt of him that is a Jew? And does he spread his skirt over her, and appear to be covenant with her? Cleave close to him, my daughter, for he is a near kinsman of ours, one of our next kinsmen; go not from the floor of his barn, nor let them catch thee in any other field. Glean fast by his maidens, and the reapers will drop some handfuls for thee to glean, and thou shalt gather them even among the sheaves.

O the matchless dignity, the infinite honour, the divine felicity the celestial triumphs, of a soul thus crowned with loving-kindness, and satisfied with the goodness of the Lord; blessed with heart-felt union with the King of kings, and solaced in the bosom of immortal love: all which are the foretastes, the earnest, and pledges of endless life, and eternal day.

Die, O my soul, to the vanities of a sin-disordered world; let it be crucified to thee, and thou to it; die daily, that thou mayest

live for ever. Shun the paths of the destroyer, the way of sinners, the counsel of the ungodly, and the seat of the scornful, and delight thyself in thy God; then shall thy peace be like a river, and thy righteousness as the waves of the sea; the candle of God shall shine upon thy head, and the dew of heaven shall lie all night upon thy branch; the visitations of God shall preserve thy spirit, and his glory shall be fresh in thee; thou shalt shine forth as the morning, thy judgment shall be as a robe and a diadem. But is it so? Will the Most High that inhabits eternity, dwell in a broken heart? What He, who only hath immortality, dwell with mortal man? Yea, his delights are with the sons of men. In Zion will he dwell, he hath desired it for his habitation; this is his rest for ever, God hath spoken it in his holiness, I will rejoice.

A few more crosses and disappointments, a few more deep sighs, heavy groans, and soul-distressing desertions; a few more stripes, reproaches, and purifying flames in the furnace of affliction, and all shall be light; the veil shall rend from the top to the bottom, the vision shall speak, imperfections shall vanish, mortality shall drop her shroud, and paradise, with all her ravishing scenes, shall be exhibited.

Having lately obtained a live coal from the altar, and musing over it, the fire kindled, and then I spake with my tongue, till my tongue became the pen of a ready writer. I hope the heavenly rays will attend the scraps, that my daughter may compass herself about with spark. Betty, farewell, peace and truth be with thee. Greet thy brother in my name a certain saint saluteth thee, while I remain, thy willing servant, and ready friend in the best bonds, and for the sake of the greatest of names,

A SINNER SAVED.

LETTER CLXVIII.

TO THE SAME.

Betty,

Is it well with thee? Is it well with thy brother? Is it well with the child? Is thy supposed righteousness discovered? Does the fig-leaf dress begin to wither? Does the supposed web appear to be nothing but net-work? Is that covering too narrow to hide all the guilt and shame that the glorious light of the gospel makes manifest? Is that bed too short for thy wearied soul to stretch itself on, or find rest in? Does the perfect commandment appear exceeding broad; dead works, eye service, and partial obedience too scanty to reach the infinite dimensions? Is Christ in his active obedience the end of the moral, and Christ as a sacrifice the end of the ceremonial law for righteousness, the only object looked to and depended on for justification before God, and acceptance with him?

Is this first and best robe, this garment of needle-work, this fine linen, this divine skirt, this wedding-garment seen, admired, approved, revealed, applied, received, put on, and walked in? If &o, the king's daughter is all-glorious within, and her garment is of wrought gold; with joy and rejoicing shall she be brought, and shall enter into the King's palace. Yes, the above work is in part already done, it is meet for me to think this of my daughter, for if the Lord draws near to a self-lost, self-despairing, self-condemned sinner, his reward is with him, the spirit of faith prepares the way, opens the heart, and the door of faith; and the King of glory, with all the benefits of his cross, enters in; when every thought is entertained, and every faculty of the soul hails the King of the Jews.

O Betty, when I consider the unfeigned faith that is in thee, that dwelt first in thy great grandmother Eve, in thy mother Sarah, and I am persuaded in thee also; O that I yet may, through the good hand of God upon me, creep into a few more houses, and lead captive these silly women, until every thought of their hearts be brought into captivity to the obedience of Christ. The heifer that is taught, shall submit to the Saviour's yoke; the wild ass that is used to the wilderness, that snuffeth up the wind at her pleasure, shall be found in her month, Jeremiah, ii. 24; the young asses that ear the ground, shall eat clean provender; the ox shall know his master's crib, and the good shepherd shall lead them that are with young. Faithful is he that hath promised, who also will do it. God hath spoken it in his holiness, rejoice, O my soul; thy name shall be Legion, for we shall be many cc A small one shall become a thousand:" God will perform it in his time. Plough with thy master's heifer, and thou shalt make known his riddle.

The union of saints, Betty, stands in the confidence of every believer meeting together in Christ crucified, in order to receive righteousness, life, pardon, and peace in him; this is meeting together in the unity of the faith. God shining with approbation in the heart of every saint, and giving them to see the glory of God in the face of Jesus, makes them all light in the Lord. The secret of God's predestination, and the death of Christ for the elect only, being seen, approved, credited, and embraced, under the renewing operations and divine application of the spirit of all grace, is being of one mind and one judgment in the Lord. A most cordial affection to the Saviour above every other object, under the influence of the spirit of love and power, is being joined to the Lord, and one spirit with him.

To have the mystery of iniquity in one's own heart laid open by the Spirit, makes us at once acquainted with the lost estate of all that Jesus came to seek and save: "As in water face

answers to face, so doth the heart of man to man." To feel the blessed effects of the pardoning voice of the blood of sprinkling, is meeting with all saints at the fountain God has opened for the household of David, and the inhabitants of Jerusalem. The union of saints consists of drinking into one spirit, holding the unity of the same in the bond of peace, and in maintaining a mutual hold of the covenant head, from which all the body mystical, by the joints and bands of love and peace, being knit together in Christ, and having nourishment ministered from his fulness, increases in number and in knowledge, by the blessed increase of God.

The communion of saints consists of being enabled, under God, to communicate knowledge, comfort, strength, refreshing, encouragement, support, reviving dew, and holy unction, seasonable words and the salt of grace, to cheer drooping hearts and revive languid spirits; it is comforting with apples, and staying with flagons jealous souls, who are sick of love; it is to feel for them, condole them, succour them, suckle them, and swaddle them. It is to solve their hard questions, disentangle their perplexities, unriddle their intricacies, take up their stumbling-blocks, dissolve their doubts, and remove their prejudices. It is to drop a tear in their sorrows, to rejoice in their prosperity, to feel their cares, bear a part of their burdens, pray for them, and make intercession with God in their behalf.

It is to be on one's guard in their company, to restrain Christian liberty in compliance with their infant weakness, to check their fleshly savour, to brighten their views, enforce a pure language and the force of truth. To correct their mistakes, to rectify their errors, to pull down their aspiring notions, rebuke their follies, silence their murmurings, curb their pride, and provoke them to emulation when they get cold and lifeless. To shun them is their self-conceit, to whip them if they get wise above what is written, and to be shy of them if

their walk is unbecoming the gospel of Christ. It is to find them out, and take them up; and to bring them to the bar of truth and equity, if they prowl beyond their bounds, or break through any of the fences of Zion. It is to break their bones with soft words, to smite them if ungrateful, and to take away their veil from them if they go back to Moses, either for justification or perfection.

Such a watchman in Zion is like one of John's four beasts, full of eyes within and without; and to qualify for such a work, a man had need have the wisdom of Solomon, the faith of Abraham, the seal of Elijah, the knowledge of Paul, the meekness of Moses, said. the patience of Job; for who is sufficient for these things? "But our sufficiency is of God," 2 Cor. iii. 5; and it is well for the servants of God that it is so; for the children of the night charge us with heresy, the offspring of the flesh exclaim against our bad spirit, and those in the bonds of iniquity censure as licentious our liberty, while the children of falsehood accuse us of errors. Novices give us both correction and counsel, fools attempt to convert us from the error of our ways, those that are at ease call the power of godliness enthusiasm, the hypocrite in Zion blesses God that he is kept from our seduction, while the scorner condemns both the preacher and the preachment.

But, "having obtained help of God, I continue unto this day," Acts xxvi. 22; for "who shall lay any thing to the charge of God's elect," whom the supreme Judge has acquitted? "It is God that justifieth, who is he that condemneth?" Romans viii. 33, 34 Those that receive the truth, the truth shall make them free, and those that mock shall find their bands made strong; the lips of truth are a sweet savour unto God, both in them that are saved, and in them that perish; nor shall any soul living have either dew or rain, but according to the truth of the gospel. My daughter is a living witness of this truth: she has gone to many a well without water, and returned with her

pitcher empty; she has been under many a cloud without rain, and returned like the mountains of Gilboa, barren enough. But the promise is fulfilled, God hath heard the cry of the poor and needy, and those whose tongue failed for thirst, have found the fountain of living water, and the well of salvation.

"Drink abundantly, O beloved; drink, and forget thy poverty, and remember thy misery no more." "Go thy way, eat thy bread with joy, and drink thy wine with a merry heart; for God now accepteth thy works," Eccles. ix. 7; being the works of faith, labours of love, and patience of hope, in our Lord Jesus Christ; into whose merciful hands, and under whose kind protection, I commend thee, on whom thou hast believed; who is able to keep thee from falling, and to preserve thee unto his heavenly kingdom and glory; to whom be praise, honour, and love, by the whole church throughout all ages, world without end, Amen. The salutation of S. S. with my own hand, which is the token in every epistle, so I write. The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with thee and thy brother by all means: the Lord be with you.

A SINNER SAVED.

LETTER CLXIX.

TO THE SAME.

IT is enough, the daughter of my vows and the daughter of my faith is yet alive; I was afraid lest the enemy being permitted to tempt her, my labour should prove in vain; but God hath seen that I am hated, and therefore hath given me this poor child also; 'and God shall add to me another daughter, and endow me with a good dowry. Surely our little Zion shall be as a fruitful vine against the wall of mine house, and my spiritual offspring as olive plants round about my Lord's table; thus shall the man be blessed that feareth the Lord; the God of Jacob grant that my quiver may be full of them, who shall not be afraid when they speak with their enemies in the gate.

I thank thee, my poor little one, that thy tender care hath flourished for me; I was nigh unto death, and expected no less, but God had mercy on me, and not on me only, but on my poor despised charge and family, lest any of them should have sorrow upon sorrow. However, I had this comfort, I was going about my Father's business, namely, to visit the brethren, and to see how they did, and to carry them a little fresh oil. The animal I have long known and often rode, but whether he took (eight at a chaise that stood before him, or whether the man that held him pinched his mouth, I know not, but he reared up and fell back, I went to the ground, and he fell across me; and surely never did one escape with whole bones from such an intolerable weight; however, the crush will be attended with pain sufficient to remind me of the mercy of my God so long as I live. But this is one of the all things that work together for good, to them that love God, and I have blessed and thanked him for it since with many tears; we are in deaths oft, but they that believe shall never die.

Thou needest not make any excuse for thy former dislike of me, &c. for those that are my greatest friends, were once my most inveterate enemies; and those who love me most for Christ's sake, are in the general those that hated me for the same; nor do any make me glad, who were never made sorry by me. There is no standing before envy, she will never suffer reputation to live; and if she cannot blame the conduct of her supposed rival, she will search the heart and try the reins, and reproach the Spirit itself. So they dealt with my dear Lord and Master, they could not convict him of sin, nor contradict the truth, but they said, He hath a foul spirit, which was the highest aff that could be offered to him, and the greatest transgression that could be committed by them, Mark iii. 30. And they were provoked to this unpardonable iniquity, by having their mental deception laid open; their sheep's clothing and their mask of guile were rent from them, and the hypocrites in Zion were seized with a panic, and fearfulness surprised them. As their nakedness was discovered, so their malice was kindled, till it enflamed the whole frame of nature, and set it at last on fire of bell: they called the master of the house Beelzebub, and he palmed them upon the devil their father, and told them, "Where I am ye cannot come."

Nor was the poor Arminian that you speak of the first that founded his resentment on the colour of my wig; better they be disgusted at my dark hair, than dark deeds; but it is the doctrines of Christ in my mouth, and not the colour of my head, that gives the offence; and I hope never to be esteemed as a tabret by those who make Christ a rock of offence: I hate them that hate him. But my daughter is cured of itching ears, God for ever be praised for that, for it is a disorder that most professors are infected with, more or less, and many have been led by such ears to make shipwreck of their profession, others to pierce themselves through with many sorrows, others into the seat of the scornful, and many into the pestilence that walketh in darkness, until they have met their

destruction at noon-day; for to err and perish under the rays of the gospel, is an evident token of utter darkness, or of ending with hypocrites and unbelievers.

I have thanked my God for the hope I have of thee and of thy brother, and have entreated him to preserve and keep you, that before I have swaddled you the enemy may not be permitted to carry you away, for if I am bereaved of my children, I am bereaved, Gen. xliii. 14. What few spoils I have taken out of the hand of the Amorites, have been taken with sword and bow, and plucked as brands from the fire; such mountains of oppositions, bars of prejudice, and heaps of reproach, hath Satan and his emissaries laid in my way. But blessed be God, who confirmeth the word of his servants, and performeth the counsel of his messengers; who frustrateth the tokens of the liars, and maketh diviners mad; who takes pleasure in them that fear him, and in them that hope in his mercy; and who honours them that honour him, and beautifies the meek with salvation.

I have no objection to your hearing any good man of God, or any one that professors call one of a bad spirit; but O beware of men of candour, men universally approved, men of a moderate spirit, and of peaceable principles, and of a charitable disposition and judgment-this is the devil transformed, it is Satan in orders, or Lucifer in his ecclesiastical dignity; shun him, and all shall be well. I have cautioned thee, but thy consequence will lead thee through all the bounds that I have set. However, you have acknowledged me in part, and I trust you will (or your conscience will) acknowledge me to the end. My dear girl, let me have the joy of thee; read, search, mark, learn, and inwardly digest for thyself; try and prove thy own work, and then shalt thou have rejoicing in thyself alone, and not in another. Aim at union, communion, freedom, and fellowship with the Son of God; seek his blessed face, his approbation, the light of his

countenance, and his Spirit's testimony, and thou shalt find the kingdom of God within thee.

Could my bed, my curtains, my study, or my Bible speak for me, they would bear such a testimony of the unutterable felicity, foretastes, earnestness, and celestial triumphs of my soul, that would prove to all that fear God that I envied not the mansions of Gabriel. But I have done, and conclude with tears of gratitude to the God of Jacob, who condescends to give so much success to the worst of sinners; for as the Lord liveth, though I am clad with seal in the pulpit, I seldom in private go one day dry-eyed to God; I am a Boanerges in public, but in private of a sorrowful spirit, not for fear of wrath, but under a daily sense of superabounding mercy to the worst of sinners. "Favour is deceitful, sad beauty is vain: but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised. Give her of the fruit of her hands, and let her own works praise her in the gates," Prov. xxxi. 30, 31. You must take this in the rough; I have no time to cast it in a second mould. If your brother, whom I once saw, would take a copy of it, and some Tuesday night come home with me in the coach, and give me the counterpart, would greatly oblige,

Your ready servitor,
W. H. S.S.

LETTER CLXX.

TO THE SAME.

MAKE no apologies to me, Betty, put no encomiums on me, my titles and all my honours lie in S. S., my ambition aspires no higher than to appear what I know I am, namely, a sinner saved; this is all my salvation, and all my desire. Christ hath received thee, my sister, and thou art welcome to my barrel, to my lamp, and to my cruse, as long as one handful of meal, one ray of light, or one drop of the oil of joy remains in them.

I was glad to see thee, and am thankful to my God for setting thy face Zion-ward, and for honouring his unworthy servant to be the standard-bearer, to which all-conquering love compelled her to submit. And I entreat thee, my sister, to bear the cross with fortitude and patience, no cross no crown, no cross no comfort, no cross no appetite, no cross, no fervour in devotion, no energy in prayer, no attention to the shepherd's voice, no watchfulness on the hand of God, no purging, purifying, renewing, reviving work going on, nay, nor the soul-supporting presence of God, who is a very present help in trouble.

Thus far I had wrote last week; Monday morning. I bless the Lord for his kind condescension, in sending my poor sister such refreshings from his presence; these are dewy seasons, set feasts, banqueting times, halcyon days, days of the Son of man. But the lamb must be eaten with bitter herbs, feasts and fasts are to succeed each other; we often go from the banqueting house to the tents of Kedar, and from the glorious report and testimony of our sonship, into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil, as did our Lord before us. "But all things shall work together for good to them that love God, and are the called according to his purpose."

You tell me in your's that you took courage, and begged of Christ to pray for you; not so, my sister, Christ is never represented as praying in heaven. He offered up strong cries and prayers as man and mediator upon earth, and was heard in that he feared, but in heaven not so; he perfumes with the abundance d his grace, and the sweet savour of his sacrifice, the prayers of all saints on the golden altar: but as an ever-living intercessor, he is in his various office-characters, and under his eternal consecration and appointment, and in his glorious and finished work, an everlasting intercession; heaven is not a place of prayer, nor a house of prayer, but of praise. Thou dost not understand the wise man, my daughter, when Solomon says, "Let a man rejoice in his own works;" in the lowest sense be doth not mean the works of the flesh, which are sin, nor the works of the law, which can never justify or save; but he means the labour or works of a man's own hands in his lawful calling, as he tells you how he himself at first rejoiced in his own contrivances and performances.

But in the highest sense he doubtless means the good work of grace on a man's own heart, the works of a man's own faith, the labours of his own love, the experience, changes, or workings of his own mind, which is what Paul advises to; "Let every man prove his own work, and then shall he have rejoicing in himself alone, and not in another," Gal. vi. 4; in his own experience, and not in the experience of another; in his own testimony, and not in the good opinion that another may entertain of the goodness of his state. Thus to rejoice is to rejoice in the good work of grace, begun and carried on in a man's own soul; the ground of this joy is the inward witness of the Spirit, which is better and more sure than the witness of any good man; for, "If we receive the witness of men, the witness of God is greater." Betsy, farewell, be of good comfort; grace and peace be with thee. Amen, and Amen.

W. H., S. S.

LETTER CLXXI.

TO THE SAME.

My dear Sister,

"ALL that will live godly in Christ Jesus, shall suffer persecution," more or less, 2 Tim. iii. 12. It is given on our behalf not only to believe on Christ, but also to suffer for his sake, Phil. i. 29. The tares must be dried for the fire, as well as the wheat ripened for the barn. Israel must wander forty years in the wilderness, till the iniquity of the Amorites is full. The hotter the furnace, the sooner over, it is nothing but a burning caustic, to draw out and discover your bad humour, and to eat off the proud flesh, and then it will be over; "The rod of the wicked shall not always rest on the lot of the righteous, lest the righteous put forth his hands to iniquity."

There is no cause to fear the fury of the oppressor; if God be for us, who can be against us? It is one of the promises of the new covenant, that the righteous shall see their fall. When we see the enemy in the scorner's chair; when he begins to set his mouth against the heavens, and to ridicule the counsel of the Most High, which are evident tokens of perdition; we know that they are got almost to the brim of their measure, and to the end of their chain. God stayeth his rough wind, in the day of the east wind; the wrath of man shall praise him when it meets with justice, and the remainder of wrath will he restrain.

All that I can do for my dear Betty is, to pray for her, to stay her with flagons, and to comfort her with a few apples; I cannot visit her, there is a lion in the way; and she will not visit me, or cannot, being under the command of Nabal. However, kindred souls are often the closest together, when the farthest asunder, being under the influence of him that filleth all space, and filleth all in all. It will not be many years before we shall

have a happy and a lasting meeting, where we shall talk it all over and talk it out, without having our ears bombarded with oaths and curses, or the conversation interrupted with a fallen countenance. Till then, Betty, we must take it according to the tenor of the covenant, for better for worse, till death us do part, and not be afraid with any amazement. My love to brother, and a certain saint saluteth thee,

LETTER CLXXII.

TO THE SAME.

A Nosegay of Spring Flowers, in acknowledgment of the New Year's Gift.

MY daughter's kind gift is received,
Attended with hallowed fire;
Kind Mercy her wants has relieved,
I hope she'll remember her sire.

If the oil she has drawn from my cruse
Has furnished her tongue with this tale;
'Tis plain its of excellent use,
Let her pray that it never may fail.

If Betty's first husband be dead,
If Betty's divorced from the law,
Let her never prove false to her head,
Nor suffer his love to withdraw.

The soul that is Jesu's delight
Both devils and sinners shall foil,
Their garments shall always be white,
And their head be anointed with oil.

My daughter abides by the flock,
'Tis Dinah that loveth to roam
Abide in the cleft of the rock.
Good wives should be keepers at home.

The soul that's ordain'd to repent,
The bowels of mercy shall move;
His folly shall surely lament,
And weep the contrition's of love.

The tokens of mercy benign
Leave lasting impressions of grace,
All manifestations divine
Convey'd by the rays of his lace.

Poor rebels with wonder adore
To see their own hardness depart,
When he puts in his hand by the door,
And slides back the bolt of the heart.

The infinite debtor's enlarged,
And ransom'd from death and from bell,
The ten thousand talents discharged,
And the prisoner creeps from his cell.

All glory to sovereign grace,
All praise to a covenant God,
Who pities a ruinous race,
And cancels their debts by his blood.

All peace be to Betty and me,
All peace to her brother, and then,
Much grace to her mother, that she
May trust in the Saviour of men.

W. HUNTINGTON, S. S.

LETTER CLXXIII.

TO THE SAME.

Dear Betty,

I AM glad to hear thou art yet alive. My dearest Lord and poor I are still in harmony, still in union, communion, in perfect friendship, and walking together, insomuch that I scarce refrain a day in a month, weeping over his undeserved, unexpected, and unimplored goodness. No infant was ever more indulged, more dandled, more nursed, more safely led, and kindly treated, than thus poor, much-despised, self-loathing coal-heaver. To this world I die daily, and to all short of the sensible embraces of immortal love. Never did his providence appear so conspicuous and so replete, never were his visits more frequent, never was my success in conversion so great. I have had the accounts of five this week. I bless my God in covenant for calling, teaching, and sending me himself; I bless him for keeping me singular, for not suffering me to enter into any connexions or combinations, cords of sins and bonds of iniquity; I bless him for not suffering me to say a confederacy. My sweetest moments are those spent in secret, and the sweetest company when quite alone. He makes my study a Bethel, and my pulpit the field of victory my heart his storehouse, and my tongue both a piercing sword and saving health.

Had I been favoured with a line from thee sooner, I would have come down, and given an exhortation at thy father's house, for I well know that all attempts to get me into a connexion pulpit would prove vain. Chapels are chiefly built, not for Christ in substance, but for Christ in name; they collect, found, build, and open in the name of Jesus, and for his name, but Jesus living in the heart is quite sufficient to bar the doors; these hold fast his name, and have a name to live, but

if Christ lived in them, they could not live without the word of life from living souls. We have more deaths than births, and more funerals than resurrections, more scenes of the dead burying the dead, than savours of life unto life: this is a lamentation, and must pass for a lamentation; nevertheless the time will come when Christ will say, what I will not say, namely, that they shall know that there hath been a prophet among them.

O Betty, beware of the snares of the infernal fowler, who lays his nets to entangle, and then gathers up his charges against the entangled, brings guilt into the conscience, and guilt lets in the accuser; this is the grief of the spirit, and this the death of all comfort. Nothing will suffice but the operations of God, nothing humble us but the deep and lasting impressions of goodness and severity, and nothing will crucify us to this world but Christ crucified in us. Tender my kind respects to father and mother, and to all that love my All, though they have not seen my face in the flesh. Adieu. Grace and peace be with thee.

Ever thine in Christ Jesus,
W. HUNTINGTON.

LETTER CLXXIV.

TO MR. M., NOW MRS. B.

WELL, Betty, how dost thou come on, my daughter? I hope thou sharest in the rich repast, and sweet banquets, which (according to what I hear) you are entertained with in my absence. The good Lord is very kind and favourable to me, he hath not let me have one real barren time in my soul in the pulpit, since my arrival here. Of all his creatures I am the least, and the most unworthy, and yet of all creatures the most indulged; but he will dwell with them that tremble at his word, he will love them that love him, and them that honour him he will honour. No state so safe, so sure, as that of being poor in spirit, and dependent on his fulness; he knows them that trust in him, and them that trust in themselves; he will humble the proud and exalt the humble.

This place is truly Tottenham and the Tabernacle, never more profession nor less possession in any place than in this; legions of young candidates, as the cant word is, for the ministry, but not the least sign of one qualification for it. But my happiness lies in my God and Saviour, and if I cannot find it there, I can find it nowhere else. O how few is the number of God's elect! and not one preacher in a thousand in the possession of one thing that accompanies salvation; what a blessed thing to be taught of God, and to know whom we have believed. I had about a dozen divines under me last Tuesday evening, and expect fourteen to the dozen this night; I shall help to store their garrets, that is all that is required by those who have got a pulpit in their head; their eye is single at human applause, and God gives them human shame, when they have got their reward of Hosanna. Give my love to James, Mr. and Mrs. B., and to all that love the altogether-lovely Lord Jesus Christ.

Ever thine in heart and affection,
W. H., S. S

LETTER CLXXV.

TO S. TURNER, MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL, HELMSLEY.

July 16, 1807.

My dear Soon, grace and peace be with thee through our Lord Jesus Christ.

YOUR second epistle came to hand, but I am a man of much " business. The offence of the cross always attends the spiritual man, and the work of the Spirit; and it is nothing else but light and life that exasperates Satan, and he alarms his allies and auxiliaries. Where the cross gives no offence Satan sustains no injury, because there is no translation of sinners from the kingdom of Satan into that of God's dear Son, and of course darkness and death bear rule, for Satan's reign is in darkness and death. The cross of Christ will support itself, and defray its own expenses; the devil labours to make it our shame, but God has made it our glory. To men of sin it is foolishness, but to men of grace it is the wisdom of God in a mystery. The cross is Satan's destruction, and man's salvation. The secret council of God from eternity is brought to light by it, and is seen in it; and they labour to shame the counsel of the poor, because Christ crucified is his refuge. All flesh hath corrupted his way, all the powers of our soul being corrupted from the way of love, which was God's way when God created man; but enmity, conceived under the operation of Satan, altered the whole course of nature, and this corruption or perversion of nature makes a cross within; and all that adhere to Satan's interest, being the serpent's seed, makes a cross without. But the cross is lined with love, and will never wring the shoulder but only when self-will, pride, consequence, or self-seeking, strive to bear rule. The old man is often galled, but the new man never complains of the cross.

Some time ago some persons at S— — wrote to me about this L— —, but, as I so much disliked him, I would not see him. Soon after this a creditable man called on me, and wished me to see him; I assigned my reasons for not seeing him; however, I found that this man knew nothing of him, but he was applied to, to introduce him to me: I therefore permitted him to come, and let him go on and let as long as he pleased, but there was no harmony or consistency in any thing he said; and I am fully persuaded that he is an utter stranger both to his own heart and to God also.

His asserting that I have sent out so many preachers, is absolutely false, for, strictly speaking, I never sent out one. Tom Smith had preached long before ever I knew him, nor was he ever a member with us. Vessey never belonged to our church, and had preached long before ever I knew him. L— — that went to G— —, came from, — —, and was at Simpson's Academy, but never belonged to us. A— — had preached two years at Margate, but it was unbeknown to me, though I have no doubt but he is a child of God.

Nor did I send you out, for you had spoken in public before I knew it. I recommended you to Helmsley, and the letter I sent is still there; nor do I repent of it: and if any of the friends at Helmsley wish for L— —, let them dismiss you, I will bear your expenses to London, and engage to employ you elsewhere. Send me L— —'s address in your next, and you will oblige,

Ever your's,
W. H., S. S.

LETTER CLXXVI.

TO THE SAME.

Dear Friend,

IT is hard work now for me to write, my right hand has forgot its cunning. The nerves catch it up, or draw it aside, so that it becomes disobedient and unmanageable. I have also got a cold and a slow fever. The City Chapel being low, damp, and cold, it doth not suit the infirmities of old age. I often think of my dismissal from the field of action, and hope for an honourable discharge and an eternal pension, on the footing of grace, and according to the promise in Christ; and these things prompt me to collect my evidences and good qualifications together, as is the usual method of all self-righteous persons.

1. I greatly confide in the singular piety of my forefather, Abraham, who was God's friend, and whose blessing is come upon me through faith: but above all, the everlasting Father, who went about doing good, and healing all that were oppressed of the devil, for God was with him. My mother also was a most venerable and honourable matron, the handmaid of the Lord in the best sense, I mean the heavenly Jerusalem, who is the mother of us all. So much for my pedigree.

2. I thank my God also that I am not as other men, for I am the chief of all sinners. Nor am I like that poor publican, for I can lift up my eyes to God with pleasure, which he dared not do.

3. I can say to the most refined pharisee, and even to the god of this world, "Stand by thyself, come not near to me, for I am holier than thou," and yet even this is not a smoke in the Lord's nose, nor a fire that burns to his displeasure.

4. I can look back upon a well-spent life also, believing in my conscience that Christ lived a life of unspotted obedience for poor sinful me.

5. I can bless God for an honest and good heart, being persuaded that the Lord has taken away the stony heart, and given me an heart of flesh, and that Christ dwells in it by faith, therefore it must be good.

6. I do comfort myself with my own righteousness, being more than sure that I have received the abundance of grace, and the gift of righteousness; and what God gives me that I call my own, for not as the world giveth, giveth he unto us.

7. I have obtained a good name in the world, in spite of all mine enemies; a new name, which Malice, with all her venom, cannot spoil me of. God predestinated me to the adoption of a son; the Spirit of God has cried Abba, Father; and Christ has given me power in faith to become one-this is the new name which the mouth of the Lord, not man, shall name. Yea, more., many men, eminent for piety, who have spoke as they were moved by the Holy Ghost, have called me a child of God. In all these instances it appears to be a new name, and in all these ways the mouth of the Lord names it, and no other.

8. I am constrained also to acknowledge, that God's free Spirit has made me a willing and loyal subject of Christ in the day of his power, so that I do engage and abound in the work of the Lord most freely willingly, and cheerfully, under the operation of a free Spirit, which greatly inclines my heart to this doctrine of free-will.

9. I do declare that no man shall stop me of this boasting in all the regions of Great Britain, viz. that I am a member of the church of England; for she says, The church of God is a company of faithful men, and that God hath constantly

decreed, before the foundation of the world was laid, to deliver from curse and damnation those whom he hath chosen in Christ out of mankind, and to bring them by Christ to everlasting salvation as vessels made to honour. This God himself has made known to me, for I have prayed to God the Holy Ghost to have mercy upon me a miserable sinner, and he has heard my prayer, and given me a lively faith in God's mercy through Christ, and a most thankful remembrance of his death. These are some few of the evidences, tokens, and good qualifications that I am scraping together against that day, to serve as a cordial, a prop, and a support in my conflict with our last enemy.

Ever your's,
W. H., S. S.

P. S. I should be glad to see my dear friend. I am going to move to Pentonville.

LETTER CLXXVII.

TO THE SAME.

My dear Turner,

OUR chapel will soon be ready to open, and Lewes is at present without a minister; I wish you would come up to town and stay awhile. If you are troubled with the gout in your pocket, you are welcome to ten pounds as soon as you come; I long much to see you. I have been a round into Sussex and Kent, and am but just returned: and surely the good Lord has been with me, and still blesses, owns, and gives testimony to the word of his grace; while those that contend for Moses, get nearer and nearer the mount, more and more benighted, more useless, more barren, more dry, and more dead. But we know who is the true light, the resurrection and the life.

Oh, Turner! let him in your labours be all in all, for such the word of God reveals him, and nothing less; and this is the work which God will own, confirm, and seal, and no other.

God bless you. Excuse haste.

LETTER CLXXVIII.

TO THE SAME.

My dear Friend,

I AM still in the bricks and mortar, or you would have heard from me before. More than three months' continual bustle has fallen to my share, but nothing, I hope, will ever be sufficient to remove my heart from my God, or my God from my heart. But I am so beset with intruders and builders, that if I do not awake by four o'clock in the morning I cannot settle my books, take stock, or count my cash, and without this it is in vain to occupy till he comes, because I know not whether I gain or lose by trading. I know I began with two talents, and I am more than sure thus to be contented with godliness is great gain, because the Holy Spirit, his grace, influences, and operations, together with the benefits of Christ's death which he applies, is the only power and real substance of what the scriptures call godliness. And what can be greater gain than a divine person, who is the breath of our nostrils, our animator, and eternal comforter? We are the temples of the Holy Ghost, and he is the beauty of holiness, and is that holiness that becomes this house for ever. Upon him my soul waits for instruction, for light, for help, for proper frames of mind, for proper words in the work, and for power to clothe them and make all effectual. In spirit and in truth must all true worshippers worship, for the Father seeketh such, and no other, to worship and to adore him. This is our inward glory, and our furniture for every good work. I am glad that you find yourself at home among my dear friends, and that you are enlarged among them. Tender my love to any that may inquire after the Coalheaver. Our new chapel is not only full but runs over. Your's most affectionately,

W. H., S. S.

LETTER CLXXIX.

TO F. A.

Helmsley.

My dear Friend in Christ Jesus, grace, mercy, and peace be with thee, through the mediation of the Son of the Father in truth and love.

I AM now in my little Cabin, on board the Providence, bound for the Cape of Good Hope and the fair havens. In this little delightful cell I have had many sweet and bitter hours, sweet indulgences, and cutting desertions. But so it must be, the paschal lamb was eaten with bitter herbs; John's little book was sweet and bitter, and so was Ezekiel's roll; and all the garments of the Son of God smell of myrrh and aloes; and with myrrh and aloes was the Son of God embalmed at his burial. The heart knows its own bitterness, and the stranger intermeddleth not with its joy; the latter is a day of prosperity in which we are bid to be joyful, the former a day of adversity in which we are to consider; God hath set the one over against the other.

It is well known that nothing is so salubrious, nothing so strengthening to the stomach, nothing promotes appetite like wholesome bitters, or bitter herbs. The believer goes in and out in the exercise of faith, and finds pasture. How sweet is the cup of salvation and the cup of consolation after a taste of the bitter cup, in which is sin and fear, guilt, shame, wrath, and death. But this bitter cup, with all its dregs, fell to the share of the surety of the better testament; our sipping of it gives us a fellowship with him in his sufferings; it is planting us together in the likeness of his death; it is a crucifying us together with him. It serves to furnish us with sympathy; we

look at him whom we have pierced and mourn, while a sense of his dying love, mixed with a sense of his sufferings, this, this melts us down in love together, and joins us to him, and makes us one with him! while the soul-transforming power and influence impress the image of the heavenly Adam on the soul! "Changed," saith Paul, "into the same image, from glory to glory, as by the Spirit of the Lord;" and the more we look to him, the more this transforming work goes on. Enlivening rays, refreshing dews descend; while humble acknowledgments and grateful praises ascend.

The fountain of life furnishes the river of pleasure, and the streams water the little hills of Zion, and make glad the city of God. "I will water them every moment," saith God, "and make their souls as a watered garden," Isai. lviii. 11. And when the countenance of the sun of righteousness is lifted up upon us, it exhales all the moisture, and draws it back again in acts of spiritual devotion. God is the fountain of living waters above, and grace is a springing well below; and as the fountain feeds the spring, so the spring rises up and sends back to God its overflowings. The heart of the wise is a well-spring of life, and the words of wisdom a flowing brook. "Spring up, O well, sing ye unto it."

Farewell. Grace and peace be with thee and all friends, so prays

The Sinner saved,
W. H.

LETTER CLXXX.

TO THE SAME.

Dear Friend,

I RECEIVED yours by the hand of Mr. C. and am glad you are well. I am still in the land of the living, though the devil is sorely vexed at it, for God still gives testimony to the word of his grace. His word runs and is glorified, and Satan will not part with his captives easily, and it is a sore grief to him that any one is raised up to seek the welfare of the children of Israel. He has pursued me with unremitting violence for thirty-three years, sometimes by all the fiery darts he can muster, and the most foul temptations; and sometimes by worldlings, impostors, apostates, heretics, and hypocrites; but God blasts all their plans, mars their counsels, frustrates the tokens of liars, carries the counsel of the forward headlong and makes diviners mad. Four or five of my worst enemies have been lately cut off as the foam upon the waters; but having obtained help of my God, the Coalheaver continues to this day. Many weapons have been formed against me, but they do not prosper: God has known my soul in adversity, and he has delivered me, and justified me, and accepted me in his dear Son, and revealed his Son in me; and this work is done for ever, and stands fast, and will never more be sifted up, canvassed over, nor will it, nor need it be repeated again. Whom God justifies them he also glorifies; once washed, for ever clean: "He that is washed, needeth not save to wash his feet, but is clean every whit," John xiii. 10; and in the wedding robe for ever just; pardon makes us nigh, and the best robe makes us one with him.

Sometimes I feel myself getting dry and unsavoury, having ploughed and sowed, harrowed and rolled, dunged and limed

sc long upon one part of the Lord's husbandry; this makes me fret and fear, pray, watch, and wait, for my soul dreads withering into a mere form; and when the new cruse, the oil, the salt, and the springing well rise up afresh and flow out, then at it I go again as long as fountain, or spring-well, or pool, river or stream, dew or rain, last; and then again I seem to be dried up like a potsherd, no moisture either in the fleece or in the floor; then I pray, and a terrible answer in righteousness comes, and into the furnace I go, cavilling, kicking, murmuring, and betting, till I get to the bottom; when the anchor of hope forbids any further descent, then up I come meek and soft, weeping and rejoicing, blessing and praising, kissing and hugging, till I have killed all my comforts, or hugged them to death, and then, like Samson shorn of his locks, I fret and repine. My love to all that favour the Son of God.

Ever your's,
W. H., S. S.

LETTER CLXXXI.

TO T. O.

Helmsley.

Dear Tommy,

"THE winter is past, the rain is over and gone, the flowers appear on the earth, the time of the singing of birds is come and, the voice of the turtle is heard in our land;" and this is the time that cripples, invalids, and old age with her crutches, creep out of their holes; and it is the poor, the halt, the lame, the maimed, and the blind, that are invited to grace the marriage feast of the Lamb of God; yea, these mystic members compose the bride, the king's daughter, and the Lamb's wife: "He that hath the bride is the bridegroom." Peace in the conscience is the soul's bridal shoes, faith is the bride's hand, the actings of faith or the exercises of it are the bride's fingers, and when faith can act on the love of God so as to bring it in, love is the soul's bridal ring, imputed righteousness put on by faith is the soul's wedding garment, the Spirit and his grace are the church's inward glory, and love to the truth is the chain of her neck; a sense of pardoning love is her lamp of salvation, and joy is the oil in her vessel: "The light of the righteous rejoiceth, when the lamp of the wicked is put out."

The incarnation of Christ is his espousing our nature, and regeneration is our open espousals to him; he is by the former flesh of our flesh, and by the latter we are joined to the Lord and are one spirit with him. And, "He that loveth is born of God;" and to desire him (Christ) above all, is love in the smoking flax; for "The desire of a man is his kindness;" but, love in the joy of it is love not in the smoke, but in the heat and in the flame. Pray how does Mrs. O. do? Tell her that the

troublers of Israel, the Coalheaver, the Doctor, sends his kind love to her, wishing her all peace, health, wealth, and prosperity, long life, and liberty, and the enjoyment of that sun which never goes down. All hail! and good success to us farmers. God speed the plough, and bless the seed sown, and increase the fruits of righteousness by settling the furrows, watering the ridges, blessing the springing, and crowning the harvest.

Amen and amen says,
W. H.