

# LETTERS

## *On various Subjects.*

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### LETTER I.

*To the Church of Christ who assemble in Ebenezer  
Chapel, Leicester.*

London, May 6, 1804.

DEAR FRIENDS IN THE TRUTH,

THE immortal mind of man is constituted of such capacious powers, as to render earthly objects incapable of satisfying its insatiate thirst for solid enjoyment. In a natural and unrenewed state it continually pursues, without ever obtaining the object of its pursuit, *Happiness*. For through the influence of that carnality and enmity to God, which fallen man is the natural subject of, he seeks happiness in those objects which are, in their very nature, calculated only to pierce his soul through with the keenest pain. And though he meets with perpetual disappointments, his mind, devoid of contentment, is ever on the wing, if possible, to reach that summit, which has to the present, proved insurmountable to its various attempts.

Happy, inexpressibly happy, the man whose eyes are opened to see his depravity; who feels his natural wretchedness; and whose heart, touched by the finger of divine grace, thirsts for God, weeps after Christ, and, finds the *eternal God* a sweet refuge, and the everlasting arms of love and mercy, affording that sweet solace of soul, and that indescribably delightful peace, which nothing terrestrial can ever interrupt!

The enjoyment of God, as having loved, still loving, and for ever loving my soul, is with me the summit of mental happiness, and I believe even of the joys of heaven! And I am more than ever convinced, that the Lord is not confined to the outward ordinances of his house, in administering strength and consolation to the weary and dejected mind.

Notwithstanding, my dear brethren, I know the value and preciousness of public worship and ordinances—I know their value and preciousness in a two-fold sense; first, from the sweet enjoyment of them, in past seasons, and secondly, at this very time, by the distressing deprivation of them. It affords me a peculiar joy at this gloomy time, to recollect the sweet times I experienced at *Leicester*, in assembling with *you*, to besiege a throne of grace with united hearts, and to mingle souls in the defence, and sweet enjoyment, of precious truth—the truth as it is in Jesus. There God was pleased to reveal himself, and was en-

joyed to our mutual comfort, and individual refreshment!

But, O what sadness mingles with my joy, that I cannot meet with you at this time! Yet, though at a distance, I am persuaded we are one in the sweet bonds of gospel truth and love. But as I have not an opportunity to address you verbally, I would make the pen the vehicle of that truth, which I would, as an instrument in the divine hand, communicate for your spiritual comfort, and which I earnestly wish to defend among you. I must first tell you something of my own experience. I have felt, since I came here great barrenness of soul, till Friday evening last, when I was very powerfully affected, and my stony heart melted down at a view of the amazing esteem and regard that the God of grace has for me, and the pleasure he takes in me; even in *me*! That sweet, that inexpressibly sweet scripture, afforded me unbounded consolation: *The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms*: Deut. xxxiii. 27. My views of the passage were something like these:

The eternal *God*—the *God* of grace, love, mercy, &c. to whom I am brought near by the blood of Christ, and who has repeatedly taken me in the arms of divine forgiveness, to bring my wandering soul back to himself—this God is my God for ever and ever! The *eternal*—eternal in his love, power, decrees, &c. who cannot change, for he is the *eternal* God; and this eternal

God is my *refuge*—a refuge for the guilty, unworthy, and those pursued by powerful and terrible foes ; for the weak, feeble, cast down, persecuted—and this glorious, never failing, and impregnable refuge, is mine, and beneath me—I who am tempted of the devil, persecuted, and severely afflicted—still beneath me are the arms of everlasting power, love, mercy, and consolation ! What then have I to fear ? Bless the Lord, O my soul—How mercifully have I been preserved !—O what a debtor to mercy !—How often, when less exposed to moral evils than I now am, have I been captivated thereby ; and what would be my miserable state now, if given up to what I feel lurking within me ! I never felt a greater necessity of crying with the Psalmist, Psalm xvi. 1. “ *Preserve me, O God, for in Thee do I put my trust.*” David was one of the vilest sinners, yet enjoyed communion with God ! O how infinitely free is grace ! It covers all our faults, hides all blemishes, pardons all sins, removes all distresses, conquers every lust, and raises the whole heart to the God of amazing love—O love incomparable ! surpassing all thought ! I expected I should have died yesterday—and what then ? This divine love would have taken me from all sin and sorrow to the church triumphant, where Jesus, the darling theme of my soul, would have introduced me into the glorious company of those, who through great tribulation, entered the joy of their Lord—There I should have joined the once persecuted Joseph, Micah, Jeremiah, Paul, Peter,

Silas—who washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the *Lamb*—Preserve me, O my God, unto thy heavenly kingdom!—David, in the above passage, saw himself exposed to enemies, snares, and dangers; feeling his imbecility, and knowing that his fall was inevitable without gracious support, cried *Preserve me, O God!* He was not self-kept, but divinely preserved; and the Lord, by painful experience, will teach his people to know it. The cry of my soul at this time is—*Preserve me, O God*

1. From despair and bondage of soul.—Bodily confinement is not comparable with that state of mind, when guilt of conscience, springing from a remembrance of horrid rebellion against the Lord, accompanied with extreme darkness and vanity of thought, pervades every power! In such a state the child of God forgets his resting place, and is jealous of God himself! And sometimes concludes that he has no love to his soul. The enemy takes an advantage of this dark and distressful time; and I know, from what I have felt, that contracted guilt creates erroneous, and even horrid thoughts of God! The devil represents your case in a most horrible light; as singular, or your wounds as incurable, and your departed peace of soul irretrievable! This harrows up every power of the soul with the most intolerable distress, and then we unite with *Hezekiah*, and conclude, “I shall go softly all my years in the bitterness of my soul.” A person once tried in this way, and res-

tored to the enjoyment of God, learning from such state his weakness, cries, Preserve me, O God, from guilt of conscience, and from hard and horrid thoughts of thee!

2. Preserve me, O God, from self-destruction. O horrid thought! Shocking temptation this to the child of God! but His preserving goodness shall be victoriously displayed in the deliverance of all his people!

3. Preserve me from the world. It was the prayer of him who cried with unequalled fervency to his Father, and our Father, that he would keep us from the evil of the world. Its inward workings, as well as its outward enticements are detestable; yet such is human depravity, that I know of no enemy which has more, if so much, advantage of us; for we are of the earth earthy. I believe we are not so soon overcome by the temptations of Satan, as we are by the allurements of the world. Feeling how easily it overcomes and captivates, the soul divinely taught, cries for divine preservation. One thus tempest-tossed, and who has been in the deep waters of mental affliction, even when liberty and peace are restored, from a recollection of the dangers he has been exposed to, and the deliverance the Lord hath wrought for him, cries, "Preserve me, O God, that I no more wander from thee—that I no more grieve the Spirit. O preserve me from the evils which I yet feel myself the sub-

ject of, and let me no more be led captive by mine enemies ! *Preserve* my soul in liberty and peace ; preserve and keep that *good conscience* which thou, dear Jesus ! hast given, through the virtue of thy blood. O how soon is a good conscience defiled ! Keep down my corruptions, and keep me *pure* in my conscience ! Preserve me from men, from all the stratagems of hell, and from every error and evil work !”

Or, should it be the will of the Lord to put the soul into a state of affliction, its cry is still, “ Preserve me, O God, from every murmur and complaint which I feel myself prone to make against thy *divine Majesty* ! O preserve me while I pass through the fire, and keep me from sinking while in the *deep waters*” ! (Is.xliiii. 2.) May the Lord, thus teach us to pray, and *mercifully*, of his covenant *goodness*, *preserve* us from every foe, from all evil, and in every time of trial ! May he preserve us *alive* to *himself*, and keep us from *falling*, for Jesus’ sake !

And may the Lord pour out a spirit of fervent prayer upon my dear friends, assembled in *Ebenezer Chapel*, that they may, with *prevailing* cries, recommend to the God of all grace, their unworthy, but truly affectionate friend,

W. W. H.

## LETTER II.

*To the Church of Christ, meeting at Ebenezer Chapel, Leicester.*

London, May 13, 1804.

MY DEAR BRETHREN,

IT is with a pleasure peculiar to gospel affection, that I address you in the solemn and glorious name of the *eternal God*. My mind, in the course of the past week has been remarkably tried—remarkably dejected, because, having lost sight of my resting place, a precious Redeemer, had no source of consolation, no foundation for rejoicing. But my cry has been, though a feeble cry indeed, Revive thy work! and I am persuaded, that the Lord this morning has been pleased to shew me a token for good. I was favored with an opportunity of crying unto the Lord with my voice, and may add, he hath heard me from his holy hill. That text has been truly precious to me, in Psalm cix. 4. *For my love they are my adversaries; but I give myself unto prayer.*

For my love to truth they are my adversaries, for they know not, they obey not the truth. For my love of gospel liberty they are my adversaries, who are endeavoring to keep God's Israel in spiritual bondage. For my love of the church and people of God, they are my adversaries; and this is equally as applicable to

you as myself—such of you as through unfeigned love to *Jesus*,

“ Dare to defend his righteous cause,

“ And yield obedience to his laws.”

You have a cross to bear, or ye could not follow him. And you will ever find the seed of the serpent hissing when truth is proclaimed, and likely to gain ground in any place. But amidst all those embarrassments of soul which inwardly distress, with the derision and contempt poured upon me by the zealous Pharisees of the age, it is my consolation to know *Him*, yes, and to know him *for myself*, whom to know is life eternal. I can recollect, with grateful praise to the Lord, how visible he has made his saving arm in my preservation. And O! a thousand times how have I exposed myself to the most imminent dangers—repeatedly upon the very verge of a dismal fall! and my fall rendered inevitable by those evils which inwardly distress and war against the soul. I well recollect a trying time, when every avenue of comfort was closed, and deliverance appeared at the greatest distance, that *He*, with whom all things are possible, completely delivered me from my almost insupportable distress, by a discovery of the sweetness of this precious scripture: “ I will look unto the Lord; I will wait for the God of my salvation: my God will hear me.” Happy the man who is under the necessity of pur-

suing this line of conduct, and who is taught to speak this language—language which unrenewed men cannot adopt; as their eyes are blinded and their foolish hearts darkened, it is impossible they should look unto the Lord, until the precious Jesus, whose office it is to open blind eyes, is pleased to turn them from darkness to light, and open their understandings that they may understand the scriptures, and discern the things of the spirit of God; which to a natural man are foolishness, however wise he may be in the wisdom of this world. The learned philosopher, with all his boasted rationality, and by all his diligent and critical researches into the works, the wonderful works of the great *Creator*, is incapable of comprehending the things of the Spirit. He cannot see any excellency in Christ, for “The world by wisdom know not God.”

The moralist may purify his conduct, and by an exemplary and virtuous life, render himself a very useful member of society, and thereby obtain the praise, and even excite the admiration of the world; yet remain ignorant of the excellency of Christ crucified, and a stranger to his fallen condition; and die in his sins, even without any alarm at the approach of death. And with this denomination we may class vast numbers who have the form of godliness; the name of christian, and every external appearance of people devoted to God, yet, denying the power, and opposing the truth of the *eternal Spirit*. demonstrate to

every one of any spiritual discernment, that they have never been with *Jesus*. To such he hath no form nor comeliness. But ye have not so learned Christ.

An almighty work, a gracious change must be effected in the soul; a change which the subject of, is made feelingly acquainted with, before ever the soul can look unto the Lord, or behold the *Lamb* in his excellency.

1. The poor guilty sinner is looking to a thousand objects for relief and deliverance before he will look unto the Lord; and when his eyes are ever turned that way, there is nothing but a fearful looking for of judgment and fiery indignation, which shall devour the adversaries of God!

2. The sensible sinner, who is not only brought to loath sinful self, but with an holy indignation of soul, to detest his own pretended righteousness, to smell the disagreeable stench, and to see the nauseousness of those filthy rags of *fleshly* sanctification, and inherent righteousness, with which he would fain have covered his naked soul, and entered the courts of the King of kings, is the only person whose eyes are opened to look unto the Lord: such a soul sees a suitableness in *Jesus*; in whom is every thing requisite to render him perfectly holy and happy! He looks with desire and affection, and, encouraged by him who is

saying, "Look unto me and be ye saved, all ye ends of the earth," prostrate at his feet, he breathes out these his desires:—"With my soul have I desired thee in the night; yea, with my spirit within me will I seek thee early:—Let him kiss me with the kisses of his mouth, for his love is better than wine!"

But with a solemnity due to this most divinely interesting subject, I would enquire when the child of God looketh unto him, having such an exhibition of his divine glories as removes all fear, doubt, and hesitation concerning his interest in him; and with a peculiar animation and delight of soul, prompts him to make claim to all the blessings of his new covenant? This is a subject, my friends, which I have not only investigated with close attention to the sacred records, but, with a lively sense of my nearness to God by his dear Son, and with the most delightful views of his glory in the face of Christ.

The reply to such enquiry is easy—When the Lord looketh upon the soul, he then, with divine rapture, humble hope, filial love, and strong confidence, looketh unto the Lord.—The Lord turned and looked upon Peter. O that heart-melting look!—What did it do for Peter? What has it done for thousands of the redeemed? He comes, and as a Sun to his people, in all the refulgence of his love, warms, melts, fructifies, and makes inexpressibly joyful, the soul that be-

fore was bewildered with distressing uncertainty, and benighted with the most dejecting gloom of unbelief! If he hide himself none can find him. Vain and unskilful are the self-righteous exhortations to look unto him!—fruitless the diligent researches made by the troubled mind!—None can see him, none can find him, till he comes freely, voluntarily, graciously, mercifully, and affectionately: and when he comes, O what an evident change in the circumstances of the poor sinner! What! God enters the heart and the sinner insensible of the effects! What! brought out of wretchedness and woe, to happiness and consolation, and the person so delivered insensible of such wonderful and sweet deliverance! No, it is a change evident as it is sweet, and sweet as it is glorious! Now the exulting language of the soul is, I am filthy, but I will look to the fountain of Christ for purification—I am weak, but I will look to Jesus for strength—I am unrighteous, but I will look unto *the Lord my righteousness*, in whom I am justified, and can glory!

I will look unto the Lord, who is on a mercy seat—who is my compassionate father—my bosom friend! In all my afflictions I will look unto HIM who does all things well—In this happy frame of mind it is the consolation of the soul to say, “I will look with confidence in his love—I will look, for I can see nothing but beauty!—He whom mine eyes are fixed upon is altogether lovely! I can see in him no coldness,

no indifference, no inattention, no kind of disaffection towards me ; but all is *delight and love !*

I will look unto him when troubles arise, friends forsake, foes invade ; or whatever takes place of a trying nature. This is my privilege to look unto him, who is a very present help in trouble. And when the cold arms of death encircle me around—when my dissolution approaches, I will look unto him, who hath conquered this last enemy,

And death itself shall hear me sing,  
Rejoicing in his *love*.

But by an attention to the next sentence in the text, we shall find it to be particularly the language of a tried soul, who, though tried, has confidence in the gracious covenant, and a supporting persuasion of deliverance when the God of love sees it necessary. “I will wait.” The language of patience, in reply to that impatience so painfully felt in tribulation. The soul wants deliverance—is looking for it—expectation is disappointed ; deliverance is delayed ! and we well know that hope deferred maketh the heart sick—and a severe sickness it is : but there is a hope in the most distressing time, that bears up the afflicted mind—and hope in the divine declaration, “I will surely do you good.” And though we cannot see any deliverance near, but are involved in almost insupportable afflictions, we are saved

from sinking under them, by hope. "But hope that is seen is not hope; for what a man seeth, why doth he yet hope for; But if we hope for that we see not, then do we with patience wait for it." Therefore, when faith in the promises, and hope in the God of salvation are in exercise, the soul has a support of which none of its enemies can rob it. And this is its firm resolve "I will wait for the God of my salvation."

1. The poor sin-burdened soul, that doubts a thousand times whether it ever tasted of divine grace, or felt the power of godliness. "I will wait till he reveals salvation with power to me, for his goings forth are as the morning, and though it is a night season with my soul, I will wait till the sun of righteousness shall arise with healing in his wings."

2. I will wait, says the heaven-born soul, who is deserted of the Lord, till he returns and have mercy upon me; and till that sweet mercy shall quicken and enliven my immortal powers that are now in such benumbed and stupified state. To you, my friends, who have to lament a suspension of the divine presence, he has made a sweet and supporting promise—and observe, it is spoken to those who have great sorrow of soul,—"Ye now, therefore, have sorrow: but I will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice, and your joy no man taketh from you." O may he enable you to say, "I will wait for the God of my salvation!"

3. In temptation of soul, or in any outward trouble, this is the privilege of the tried saints: to have comfort, and inward support from the Lord, sufficiency of grace, strength proportioned to the day; an hope of deliverance out of trouble, or of protection in the midst of it. When God thus supports a man's immortal spirit, it will sustain his every infirmity: and in the worst of seasons he can sing of the tender mercies of the Lord.

“ There is mercy in every place,  
And mercy, encouraging thought?  
Gives even affliction a grace,  
And reconciles man to his lot.”

COWPER.

*My God will hear me.* For his dear Son's sake—for his mercy sake, and for the honor and glory of his own name, he will hear; for he hath not said, Seek ye my face in vain. My almighty God who is able to deliver. My omnipresent God, who is still with me—my God who loves me—my God who is carefully concerned for me—my God who delighteth in me—my father God, who is bound by the tenderest ties of relationship to provide me—my promise making God, who is faithful to perform, to his everlasting glory, what he has promised me!

*He will hear me,* to the confusion of his foes, to the rejoicing of his people, to the comfort of my soul, and to the promotion of his interest among you; and we shall yet praise him for the light of his countenance, and as our own God

in the rapturous triumph of ancient Israel, "The Lord of hosts is with us, the God of Jacob is our refuge." Now the God of peace, that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, the great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, make you perfect in every good work to do his will, working in you that which is well pleasing in his sight, through Jesus Christ, to whom be glory for ever and ever, Amen.

W. W. H.

### LETTER III.

*To the Church of Christ, meeting at Ebenezer Chapel, Leicester.*

May 24, 1804.

DEARLY BELOVED IN THE LORD,

THE inexhaustible treasure of God's word lies in mines so unfathomable to the human mind in its native state, that without his special assistance I feel the impossibility of writing any thing that will prove of real profit to your souls, or that will be in any respect, conducive to the Redeemer's Glory.

There certainly are things new and old in that thrice-blessed volume; all graciously intended, and admirably calculated, under the divine benediction, to spoil the strong holds of Satan, restrain the furious lusts of the flesh, to bind up the bleeding wounds of the vanquished, and inspire him with fresh courage to fight, under Christ's ban-

ner, and contend in his strength, with his hateful foes. The Bible, the neglected, but blessed book of God, was, when first given to the Church, divinely intended to comfort all that mourn, and to direct those whose faces are set Zion-ward. To give a word of alarm, reproof, exhortation, advice, direction, caution, encouragement, comfort, and relief, to the whole church of God, as the necessities of each individual may require.

But how we obtain such blessings from the Bible, how we receive them, and by what power they are communicated to our souls, deserve a particular discussion. That the Bible is a spiritual book, treating on spiritual things, cannot be denied—and that man is carnal sold under sin, with his understanding darkened, and foolishness bound up in his heart, we know to be a truth, from plain assertions in that blessed book. And such of us as have an acquaintance with ourselves, are daily constrained to acknowledge the truth of it, even before the throne of God! This being once admitted, (and who, possessing a single ray of spiritual light, can deny it?) it is immediately reduced to an incontrovertible truth, *that without the divine agency of the spirit*, no man can understand the Bible; no child of God can read it to profit, or derive any spiritual benefit from it. It contains spiritual things which are spiritually discerned, spiritually communicated, spiritually received, and spiritually enjoyed. The Bible is not, in the least, calculated to afford

any real comfort to the carnal mind, and the evident cause of our deriving so little comfort therefrom, is the carnality of our hearts. O what a privilege, then, to have a visit from the spirit of love! But he is not at our command? he acts as a sovereign; he comes when he pleases, and when ever he comes into the soul to afford consolation, by opening the understanding to comprehend the scriptures, he always speaks of Christ: and the soul is sensible, from the evident alteration of circumstances, that it is the blessed Comforter; to whom he is an infinite debtor for every ray of light, and for every drop of comfort that his soul ever enjoyed. And you know, my friends, that our gospel came not unto you in word only, but also in power, and in the Holy Ghost, and in much assurance.

You have, like the Thessalonians, received the gospel in the letter and word; but not in word only. And herein you are distinguished from many, denominated christians; who, though they have received the gospel in the word, the preached and written word, never felt its power. Yet even this class, is, comparatively composed of a very small number; for the great bulk of professors, in this dark day, never received the gospel, even in word! They have received something like the gospel; called by that name, but of a very spurious nature. Gospel, in the common acceptance of the word, is *Glad Tidings*, but that called gospel among many of the Calvinists of our day,

cannot, when properly examined, come under such an appellation. That which is commonly vended by the mountebank Divines of our day, under the title of gospel, is a counterfeit compound of Pelagianism and Arminianism, refined; and rendered a little palatable by a mixture of Calvinism. Or, in other words, they are preaching a salvation which is *almost* complete, but not quite. Why, what is wanting? Nothing more than this, grace is *almost* all in all, and Christ, they will tell you, has done very many excellent things, and there is now nothing more wanting (after those gentlemen have offered this kind of salvation) than for sinners indiscriminately, and immediately, to accept of it. And if you ask them how they are to set about this *work* of acceptance, they will not tell you that you must go on pilgrimage to Mecca or Jerusalem, or offer your body a sacrifice to atone for the sins of your soul; but this much they will tell you, that you must repent, believe, turn to God, and upon these *easy* terms accept of Christ, or you will be damned for your non-acceptance! Now, you that feel impenitent, unbelieving, dark, perverse hearts, what think you of their *easy* terms? And yet, to make this a little palatable to the more calvinistic part of their hearers, they will, by way of prevention, sometimes say, "Think not that we are Arminians, we believe that none can repent, believe, and turn to God, till God turns them; yet they ought, it is their duty, and if they do not accept of this Christ, and grace, which we offer them, they will be

damned for not accepting them." What think you of this *Glad Tidings*, my friends, which is the boasted gospel of the day?

But O, glory to free grace! ye have not so learned Christ.

There are others who have received the gospel. The gospel in its *purity* is come unto them, in *word*, and in word *only*. You will perceive by this, that embracing the gospel only in the preached word, is of no real profit to the soul. The writer to the Hebrews, chap, iv. 2. says, "Unto us was the gospel preached as well as unto them: but the word preached did not profit them, not being mixed with faith in them that heard it." This precious faith is the free and discriminating gift of Christ, which it was not his pleasure to bless them with; therefore the word preached did not profit them; though it came unto them, it came in word only, and not in the power. They all heard the word equally alike, all assembled together, and doubtless gave equally the same attention to the sound of the gospel, with the outward ear. But mark the distinguishing love of God. Herein is love; love to his own, which shines most gloriously in its distinguishing nature! The blessed spirit, who knoweth those that are his, by his divine agency, rendered the word preached effectual in the renovation of their souls; gave them special faith; and this preached word, in the power of it, was fastened in their souls as a nail in

a sure place. Herein consists the difference! They all made the same outward appearance, attended to the same external things, but the spirit wrought effectually, and made an internal change in his own; while the rest were blinded (Rom. xi. 17.) So true is that affectionate address of Christ to his disciples, "Unto you it is *given to believe*, but to them it is not given."

But our gospel came not unto you in word only but also in power. I believe that the power of the gospel is first felt, and becomes a joyful sound to the soul, in loudly and clearly proclaiming the wretched, miserable, helpless state of those to whom the Lord speaks favorably and graciously! That Christ died for the ungodly; to whom the Lord imputeth his righteousness without works. That he saveth by his own arm, which has brought salvation unto his people. O, sirs, what a sweet sound is that which God powerfully proclaims to the poor sensible sinner, in order that he may cease from his own works, and enter into rest in Christ! This passage, in the substance of it, is made known to every one who receives the gospel with power, "Not of works, lest any man should boast." The sweet sound, *not of works*, revives the sin-despairing soul, and emboldens him to use importunity with the Lord, upon the sweet and safe ground of his own free grace, and complete, unconditional salvation. Some of you that. I am now writing to, scruple very much to say, "I know that

my Redeemer liveth.”—But I appeal to your own feelings to attest the truth of what I now write: When sunk very low, by a heart impure, impenitent, and filthy, you have come, perhaps, to such conclusion as this, “It cannot be, that the spirit of God should dwell in such a heart as mine.” But what has been your state when the harmonious sounds of gospel grace and mercy have echoed in your soul?—A sweet declaration of Jehovah, that your deformity, ungodliness, impenitence, hard-heartedness, spiritual deadness, and all the complicated filthiness of your apostatized nature, were no bar at all to your salvation; because it is without money and without price! Just such commodity as you wanted—suitable to your case. Just such bargain as you wanted to make: for you had nothing to buy with, and nothing was wanted! Jehovah does not sell his sweet, rich, free love—no, he gave it freely to me, and to you, my brethren, and those, who, by their boasted performance of duties, are presuming to offer a price for it, know nothing of its intrinsic value—And I am certain the Lord looks with contempt upon every one who is thus presuming to come with something in their hands. “If a man would give the substance of his house for love, it would utterly be contemned.”

That the God of love and peace may be with you, and keep you together in the bonds of ever-

lasting love, is the ardent prayer of him, who is happy to subscribe himself,

Your affectionate friend,

And willing servant in the gospel of free grace,

W. W. H.

### LETTER IV.

*To the Church of Christ, meeting at Ebenezer Chapel, Leicester.*

June 2, 1804.

MUCH ESTEEMED FRIENDS,

THE indisposition of my body, together with that gloominess of mind which accompanied it, has rendered me almost incapable of entering upon any subject this week, which is, in any respect, calculated to afford you real edification. But I sit down now, dictated by brotherly love and a deep concern for Zion's welfare, desirous of writing that which would be my pleasure to communicate, were I favoured with an opportunity of addressing you from the pulpit.

The exercises of my mind have been various—sometimes a little elated with the amazing love of my covenant God—and O, though momentary, what unspeakably sweet seasons are those! At other times, cast down, dejected—hard thoughts

of God—vain, carnal and corrupt inclinations—and you know, you who have felt the same, how soon we are led captive when these inward foes are permitted to prevail against us. We then lose the enjoyment of our liberty in Christ, and have the bitterest reflections on our own deformity and pollution. O how often is that language reiterated by my aching heart, “I am all as an unclean thing!” This week “My complaint has been bitter indeed, and my stroke heavier than my groaning”—no sweet intercourse with the Redeemer ; no refreshment from the blessed Comforter ! But, on the contrary,

“ When I cast my eyes within,  
All is dark, and vain, and wild ;  
Fill'd with unbelief and sin,  
Can I deem myself a child ?”

Yes, blessed for ever be my gracious and loving Lord ! A child of his family ; adopted, chosen, redeemed, called, sanctified, and perfect, even as my Father which is in heaven is perfect ! —and all this in *Christ* !

“ Then give all the glory to his holy name,  
To him all the glory belongs ;  
Be your's the high joy still to sound forth his fame,  
And crown him in each of your songs.”

After such dismal complaint of soul-distress, you will say this is a sudden change, immediately

to assert my claim to all the blessings of grace in Christ! It is, my friends, a sudden change—a change not of my own seeking, or effecting; but by that invisible hand that worketh all things after the counsel of his own will. After great darkness of mind for two or three days, I enjoyed the best time in prayer I have known for many months, on Thursday morning about seven o'clock; succeeded by such a sweet calm and serenity of mind, which continued till Friday morning: when I could not help exclaiming, “I bless the Lord, because he hath heard the voice of my supplication, and hath attended unto my cry—he hath not totally forsaken me—he will not give me up to the will of my adversaries.” I was remarkably comforted in reading Ephesians i. especially verse 11. “In whom also we have obtained an inheritance, being predestinated according to the purpose of him, who worketh all things after the counsel of his own will.”

Blessed be the Lord that the beautiful edifice, the church of Christ, is not founded upon any human merit, or act of the creature whatever, but upon the sure and immoveable basis of the predestinating will and purpose of a covenant God in Christ! in whom we have obtained an inheritance.

1. Through the electing love of God in him; which was an ancient act, of Him whose goings-

forth were from everlasting. In all ages, through the legality of their proud nature, and the accusations of natural conscience, men have, in some method or other, been seeking this inheritance by an act of their own ; but the Apostle exposes the mistake, and lays the axe at the root of human pride, by tracing it back to the original cause, and ascribing all the power and glory to electing grace, “ And if by grace, then it is no more of works : otherwise grace is no more grace, but if it be of works then is it no more grace, otherwise work is no more work. What then ? Israel hath not obtained that which he seeketh for ; but the election hath obtained it, and the rest were blinded.” Here you find, my friends, very plainly stated by the Holy Ghost, that though the Jews sought it, they could not obtain it, for it is not to be obtained by seeking ; but it rejoices my heart, that the Lord, the God of grace, is found of them who sought him not ! And such are the election, or choice of God.

2. In a time-state they obtain a knowledge of this inheritance, and their heirship to it, upon the ground of God’s love. For I am persuaded that the sinner who is brought into the liberty of the Gospel, knows that Christ lives as his Redeemer. God’s people know in whom they have believed, for they have the witness in themselves, are sealed with the holy spirit of promise, and rejoice in Christ Jesus. If they did not know him for themselves, what would they have to rejoice in ?

But knowing him, they rejoice that they have pardon bought with blood, which has purged and delivered their consciences from guilt, administered peace, and given them boldness of access into those things, which compose the blessed inheritance within the veil. The triumph of such a soul is this, “ Though in my flesh dwelleth no good thing,” and so vile, so treacherous is my heart, that I cannot, I must not trust it ; for I should instantly fall were I left to sinful, proud, carnal, legal, abominable self—nevertheless, here is my consolation, my triumph, my bliss, my security, my everlasting salvation, and everlasting safety ! The promises of my God are unconditional and absolute—yea and amen, and he cannot, consistent with the immutability of his nature, go back from, or forfeit one of these exceeding great and precious promises—moreover he hath sworn by his holiness—and he cannot change—he is the eternal God, he cannot cease to be what he now is, he cannot deny himself—and he is my Father, who loved me, so that he gave his dear Son for my redemption ; and in the hands of this precious bleeding Christ I am secure—my life is hid in him—his life is my life—and because he lives I shall live also !—I have his own word for it. In him I am chosen, preserved, called, justified ; and in him I shall conquer all my foes, and, through the fire of tribulation, be brought to eternal glory !

I hope you will accept these preliminary

observations as a token of my love. Were it in my power I would still prosecute the subject, but through extreme indisposition of body I know not how to write; but hope to say more upon it in a few subsequent letters, which, through divine grace, I promise you, if God will; and which may be bless to you, and the glory of his great name for Christ's sake!

I remain, dear friends,

Your affectionate

W. W. H.

## LETTER V.

*To the Church of Christ, meeting at Ebenezer Chapel, Leicester.*

June 8, 1804.

DEAR BRETHREN IN TRIBULATION,

THE road to eternal life and glory, though marked out from eternity by everlasting love, and divinely paved with that mercy and goodness which have followed us all our days, is nevertheless, a narrow path to walk in, and attended with continual discouragements. But amidst them all, what our adorable Jesus has promised, shall be abundantly verified, in the final perseverance of his saints, who are all in his hands, and at his command—abundantly discouraged this week in

various ways, I have repeatedly been ready to conclude that it would be in vain for me to attempt addressing you any more by this method. But to the praise of the glory of his grace it is my privilege to say, with *Watts*,

“ He takes my soul e’er I’m aware,  
And shews me where his glories are.”

By which blessed refreshment, I have, in my soul, the complete fulfilment of that scripture, “To him that hath no might, he increaseth strength.” O that I may come unto you in this epistolary address, clothed in his might, and may the power of Christ rest upon you! The subject introduced in my last I well remember, for the passage was truly sweet to my soul; though I have, in the course of the week, many times, lost the sweet savor of it, and through the prevalence of evils within, lost sight of him who is the only resting place of my soul.

“ But my dear Lord returns again—  
He flies to my relief.”

He restoreth my soul, and leadeth me in paths of righteousness for his name sake—and I know (and blessed be the Lord I know for myself) that where grace reigns in the soul, it will ever produce a correspondent conduct—and notwithstanding the calumny invidiously poured out upon my doctrine, to injure me in the esteem of the

public, I have the blessed and heart-felt satisfaction to say, that for almost eleven years that I have preached the gospel, which so powerfully and miraculously won my soul at the first to Christ, under its sweet influence, I have endeavoured to exercise a conscience void of offence toward God, and toward man! And though I have had trials of a peculiar nature, since I came here, it has repeatedly been a Bethel to my soul: and I have been constrained to say, "*The Lord is here.*" It has been my principal concern to devote the precious time, I spend in this place, to the glory of God, and the benefit of his church; and now attend, with pleasure, to my proposed subject, Eph. i. 11, "*In whom we have obtained an inheritance,*" &c.

1. In whom—that is, in *Christ*. It hath pleased the Father that *in him should all fulness dwell*. We are nothing, my friends, and we possess nothing without Christ; but in him we are every thing that is delightful to the heart of God, and possess every thing necessary to make us everlastingly happy. We have a superabundance of blessings in him—Christ is yours, and all things are yours!

2. In whom we have obtained—We—Who? The election hath obtained it, and the rest were blinded. The Lord is found of those who sought him not, and those who sought to enter into rest were not able. For it is not of him that seek-

eth, neither does God hear for much speaking, therefore it is not of him that prayeth—Esau found no place for repentance, though he sought it diligently with tears: hence it is not of him that weepeth; neither is it of him that willeth, nor of him that runneth, *but of God*, who sheweth mercy! Then we very fairly and justly conclude, that those who obtain this inheritance are the objects of God's sovereign, electing, redeeming, regenerating and saving mercy. By virtue of their union to Christ they are the heirs of this inheritance—their right and title to it is in him. Heirs of God, and joint heirs with the Lord Jesus Christ. And now we must enquire how they gain possession; for the heir, as long as he is a child, differeth nothing from a servant, though he be Lord of all. Gal. iv. 1.

1. The Scriptures represent them as running to obtain it: 1 Cor. ix. 24. "Know ye not, that they which run in a race run all, but one receiveth the prize; so run that ye may obtain." There are many who are very fleet of foot, and run with great agility, but never obtain the prize. They run apparently in God's ways, and fly as upon the wings of the wind; loving, zealous, and ready (in pretension) to every good work—are determined to obtain the prize, whatever it costs them. But these are not God's racers; for Isaiah, who knew well what it was to run, says, "The lame take the prey:" but you never hear these light-heeled gentlemen complain of any lameness. They are

always ready for running, and, at the first start, outstrip many of God's children. But many, that are first, or foremost in this race, shall be last, and the last (those that come limping behind with wounds and lameness) shall be first; for many are called, by the sound of the gospel trumpet, to run, but few are chosen. At the first onset the road appears to be smooth; but the race is long, and the ground so rough, that without a continual supply of strength from the Omnipotent Jesus, the poor sinner could not persevere. When he first starts he feels well able to run; but a stiffness seizes his joints, his knees become feeble, his hands hang down with weakness, his head is sick, and his heart faint. But the Lord graciously strengthens the weak hands, and confirms the feeble knees, gives the wine of his love to him that is of a heavy heart, and the strong drink of his covenant grace to those who are ready to perish. Herein the mystery of the lame taking the prey, or obtaining the prize, is explained. For the Lord gives strength only to those who have *no might*! O ye weak and feeble, who are ready to perish, and often despair of obtaining the inheritance, what think you of this? Does it not revive your desponding hearts, to hear that he gives strength to those that have *no might*? Your legality often teaches you to say, "I shall faint by the way; he will not give strength to me, to such an one as I am!" But hear, it is to him that hath no might—none at all; and he will give them to

feel that they have no might. Now, is not this a sweet cordial for your poor cast down minds?

No might nor power to oppose your enemies, to run, to walk, or even to stand—this I feel more than ever, and I am persuaded many of you feel it too. O blessed Jehovah! glory to thy name for this gracious declaration! O strengthen thy poor worm who now writes, with thy spirit's might in his inner man! O strengthen thy dear people who assemble in Ebenezer Chapel; and when the time, the happy time arrives, that he shall return unto them, let his labors be abundantly more blessed—let our enemies be turned back and put to shame; and O may it be the joy and triumph of each heart, victoriously to exclaim, “The Lord of hosts is with us, the God of Jacob is our refuge.” Such has been the petition of my highly favored soul this morning, to him who heareth prayer; and O may he cause you to be like minded with me, that our joint supplications, indited upon our souls by the blessed Spirit of all grace, and offered up before the throne of our gracious Father, through the sweet incense of the Redeemer's obedience, may powerfully prevail!

In addition to this, I would observe, that those who are raised from the dead, set on their legs, and enabled to pursue the spiritual race, are encumbered and hindered by a certain burden, or weight, which only a view of Jesus can remove from their depressed minds. He himself calls

them burdened sinners, before they come to him for rest and relief; and an inspired writer, animated with a view of his dear Lord, gives this heroic exhortation, "Let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race which is set before us, looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith." — Looking unto his precious bleeding heart, we lose the weight of our sins, and, looking unto him the fountain of love and grace, we lay aside all our slavish fears, and then, raised by his hand, cheered by his love, and emboldened by faith in his promises, we mount up with wings as eagles, run and are not weary—but, whenever we lose sight of him, like Peter, upon the mighty waves, we begin to sink! But sink we cannot; saving grace will never fail a sensibly lost sinner! He will give more grace—and, to refresh and replenish the weary soul, he gives the spirit of prayer; and then we come boldly to the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and grace to help us in our time of need. The time of prayer is the time of need—The place of access to God is the throne of GRACE, not of wrath and anger. The manner of coming is boldly—The sinner is emboldened by that love and grace in Jesus, exhibited to his view; and what he receives is mercy and grace, which are an effectual and sufficient help to him in pursuing the inheritance. To all such poor dependants upon grace and mercy in Christ, what saith the word of God? It speaks in accents sweeter than angels use;—

‘ God hath not appointed us to wrath, but to obtain salvation by our Lord Jesus Christ.’ Those appointed unto wrath are blind to the charms of Jesus ; deafened to the sweet music of mercy. If the Lord had intended our destruction he would not have shewn us these things.

Hence it is evident who shall possess this inheritance, and, if the Lord will, my next shall contain a description of the inheritance itself, and the manner in which the people of God possess it. Till then may the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ abide with you all.

I remain, yours, &c.

W. W. H.

## LETTER VI.

*To the Church of Christ, meeting at Ebenezer Chapel, Leicester.*

June 6, 1804.

MY DEAR PEOPLE,

HAVING, in the two preceding Letters, on Eph. i. 11. shewn in whom the inheritance there spoken of is obtained, and the persons who obtain it; I shall now consider the inheritance itself, and the manner in which the saints of God take possession of it.

This is not an earthly inheritance—the people of God, in the general, being the poor of this world. But they have riches of a different and superior nature to the rich and great of the earth: treasure which neither moth nor rust can corrupt—an inheritance of which they can never be dispossessed!

This inheritance lies in that most delightful situation, which David speaks of in divine raptures, “Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth is mount Zion, on the sides of the north.” His soul being in the enjoyment of Christ, he saw prefigured in literal Zion, that spiritual inheritance into which the spirit of God had led him. It is situated in that place where the Lord reveals himself unto his people, and sheweth unto them his covenant, which is called his sheepfold; and it is said to be one fold, as well as one Shepherd; for there is no other place where he feeds his sheep. By this fold we are not to understand any particular place appropriated to divine worship, or any particular congregation. But *Christ* himself, the fulness of all covenant love and grace, the grand and eternal repository of every peculiar blessing, is the portion and inheritance of his people: and, inheriting him they possess all things. This is the identical spot (if I may be allowed the term) where the Lord first saw, and loved his church; where he made choice of her, and in which he continually preserves her. Till Christ thus becomes all

and every thing to us, we never can inherit the covenant blessings with solid comfort, so as to assert our right to them. Looking unto Jesus is the situation of a truly spiritual, and a truly happy man. Looking to one's self, or, depending upon sweet and lively sensations of mind, thinking at such seasons we are more particularly interested in the divine favor, is not the road to solid comfort. For though it is very desirable to feel my soul in such a lively state, alas! it is so rarely the case, that I should seldom rejoice in *Jesus*. But he, being made in covenant love over unto me (as my inheritance) wisdom, righteousness, sanctification and redemption, I am sure I greatly err if I look for these things to any other object whatever. My inheritance is Christ. I am poor to the extreme without him. I have nothing I can claim of my own, but sin and wretchedness. What do I see, if I look into my own nature, but a combination of diabolic passions, engaged and enraged against the Lord, and against his Anointed! But all my corruptions and pollutions make no alteration in the infinitely holy and altogether lovely Jesus. Though sin hath abounded in me, grace superabounds in him!

This may be called ANTINOMIANISM; but was not Paul of similar sentiments? Does he not say of himself plainly, "In me is nothing good"—*nothing*—no good thing whatever?—he had examined well too—And why does he say, "I count all things but loss for the excellency of the know-

ledge of Christ Jesus my Lord, for whom I have suffered the loss of *all things*, and do count them but dung that I may win Christ, and be found in him!" I know not, my friends what effect this precious scripture may have upon your minds—but to me it is a word fitly spoken; I am glad to find such a sentence in the book of God upon which hangs my everlasting all—yes, and it hangs safely upon this precious nail, which is fastened in a sure place! Thanks be unto our God for this unspeakable gift—Christ is all—I am nothing—This, this glorious truth, which I know to be a truth, is a refreshing cordial to my soul! And shall we sin, because Christ is made every thing to us! What say you my friends? Methinks the question moves you with an holy indignation against that tyrannic monster, sin, which you are ready to express in similar terms to these;

“It was sin which caused my dear Redeemer to bleed and suffer on Calvary—It was sin and its consequences (not of his own but mine) which caused him to sweat drops of blood, falling down to the ground—sin, imputed to his holy soul, brought upon him the Father's wrath—he was wounded for our transgressions—and it was sin, which has so repeatedly wounded my conscience, and brought death and misery into my soul! It was sin that proved a separating wall between this loving lovely Saviour and me! I have felt so repeatedly the melancholy consequences of the tyrannizing monster sin. which dwelleth in me,

that my cry is, Lord, keep me from this worst of evils; that it may not grieve me !”

My dear sirs, have we not, times innumerable, through the odious rising of our hateful corruptions, defiled a good conscience, and contracted that guilt, which caused us to go with shame and confusion before the Lord, at the throne of grace ! Robbed of our sweet liberty, and of every spiritual enjoyment ! And can we love this infernal foe ! Let those talk of indulging themselves in sin, from a consideration of a complete salvation by Christ, who never felt the plague of sin.—But the language of the children of God is,

“ We would be slaves no more,  
 Since Christ hath made us free ;  
 Hath nail'd this tyrant to his cross,  
 And bought our liberty.”      WATTS.

I have sufficiently proved that the Lord, who dwelleth in Zion, is the portion of his people, and shall attempt, with as much brevity as possible, to shew the manner in which they take possession of it. When the Lord appeared unto Paul, to furnish him with heavenly credentials, and to give him the great commission to preach the gospel to the gentiles, he declared that he would make him an instrument in his hand, in bringing his people home to the possession of this their inheritance ; and in this animating language promises to be with him, to preserve him from evil, and to bless his

glorious message. "Delivering thee from the people, and from the gentiles unto whom now I send thee, to open their eyes and to turn them from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God, that they may receive forgiveness of sins, and inheritance among them which are sanctified by faith that is in me:" Acts xxvi. 18. Here we are plainly taught what must take place before the heir of God can possess his inheritance. And when all this is accomplished there is nothing to prevent him from the enjoyment of his rightful portion. His eyes are open; he sees the glory of God in the face of Christ—how full and free his love—how boundless his grace! He has received in his heart and conscience, from the God of love, forgiveness of his sins—his innumerable sins are gone, and his soul made white and purified! Jehovah—Father, Son, and Spirit, communes with him, and acknowledges him as a son—no more a servant in bondage, but a son, who belongs to the family, and must abide in the house for ever! He clings to the bleeding cross, kisses the feet of Jesus, adores divine love, and rejoices in his inheritance. This is his boast and triumph, "The Lord is my portion saith my soul, therefore will I hope in him!"

Christ, the hope set before him, whom he sought sorrowing, with many fears, doubts, and violent temptations; and with strong cries unto him who

was able to save, is now become the safe refuge and asylum of his weary soul!

Christ, the sweet rest that remaineth for the children of God, who travail in spiritual birth, has received him in the arms of his love, laid open to him his whole heart of affection, and he now ceases from his own works, and entereth into rest.

Christ, the good shepherd and bishop of his soul, to whom he is now returned, feedeth him in a good pasture, upon the high mountains of Israel: Ezek. xxxiv. 14. where he possesses all spiritual favors, and can say with Paul, "Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath blessed us with all spiritual blessings, in heavenly places." He finds that Ezekiel's high mountains and Paul's (high or) heavenly places, to be one and the same, where he dwells on high, above the law, sin, death and the devil, and his place of defence, against all his enemies, and every thing that can hurt or destroy, is, Christ, the, munition of rocks, and with David he can say, "The Lord liveth, and blessed be my rock, and let the God of my salvation be exalted."

This is the glorious inheritance of which, my dear friends, we are heirs; which some of us sensibly and comfortably possess, and which others have an experimental right and title to, being the

characters which Christ comfortably speaks to in his word. May he bring you within Zion's walls, and enable us to rejoice together, that we are heirs of God and joint-heirs with Christ: being predestinated, according to the purpose of him who worketh all things, after the counsel of his own will—and then, when a few more fleeting days are expired, we shall enter into an inheritance incorruptible and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for you, who are kept by the power of God, through faith, unto salvation.

Entreating the Lord to keep you together in the bonds of brotherly love, and to teach you to assemble, unitedly before his throne, in fervent prayer,

I remain, with unfeigned affection,  
Your brother in Christ,

W. W. H.

## LETTER VII.

*To the Church of Christ, meeting at Ebenezer Chapel, Leicester.*

June 24, 1804.

DEAR FRIENDS,

WHEN I reflect upon the state of some of you, I am ready with ardent and insatiate wishes to lament with the prophet, "O that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears,

that I might weep day and night for the slain of the daughter of my people!"

It is certainly a calamitous time with the church of God; and I consider it, after all my affliction and discouragement of soul, an amazing favor to be able to see its real circumstances. Truth is fallen in our streets, and the time is come that they will not endure sound doctrine. And this we need not wonder at: the Spirit speaketh expressly, that in the latter times some shall depart from the faith, giving heed to seducing spirits and doctrines of devils. 1 Tim. iv. 1.

The blessed Spirit of truth leadeth his people into the truth, which maketh them free from those abounding errors that now infest the professed church of God. And this is clearly exhibited in the scriptures, as a very distinguishing characteristic of the child of God—"A stranger they will not follow, for they know not the voice of a stranger." Your firm and unshaken attachment to the truth has much endeared you to my soul. Nevertheless, I am sorely discouraged, almost to a degree of negligence; for "Who hath believed my report, and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed." The disconsolate state of soul which many of you complain of, I have been taught to lay before the Lord, at the throne of grace, and to request that I might be so favored as to speak; or write a word in season, to those who were thus weary. I have been favored with

some happy seasons in writing, not only these public letters, but one or two of a more private nature, and have, with an anxiety peculiar to spiritual concern, watched and waited for the effect: but to my great discouragement I have been ready to conclude that my exertions have been fruitless, and my attempts to comfort you rendered abortive!

We are certainly exhorted to weep with those that weep, and there is a sweet luxury in sympathetic tears; but not to hear of any good effect produced by our affectionate attempts to alleviate the distressed, is certainly very discouraging! In this discouragement you will find I am not alone—Jeremiah said, “I will speak no more in the name of the Lord;” and no doubt for this reason, because he did not see the divine power accompany his message.

But admitting that my epistolary addresses to you have been fruitless to the present, I am yet encouraged to write, by that passage in Eccles. xi. 6. “In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand, for thou knowest not whether shall prosper this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good.” And my thoughts this morning are particularly turned to the term *Gospel*, because there is much called gospel which is not so, and many things attributed to it which it knows nothing of, to the dishonor of its glorious Author, and the discouragement of his people!

It is called "The gospel of peace"—because till the gospel reaches a poor sinner's soul effectually, to put him into the enjoyment of Christ, the Prince of Peace, he remains a stranger to that invaluable blessing. The term *Gospel* literally signifieth Glad tidings, or rather, that is the literal and general meaning of the word in the original text, translated Gospel.

1. Glad tidings, good news; such I believe it has proved to you. The prophetic language of Isaiah, adopted by Christ as his own, beautifully describes the gospel in its glorious simplicity: Isa. lxi. 1, 2, 3, and Luke iv. 18. "The spirit of the Lord God is upon me, because the Lord hath anointed me to preach good tidings unto the meek; he hath sent me to bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound." O what a source of consolation this passage affords to God's afflicted. Not a word of reproof or blame, or condemnation!—(no, the gospel knows nothing of condemnation.) The persons to whom it is proclaimed, are the broken-hearted, the captives, and the bound prisoner. The sound of it is liberty, an opening of the prison—The effect of it is a binding up of the sinners wounds.

Now, my dear friends, (even you for whom I travail in birth till Christ be formed in you) is not the sound of the gospel delightful to your

souls? Yes, though you cannot claim the great Redeemer as your own, the sweet sound of peace by the blood of the cross, free pardon, salvation by grace, liberty of access to the God of infinite love, alone by his dear Son, is melodious to your souls! —In the multitude of your gloomy, fearful, unbelieving, and desponding thoughts, these comforts of God fill you with delight! Christ is your only hope; and his gospel is rendered a joyful sound, good tidings; because you know and feel that you are totally lost, and never can, in any respect, restore your own souls from that wretched state! In the gospel, you hear of divine blood to cleanse you from all sin. But if no sins, what need of this rich, cleansing, purifying fountain? O blessed be God that I feel myself a sinner! for the gospel speaks to none but perishing sinners: none other can be delighted with the sound of it. “They shall come that are ready to perish.” Hear, my dear friends, to whom the gospel speaks, and of what it speaks. O may the Lord enable you to hear for your comfort! It is called,

1. The gospel of salvation; (Eph. i. 13.) because it speaks of a salvation for those ready to perish with wounds, bruises, and putrifying sores. It says nothing of the creatures goodness—it knows nothing of duties—it is one certain sound of salvation, for those, whose hearts are black as hell by sin!—*A salvation by grace!*

2. It is the gospel of the grace of God; (Acts

xx. 24.) for it is the sound of a gracious covenant, gracious promises, gracious displays of divine power in the salvation of God's Israel—of God—of his providing, appointing, and his to discover and make known to the souls of poor perishing sinners!

3. It is the glorious gospel; (1 Tim. i. 11.) for therein is brought to light the most glorious objects—the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Christ. That in Christ he is glorified in our pardon, justification, and everlasting salvation!

4. It is called the gospel of the kingdom; (Matt. xxiv. 14.) The news, the glad news of the mighty conquest, that Christ, the King of kings, hath made over the powers of sin and hell—that he hath led captivity captive, that his enemies shall all become his footstool, and that he will erect his throne in the hearts of his people! A kingdom which is righteousness and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost!

5. It is called the everlasting gospel; (Rev. iv. 16.) because it is the sweet sound of everlasting love, everlasting mercy, an everlasting righteousness, an everlasting pardon, an everlasting covenant. O what a sweet gospel! Glad tidings indeed! That the Lord loves freely, and receives graciously the chief of sinners: those ready to perish—broken in heart, bound in the spirit: and the

comfort is, he loves them *for ever*!—No putting away.

This is a short, but very true description of the gospel in its simplicity. It is the gospel of peace, of salvation, of grace, of the kingdom, the everlasting gospel, the glad news of life, peace, pardon, and acceptance with God, alone through Christ. But the *Bible* says nothing of its being the gospel of *damnation*; that would be horrible glad tidings! “Cursed by the law, and damned by the gospel,” is a term very often in the lips of some; but if this is not calling light darkness, and sweet bitter, I know not what is. I would ask, of what the gospel in its simplicity is composed? It is composed of love, mercy, tenderness and pity, peculiar to the heart of God! Its general sound is, The Lord God, gracious and merciful, abundant in goodness and truth; O sweet sound to a sinner like me, who is all deformity and pollution!

But if it damns the sinner that will not accept it, love must become hatred, mercy vengeance, and tenderness and pity the most unfeeling rigour! But, blessed be my covenant God, there is no such a change in his heart; the gospel is one sound, and one *certain* sound, that never deceives, or leads astray, the sinner whose ear God has opened, to know it to be a joyful sound. The altogether lovely Jesus is exhibited in the

gospel, in all the fulness of grace and love—pardoning iniquity, transgression, and sins of the deepest die! And, my dear fellow sinners

All the fitness he requireth  
Is to feel your need of him ;  
This he gives you—  
’Tis the Spirit’s rising beam.

Your’s affectionately,

W. W. H.

### LETTER VII.

*To the Church of Christ, meeting at Ebenezer Chapel, Leicester.*

July 1, 1804.

DEAR BRETHREN IN TRIBULATION,

WE are in a wilderness of trouble—trouble from which we shall never be exempt while here below. The assaults of hell, the innumerable evils natural to ourselves, and the various snares of this world, through the natural gravitation of our hearts, combine against us in one general body. The many painful wounds we receive from them, excite our cowardice and timidity; while unbelief cries, “How shall we go up against this mighty host!” The poor trembling soul, from a view of the numerous snares and dangers surrounding it, distressed cries, “I shall one day fall by the hand of these terrible enemies!” As the Lord gives encreasing light, in propor-

tion does the enlightened soul see its weakness, and liability to fall; and I am persuaded that the Lord permits his people to have various slips, and thereby to be very much wounded, in order to shew them what they are continually liable to, and what would daily govern them, without the interposition of his all-conquering grace.

But it is an infinite mercy, that at the same time the Lord is leading us in a dark dreary path, through various snares, temptations, and conflicts with sin and hell, he not only teaches us the vileness and weakness natural to us, but leads us to Christ, the rock of ages, for refuge. When we take a retrospection of our lives, when we call to remembrance the way in which the Lord has led us, we are ready to say with wonder, "How is it that I have escaped the many imminent dangers I foolishly exposed myself to?" How is it that I have thus far held on in the ways of the Lord?"

My dear friends, ungrateful as I daily feel my heart, when I am thus led to contemplate, I cannot but acknowledge, with gratitude to Jesus, that he has marvellously upheld me: and that language in Isa. xxv. 4. is feelingly adopted, "Thou hast been a strength to the poor, a strength to the needy in his distress, a refuge from the storm, a shadow from the heat, when the blast of the terrible ones is as a storm against the wall!" And he who has delivered will yet deliver from every veil work. We have his own precious promise

for it—a promise introduced with the greatest encouragement to approach him with boldness, and tell him all our trouble; which has often afforded me encouragement, and is still encouraging to my soul. I shall therefore make such observations upon it, as the Lord shall be pleased to enable me.

PSALM 1. 15.

*“Call upon me in the day of trouble, I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me.”*

I shall notice,

1. The gracious encouragement to pray. I need not observe to you, that there is much called prayer, which is not considered so by the divine Being; neither is it esteemed prayer by one, who feeling the hardness of his heart, is constrained to acknowledge that he has often addressed the Lord with his mouth, while his heart was far from him. Such an one, sick of his own formality, can never rest easy with any thing short of the life and energy of spiritual prayer. His language is, “I will pray with the spirit, and I will pray with the understanding also.”

Prayer is the breath of the new creature, by which he tells God all his distress, and breathes out his desires before him. How glaringly inconsistent then to persuade and exhort a carnal unrenewed man to pray!—to persuade one entirely carnal to breathe out spiritual desires be-

fore the Lord! They that are in the flesh cannot please God: and it is a miraculous work of the Holy Ghost to spiritualize a sinner, and quicken a dead soul. The natural man receives not the things of the Spirit; and till he has received spiritual things, I would ask, how he is to pray spiritually? And can he regenerate and spiritualize his own soul? 'Till he has done this he cannot pray spiritually. I would therefore observe,

1. That none can pray spiritually till they are taught of God! I know they may repeat words, they may address God with their mouths, and honor him with their lips, which is very easy to be done. This Israel of old did, but what does the Lord say of them? "When ye make many prayers, I will not hear:" "In vain do ye worship me." When he enters, by the power of his grace, into an elect vessel, he teaches him to know that notwithstanding the hundreds of petitions he has formally repeated before God with his lips, he never prayed in all his life. "But thou hast not called upon me, O Jacob," saith the Lord. Isa. xliii. 22.

2. That the Lord has engaged in covenant to teach all his people to pray. There is no covenant favor more largely spoken of than this of Prayer, in the Bible; for there is none more precious. It is one of our highest privileges, and the method God takes, in order to teach them to pray, is to bring them into trouble. Hear what he says

in Zech. xiii. 8. "I will bring the third part through the fire, and I will refine them as silver is refined, and will try them as gold is tried"—O ye tried souls! may this description of your case encourage you! And hear the design of your covenant Father in thus leaving you in distress:—he adds, "They shall call upon me, and I will hear them." A praying soul is a tried soul; naturally, none will cry out till they feel smart, and so it is in spiritual things; none will cry fervently, unto the Lord till they feel spiritual anguish and distress. Prayer is begging, petitioning, wrestling, striving with the Lord, crying in the extremity of want. Mark the difference between the publican and pharisee—The one cried for mercy, and in the anguish of his soul, he cried vehemently. The other, though he stood up, and with his lips blessed God for many things, never offered up a single petition.—This is very observable. Consequently it could not be prayer. (Dear Lord let me be the poor sinner, at mercy's feet, never to boast, save in the Lord Jesus, and his cross!)

Those who are thus taught to pray, come before the Lord with humility. The Lord has laid his hand upon them, and brought them low. They feel what they are, and where they are. Wretched, lost, ruined in themselves: But they hear the sweet sound of mercy! That the Lord delighteth in mercy! He speaks with an inviting voice: "Call on me in the day of trouble: Seek, and ye shall find, knock and it shall be opened

unto thee." Poor sinner! you who are overwhelmed with grief, and with a thousand discouragements in attempting to pray: who meet with so much opposition from your own carnal, dark, foolish, hard heart; in these invitations, my covenant God speaks particularly to you, and intends it as a word of encouragement. He has mercifully brought you down from all your high flights of fleshly joy and power; and laid you low in your proper place. Glory to his name for it. And having thus humbled you, he will most assuredly afford you the consolations of his grace. God resisteth the proud, but giveth grace unto the humble, (James iv. 6.) You now seek your dear Lord sorrowing, but he will see you again, and your joy shall be full.

God teaches his people to pray sincerely and fervently: they pour out their hearts before him (Psa. lxii. 8.) 'Their's is the cry of the poor and needy. The cry of the destitute; the sighing of the prisoner. Such characters are serious in their requests, feel what they express, and often send up a poor broken petition unto the Lord with their whole souls, when their tongue is never employed at all!

They pray in faith: "Let him ask in faith," says James, "nothing wavering." When bowed down under the ponderous weight of unbelief, this passage has often distressed my soul, because the Apostle says "let him ask in faith," and I

found myself all over unbelief, but I had not a proper view of this excellent passage, for all the time, though I was so pestered with unbelief, I had the faith of God's elect and so have you, poor dejected sinner.—You believe what the writer to the Hebrews (ii. 6.) so strenuously insists upon; “He that cometh to God, must believe that he is, and that he is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him.” You believe that he is (or that he exists) as a God of justice and holiness; this you have powerfully felt in your conscience, and you are taught to believe that he is a God of love and grace; this has repeatedly encouraged you to pray; and you firmly believe that to the soul which is taught to make diligent search, he will reveal his love, and shew his salvation, and this, I say, is an encouragement for you to seek. This inward persuasion that there is mercy with the Lord, that he may be sought after, is nothing short of those cords of love, with which he is drawing you to himself.

Farther, when the Lord gives a precious assurance of interest in his love, the sinner then addresses him, in every time of trouble, as his own God and father, and boldly pleads, upon the ground of his oath and promise. O, how sweet it is to enter into these things within the veil, and to say “Thou, O Lord hast promised, and thou canst not deny thyself; deliver me for thy loving kindness and for thy truth! For thy loving

kindness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life. When God gives this precious faith,

It treads on the world and on sin;  
It vanquishes death and despair;  
And, O let us wonder to tell,  
It overcomes heaven by prayer!

Then we come boldly to the throne of grace, and in the cleft of the rock Christ, enjoy communion with our God, while his goodness passeth before us.

May the Lord favor us with the spirit of supplication this day, for Christ's sake. Amen

I am your sincere friend, in gospel love,

W. W. H.

## LETTER IX.

*To the Church of Christ, assembled at Ebenezer Chapel, Leicester.*

July 7, 1804.

DEAR BRETHREN IN TRIBULATION,

OF all creatures upon the earth man is the most miserable. He is a thinking being, with a capacious mind, formed for reflection; and through his apostacy from that God who created him in his own image, is the miserable sub-

ject of complicated woe. Although affliction cometh not forth of the dust, neither doth trouble spring out of the ground; yet man is born unto trouble, as the sparks fly upward. (Job v. 6, 7.) Trouble is the common lot of all mankind, and our short lives are variegated with disagreeable changes, disappointments, and vexations of every colour? Man that is born of a woman is of few days, and full of trouble, (Job xiv. 1.) and yet, it is a melancholy reflection, few as his days are, he is so wedded to the earth that he seeks happiness from it with as much eagerness as if God had intended it for his everlasting habitation? Where is the man, knowing his own heart, that does not feel the weight of this observation? O, the anxiety that the cares of this world create in our restless minds! Cares, which are so many murderers to soul-comfort! Notwithstanding, we have to bless the Lord, that when he gives us a view of his unalterable, and unavoidable will, in all our afflictions, we can sing with WATTS,

“Our lives thro’ various scenes are drawn,  
And vex’d with *trifling* cares,  
While thine eternal thoughts move on  
Thine undisturb’d affairs.”

But the saints of God not only participate with the rest of mankind in the common afflictions attending human life, they also have to encounter those peculiar to the christian warfare, which are exceedingly more afflictive and insupportable. These are the afflictions intended by David, where

he says of the wicked, "They are not in trouble as other men." (Psa. lxxiii. 3. 5.) They are unacquainted with soul-trouble, but many are the afflictions of the righteous, (Psa. xxxvi. 19.) for the Lord trieth the righteous, (Psa. xi. 5.) and maketh them partakers of the afflictions of the gospel according to the power of God. (2 Tim. i. 8.) And when they are enabled to view them as afflictions peculiar to the children of God, painful and disagreeable as they are, they possess a secret, and satisfactory joy amidst all, that God hath counted them worthy to suffer in his cause, and given them a portion with his people. Looking up to the Redeemer for support and guidance, it is theirs to say,

How harsh soe'er the way,  
Dear Saviour still lead on;  
Nor leave us till we say,  
"Father, thy will be done."

But how often is it, on the other hand, when they have forgotten their resting place, and lost every proper view of their afflictions, that they are ready to sink under their complicated pressure. The sins of their nature, the treachery of a deceitful heart, the wiles of the devil, the darkness that their souls pass through, the want of an heart to cry unto the Lord, and added to all this, a variety of outward sorrows and reproaches, is enough to sink them totally, so as to be able to rise no more! And but for an hope in mercy, and unbounded goodness, the soul never could stand in this trying contest! Never could survive this great fight

of afflictions! I am led to make these observations by an interpretation, in my own soul, of

PSALM xxvii. 13.

*I had fainted, unless I had believed, to see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living.*

I had fainted at a view of what I see of my own wretchedness, as a sinner. I had sunk under the burden of my innumerable sins and transgressions, but for an hope of seeing the goodness of the Lord, in my pardon and deliverance. This was David's experience, and this was mine also, when the Lord was pleased, by gradual discoveries, to show me the deceitfulness of my heart, and what an unfathomable abyss of iniquity it contains! When a poor sinner is thus cut down by the sword of divine justice, condemned by the law, lashed by conscience, with a thousand self-accusations, it is enough to make him faint! He knows what sin is, he feels what it has done, and the truth of that description given by Isaiah (ch. i. 5.) of our fallen condition, is verified in him; "The whole head is sick, and the whole heart faint." He takes up the lamentation of Jeremiah: "The crown is fallen from our head: woe unto us that we have sinned! For this our heart is faint." (Lam. v. 15, 16.)

Now, my dear fellow sinners, you, who through your ignorance of the infinite freeness of grace in Christ, have been looking inwardly for something

good to recommend you to his favor; permit me to ask, have you this recommendation, for it is the only one you want: Are you feelingly acquainted with your sinful malady? For Christ hath said, "The whole need no physician, but those that are sick." David does not say, I had fainted unless I had found some goodness in myself, some inherent holiness—but unless I had believed, to see the goodness of the Lord! Christ was all the goodness he wanted, for he alone saveth his people from their sins, (Matt. i. 21.) This blessed sound of salvation sometimes revives your fainting soul. You hear it with pleasure, and are elated with the heavenly news; but, ere long, you are taken with another fainting fit, occasioned by unbelief.

Your mind, for a short season, has been more peaceable and tranquil, and the Lord has blessed you with a persuasion, that you shall, notwithstanding all your sin and unworthiness, see his goodness, which he caused to pass before Moses, and which he will manifest to your soul. That he will bring you into the land of the living, the sweet land of gospel liberty, inhabited by those who are alive to God, through the Lord Jesus Christ. But now some fresh storm arises, the enemy besets you with some new temptation—your inward abominations, in a most hideous form, rise up against you, apparently more powerful than ever, and you conclude that there is not another creature under the heavens so pol-

luted, so unholy; which is a good ground for unbelief to work upon. Now you question whether your convictions are from the spirit of God—whether you ever had a real feeling knowledge of yourself—whether you ever saw sin in its exceeding sinfulness, as it is known, and beheld by the people of God—whether you are an elect vessel of mercy, &c. These are the operations of unbelief. In this state, when you hear the glad tidings of a *risen* Jesus, who is yet alive as your Saviour, the news appears too good, and your cry is, he cannot love me, surely he has no regard for such a wretch; I once thought he was my Saviour, and was more comfortable in the persuasion that he would bring my soul out of trouble; but alas! all hope seems to be cut off; for he hath brought me into darkness, and not into light; surely against me is he turned!

Notwithstanding all this you possess the faith of God's elect, and feel an inward contest between these two principles. Faith contends for Christ, and the riches of grace in him. This revives your fainting soul, and, more sick of yourself than ever, you go with greater humiliation to the mercy-seat, fall low at the feet of Jesus, and are obliged to acknowledge, that you have no hope but in him! I am certain this is the state of every sinner taught of God. "He putteth his mouth in the dust: if so there may be hope:" (Lam. xxix 3) And low, and dejected as you are this is a precious hope. Christ is more dear to

you than ever, for you see clearly, that he must be all in all! You would utterly faint in unbelief, unless you believed to see his goodness.

The next fit of faintness I would notice, is that of impatience; which is naturally an enemy to our comfort. Even in providence we are not willing to wait God's time; and it is just, the same with the soul that seeks Jesus; there is an hasty impatience which wants to possess immediately the object of the soul's supreme desire; but hope is deferred, and the heart is sick and faint. And now you are ready, impatiently to say, it is in vain that I seek God; I have no real profit in waiting upon him! This is to learn you a very necessary lesson, that the Lord himself teacheth his people to profit. No minister, no ordinances, can prove in any way, profitable, till God makes them so. But in the midst of all your impatience, faith, which ever views the divine promises, revives you repeatedly. Patience is the effect of faith, and its language is, "Wait on the Lord, be of good courage, and he shall strengthen thine heart; wait, I say, on the Lord."

In pursuing this subject, I am led to enquire, For what the children of God are ready to faint? And, first,

They are ready to faint for the want of food. "Hungry and thirsty their souls fainted in them:" (Psa. cvii. 5.) There is an innate craving of soul

for the bread of life, but reduced to a state of starvation, they are faint and ready to die. They cannot feed upon unclean food ; but, like the dove, must have pure grain. The husks of an outward profession will not satisfy ; they must have the kernal ; the meat of the gospel ; savory meat, such as their souls love ! But there is a famine in the land ! Thirsty, and the broken cistern of their fleshly religion affords them no water ! Their souls are as the parched earth, that has been long without rain. They are God's poor and needy, who seek water, and can find none ! (Isa. xlv. 17.)

All they want is to be brought to Jesus ; to feed on him, whose flesh is meat indeed, and whose blood is drink indeed. They want to be invited into the marriage chamber, by the bridegroom himself, and to be welcomed to the banquet of his love, in that sweet and soul reviving language, " Eat, O friends, drink, yea, drink abundantly, O, beloved !" (S. S. v. 1.) This is the refreshment, my friends, that your fainting souls long for : and in this famished state your cry is, " My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord : (Psa. lxxxiv. 2.) And you had ere now, fainted entirely, but for that precious faith which the Lord hath given you, that you shall see his goodness, and taste his love !

In this state of spiritual famine, the sinner endeavours, by various means, to obtain comfort, but finds his attempts fruitless ; and after all his labor, has to lament that he is nothing better, but rather

worse. You may find the unfeigned confession of such a soul, in Jer. viii. 18. "When I would comfort myself against sorrow, my heart is faint within me." Self-comfort will not do; the God of all comfort, himself, must give you consolation, before your weary mind will find any rest, or solid satisfaction: which he does in such a way, as evidently proves it was not on account of our diligence, but of his own abounding grace in Christ?

This sickly state of soul, is attended with that pain and anguish, which necessitates the sinner to sigh, with earnestness, before the throne of God. This, poor soul! you know to be a truth; and the most you can say of your own experience, at this time, most probably is, "My sighs are many, and my heart is faint:" (Lam. i. 22.) And O, how dissatisfied are you with your prayers! Except when the Lord is pleased to afford you particular enlargement of soul, you are in the general shut up in darkness, and know not how to approach God, on account of your ignorance and stupidity! And you would entirely faint were it not for that encouragement that the Lord; in his word, gives you, to believe that your supplications shall, sooner or later, be answered in your deliverance. For he hath said, for your edification, "Men ought always to pray, and not to faint:" (Luke xviii. 1.) and he hath not given this encouragement in vain, for the promise is, I will deliver, and thou shalt glorify me; and you be-

lieve that you shall see the goodness of the Lord in your confirmation in this precious truth, which alone keeps you from fainting. I know very well you often talk of giving up all, and that it is impossible for you to persevere any further; and can assure you the Lord intends you should give up all. All your legal strife—all your attempts to comfort your own soul: for he is now reducing you to nothing but poverty and beggary, that you may give up your whole soul into the arms of his mercy, and find in him that love and compassion, that grace and power, which shall do all for you, that you may sing of his goodness and mercy for ever!

Now, probably, some of you, my dear friends, are ready to reply, "I am sensible I cannot help myself; I know the Lord must do all for me, by the power of his mighty love; but why does he not deliver me, and reveal his loving kindness powerfully to my soul, since I look alone to him? I have sought him but I cannot find him; I have prayed, but he has given me no answer; Woe is me now! for the Lord hath added grief to my sorrow; "I fainted in my sighing, and I find no rest," (Jer. xlv. 3.)

The Lord has graciously done all this, to shew you, more visibly, your own weakness, and that salvation belongeth unto him. Why did he permit Jonah to be cast into the bowels of the great deep, but that he might say, with wonder, love

and praise, SALVATION IS OF THE LORD! And thus God's people sink in deep waters, where there is no standing, that his saving arm may be made bare in their deliverance. Your fainting in distress is a proof, even to yourself, of your debility and weakness: "If thou faint in the day of adversity, thy strength is small:" (Prov. xxiv. 10.) and you have found it so. Job appeared a strong man in the Lord, and doubtless he thought himself so: but it was before he was severely tried. When God lays his hand upon the soul, the strong are no more than the weak. Job had been a professed comforter of others, but now is in such darkness, temptations, and distress, that he is left comfortless himself; and his friends, in this instance, very justly said, "Behold thou hast instructed many, and thou hast strengthened the weak hands; thy words have upholden him that was fallen, and thou hast strengthened the feeble knees; but now it is come upon thee, and thou faintest; it toucheth thee, and thou art troubled (Job iv. 3, 4, 5.)

We are often constrained to say, when in a happy state, my mountain stands firm, and I shall never be moved; but if the Lord hide his face, we are immediately troubled. Alas! my dear friends, what are we, when the Lord is pleased to lead us into darkness, leave us to sink in deep waters, and permit the powers of hell to assail our feeble souls! But though he thus tries us, blessed be his name, he will give strength equal to the trying day—he

will be with us in six troubles, and in the seventh he will not forsake us. I have found him faithful to his promise to the present; although, with reference to a variety of trying circumstances, I can truly say, with David, "I had fainted, unless I had believed to see the goodness of the Lord, in the land of the living."

Having noticed the fainting circumstances of the children of God; in my next, God willing, I shall treat of their support and deliverance. That the Lord may bless this, in your real edification, is the prayer of,

Your's, affectionately,

W. W. H.

## LETTER X.

*To the Church and Congregation, assembled at  
Ebenezer Chapel, Leicester.*

July 14, 1804.

MY DEAR PEOPLE,

THE Lord will not suffer his tried children entirely to faint. The truth of this I can testify. For this I know, and no man shall stop me in this boasting, in all the regions of *Great Britain*, that the Lord has established that religion in my soul, which will stand the test of a dying hour!

He has done those things for me, which never can be undone by any of Satan's temptations, the world's frowns, or the violent oppositions which I daily meet with from the flesh!

And he has, moreover, given me authority to glory in it. Thus saith the Lord, "Let him that glorieth glory in this, that he understandeth and knoweth me, that I am the Lord, which exercises loving kindness, judgment, and righteousness in the earth; for in these things I delight saith the Lord:" (Jer. ix. 24.)

And he hath further declared, that his people shall thus rejoice, and glory in him: (Psa. lxiv. 10.) "The righteous shall be glad in the Lord and shall trust in him; and all the upright in heart shall glory." This is not glorying in self, but alone in Christ crucified. The apostolic, boast was, "By the grace of God I am what I am." In myself I am the chief of sinners: and sirs, I feel what I now write—I am a sinner throughout, contaminated and defiled; but, by the grace of God, a pardoned sinner. What, though my sins be as scarlet and crimson? I feel the virtue of redeeming blood! Free grace in Christ hath cancelled them all!

In myself all unrighteousness: but, by grace can look unto Jesus, and with the sweetest familiarity call him, *The Lord my righteousness!* In myself I am a fool; I know nothing of spiritual

things; but Christ is made over unto me *wisdom*, and the blessed Spirit hath made me wise in Christ! In myself I am weak beyond description, but in the Lord I have everlasting strength; and when his power resteth upon me, I am then so strong in the Lord, I can run through a troop, and by my God I can leap over a wall! (Psa. xviii. 29.) in myself I am the most unstable of all creatures, but by the grace of God in Christ, I can rejoice in the stability of his unchangeable love, and everlasting covenant! In myself I am the most miserable and unhappy creature; the corruptions of the flesh, the prevalence of carnal nature, the deceitfulness of sin, the power of unbelief, the operations of evil thoughts, all conspire to create my misery; and believe me, my dear friends, not one of you have greater reason to cry, "I abhor myself," than I have: and I believe no poor soul ever approached God's throne under a heavier burden of sin, guilt, and shame, than I have been obliged to do, a thousand times, *since* I have known Jesus! "O, wretched man that I am!" has been the lamentable language of my soul, and, such a plaintive groaning has composed the greatest part of my addresses at the mercy seat! But, by the GRACE OF GOD, I have sweet consolation in Christ! "I thank God, through Jesus Christ our Lord; with the mind I myself serve the law of God, but with the flesh the law of sin!" (Rom. vii. 25.)

Christ, the fairest among ten thousand, has been my comfort, my support, and my glory, ever since

he first drew my soul so sweetly to himself, by the cords of love! O what did he do for me then! I will tell you, my friends, and though I make use of familiar comparisons to convey my ideas, I speak solemnly, seriously, thankfully; and what I really know for myself. He paid all my debts due to the righteous justice of God, took me out of the prison of darkness and soul distress, where I had been fed with the bread and water of affliction, where my tears were my meat, day and night. He took off my filthy rags, and cloathed me with the beautiful garments of salvation, and with the robe of his righteousness; brought me into his banqueting house, spread the banner of his love over me, and made me as happy as it is possible to be this side of heaven! And, when all this is considered, you need not wonder at my glorying in HIM. O the happy time! when he thus looked down upon me; it was, indeed, a time of love: and when he graciously smiled and said, "Live," my soul experienced life from the dead! And now, though, in myself, I have repeatedly to lament, such a miserable distance from God, that my soul sits in darkness, and mourns as in sackcloth and ashes; yet in Christ I am continually near him, and my God continually near to my soul!

And thus I might proceed to shew what there is in me, and what in Christ; but it is my particular wish to conclude in this, the subject I entered upon last week; I would only add, that till

you are thus brought off every self-righteous foundation. and are firmly established upon the rock, the immoveable rock Christ, your comforts will be momentary and fading. Let the inhabitants of the rock sing; they are the people that sing the Lord's song, in the sweet land of spiritual liberty. And, for my own part, I am determined not to know any thing among you, save Jesus Christ, and him crucified.

He it is who keepeth his people alive in famine, and, by an invisible and almighty power, supports their weary and tried minds in the most distressing circumstances, by a persuasion and sweet hope, that they shall be delivered. And which of you, my friends, who have known any thing of spiritual trouble, but have, in some instance, reason to say, "I had fainted unless I had believed to see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living."

God's elect are a tried people, and faith is termed the faith of God's elect; being peculiar to them, and peculiarly exercised in the time of trial.

You, who are shut up in that darkness and distress of mind, which I have represented, in the preceding epistle, are, though often tempted to give up all, encouraged and supported by a belief in the goodness of the Lord. That, dark as your state is, you shall one day see his face in righteousness. Encouraged by the declarations

of his grace and love, and by the deliverances which he has wrought for others in similar circumstances, you cry unto the Good Shepherd, "Thou art good and doest good; teach me thy statutes." (Psa. cxix. 68.) Dependent entirely upon divine goodness (for you have none of your own) through the extremity of your distress and necessity of your case, you are obliged to resign yourself up to him, to do with you as it seemeth good in his sight; only putting in this plea, that his goodness and mercy may be magnified in your salvation!

And now, let me ask you; some of you, who probably are ready to sink in despair at certain intervals, if it is not a belief, or persuasion that he will one day cause his goodness to pass before you, which supports and keeps alive your fainting souls?

Here is faith, and faith which the wounded burdened sinner alone is acquainted with. It cleaves to the promises, and looks alone to the unmerited goodness of the Lord to an unworthy sinner!

I am persuaded that where God has given a real sense of sin, helplessness, and innate wretchedness, the soul could not support under it, were it not for a persuasion of grace and goodness in the heart of Christ; which he so freely bestows,

and so conspicuously magnifies in the salvation of Israel. This encourages the soul to cry (though a feeble cry indeed) incessantly unto him who is able to save. What a striking difference between the prayer of such a poor, helpless creature, whose very soul dictates his expressions, and that of the proud, self-righteous professor, who goes to prayer under the idea of performing a duty, and thinks he is doing God service! The former is almost afraid to open his mouth before the Lord, on account of his darkness and ignorance; and nothing but real necessity excites him thus to cry: the latter, under a persuasion that he is considerably gifted in prayer, expresses often what he never felt, and thinks (whenever he gives it a thought) that he shall be heard for his much speaking.

I have sometimes heard a poor, darkened, and distressed sinner make this complaint, "I fear I am not taught of God, for I cannot pray. When I attempt it, my heart is as hard as a stone, my thoughts wandering, and my mind, upon the whole, so bewildered that I cannot get to the Lord, nor receive any soul-satisfaction." Now if this is your real state, if you are in distreess on this very account, I no more doubt of your being taught of God, than I doubt the truth of God's word. Because, from this experience I learn, first, that God has taught you to be sick of those prayers which are of your own making. Secondly, that you must be indebted to him for the spirit of prayer. Thirdly, that the form and exercise of prayer will not

satisfy you, except you feel your whole soul engaged in it. And, fourthly, that, broken as your petitions are, they certainly are of a right kind, or you would not meet with such interruption therein from the powers of darkness, neither would Satan tempt you to believe, as he often does, that God will not regard them. And after all your distress concerning the poverty of your prayers, you are blessed with faith to believe that you shall see the goodness of the Lord in answering and delivering you, or you would not, you could not, persevere in offering your petitions before him. Though you would tell me you have no faith, I know better. I would ask you why you still attempt to pray? And what mean those secret sighs and groans which so often proceed from your burdened mind, and ascend up to God? You still continue to cry, upon a peradventure God will hear; you are persuaded, you firmly believe, he is a God who answers prayer. And though you feel yourself in a perishing state, for want of strength and comfort of soul! your life is almost gone, and you are ready to faint; yet, when it comes to a point, the Lord is pleased to give you a fresh resolution to cry once more to him, and probably your language is then something like this,

Perhaps he will admit my plea,  
Perhaps will hear my pray'r;  
But if I perish, I will pray,  
And perish only there.

And at such a trying time the Lord is pleased to give you, perhaps, more enlargement of soul than you have usually experienced; you drink of the brook by the way, and experience some refreshment from the sweet thought of free and unmerited goodness in Christ; this revives your fainting mind, and you are then persuaded, from this token of good, that you shall yet praise him for the light of his countenance, and as your own God. Thus precious faith in the goodness of God supports and bears up the poor weary soul, even before deliverance comes. And this faith is not of yourselves, it is the gift of God. Glory to him for it.

2. One who has enjoyed the love of God for himself, is equally ready to faint when troubles arise. Even at the same time that he knows the pardon of his sins in Christ, how distressing is the sin of his nature, when permitted to prevail against him; and when left of the Lord, what a poor creature he feels himself to stand in fiery contest with the powers of hell! He is then ready to faint, even though persuaded that he is a child of God. Paul is a striking example of the truth of this; when the thorn of the flesh, the messenger of Satan buffeted him. This sent him with cries and groans to the mercy seat, and, strong as he was before, when this temptation came on him, he had fainted, but for that support which the Lord afforded him, by this gracious declaration, "My grace is sufficient for thee." He was enabled to take God at his word;—he believed

he should see his goodness, in the accomplishment of this promise, and it was this inward persuasion, of God's goodness, in his deliverance, which prevented him from fainting!

This blessed persuasion of seeing God's goodness in future, has often been a wonderful support to my poor tempest-tossed soul! When, like Jacob, I have been ready to say, "all these things are against me," such precious Scripture as this has revived me, "All things work together for good to those that love God, to those who are the called according to his purpose." When faith has been in exercise, I have been able to look through the gloomy cloud, and behold the Lord, who is my sun and shield, shining resplendently, in his infinite wisdom, that has seen fit to appoint all my troubles and crosses!

I have here given you a short description of the power of that faith which God giveth, that bears up, and keeps the soul from fainting in trouble. This is the like precious faith by which those ancient worthies, in Heb. xi. did so many excellent and wonderful things.

It is a sweet belief that the God of grace will do all things for me—that he will confound, and put to silence, all that rise up against me, bring me out of trouble, make darkness light before me, and guide my feet in the paths of peace and righteousness. May the Lord thus increase our

faith, while in this vale of trouble, that we may pray in faith, walk by faith, stand on the rock of ages by faith, and by faith fight and conquer, through Jesus Christ our Lord!

Your's in the love of Christ,

W. W. H.

## LETTER XI.

*To the Church and Congregation assembled at  
Ebenezer Chapel, Leicester.*

July 21, 1804.

DEAR BRETHREN IN THE LORD,

THROUGH the captivating, and overcoming stratagems of our spiritual enemies, we are often led captive in the slavish chains of a fear, that the Lord, in anger, hath shut up his tender mercies, and his forgetful to fulfil his covenant promises. This fear prevents communion with God, burdens the gloomy mind, and corrodes every drop of spiritual consolation. If we cry unto God, it is not with the voice of praise and thanksgiving; but in the complaining tone of afflicted David, "Why standest thou afar off, O Lord? Why hidest thou thyself in times of trouble?" (Psa. x. 1.) The Lord's absence, the heart's impregnable hardness, the motions of sin in the flesh, the inactive, negligent state which

the mind is now sunk into, all combine to create a persuasion that God does not deal with us as with his children. And this is a very favourable opportunity for the grand enemy to attack the soul. Though he may be strong and terrific as a lion, I am persuaded he ever acts the part of a coward, by attacking the weak, and falling upon them when they are down. You no sooner get into a dull uncomfortable frame of mind, but he represents your state as singular, or will tell you if you were a child of God it would not be thus with you, and even without his suggestions you are ready enough to say, "All these things are against me."

"But, beloved, think it not strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try you, as though some strange thing happened unto you, but rejoice, inasmuch as ye are partakers of Christ's sufferings." (1 Pet. iv. 12.) He, himself, stood the fiery test of the devil's most violent assaults; and shall you and I think to escape them? No. Shall we expect to be christians indeed, and remain strangers to the christian warfare? Can we expect a smooth and easy path, when our Redeemer trod a rough one? Has he not described it in his Word, as a thorny way? He does not say, "Through much ease and pleasure," but "Through much tribulation, we must enter into his kingdom."

The exhortation is, "Endure hardness as good

soldiers of Jesus Christ:" What know you about contests with sin and hell? If, indeed, you ever enlisted under the Redeemer's banner, you have had many an hard struggle with his enemies! And you are not yet to put off your armour. If you live, you will be repeatedly called into the field of battle, and sometimes will be so completely vanquished, that your enemies will leave you bleeding upon the ground! Your faith will be shaken, your hopes cut off, your hands so feeble that you will be totally incapable of action, and your heart so dismayed within you, that your very life will appear upon the verge of departure! Talk with some of the old soldiers that have been engaged in this war, and they will give you wonderful accounts of the subtlety, dexterity, and artful manœuvres of our enemies. The strong opposition of the will of the flesh, to the divine will; the violent hostility of carnal passions, against the graces of the blessed Spirit; hard thoughts of God; slavish fears; vain thoughts; hardness of heart; with a great variety of other foes of our own household — and these, headed by the prince of the powers of darkness, have so wounded them as to bring upon them a complication of dreadful disorders! Such as unbelief, apprehensions of God's anger, darkness of soul, lifelessness at the throne of grace, inactivity in the ways of God, carnality in his worship; and these disorders are accompanied with such mental debility, that the poor wounded creature finds himself dispossessed of all spiritual

strength, and with an aching heart complains, "To will is present with me, but how to perform that which is good I find not." He would peruse the scriptures, pray feelingly, spiritually, and heartily; love the people of God, delight in, and enjoy their company; love Christ, bless him, praise and adore his grace, worship him spiritually, trust him for all, cast his cares upon him, and leave soul and body, without any fear, in his hands. *But*—O, distressing *but!*—how to perform that which is good he does not find. He does not want to perform any thing upon the principle of the merit-monger. But he knows it is a good thing to draw near to God. He wants, to trample on sin and hell, by faith in the blood of the Redeemer, and triumphantly say, "This God is my God for ever and ever, he will be my guide, even unto death." With sweet, and affectionate sensations to walk hand and heart with God, in covenant enjoyments, is the insatiate thirst and desire of his soul; and on this account, he cries and laments before the Lord. Let professors say what they please about their duties, and religious performances, I am sure of this, that the soul exercised in the way I have attempted to describe, wants nothing but the enjoyment of God, in his covenant love and grace; and the Holy Ghost hath created in him such a spiritual thirst, that every thing short of this enjoyment, however religious and excellent they may appear in the eyes

of others, are only calculated to render him the more wretched !

Now, my dear friends, observe the very distinguishable difference between the formal professor, and a soul blessed with a knowledge of its self, and an insatiate thirst for the enjoyment of God. I would endeavour to contrast these two distinct characters upon the ground of their motives in attempting to pray. I have always, ever since I have been feelingly acquainted with the power of godliness, considered *prayer* as one of the most distinguishing characteristics of a child of God. A man of God is a man of much prayer ! But his prayer, in the general, is secret, when no eye seeth him but the Lord. And he often, I believe, even in company with his fellow mortals, has his heart up to God, with secret and fervent cries !

The formal professor prays from a most despicable self-righteous motive, in order to please God, by the performance of what he calls his duty. I know for myself, before I felt my ruined sinful condition, that though I attempted to pray many times in a day, it was not from a sense of spiritual want; but from a persuasion that the Lord would be pleased with me, for my diligence and piety. My cry was not then "Save, Lord, or I perish !" but a repetition of unfelt sentences, to obtain the divine favour and approbation. But now, mark

the difference, you that know the plague of your own hearts, and hear what distinguishing grace has done for you! Acquainted with the inward warfare of the real christian, you are led to the gracious throne :

1. Under a humiliating sense of your deadness. You want life and animation of soul. You feel your want of this sweet life; and sensible that it is only in Christ, and that you must derive it from him, your prayer is, "Quicken me, O Lord, for thy name sake; for thy righteousness sake deliver my soul from trouble." Now, after all your doubts, tell me, do you think nature dictates these cries, or prompts you thus, through feeling necessity, to apply to Christ for quickening grace? No, if this is your real heart-felt prayer, be assured it is the Spirit's work thus to help your infirmities, with groanings which you cannot express!

2. Your darkness and ignorance, sensibly felt and lamented, cause you to cry unto the Lord, who is the fountain of light, the sun and shield of his people, the sun of righteousness, who has promised to arise upon them with healing in his wings (or beams) You are dark and miserable without the light of this glorious sun; and therefore your prayer is, "Consider and hear me, O Lord, my God, lighten my eyes, lest I sleep the sleep of death." (Psa. xiii. 3.)

3. On account of your unbelief, infidelity, and hard thoughts of God, you go before him through real necessity. Through the prevalency of these evils your heart is overwhelmed within you, and feeling your inability to rise superior to their horrid attacks, you cry unto the Lord, "Lead me to the rock that is higher than I." Such complaints really felt in the soul, and sincerely lamented before the mercy seat, bespeaks the almighty power of God, in giving the spirit of supplication. Thus I might proceed to shew, in numerous instances, that the prayers of God's Israel are the prayers of necessity, and herein they are distinguishable from those of all the pharisees, hypocrites, and formalists upon earth! And I would once more ask, Can it be supposed that carnal nature dictates these petitions? If so, from whence arises the opposition you inwardly feel in attempting to approach the Lord. Carnal nature is certainly an enemy to all spiritual prayer; and, therefore, will ever oppose you in it. so far as permitted. Hence it is very clear to me, that a supernatural agency dictates those cries for deliverance and comfort, in your burdened and oppressed minds.

Some of you, perhaps, at this time, are ready to say, "I fear after all, that my prayers are not those dictated by the Divine Spirit. For when I attempt to pray my mouth is almost stopped: I know not what to say. And though I am ex-

tremely uncomfortable in my mind, and feel that I am altogether destitute of life, light, love, and every thing good, I am so stupified with my carnal hard heart, that I can scarcely utter ten words before the Lord, and those apparently to no purpose."

In reply to this complaint, I have to say, that it has been repeatedly my own experience to the present day. And I bless the Lord that he has made you acquainted with the same most distressing sensations, by which we are assured that we cannot pray when we please. That we are indebted to the Lord for the spirit of supplication. Yet I would observe that some of these poor broken petitions, that we scarcely know how to utter, are more acceptable to the Lord, and comprehend more real prayer, than those which are expressed with greater fluency of speech. Is not spiritual prayer called "Groanings which cannot be uttered?"

I have often wished, had it been his blessed will, that the Lord would have thus stopped the mouths of some that I have heard at prayer meetings; who have spent a long time in vain repetitions, till, probably, the people assembled have been almost ready to fall asleep! Long prayers are not to edification; and our Lord hath said, "Use not vain repetitions." In exposing the long, formal prayers of the pharisee, he says, "They think they shall be heard for

their much speaking." A proof that Christ objects to much speaking, and decidedly expresses his disapprobation of long prayers. There may be seasons when the soul is extraordinarily led out to plead with God, but I believe, that in general, when a sinner prays fervently, knowing his wants, and feeling his expressions, his prayers are very short and comprehensive; and I may add, very prevailing with the Lord!

That the Lord delighteth in importunity is plain from the scriptures. May he say unto you this day, "Seek ye my face," and then I know you will reply, to his soul-quickening command, "Thy face Lord will we seek." Praying souls have nothing to fear; though, in deep distress, they often fear every thing; but the Lord will hear and deliver them, that they may glorify him. He has never said to the seed of Jacob, seek my face in vain. When the poor needy soul seeks water, and finds none, and his tongue even faileth for thirst, will the Lord leave him to perish? No. his sweet promise is, "I the Lord will hear him, I the God of Israel will not forsake him;" This is God's own promise, and must be fulfilled—and observe the distinguished character to whom the promise extends. Not the rich, the virtuous, the pious, but the poor, the needy, you that have nothing, and can find no living water of comfort, but whose tongues even fail for thirst. These are your recommendations to the notice of the God of grace, if you must have recommendations!

Your poverty, darkness, ignorance, filthiness, unworthiness, weakness, &c. &c. are the only recommendations that I know of; and these he himself gives you a knowledge of, or you had neither felt them nor seen them. And the Lord says positively, to such as answer to this description, "I will hear them; I will not forsake them!" You may rely upon his word of grace; he never yet deceived the soul that has been enabled to trust him for all, and look to him for every thing.

That this may be your happy case, is the prayer of your affectionate friend, and willing servant, for Christ's sake,

W. W. H.

## LETTER XII.

*To the Church and Congregation assembled in  
Ebenezer Chapel, Leicester.*

July 28, 1804.

DEARLY BELOVED IN THE LORD,

I HAVE often been sensibly struck with that common, but very ignorant assertion, of many professors of christianity, "It is of little consequence what we believe, provided we do but love and obey God." But even upon the

ground of human rationality, we cannot expect that men should obey the truth, till they are taught to believe it; nor love God till they are acquainted with him. To know, believe, and obey the truth, is a matter of such essential importance, that their damnation is pronounced inevitable, who live and die ignorant of it! "Because they received not the love of the truth that they might be saved. And for this cause God shall send them strong delusions, that they should believe a lie, that they all might be damned who believed not the truth, but had pleasure in unrighteousness." (2 Thess. ii. 10, 11, 12.)

The apostle here had been prophetically treating upon anti-christ's rise and reign, with that flood of errors which he would pour out of his mouth; and declares that the enemies of God, who had not received the love of the truth, should thereby be ensnared: and all this by the permission of God himself; nay, he boldly tells us that God shall send them strong delusions; which agrees with the declaration of the Lord, by the mouth of the prophet Micah: "If a man walking in the spirit and falsehood do lie, saying, I will prophecy unto thee of wine and of strong drink, he shall even be the prophet of this people." On the other hand, we are positively assured that God's people are led into the truth, know the truth, love the truth, keep the truth, obey the truth and walk in the truth. Therefore nothing can be plainer than this, that as a total ignorance

of the precious truth as it is in Jesus, demonstrates a man dead in trespasses and sins, a sweet experimental knowledge of it is an evident proof that his soul is enlightened and quickened by divine grace. Then, sirs, the enquiry is solemn and important, What is truth? and what is it to have a real experimental knowledge of its power and preciousness? I feel the importance of the subject, and my soul is animated with its intrinsic excellency. O what a blessing to be feelingly led into the truth! What an insuperable pleasure to live in the comfortable enjoyment of it!

Not a single grain of divine truth is received by a child of God without much opposition. Carnal reason will ever raise vain disputations against it, and as you advance in a knowledge of it, Satan will dispute every inch of ground with you; and through a natural love and propensity to error, you will often feel rising within you, even an indignation against it!

Knowing his own ignorance, the consequence of error, and the importance of receiving the truth in the love of it, the soul graciously led and instructed, cannot receive any thing as genuine truth, without the broad seal of heaven upon it—a thus saith the Lord, in his word, accompanied by the confirmation of the Spirit in his own experience. Herein the child of God evidently differs from all careless, carnal professors,

with whom it is very unimportant what they believe; he makes the most earnest enquiry after truth, searches for it as for hidden treasure, and examines every part of it with the most critical disquisition. I well recollect the time, when under great soul-concern, unestablished in the truth, halting between two opinions, knowing not what or who to believe, and with a variety of different creeds proposed to my credence and reception, that my soul was sorely dejected least I should be deceived! Truth was then of the highest import with me. But what was the result of all this? What tendency had it? Why, in this great and perplexing dilemma I was led to the poor sinner's best asylum, the mercy seat of Jehovah, who had taught my soul to make diligent search for his own truth, and there my cry was something like David's, "Teach me thy way, O Lord, and lead me in a plain path, because of mine enemies." (Psa. xxvii. 11.) And from what the Lord has since done for my soul, in leading me into his precious truth, I am confident no regenerated person can sit down easy by any thing as truth, but what God himself teaches him, and he must have the plain word of God for it. The Lord gives him to feel the truth of his precious word in his very soul! And now, my beloved friends, I shall shew, from the word of God, as he may give ability, what truth is, and how the man of God is led into it.

1. Christ calleth himself *the truth*, (John xiv.

6.) because he is the sum and substance of the word of truth. He is the truth of all the prophecies and promises of a covenant God. And till a sinner receiveth Christ Jesus the Lord, he cannot receive the truth. When he knows Christ, he knows the truth of election, redemption, divine pardon, &c. which he never satisfactorily knew before.

2. The blessed Spirit is the all-wise teacher of divine truth, which Christ hath promised to his people; (John xvi. 13.) “Howbeit when he, the *Spirit of truth*, is come, he will guide you into all truth.” A man may learn truth systematically from the bare letter of the word, but can never know it, in its power and excellency, without the supernatural agency of the Spirit.

Men are so fallen and depraved, that they have disputed against the very being of God! But what does the poor sinner think of this solemn truth, when his divine wrath breaks in upon his conscience, and the terrors of the Almighty make him afraid? No atheism can exist in the soul, or existing, dares not to shew its monstrous head, when the hand of God is thus, day and night, heavy upon the condemned sinner! He feels that there is a God against whom he hath sinned, who is full of terrible majesty!

The fallen, ruined, helpless state of wretched sinful man, is a truth plainly revealed in the

Scriptures: but who really believe it? Those, and those only, who are taught to feel it a truth, by the secret operations of the convincing Spirit. Though the word of God is very plain upon it, you cannot offend men more than to tell them, they are so carnal, unclean, averse to God; so weak, helpless, dead, and at such distance from God, that they can by no means help themselves; that the performance of their duties will do nothing toward their salvation; that they cannot come to Jesus, till Mercy takes them in hand, and powerfully carries them there, in spite of their own carnal will, and proud rebellious nature. These things always did, and always will give offence, to men untaught by divine grace.

But when God gives the soul to feel all this, he cannot then deny it; though his proud nature is unwilling to acknowledge it, and wants to claim some goodness, and some little power, yet his own feelings testify against him; and clearly evince the truth of what the Bible says of his fallen condition. Herein the Word and Spirit beautifully harmonize! And on this very account the word of God is called, “A discernor of the thoughts, and intents of the heart.” (*Heb. iv. 12.*) For where God has broken up the sinful recesses of the heart, the same dismal things are felt and lamented, which God’s Word declares to be in the corrupt nature of man.

The saving power, and exceeding preciousness

of Christ, cannot be cordially received as truth, till the need of him is felt. And then the soul cries—I would see Jesus; for I want him to be my wisdom, my power, my righteousness, my life, my all; but I feel I have no ability to go to him, nor to receive him, as some talk, by exercising faith; I have no faith to exercise, no heart to love him, no spirit of energetic prayer to call upon him: but am a poor, dead, barren, lifeless creature! Now some of you, with these very feelings, will tell me, you fear you know nothing in reality about precious *truth*. But give me leave to tell you, that, with this experience, you are better able to explain numerous passages in the Bible, than half the preachers in Great Britain!

For instance, that sweet passage, “No man can quicken his own soul.” Have you not the truth of it in your own experience? For you have, in various ways, endeavoured to quicken your own soul, but you find it fruitless labour; you are as dead and stupid as ever you were; and no wonder, for while the soul attempts to help itself, God will afford it none, but keeps at a distance, to teach it fresh lessons of human weakness. “No man, saith Jesus, can come unto me, till the Father draweth him.” A truth you and I once opposed, and despised; but which we are now glad to acknowledge, from what we daily feel; and our cry is—“Draw me, we will run after thee!” If all men knew their own

hearts, there would not be a man in the world professing to believe the doctrines of free will, and human merit. It is ignorance of their own corrupt, depraved hearts, that causes men to boast of power to come to Jesus, to love God and delight in him; and, by their own exertions, to procure for themselves the presence of God! Thus, with such great swelling words of vanity, they deny a fundamental truth of God's Word, which he has mercifully taught you.

For my own part, I had rather be the poor, dark, tried, afflicted sinner, without a ray of light, or drop of comfort, than the proud pharisee with all his boasted purity and consolation; for I know they are of a spurious kind. That purity of conscience, and sweet consolation, which alone can satisfy me, must be genuine and unadulterated, flowing alone from the fountain of a precious Jesus!

It is very evident that no one part of God's truth can be cordially received, till the sinner feelingly knows his own heart;—till he feels his captivity, he will never look to Jesus for liberty;—till he is burthened with sin, he will never cry unto him for pardon. You could never read the Bible with understanding, till you knew the plague of your hearts. Now when you read in that blessed volume, the various striking descriptions of the vanity and baseness of the human heart, you can attest the truth of it; and at the same

time, bless the Lord that he hath, in his Word, described the stubbornness of your will, the barrenness of your mind, with all your weaknesses, darkness, ignorance, doubts, fears, and misgivings of heart! And that he has not only described your case so minutely, but speaks comfortably and mercifully, in his precious Word, to those who thus know, feel, and lament, before him, that they are all as an unclean thing, and that their iniquities, like the wind, have taken them away!

I have here particularly enlarged upon the knowledge of the truth of the fall, from a consideration that almost every error introduced into the Church of God, in any age, has sprung from ignorance of the dead, helpless, hopeless state of a sinner, till Mercy undertakes his cause.

From such ignorance, men, in our day, are preaching and contending for free will and the performance of various duties, as introductory to the favour of God. And are exhorting dead sinners to do that which nothing short of a Divine, Almighty Power can effect! Now, if such men really knew the plague of sin, they certainly would honestly tell poor souls, their fallen, helpless condition; and proclaim, instead of creature duties, covenant favours, boundless mercy, redeeming blood, and quickening grace; and with the faithfulness of a man of God, declare plainly and publicly, that "It is not of him that willeth, nor

of him that runneth, but of God that sheweth mercy." With an hope, that I shall be enabled to resume this subject next week,

I remain, till then, dear friends,

Your's, faithfully in the truth,

W. W. H.

### LETTER XIII.

*To the Church and Congregation assembled in  
Ebenezer Chapel, Leicester.*

Aug. 4, 1804.

MOST ENDEARED FRIENDS,

I RESUME the animating subject of Divine Truth, with an humble hope, under the gracious blessing of our covenant God, of promoting your real consolation, rousing your zeal, and reviving your unfeigned love for that invaluable and delightful object.

When I contemplate the degenerated, ignorant, and lifeless condition of the professed churches of Christ, the lukewarm and lethargetic conduct of even those that I hope have the root of the matter in them, and the violent and almost universal opposition that sacred truth continually

meets with, I am ready to cry with the weeping prophet, "*Truth* is perished, and is cut off from their mouth." (Jer. vii. 28.)

From whom do we now hear the enquiry, What is truth? How few regard the exhortation of the Lord, "Love the truth and peace." (Zech. viii. 19.) Nevertheless, as the Lord never speaks in vain, those who are addressed in this exhortation, have divine love shed abroad in their hearts by the Holy Ghost; who teaches them to know the truth, in order that they may love it. It is impossible to love an object till there is a knowledge of it. When truth, in its power and preciousness, is known, then, and not till then, is it affectionately embraced. And though in this day of small things, iniquity abounds, and the love of many of God's children waxes cold, Jehovah has a seed that still serves him, a little flock to whom he is resolved to give the kingdom. These are very emphatically termed, "The righteous nation that keepeth the truth." They have received it, in the love of it, and it is from daily experience of its sterling worth, that they prize it above the richest treasure. I have already shewn, in my last letter, that the Lord teaches his people the truth, by giving them to feel the power of it in their own souls; and that it is no less than an Almighty work of grace, for a sinner to be brought to a free acknowledgment of the truth of those parts of the Divine Writings, which so clearly re-

present the fallen, and helpless condition of man. We read in the blessed volume of truth, of a carnal and perverse will, perpetually hostile to the will of God;—of ignorance in the extreme—that the world, by wisdom, know not God;—of enmity in the human heart, to God and godliness;—of inward rebellion against the Divine Being;—that the human heart is naturally a barren, unfeeling heart of stone. These things are plainly spoken of, and powerfully insisted upon, by the inspired writers. But the question is Who gives a real, hearty assent to this description of the human heart? The reply is easy:—Those who feel the truth of it. And such heartfelt humble acknowledgment of human depravity, is laid down in God's Word, as an infallible evidence, that the truth of God dwelleth in that soul. John says, positively, "If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves and the truth is not in us;" clearly intending, that if we are really convinced of our helpless and depraved state, by feeling, daily lamenting, and confessing, with humble contrition, and compunction of soul before God, those evils which his Word declares to be natural to man, and which cause his people to groan, being burthened with them, we have the truth of God dwelling in us. Nothing can be more plainly expressed. O ye sin-despairing souls; may the Lord enable you to take encouragement from this precious declaration, and render it effectual in removing your gloomy fears, and desponding thoughts, which prevent you from rejoicing in the

truth. I shall now proceed to shew, that the truth of redemption, by the blood of Christ, is only known as the powerful effects of it are felt and experienced upon the sinner's conscience. When everlasting love exhibits a bleeding Saviour, the truth of that infinitely sweet passage is known, because felt and enjoyed; "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin." John knew the truth of it, by a most wonderful deliverance from guilt, and alleviation from spiritual distress;—from the sweetest sensations of spiritual comfort, and the most luxuriant enjoyment of divine love!

And be assured, my brethren, this takes place in a way that the poor, dark, tried, doubting sinner never expected.

Some of you, probably, are expecting something miraculous to take place, if ever you rejoice in Christ. It certainly is a miracle of grace for the conscience, the wounded, burdened conscience, to be freed from that complicated load of sin with which it is afflicted. But it is not in the way that some persons would give you to expect. When God proclaims pardon by the blood of Christ, he does not speak with an audible voice, heard by the outward ears: neither does he inwardly apply the very blood shed on Calvary, as some of his people expect. But when I speak of an application of that precious blood, I mean, (and the Scriptures intend no more) an inward

knowledge given by the enlightening Spirit of God, of what that blood does for a poor sinner. It is a discovery made to the soul of the love of God in a crucified Christ. But how it is performed, he knows not? “The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh and whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the Spirit.” These are the Lord’s own words, which are a clear proof, that he who is born of the Spirit, knows not how the work is performed; yet he knows that it is done, by its happy and most comfortable effects! He feels his conscience easy, because his sins are gone, and the Lord, the God of love, is smiling upon him with compassion, tenderness and delight. He has such sweet persuasion of God’s love to his soul, that he is comforted on every side.

I know, when the Blessed Spirit first proclaimed redemption to me, my heart was melted under a sense of his amazing love. The glad tidings of justice satisfied, sins blotted out, unrighteousness removed, and an everlasting righteousness brought in, and put upon me by imputation,—these glad tidings, so powerfully proclaimed, won my heart to Jesus—melted me down at his feet—removed my fears, my unbelief and infidelity; and I was then most confidently assured, that my Redeemer lived, and that I had eternal life in him. This is called a receiving the atonement—knowing the love of Christ—washing in the fountain

which the Lord hath opened for sin and uncleanness—a being made nigh to God by the blood of Christ!

Where this takes place in a soul, redemption becomes a most glorious theme; and such as are thus experimentally taught to know this sweet truth, will not, cannot, say that the blood of Jesus was shed in vain! They know that his blood cleanses from all sin; hence it is plain to them, that those who are thus cleansed can never perish.—That those for whom Christ died can never come into condemnation!

This truth is no longer doubted or disputed by such a soul, because the powerful effects of it are an inward and incontestable testimony, that we have redemption through his blood, the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of his grace. (Eph. i. 7.)

In like manner, every fundamental truth must be received with power, and demonstrated to the soul by the Holy Spirit, before a poor ignorant sinner can comprehend them, or will cordially embrace them. Men may forge a thousand arguments in defence of a carnal man's natural ability to believe and embrace the Truth; and there will ever appear, to unrenewed men, great plausibility in their reasoning: but it is enough for me to be assured in God's Word, and to have the truth of it confirmed by the Holy Ghost in my own expe-

rience, that the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God: for they are foolishness unto him: neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned. (1 Cor. ii. 14.)

It is the work, and covenant office of the Blessed Spirit of Truth, to guide his people into all truth; and as he teaches, they learn; as he guides and directs, they make advancement in the knowledge of sacred truth. And he that hath received his testimony, hath set to his seal that God is true. (John iii. 33.) While carnal professors are disgusted with plain gospel truths, experimentally opened and preached, he can lay his hand upon his heart and say, "My own experience corroborates the truth of what I hear, which is abundantly confirmed by the Scriptures, and therefore I can bear testimony that it is the truth of God."

So far as God hath taught us, so far we can testify the truth, as it is in Jesus, and no farther. Those who are thus feelingly led into truth, differ from others who have only received it notionally, in that they never can give it up, or bear to hear it dishonoured and trampled upon by heterodox and corrupt doctrines.—I defy a person experienced in the truth of God, to sit under the sound of error with any comfort; and for my own part, I cannot conceive how such an one can sit under the sound of it at all.

The truth of God is so applicable to the state of one who is brought to nothing in his own esteem, that any thing which is in the least calculated to eclipse the glory of that precious truth, immediately meets with his most decided disapprobation. His zeal and love for truth, his hatred and indignation to error, are all roused immediately, and he contends earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints. He pleadeth for truth, against those who trust in vanity and speak lies; (Isaiah lix. 4.) while they bend their tongues like their bow for lies, he is valiant for the truth, (Jer. ix. 3.) and is determined to know nothing for the foundation of his hope, but Christ crucified. He is determined to know none other for pardon, peace, justification, sanctification, holiness, acceptance with God, wisdom, strength, and deliverance, from the power and dominion of sin, death and hell, but Christ Jesus, in whom he stands complete.

With a determination like this, may the God of all grace send me unto you, in the fulness of the blessing of the Gospel of Peace! With the comfortable expectation of thus coming to you,

I remain, dear Brethren, &c.

Your's, very affectionately,

W. W. H.

## LETTER XIV.

*To the Church of Christ (now) meeting at Hepzibah Chapel, Wood Street.*

Plymouth Dock, Nov. 22, 1808.

MY DEAR PEOPLE,

IT would be superfluous for me, in this written Address, (which must necessarily be very limited) to give you any fresh assurances of my discriminating affection for you, who have been with me, and bravely stood by me, in all the complicated afflictions and persecution which have befallen me, from my first entrance in among you. I am persuaded, we know each other too well to doubt, for a moment, the sincerity and integrity attached to our mutual professions of unfeigned love to each other in the bowels of Christ: suffice it, then, for me to say, *once for all*, Let this impress your minds, whenever my absence give you any degree of pain, that you not only still exist in my most *lively* remembrance, but that you dwell perpetually in my heart; and, dear as the people of God are to me wherever I find them, rest assured, that you have my *warmest*, my *highest* and *first* esteem, by a most decisive preference, which gives me heart-felt pleasure. I will candidly acknowledge that

it would be the most censurable vanity for me to suppose that you lamented my absence, if I had not the most demonstrable evidences of the great esteem in which you hold me as a minister of Christ; and the warm affection you feel for me as a child of God—a member of the same redeemed body, and of the same family with yourselves.—Be assured, my dear people! that I most keenly feel the pain of separation; so *keenly* and *forcibly*, that nothing could reconcile me to it, but an *hope*, and pleasing prospect, that my Blessed Redeemer has providentially led me here, to execute by me, as an instrument, some of the gracious purposes of his own will, in making sinners willing to be saved alone by grace! A *great* door appears to be opened here for the preaching of God's truth, O that it may prove an *effectual* one: if so, I am persuaded, there will be many enemies. Brethren, pray for me, that the Lord may keep me faithful, and by my ministry magnify the riches of his free grace in Christ. May the Lord bless you at *all times*; but especially when you assemble for his worship; and O may he bless our brethren who officiate for me during my absence! may their ministry be owned of God!

But while I am lamenting our painful *separation*, (though a separation upon a glorious occasion) methinks I hear some of you say, the absence of our minister is painful, but what is that

compared with the *absence* of the Lord? If he hide his face, we are troubled indeed! At a throne of grace, which it is your inestimable privilege to know, you often cry in the language of David, (Psa. x. 1.) “Why standest thou afar off, O Lord, why hidest thou thyself in times of trouble?”

This, my dear friends! though a bitter complaint, implies great boldness at the throne of grace: inasmuch as it is not only a pleading with the Lord, but going with an argument founded upon his promise, and requesting to know why that promise is not fulfilled? The heaven-born soul, in the darkest season, has more familiarity with the Lord, than the proud professor who never knew Jesus, with all his boasted comforts. I must here correct myself, I have not fully expressed my idea, or rather, I have said too much: because the former does enjoy familiarity with God, whereas the latter never intermeddles with that heaven-descended joy: and, therefore, it will be better to say, that the heaven-born soul, in the darkest, and most trying season, has that strong confidence in his covenant God, which the unregenerate professor *never knew*.

1. The cry of “Why standest thou afar off, O Lord?” never was made by a carnal unregenerated sinner: he is afar off from God, and knows it not: and while in that state is as *incapable* of desiring the Divine Presence as a dead body is

of breathing, or as a *raving maniac* is of exercising sound reason.

2. A sinner under the Law's sentence—self-condemned, has no occasion to make the enquiry: he knows, to his distraction, why the Lord stands afar off from him. He is in a state of condemnation, and feels it.

3. But this bold expression, this powerful and energetic plea, evidently implies

1. That the Lord hath created a thirst in the soul of the complainant, which none but himself can satisfy; hence he cries—Why shouldst thou O precious Jesus! win my heart over to thyself by a display of thy charms, and not satisfy me with the joy of thy salvation? Why should my soul be deserted of one that is endeared to me by all that love, mercy, pity, and tenderness indispensably necessary for my salvation and eternal happiness? “Tell me, O thou whom my soul loveth, where thou feedest, where thou makes thy flock to rest at noon: For why should I be as one that turneth aside by the flocks of thy companions?” (Sol. Songs, i. 7.)

2. That as the Lord has promised to be with his people, and to afford them his divine presence: the deserted soul has a plea upon *substantial* ground: Hast thou not said, O my God, “Fear thou not: for I am with thee.” (Isa. xli.

10.) And shall thy promise fail for evermore!—shall my faith, hope, and confidence in thy loving kindness and almighty arm, be for ever cut off, and prove abortive, to the confusion of my soul, the dishonor of thy name, and the triumph of my enemies.—Behold my trouble, pity my complaint. Why standest thou afar off in this day of calamity? Why should the God of love thus deal with his own adopted and redeemed children, with whom he is in covenant for ever?

Various are the reasons suggested by Satan, and forged by unbelief, why God does hide his face from his people; some of which are as follows:

1. Because of some *surprising sin*, which you have *long* groaned under, or perhaps, *recently* discovered in your carnal heart! But surely, O thou afflicted soul, when you give yourself time to reflect, you must see that such conclusion is totally inconsistent with the whole plan of salvation by grace: Is not mercy the Divine delight? Is it not the glory of the Lord to exalt the glory of his grace, in the pardon of sin? And does he not pardon like a God? Is it not the office of Christ to *save* sinners. He came not to call, to invite the righteous, but *sinners*; and for the comfort and encouragement of all such, Does not Paul call himself the chiefest of sinners, at the same time that he triumphs in the *love of God*, and declares himself interested in Christ?

2. The enemy operating upon the self-righteousness of your proud nature, would persuade you, that God hideth his face from you *in anger*. But I would ask, Was not his anger due to us on account of sin, entirely exhausted upon Christ, when he smote him with the rod of his wrath? How then can his wrath burn hot against you. Your refuge is Jesus, with whom the Lord is well pleased for his *righteousness* sake.—He loves you in his dear Son, and cannot know the shadow of a turn.

3. Satan and unbelief would persuade you, that you have not the enjoyment of his presence, because he has *forgotten you*. But how kindly does he answer this himself: “Can a woman forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb: yea, they may forget, yet will I not *forget thee*, &c.”

But he has suspended its divine influence in our souls.

1. To humble us—to stab our Arminian pride, and to stop our boasting mouths, that we may acknowledge Jesus to be all in all.

2. That we may cry more earnestly unto him in prayer, and know that he hears and answers not for *our sake*, but for his *own sake*.

3. Because he loves us too well to suffer any

rival in our affections, and, therefore, he thus chastens us in love, that we may, by his absence, know more of his worth and value.

And, lastly, that his presence may be the sweeter, when he shall rise and shine upon our souls: and that he may so shine on you, is the fervent and daily prayer of

Your truly affectionate,

W. W. H.

## LETTER XV.

*To the Church of Christ, now assembling at  
Hephzibah Chapel, Wood Street.*

Plymouth Dock, Nov. 29, 1808.

IT is our unspeakable happiness to know the truth for ourselves: and so to know it, as to love it, and to engage in its defence with earnestness and ardour of soul. And when the fire of that divine love, which burnt so warmly in the very bones of Jeremiah, inspires us with high and dignified views of our exalted Redeemer, who is *the Truth* as well as the way and the life, we not only step forward warmly to defend the truth, but esteem it a distinguishing privilege to be called in Divine Providence, to make the greatest sacrifices in its promotion.—In my separation from you, I have much to sacrifice, not temporally, but *spiritually*: nevertheless, as it is evidently in de-

fence of God's truth, in this place, I cheerfully yield, and thankfully endure the cross. You will now, most likely ask, what I have to sacrifice in this separation from you as a church. I reply *much, very much*; and to make it evident to you, I will appeal to your own feelings for *demonstration*. I have encouraged the most unshaken persuasion, that you entertain the highest opinion of my sincerity and friendship; and hold me in the highest esteem as your own minister, who prefers you above all other churches: and I hope, that my conduct toward you, will always demonstrate, that you are neither deceived in that opinion, nor *lavish* in your esteem:—**LOVE** between us, I am persuaded, is proportionately reciprocal; and will ever meet the most satisfactory return—and I do sincerely hope, that, to the *remotest years of my life*, I shall labour among you, while the blessing and presence of our altogether lovely **JESUS**, shall make our communion and fellowship divinely sweet, and mingle our cup with *many mercy drops* from the everlasting hills of his undeclining love!

This being the case—having for a long time tasted of these heavenly sweets together—I say with confidence, that the *demonstration* of what I now sacrifice, by this separation, you can clearly read in your own *feelings*.

Have you not that esteem for my ministry, which leads you not only to consider, but to feel my absence *a loss*?—this you have *sacrificed* with

an hope of my being useful in this place, to the dear children of God. And is not this sacrifice *mutual*. Have I not the same unpleasant *sensation*, in being at a distance from you, and in being deprived of your constant attendance on my ministry. For though the people attend here in crowds, and hear with the greatest attention, they cannot be so dear to me, as my own church; with whom I am familiarly acquainted! But let us lose sight of ourselves, and enter upon a more pleasant and sublime subject—only, just permit me to say, that *I look forward with anticipated pleasure to the time*, when I hope the Lord will return me unto you, like a *giant*, refreshed with new wine, in the fulness of the blessings of the Gospel of Peace. To be the plague of *pharisees*, while I am the Messenger of the Lord of Hosts to his own redeemed children.

Brethren, we are inseparably united in our living *Head*, whose presence makes my heaven here, while it fills you with unspeakable joy at so great a distance from me. He is confined to no place; for heaven and earth are filled with the Majesty of his glory! O how sweet it is to have the Spirit's witness within that we are one with *Jesus*!

1st. By a union of *everlasting love*. Loved in *him*, and in love given to him, in the gracious covenant, before the commencement of time! This is a truth *spurned* with contempt by the advocates of *free-will*; and well it may; for how does it

sap the very foundation of their hope, founded on religious duties and performances! It makes man, they will say, *nothing* but a mere *machine*. Ah! this is the bitter sting to *self-righteous pride*! It makes man *nothing*, and that they cannot bear! —But, O! how humiliating to the child of God! How consolatory to a poor helpless sinner! How encouraging to the soul who seeks Jesus! And how supporting to all the dear children of the Most HIGH, who are variously and often, tried and afflicted—by sin, unbelief, coldness, and hardness of heart—spiritual desertion, persecution, and numerous outward *trials*—How peculiarly supporting, and animating to them, is the glorious consideration of *their everlasting love* union to Jesus! because they know that none of their trials, however grievous, can separate them from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord!

Oh! how delightful to reflect upon the noble and affectionate language of a precious Saviour; who, in the most pathetic address ever offered to heaven, pleads in your behalf and mine, by reminding *his* Father, and *our* Father, of this ancient love-union to *Him*, in the following energetic language—language clothed with authority peculiar to the *Prince of Peace*: “*I in them, and thou in me, that they may be made perfect in one, and that the world may know that thou hast sent me, and hast* LOVED THEM AS THOU HAST LOVED

ME." This is the support and rejoicing of my *unworthy*, thrice *unworthy soul*; this melts me and humbles me—This makes my heart burn within me with love to my *own Redeemer*, in *whom* we are at all times, and for ever complete! I have but just entered upon the delightful subject of our union to Christ—but break off through extreme pain of *the head*.

Your's, &c.

W. W. H.

## LETTER XVI.

*To my own beloved Church.*

Dock, Wednesday, Dec. 7, 1803.

DEARLY BELOVED IN CHRIST,

AS the time approaches for my return, I feel the greater anxiety to address you upon those substantial and interesting subjects, which are the principal comfort of my life, the foundation of my hope, and the source of my continual rejoicing: indeed all that variety of spiritual subjects, with which the word of God furnishes us, and which it is our highest pleasure, and most permanent interest to discuss, examine, and feel substantiated in our experience, is comprised in this, *the everlasting Love of our Covenant Father, by which we are everlastingly and inseparably one in*

*Christ!* This is all my salvation and all my desire. The publication of this at Dock hath gladdened and comforted my own soul, and proved a source of consolation to many of God's dear children here; while it has made some of the *diviners mad*, and produced the clamorous and malicious vociferation against me, of "ANTINOMIAN! ANTINOMIAN!" But you know what it is to rejoice that the Lord has honoured us with this *christian badge*, and counted us worthy to suffer reproach for his name-sake. I am, indeed, a wonder to myself.

O how happy have I been in publicly declaring, and *insisting* upon, the FREE and AMAZING love of my *immutable* REDEEMER, THE LORD OF Hosts! Last night (being Tuesday) I preached as usual to a *crowd* of the most attentive hearers I ever spoke to in the Lord's name; and though I was an hour and thirty-five minutes in my sermon, their attention was kept up to the last minute: Shall the truth be preached in vain? No, my dear Sirs! I am persuaded the Lord is doing a great work here by the instrumentality of your *own affectionate minister*; which, I am confident, must be a considerable cause for *your* rejoicing, as well as *mine*.

Last night I felt my soul amazingly drawn out with love to precious souls, and warmed with holy zeal for the glory of Christ; at the same time that I was roused with indignation against the

hypocrisy, formality, false doctrines, and *pretended* outside holiness of the *parsons* and *professors* of this dark and gloomy day! O what a mercy to be kept faithful! Bless and praise the Lord on my behalf! *Who*, and *what* am *I*, that he should thus warm and comfort my heart: an heart that is often frozen to ice, by the nipping destructive frost of carnality, worldliness, and vanity of thought and desire! But “we have this treasure in earthen vessels, that the excellency of the power may be of God, and not of us!” *It is all of grace! It is all of grace!* Surely I have more reason to extol the riches of God’s *free* and *unsearchable* grace, than any other sinner, redeemed by the precious blood of Christ. Give him all the glory! Suffer none to rob him of the glory due, *everlastingly due* to his truly precious name; without giving them a severe reprimand, by the strongest expressions of indignation! This, in the strength of Christ, is my *resolve*: for we never can speak loud enough in the defence, and in the immortal praise of Him, who hath loved us, and redeemed us with his own blood!

I shall now resume the subject I commenced in my last, with peculiar pleasure, flowing from a persuasion that it will be truly gratifying to you; and with an encouraging hope and confidence, that the Lord will accompany it with his great and effectual blessing! Union to our glorious Covenant Head is a subject of the greatest possible sublimity, at the same time that it is clothed

with that scriptural simplicity, which renders it not only intelligible, but *sweet* and *delightful*, to the well-instructed child of God. I proceed, then to shew from the word of God, that this union is an everlastingly *representative union*: by which I wish you clearly to understand, for your comfort, that the Lord Jesus Christ *represented* his people from everlasting, as the Head of a complete body, given to him, in covenant, by the Father, and in due time completely *redeemed*, that is, *bought back* from the bondage of sin and Satan, by his atoning blood!

All their persons were well known, and all their names stood engraven upon his heart, before the foundation of the world: as he himself, under the character of wisdom, has expressed it: (Prov. viii. 22, 23.) “The Lord possessed me in the beginning of his way, before his works of old. I was set up (or rather anointed) from everlasting, from the beginning or ever the earth was.” Christ, the power of God and the *wisdom* of God, from everlasting, before the works of the creation, was anointed *Head* of his people: and as he is Infinite Wisdom, must be the only wise God over all, blessed for ever. The delight of the Father, and the object of his *supremest love*; and as his people were then all *in him*, were loved with the same love; as that delightful passage proves, which you have often heard me quote (John xvii. 23.) “I in them, and thou in me, that they may be made perfect in one, and

that the world may know that thou has sent *me*, and hast loved them as thou hast loved *me*." Loved in Christ, and *now represented* by him on the heavenly throne, where he represented us from everlasting! O sweet thought! Source of ecstatic triumph over *sin* and *hell*! Our salvation was determined on, and mansions of glory secured to us, without a possibility of failure, before we had a being! We have not then, my beloved friends! to enquire what we shall DO to be SAVED, but to rejoice that we ARE saved, and in the council of God, being *one* with our *Royal Representative*, were saved before his works of old! All that remains now, is to receive the Spirit's witness, that we are interested in this *ancient* salvation, and then our language will be, "What shall we render unto the Lord, for the sovereignty, *freeness*, and eternity of his love and grace, abounding to us the chief of sinners! And to rejoice in our *Great High Priest*, who bears the names of the children of Israel in the breast-plate of Judgment, upon his heart, in the holy place, for a memorial before the Lord continually. (Exod. xxviii. 29.)

But some of you, who may be walking in *darkness*, and *weak in faith*, may be ready to ask, What is the *Spirit's witness*, which he bears in the soul of a vile sinner, that he belongs to Christ? I answer, Is not this the Spirit's *evidence* and *work*, in our hearts: That *Christ is precious*? Is not this the faith of the operation of God? For, to you that BELIEVE he is precious. Precious to

*save?* But if you did not feel yourselves *lost*, he could not be precious in this endearing and *exalted character*: Precious in his *cleansing blood*, because we are *filthy*—precious to justify, because we are *self-condemned*: precious to quicken and give life; because, *in ourselves*, we are *dead and buried* in the ruins of the fall: *Precious* in his *person*, because he is arrayed in *human flesh*, our *near kinsman*, and yet the *eternal God*! Precious in his promises, because they are *absolute, unconditional*, and made only to the *poor, vile, helpless sinner*; and are all *yea and amen* to his glory. Precious in his *word and worship*; because the *former* contains nothing but *free-grace* to the unworthy; and the *latter, unincumbered with duties*, is constituted with gracious *privileges*, and (when the Lord is with us) is a *service of perfect freedom*!

Thus I might go on—but I will conclude with saying, that he is ALTOGETHER *precious* and lovely! may he be increasingly so to our souls! With the pleasing expectation of soon addressing you verbally.

I am, my dear friends,

Your's affectionately,

W. W. H.

## LETTER XVII.

*On Backbiting.*

DEAR SIR,

WE have heard much on defamation of character, and of actions being brought by the *injured* to recover damages in *Courts of Judicature*; but that malicious defamation of the characters of the followers of the Lamb, and of the ministers of the pure gospel, has been scarcely noticed, either from the sonorous pulpit, or from the widely-circulating press. Outward holiness, consistency of conduct, unspotted morality, christian piety, and intrinsic virtue, have certainly been almost perpetually urged by the professed ministers of the gospel; but, in my opinion, little has been said to real purpose. An explanation of the constituents, the substance, and vitals of these excellencies, has not yet been given; nor the *grand actuating principle* of them all, delineated, so as to ascribe glory to divine grace, in Christ; which alone can make a man *truly* honest, honourable, virtuous, pious and upright. It is true, that one certain detached standard has been erected for the regulation, the rule, and the inspiring Spirit of all *good works*—*The law of Ten Commandments*. But we find, many who profess the most zealous attachment to



THE  
SOCIAL HOUR,

AND ITS  
*ANNIVERSARY;*

ADDRESSED TO  
A SELECT PARTY OF FRIENDS.

---

By W. W. HORNE.  
AUTHOR OF FRIENDSHIP A POEM, &c.

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THE  
SOCIAL HOUR,  
*Addressed to a Select Party of  
Friends.*

JANUARY 9TH, 1810.

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**H**OW swift the time, and yet how sweet!  
When real friends for converse meet,  
    And taste of love divine :  
It like a fleeting shadow flies,  
But gives reflection solid joys;  
    Joys at this moment mine!

Friendly, and more than friendly, we,  
Not vain, yet cheerful, grave, yet free,  
    The happy evening spent:  
A time to be remember'd long;  
The pleasing subject of my song,  
    To you with freedom sent.

To you, my friends—companions dear!  
 I write without reserve or fear;  
     For you can well attest  
 The sweetness of the SOCIAL HOUR;  
 When felt our minds the Saviour's pow'r,  
     The mighty power of Christ!

A power to raise, and not to crush;  
 Removing shame's confusing blush,  
     And casting out all guile:  
 Which from distressing bondage frees,  
 Producing union, peace, and ease,  
     And friendship's generous smile!

Come, then, my friends, to you I turn,  
 Did not our hearts within us burn,  
     With love to Jesus' name?  
 While each of self with hatred spoke,  
 And lost th' arminian, slavish yoke,  
     In love's celestial flame!

No stiffness, no reserve was there,  
 For perfect love excludeth fear,

And christian's can be free;  
 They must be, when the Lord appears,  
 To soothe their sorrows, dry their tears,  
 And give them liberty.

Then give the world their boasted bliss,  
 Their social joys, compared with this,  
 In torpid sadness sink!  
 Their jovial pleasures—midnight dance—  
 All perish soon as they advance,  
 And from reflection shrink.

They will not bear the *after-thought*,  
 To those who reason as they ought,  
 And health and virtue prize:  
 But above all, to us, who know,  
 In Jesus' love, a heav'n below,  
 They most detested rise!

For we, on grace's happy ground,  
 The *Good Supreme*, with joy, have found,  
 And wish to rove no more:  
 By Jesus made divinely free,  
 Are happy as we wish to be,  
 On this terrestrial shore!

## 6

O evening, ne'er to be forgot!  
 May it be our distinguish'd lot  
     Frequent, to meet again!  
 But ah! my sanguine muse! forbear—  
 My Lord, my Jesus, must be there,  
     Or meeting is in vain!

With hearts so cold, and minds so dull,  
 Celestial joys are *void* and *null*,  
     Tho' truth employs our tongues;  
 Till he appears, divinely sweet,  
 To make our social bliss complete,  
     And animate our songs.

THE  
ANNIVERSARY  
OF  
THE SOCIAL HOUR.

JANUARY 9TH, 1811.

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YE jovial parties all adieu,  
Of laughter, and of conversation vain!  
Your joys no more I covet, nor pursue,  
Which only give the memory pungent pain;  
I sing a more delightful time,  
Of mutual love, and peace, and joys sublime!  
A time too joyous ever to define!  
Of profit, and of pleasures all divine!  
Though soon expired, reflecting solid peace;  
A season time itself cannot erase  
From memory, while I reflect  
With gratitude, and with a glowing breast,  
On mutual, and high respect,  
By warmest friends in tenderest ways express'd!

Not in word only, but in very deed!

While each the heart could in the count'nance read!  
Such joys were ours, and such was friendship's  
power,

To form the glories of the SOCIAL HOUR!

But, ah! while friendship is my song,  
And her constituent glories dazzling shine,  
I fain would ask a seraph's heart and tongue,  
To sing that Power which makes her all divine!

Come, HOLY SPIRIT, be my muse;  
Inspire me, and celestial love diffuse,  
With rapturous sweetness, into friendly verse;  
The memory bless, forgetfulness disperse,  
Indite the subject, every thought control,  
And fire with social pleasures all my soul!

Thus would I, with delight, repeat  
Friendship, enjoy'd beneath thy genial power,  
And sing with recollection sweet,  
The *Anniversary* of the SOCIAL HOUR!  
At which presided friendship, all bedeck'd,  
With robes of peace, and pearls of warm respect;  
And love, which fell disunity defies,  
And binds our hearts in everlasting ties!

Back to the world we gave its cares,  
 Forgetting all the pains we ever felt;  
 Except, with retrospection's grateful tears,  
 Recounting mercies, which to softness melt

The heart obdurate, and dissolve  
 To love, that prompts the glorious firm resolve,  
 To trust in future, whatsoe'er befall,  
 A faithful God, who wisely governs ALL,  
 And gives commission to each wrangling pain,  
 To work his WILL in our eternal gain!

Sweet retrospect of saving grace!  
 Soul of our social pleasures! converse sweet!

How happy! thus with joy to trace  
 Etherial love, and run with willing feet  
 Our paths already travers'd, back again,  
 And tell what joy succeeded every pain—  
 How oft we prov'd the Saviour's love and power!  
 Such was the sweetness of the SOCIAL HOUR!

For conversation we were met,  
 Of purest, sweetest—of etherial kind!  
 And *Truth* upon the lip divinely sat,  
 And told the genuine feelings of the mind!

Or, when sweet *Cheerfulness* arose,  
 To tell the baffled efforts of our foes,  
 Each entertaining anecdote went round,  
 And bursts of laughter social triumphs crown'd!  
 Each felt an interest in another's joy,  
 And join'd in pleasures that can never cloy.

We told of conquests over hell,  
 Of battles fought beneath the great command  
 Of our renown'd IMMANUEL,  
 And how invincible in him we stand!  
 Whose blood-stain'd banner, streaming in the air,  
 Inspired with courage, and forbade our fear,  
 "Victory or death," was our heroic cry;  
 But victory's our's—for *Death* himself must die!

Fell *Envy* here could not intrude,  
 For we were happy as we wish'd to be;  
 Nor *Malice*, with her base infernal brood,  
 Could live a moment in such company!

Calumny was too mean a thing;  
 Calumny curs'd, that poison'd arrows fling  
 In secret at an upright neighbour's heart,  
 Then hides the hand that throws th' envenom'd dart!

Too mean a thing indeed ! too base to dwell  
With any but the slaves and dupes of hell !

Much less pollute the friendly tongue,  
Or stop the current of our high delights ;

When over death we victory sung,  
And left the earth by faith's ecstatic flights !  
Love was our theme, and our sensations love ;  
Such is JEHOVAH, such are saints above,  
And e'en on earth, when sacred pleasures flow,  
We rise to God, and feel a heaven below !

Such was the hour we social name ;  
Nor less the glories of its bless'd return ;  
Illum'd, and warm'd with love's seraphic flame,  
We join'd that song the world can never learn !

In sacred notes, divinely high,  
United praise to JESUS rent the sky ;  
While each, with warmest ardour, bore a part,  
And join'd the rapturous music of the heart.  
The song seraphic ! and divine the sound,  
Each feeling caught it, and the joy went round !

Hail sweet devoted hour !

Thy joys th' unfailing antidote of sin !

All hail ! thou GREAT CELESTIAL POWER !

Return, and let us live it o'er again :

Not only *annual*, but, if bliss so great,

More frequent may attend our mortal state,

Then, let us *daily* feel etherial power,

And sing the blessings *daily* of the SOCIAL HOUR !

FINIS.

THE  
HAPPY TRANSITION  
OF  
M I N D.

---

A CONVERSATION BETWEEN KERAS AND FIDELIS.

---

KERAS.

**DEAR** Friend, why weepest thou?

Say, whence proceed those sighs?  
Why flow those briny tears of woe,  
And anguish from your eyes?

Whom seekest thou? Come, speak;  
And dry those flowing tears:  
I know that you our Jesus seek;  
Whose love forbids your fears!

## FIDELIS.

True; but transgressions rise  
Of every frightful shape,  
Like mountains of enormous size,  
And how shall I escape?

I know his sweetest love,  
For me he bled and died!  
How could I so ungrateful prove  
When I his power defied!

What black rebellion rag'd!  
What high contempt was there,  
When war against his power I wag'd,  
And said I did not care!

O crime as black as hell!  
Unfathomably deep!  
"Not care for Christ!" too bad to tell!  
'Tis this that makes me weep.

## KERAS.

Not care for Christ! my friend ;  
Whom now you love and seek!  
Not *you*, but some infernal fiend,  
Must, sure, the language speak!

Not you, but raging sin,  
As Satan must suggest,  
he high rebellion wrought within,  
And made you so protest.

I know you love the Lord ;  
Your "*inner man*" delights  
In Christ, and strengthen'd by his word,  
Beneath his banner fights.

## FIDELIS.

If so, why am I thus?  
Say, where is love to him,  
From whom I stray? and what is worse  
Appear to disesteem!

The thought my bosom rends,  
And makes my conscience bleed;  
And yet my faith on this depends;  
His grace is free indeed!

Tis free, tis wond'rous free!  
Unmerited by us;  
And surely does extend to me—  
But, ah! why am I thus!

## KERAS.

Tis a mysterious strife,  
Creating keenest pain,  
Between our new celestial life,  
And sin that strives to reign!

Life feels the slightest stroke,  
And love cannot approve  
Such language as your "*old man*" spoke  
Against the God of love!

But sharply must oppose,  
And utterly detest  
Those inward, daring, rebel foes  
Those enemies of Christ!

Tis love, the brightest beam,  
And sweetest fruit of grace,  
That holds the Lord in high esteem,  
And seeks his smiling face.

But, where no love exists  
To our adored Lord,  
Nothing the carnal mind resists,  
Nor is our sin abhor'd.

Then were you not a sheep,  
For whom he died to cleanse,  
You would not for transgressions weep,  
Nor inly hate your sins.

You would not thus complain,  
Nor after Jesus pine;  
Nor would your sin create you pain,  
Devoid of love divine.

## FIDELIS.

Dear Friend! my thanks accept,  
Your conversation's blest;  
For sin, with aching heart, I wept,  
But now rejoice in Christ!

I see, in clearer light,  
    With evidences fresh,  
*Two* parties inly dwell and fight,  
    The Spirit and the flesh.

## KERAS.

How welcome is the sound  
    Of your heart-felt relief,  
Your trial with a blessing's crown'd,  
    Your joy increas'd by grief!

As some distressed bark,  
    Toss'd on the boisterous main,  
In night tempestuous, cold, and dark,  
    Where awful horrors reign!

Tremendous thunders roll,  
    And forked lightnings dart,  
Till terror tears, without control,  
    Th' affrighted seaman's heart!

But soon the early dawn  
    Proclaims approaching day,  
The winds abate, serene the morn,  
    And joy succeeds dismay!

With atmosphere more calm,  
 They sail in sweet repose,  
 Far happier thus, than if a storm  
 Had never once arose.

So joys divinely new,  
 Succeed your poignant woe ;  
 And I can bless the Lord with you—  
 It has refresh'd me too.

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*The Happy Transition of Mind,*

EXPERIENCED IN COMPOSITION.

(ADDRESSED TO A LADY.)

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“ WITH harps, on willows hung,  
 No more our songs invoke ;”  
 Of yore the Bard of Israel sung,  
 Describing Israel’s yoke ;  
 “ While plac’d by cruel Bab’lon’s streams,  
 Our joys are but aerial dreams  
 Yet taunting toes, in triumph ask a song  
 From harps, with chords enervate and unstrung,”

Thus I discourag'd much,  
In vain the Muse invoke,  
In vain the Lyre attempt to touch,  
While pain'd beneath the stroke  
Of varied ills, of divers hue,  
Or if I still my verse pursue,  
To oblige a Friend (though not to entertain)  
The Muse must weep, and every line complain!

Curs'd sins, affied with hell,  
The inmates of my heart,  
By force tyrannic in me dwell,  
Defiling every part!  
Demoniac hosts with malice join,  
The world approves their dark design,  
And unbelief, array'd in fell dismay,  
The promise doubts, and yields me up their prey!

Yet not for ever theirs,  
Though often captive led,  
For mercy still a rebel spares,  
My God sustains my head!  
Jesus all-gracious will appear,  
His bleeding love forbids my fear,

And though my wounds are thought beyond a  
cure,  
To him belongs all wonder working power.

I feel it while I sing,  
And though not very high,  
My soul ascends on hope's soft wing,  
And views deliv'rance nigh:  
It turns the course of my design,  
Nor shall complaint swell every line,  
For, though at first, intending to complain,  
Free grace inspires a more exalted strain!

Transition all divine!  
From weeping grief's domain,  
At once I'm brought, without design,  
To sing of Jesus' reign!  
O reign benign! I feel its force,  
Repelling sin's detested course;  
Commanding wrankling sorrow to depart,  
And sacred joy diffusing through my heart!

Beneath his mighty sway,  
And trembling at his name,  
The haughty powers of hell give way,  
And sink in endless shame!  
Sin, by his mighty arm subdu'd,  
Dismay recedes; the mind's renew'd;  
And faith, by his invigorating grace,  
The promise trusts, and all his glories trace.

While faith adoring sits  
Beneath a Saviour's feet,  
The soul her poignant woe forgets,  
And every bitter's sweet;  
Each blessing from his hand descends  
More choice, more valu'd are our friends;  
Hence you, my friend, in estimation rise,  
The gift of Jesus, ruler of the skies!

Come, then, with me unite  
In songs of gratitude,  
Songs of sweet rapture and delight,  
That every pain exclude.  
Be every sorrow, every care  
That foster murmuring, or despair,

Expell'd our bosoms, that the fervent glow  
Of love to Christ, may cause our praise to  
flow.

We know his hallow'd name,  
And sing his matchless grace:  
Array'd in flesh to earth he came  
And took our wretched place!  
(O miracle!) to bleed for us!  
To bear our sins, and Sinai's curse  
Publish his glories; shout, Immanuel dies!  
Heaven stoops to earth, to raise us to the  
skies!

No longer Satan reigns,  
Nor hellish sceptre sways;  
Jesus, in agonizing pains,  
His boasted prowess slays:  
Fair Sion's sons the victory prove,  
The glories of his conquering love;  
And shout, in ecstacies beneath his smiles,  
See how the Lamb the powers of darkness  
spoils!

From Death, the last of foes,  
Does our Immanuel save,  
He prov'd the conquest, when he rose,  
And triumph'd o'er the grave!  
The Lord is risen! away sad doubts;  
He's risen indeed!—Gone up with shouts!  
Hell howl'd with horror! Angels, with surprise,  
Attun'd their harps, and glory rent the skies!

“Who is the mighty King?”  
Exclaim'd ten thousand tongues;  
Ten thousand answered, “CHRIST, we sing”  
In most exalted songs.  
The KING OF GLORY! yet below  
Is known the KING OF SION too!  
Mighty in battle!—victories all renown'd—  
Expir'd on earth for man, in heav'n is crown'd.

THE  
**AUTHOR'S REFLECTIONS**  
ON HIS BIRTH DAY.

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**RAPID** time that knows no stay,  
Steady, constant in his course,  
Chases months and years away,  
Almost unobserv'd by us.  
Torpid lies the thoughtless mind,  
While as on the wings of wind ;  
Day, a moment's space appears,  
Multiplying fast to years.

Time, with unremitting sway,  
From creation's mighty birth,  
To the great decisive day,  
Sweeps off all that dwell on earth :  
Swift, beneath his stern control,  
Ages after ages roll !  
He, the most substantial things,  
Unto fell destruction brings !

Mansions, towering to the skies,  
Fam'd in old historic page,  
Every raging storm defies,  
Standing firm from age to age;  
Even these shall time decay,  
Sweep their battlements away,  
Down from their foundations fling,  
And to total ruin bring.

Beauty, honour, glory, wealth,  
Power imperial, manners fine,  
Youthful vigour, blooming health,  
All before his sway decline :  
He, resistless, takes no bribe,  
Spare no age, nor sex, nor tribe,  
Youth to age before him flies,  
Beauty fades, and pleasure dies.

Clad in green the fields appear ;  
Flora's beauties gaily smile ;  
We could wish them always here,  
Anxious sorrows to beguile.  
But fell time destroys them all ;  
See, the flowers begin to fall :

O that I could interpose,  
To preserve the fading rose!

Thus swift time the seasons rolls,  
Vernal spring, and summer's heat,  
Autumn's fruit, and winter's howls,  
Die submissive at his feet!  
Time, how swift, yet unperceiv'd;  
Short indeed our days appear:  
Few and evil those I've liv'd,  
Cloth'd in pain, and gloomy fear!

Yet some comfort I have known,  
From that free perennial spring,  
Mercy, ceaseless, flowing down;  
Mercy, fount of life, I sing:  
Mercy free, and all divine,  
Crowns this chequer'd life of mine;  
Cheers me in the thorny maze,  
Gives me daily cause for praise.

Mercy ceaseless time attends,  
Sweetens grief I must sustain;  
Time th afflicted much befriends;  
Time shall put an end to pain!

He, thus rolling on his way,  
Brings once more my natal day ;  
As if anxious to annex,  
One more year to thirty-six.

By frail nature born in sin,  
Various sorrows must abound,  
Of the Spirit born again,  
Safe I am in Jesus found !  
Thus my natal day I prize,  
Born an heir of brighter skies,—  
Endless peace, and joys sublime,  
Free from changing, fleeting time !

Hoary sage ! thy way pursue ;  
Hasten on the blissful day,  
When a joyous, last adieu,  
To thy changes, and thy sway,  
Mine immortal mind shall bid ;  
By the hand of mercy led :  
Crown'd with Christ, from sorrow free,  
Wrapp'd in vast eternity !

