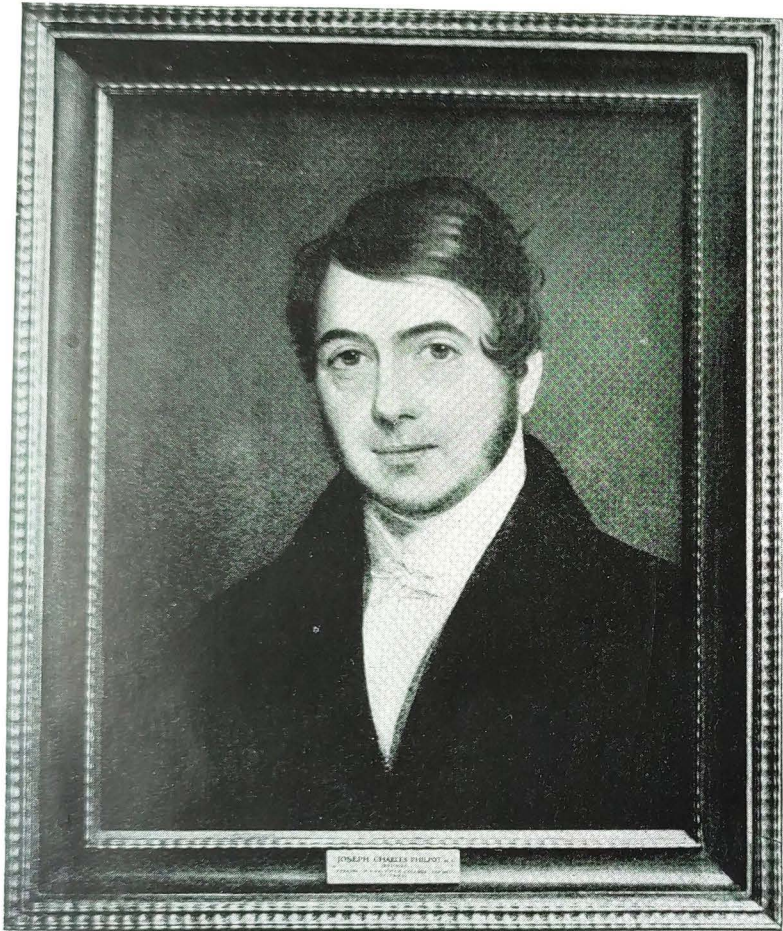


# THE SECEDERS.

VOLUME TWO.



JOSEPH CHARLES PHILPOT,

ætat. 35.

From an oil Portrait, painted at Plymouth in  
June, 1837.

# THE SECEDERS

(1829—1869).

## VOLUME TWO

CONTINUING

## THE LIFE AND LETTERS

OF

## JOSEPH CHARLES PHILPOT, M.A.

*(Minister of the Gospel, and at one time Fellow of  
Worcester College, Oxford.)*

TO THE END OF 1849.

WITH A BRIEF OUTLINE OF THE ORIGIN AND  
PROGRESS OF THE "GOSPEL STANDARD"

BY

J. H. PHILPOT, M.D.

---

LONDON:

C. J. FARNCOMBE & SONS, LTD.,

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1932.

“LETTERS, especially when written to beloved friends in the Lord, draw forth much of the inmost experience of the writer’s heart. The very freeness of correspondence unlocks those bosom secrets which are often, almost necessarily, held back from a public congregation. You know that your friend will not abuse your confidence, betray your secrets, or make you an offender for a word. As you write, he comes before your mental eye, affection softens your heart towards him, the springs of inward feeling gradually rise, and they flow forth, according to the gift bestowed, in streams upon your paper. It is this freedom of communication and this writing out of the fulness of the heart which give Letters by the saints and servants of God such a peculiar sweetness and power. Not being intended for the public eye, they are specially adapted for private reading. We can take the book up or lay it down, read a long letter or a short one, without straining the mind or distracting the attention. If it suit us we go reading on, letter after letter, as I have often done with Mr. Huntington’s Letters. If it do not suit heart, time, or place, we can but lay the book down. It is a patient visitor, not jealous of a rival or sensitive of neglect, but bearing any amount of rebuff, coldness, or silence, and ready to speak again only when asked to do so.”

J. C. PHILPOT.\*

\* *Gospel Standard*, 1864, p. 252. *Collected Reviews*, Vol. II., p. 520.



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THE path of sorrow, and that path alone,  
Leads to the land where sorrow is unknown;  
No traveller ever reached that blest abode  
Who found not thorns and briers in his road.

WILLIAM COWPER (1731-1800).

\* \* \* \* \*

“I AM assured, that in prayer to God under the pressure of *real personal* necessity (honours and worldly interest apart), and in *real soul-interesting* communion, and in matters of *life and death*, there would be a blessed harmony of pleading, feeling and expression, among Abraham, Moses, John the Baptist, Paul, Augustine, Wycliffe, Tindal, Calvin and Luther, Cranmer and Goodwin, Owen, Knox, Rutherford, Gill, Bunyan, the most learned Ussher, and the unlettered Tanner, the vehement flying Whitefield, and the close retiring Romaine.”

THOMAS HARDY (1790-1833).\*

\* \* \* \* \*

“I THINK sometimes, when I am gone and carnal feelings buried in my grave, my writings and sermons will be more understood than they are now.”

J. C. PHILPOT (A.D. 1852).

\* Hardy, Thomas, *Letters*, Vol. I., p. 48.

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## PREFATORY NOTE.

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THIS Volume is addressed, like its predecessor, mainly to those who are sure to appreciate it, to the thousands, namely, of simple earnest people scattered about the world, but self-separated from it, who still cherish the memory of J. C. Philpot, and delight in reading or listening to his published words in English, or German, or Dutch, because they find in them that which satisfies a deep spiritual need. But one hopes that it may also fall into the hands of others, whose eyes have been mercifully opened to see "the false world's brittleness."

Owing to numerous additions, the Letters of J. C. Philpot here re-published cannot be carried beyond 1849, the date when he assumed the sole Editorship of the *Gospel Standard*; and, to facilitate future reference, they are numbered consecutively to those in Volume I. My warmest thanks are due to Mr. J. K. Popham, the present Editor of the *Gospel Standard*, for his kindness in reading through the proofs of the Introduction; and to Miss G. E. Farncombe, without whose indefatigable assistance and research it could never have been brought to completion. For the view, and the still more ancient plan, of my native town, I am indebted to the *History of Stamford* (1879) by the Rev. Charles Nevinson, Warden of Browne's Hospital (my boyhood's second home). The sketches of Rutland Terrace, and of the adjacent Bastion, are from the pencil of my friend, Mr. Guy Nicolls; the photographs of Rutland Terrace from the meadows, and of the entrance to the Assembly Rooms (where addresses were delivered by William Huntington in 1806, and by William Tiptaft just a quarter of a century later), are by Mr. Gordon Turnill, of St. Mary's Hill, Stamford. For leave to reproduce the portraits of Thomas Godwin and William Brown thanks are due to their successor in the pastorate at Godmanchester, Mr. J. Harwood; while the blocks for the portrait of Henry Fowler, and for the sketch of the original chapel in Gower Street, which he served from 1820 until his death in 1838, have been most kindly lent by Mr. E. S. Marriott, one of the present deacons. Last, but by no means least, for the privilege of including a photograph of the attractive water-colour drawing of Lady Lucy Smith we are all deeply beholden to the kindness of her granddaughter-in-law, Mrs. Francis Abel Smith. J. H. P.

# THE SECEDERS.

(VOLUME II.)

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## INTRODUCTION.

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### CHAPTER I.

---

#### SECEDERS OLD AND NEW.

---

THE title of this book, it may be confessed, remained for long in doubt. At one time it was to have been *The Last of the Lollards*, at another *The Fundamentalists*, both open to grave objection. At length, by what seemed like a flash of inspiration, *The Seceders* suggested itself, to be welcomed at once with open arms, although one was slow to grasp its full significance. For originally the term was meant to include only those ordained ministers of the Established Church, who left its comfortable fold and gave up all their worldly prospects for conscience' sake a hundred years ago, like William Tiptaft, J. C. Philpot, and John Kay, to single out those only who were to come to the help of the infant *Gospel Standard* later on. But the question arose, Why should it not apply equally to William Gadsby, John Warburton, and others who, thirty years earlier, had found that they must "secede" from the organized Independent communities if they were to preach the unpalatable doctrine of grace, which had become so dear them, without molestation? And if to them, why not to Robert Browne\* and the first Independents, and to the pilgrims of the *Mayflower*, who in the reign of James the First preferred the halter and the gaol, or the pains and perils of flight, to the tyranny of a State Church and an enforced communion with the indifferent and the ungodly? And if to

\* *The Seceders*, Vol. I., p. 117.

them, why not to those arch-Seceders, John Huss and Luther and Calvin, and, skipping the dark centuries, why not to the earliest Christians, whom the Lord commanded by the mouth of Paul (who had owed his own Secession to a miracle), to "Come out from among them and be ye separate"? And why not include the prophets of Israel, and Job, and Abraham, and even that "preacher of righteousness," as Peter calls him, ancient Noah, who "found grace in the eyes of the Lord" and seceded into the Ark with all his family when the earth was corrupt before God and filled with violence, not less than now. There is no halting-place, you see, short of what a well-known writer has called The Council-chamber of Eternity.

"Found grace in the eyes of the Lord." That is one mark of the true Seceder, as distinguished from those false and frivolous ones whose very names are soon forgotten. The other is, that he has always claimed the right of private judgement, as how should he not, seeing that the sovereignty of a righteous God has been burnt into his *individual* conscience as with the thunders and lightnings of Sinai? But such claim, as we know, has always been repudiated and resisted by the high-priests in power, whether at Jerusalem, or Rome, or Wittenberg, or Geneva, or Canterbury, not to mention George Yard, Bouverie Street, John Gadsby's self-appointed Cathedra. For at all hazards the discipline of the flock must be maintained. And yet in God's own time it comes to pass that the very Seceders, whom their own world reviled and rejected, are discovered to be almost the only persons whom posterity will consider worth remembering and reading or writing about. (The wonderful reception accorded to our First Volume goes some little way to establish it.) In short, as a modern writer has pointed out, those who by grace seek the Lord the most assiduously always outstrip the orthodox idea of God, and are persecuted by priests in consequence.

In Protestant countries, by the way, where the Bible is still honoured and read, parents still show their veneration for the old Seceders by naming their children after them, Paul, John, Peter, Stephen, and even Abraham and Noah, whereas in France and Italy they give the preference to such pagan celebrities as Alexandre, Camille, Aristide, César, Hector, Giulio, Ippolito, etc.

“The Lord revealeth His secret to His servants the prophets” (Amos iii. 7). But first they must have been “stoned,” first they must have testified by suffering and self-sacrifice as well as by their contempt for this world’s goods and “values” that they were His servants, before future generations will accept them as such. Seldom were two men more cruelly reviled and calumniated by the so-called religious world than were William Tiptaft and my father. Yet I dimly foresee the day, after all the shouting over the Anglo-Catholic revival has been long forgotten, when some earnest lover of truth will discover in the Letters of those two “Seceders” and in the first thirty-five volumes of the *Gospel Standard* his most trustworthy guide to the study of spiritual religion in England in the middle of the 19th century.

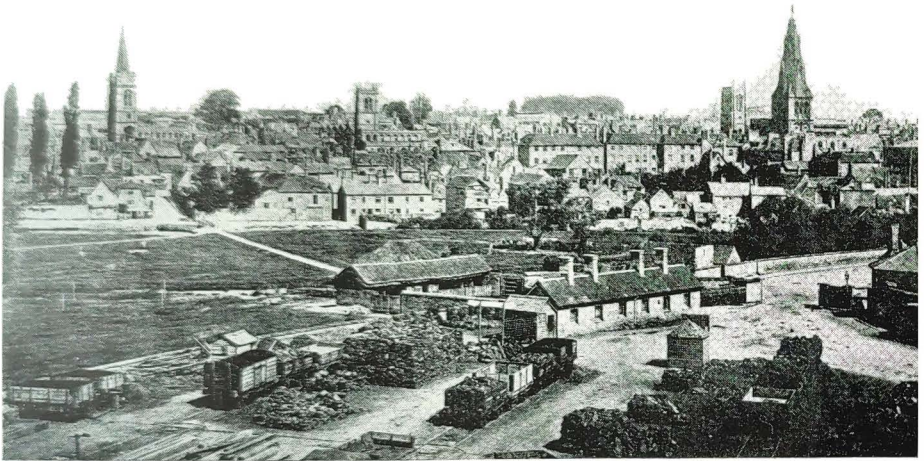
Even while I write there comes back to me a childish memory, which should fit in here, if anywhere. But I must first explain that when my father went from home in the summer to “supply” at Gower Street and Allington, and took my mother with him, we four children were quartered out separately amongst various friends, who were kind enough to take us in. So when I was a little boy, I was sent to stay at a farm-house near Oakham, where I had the run of a large garden and leave to eat as much fruit as I liked on condition that I did not venture too near the beehives. The dear old farmer had sat under my father at The Factory for well over twenty years, and was now handsomely contributing to the cost of the new chapel which was soon to take its place. He was a lover of Nature as well as of God, and in the cool of the evening we would walk round the garden hand in hand, and he would unfold to me what care the all-wise Creator takes of His meanest creatures, furnishing them, ants, bees, and even the wicked wasps, with infallible instincts, exactly, said he, as He furnishes His elect people with a faith as infallible. Much more did he say, but that is all I need recall.

Then one sunny morning when I was playing on the lawn and all the men were out on the farm, there was a sudden commotion, and the women of the house all came rushing past me, headed by my friend the cook, striking the kitchen shovel as loudly as she could with the big house-key, to acquaint all the village that it was their bees that were

swarming. Ordered indoors, for fear I should get stung, that day I saw no more. But an evening or two later the old farmer took me round to see the bees settling in for the night. There was a fresh skep on its own stand well away from the older hives. "A nice new clean home!" said my old friend, pointing to the skep, "where they can serve both God and man with diligence." Then, as we moved away he muttered to himself, "Instinct and Faith! Faith and Instinct! God's gifts! God's gifts!" and he lifted up his eyes, and raised his trembling old hands to heaven. He meant, I think, that faith, real faith, is given to man by the Blessed Spirit to be a curb on instinct and reason, as well as on pride and vain imaginings. Herein my old friend would seem to have anticipated some of M. Bergson's latest speculations.\*

\* The old farmer, much respected by my father, was Richard Healy, Senr., of Ashwell, Rutland (Obit., *G. S.*, 1864, p. 213). His son, young Richard, married my dear kind aunt, Eliza Keal, and both were taken from us in middle life. See *G. S.*, 1866, p. 37. Obit., *G. S.*, 1867, p. 94.





VIEW OF STAMFORD, from the new station-yard, about 1850 A.D.  
The Churches, from left to right, are All Saints', St. John's, St. Michael's (see  
page 84), and St. Mary's, with its famous steeple.

## CHAPTER II.

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### THE TWO STAGES.

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My father always strongly maintained that the first stage in the new birth consists in the conviction of sin, in "a conscience loaded with guilt." And the conviction of sin concerns a man's individual soul. Just as one who has committed some offence against the laws of society must take his place in the dock alone before a heedless, un pitying world, so must the convicted sinner stand all by himself at the bar of Infinite Justice. At that decisive moment he feels that, for him, there are but two realities in the whole universe, a righteous God and his sin-burdened self. He even desires no others. He longs to be alone, away from men. He is not afraid of them and even less of what they think of him. In a memorable phrase, which I have quoted before, at that moment other men are to him "no more than grasshoppers." The wilderness is the place for him, where he can be alone with the righteous God whom he has so wofully offended. It is the pathway to that humbling, that "naughting" of self which the Lord demands of all whom He calls upon to serve Him. And it turns, or should turn, in upon the sinner himself that invidious habit of fault-finding to which we are all perversely prone.

In the early days after his Secession when he began to write for the *Gospel Standard*, my father aroused strong hostility by questioning any work of grace in which the conviction of sin had been less pronounced than that under which he himself had groaned. Even in the case of his dear friend, William Tiptaft, the first stage had hardly been clear and distinct enough wholly to satisfy him, and we find him writing after that dear man's death:—

"All the saints of God have to learn experimentally more or less of the depths of the Fall, and the miserable sinfulness and thorough helplessness of the creature, and if they are not taught these lessons at first, as most are, under the strong hand of God upon them, they

must be led into them afterwards, as was the case with him. It was needful that he should be brought down from the mount, that he might learn experimentally to walk in the Valley of Humiliation, where the best taught and most deeply led of the Lord's living family are usually found."

Nevertheless, all-important as it is, sooner or later the First Stage must come to an end and give place to the Second. Man, after all, is the member of a flock, of a community, and the self-convicted sinner cannot remain indefinitely an outcast, the "unclean leper," to whom my father compared him in a well-known sermon.\* So at the appointed time the same almighty power which singled him out from his fellows, brought conviction to his individual soul and drove him into the wilderness, will lead him back to his destined fold, though not, it may be, until he has followed many a false trail and gone most lamentably astray. But if the truth is in him he will reach home at last, and there he will find new brothers and new sisters, and their hearts will burn within them as they tell each other what the Lord has done for their souls. Or, after many doubts and fears and hesitations and rebellions, he may find himself singled out to teach others the truth, to show them the way, to be a shepherd over a flock, responsible to the Lord for keeping the lambs and the older sheep in the paths of righteousness, watching for their souls, as they that must give account (Heb. xiii. 17). No wonder that he often shrinks from the task, as the intimate confessions of so many chosen ministers bear witness.

To return to my father, who was by nature a student, a recluse, an invalid much wrapped up in his own sensations, and not very socially inclined.† The first stage in his religious life has been fully traced in our First Volume, the Letters in which, I would point out, are nearly all written to a single friend. In this Volume, on the other hand, his Letters will

\* *Early Sermons*, Vol. III., p. 228.

† "I think the best of our religion," he told his hearers in the sermon already mentioned, "I might almost say the whole of our religion is what we get alone, in the communications that God gives to the soul in secret. We need not crave much company. *Religious society*, as it is termed, is for the most part little else but gossip, scandal, and disputation. In such company we cannot tell out the exercises of the soul. Still less can we speak of the things that God is pleased to communicate of His grace. These are reserved for a private ear, or for the ear of God."—*Ibid*, p. 244.

be found addressed to several friends, men to whom he had been drawn, gracious men in whose minds and in whose mouths he had found no guile. These chosen friends, whom, "their adoption tried," he grappled to his soul "with hoops of steel," it will be my privilege to portray as faithfully, if as briefly, as I can in the following pages, for I had my small head patted by nearly all.

We shall find him, after his marriage, making his home at Stamford, gathering still other friends around him, ever enlarging his borders and bending his back to new burdens, until at length he becomes, in spite of much detraction and abuse, an acknowledged leader, an inspired teacher, whose living words in English, or German, or Dutch, can still bring comfort to troubled souls the world over. The intermediate chapters, it may be premised, will deal almost more with the interesting history of the *Gospel Standard*, that plant which under providence owed its slow but steady growth and acceptability largely to him, than with the man himself, whose spiritual experience has been so fully and so touchingly recorded in his own writings.

Before resuming the narrative, however, I should like to interpose a few words: First, about that acute revulsion from the world which invariably accompanies a work of grace; and Secondly, about my father's paternal ancestry, which was treated rather cursorily in our First Volume, but of which the reader may wish to know more, especially if the hand of Providence can be traced, as I think it can, in the old family records. Moreover, future generations, I am sure, will welcome every scrap of information I can give them.

First, then, that command of the Apostle: "Come out, and be separate," will be obeyed after much conflict and prayer and in the face of every obstacle by all the true children of God. It is the sign, as it is the hope, of their calling. But their rejection of the world is as different as can be from that sense of its transitoriness and futility often felt by men of the scholarly or artistic type. Even in the Age of Reason, there were men, like William Law, of the *Serious Call*, who deliberately turned their backs on the world in order to possess their souls in peace and quietness. My own grandfather, the Rev. Charles Philpot, found all the seclusion he wanted

in a country rectory, and gave vent to his poor opinion of the present world in lines such as these:

“View well this boasted life, its essence trace;  
 Compare with future worlds, and scenes sublime;  
 ’Tis but an atom, poised in boundless space,  
 A moment balanced with eternal Time,  
 A fleeting particle of vagrant light  
 With yon effulgent sun, for human ken too bright.”

How different, how immeasurably different, this arm-chair calm from the intense hatred and condemnation of the world, felt by the man who has been born again! What said my father? “I stand before Him whose eyes are as flames of fire to search out the secrets of my heart. And what is this poor vain world with all its gilded clay, painted touchwood honours and respectability and soap-bubble charms? What is all the wealth of the Church (falsely so-called) piled up in one heap compared to a smile of a loving Saviour’s countenance?”\*

But the new-born soul does not hate the world more intensely than the world, and especially what is known as the religious world, hates him, for he is felt, however obscurely, to be a standing reproach to all its cowardly compromises and conventions. Lacking all sense of “eternal realities” the world can never understand and will always vilify those who have. But the man whose soul has been pierced with the conviction of sin, the stricken deer that leaves the herd “with many an arrow deep infixd,” will see the world in its true colours, as Moses saw the world of Egypt with its sacred bulls and priests and magicians, as Paul saw the world of Ephesus with its Diana, the idol of the countless breasts, and John Bunyan the pleasure-ridden and debauched world of Charles the Second. As for my father, I cannot imagine what he would think of the modern world, so appalling was the picture he drew of it seventy years ago, when he saw “spread before his eyes the vile abominations which run down our streets like water.”

“What sins human nature is capable of we feel in ourselves; what it has done, and is ever greedily, exultingly, remorselessly doing in others, abandoned to its lusts, we see or read in daily act.

\* See Letter 54.

In this civilised land what foul crimes are continually surging up to view, as if from a bottomless deep, where sin is ever seething and boiling as in a flaming cauldron! . . . Take all the depths unfathomed, unfathomable, of your own heart, or look at the vilest wretch whom sins of every shape and name have debased to the lowest pitch, say a Norfolk Island convict, or Australian bush-ranger, steeped to the neck in blood and crime, so sworn a foe to all laws, human and divine, that, if to be taken in no other way, he must be shot down like a wild beast for the security of the lives of the community; when you have probed the depths of your own heart, or painted in your own imagination the blackest wretch that the hulks have ever held, or vomited forth on a penal colony, you have not then seen or imagined in your own mind the millionth part of what human nature really is as sunk and debased by the Adam fall."—*Meditations*, First Series, p. 102.

If my father could write thus of a sinful world in the well-mannered and comparatively moral Victorian days, what would he say now in view of the manifest impotence of society to restrain its most devilish elements from wholesale murder, fraud, drink and debauchery? Would it be too daring to suggest that the Almighty shows the world to His chosen people as He sees it Himself, as corrupt and full of violence, a place of horror and shame from which they must separate themselves at all costs?

During the first stage after his conversion Paul found a refuge from the world in the deserts of Arabia (Gal. i. 17). Poor John Warburton has told us how he could find only an occasional solitude in the fields, before he had to return to his weaver's loom and his cellar-bed. My father providentially, as already recorded, found his "Arabia" in an isolated country-house in Ireland, where he was waited on hand and foot, and lived in luxury. Eventually, in spite of all the deep exercise of spirit it had witnessed, this pleasant home remained for him a tender memory. "When life came," he has told us, "that quiet and secluded nook seemed to be like a little nursery, where the infant plant of grace might for a while be fostered, before I was thrust out into a rude world."\* How rude he found that world, how on his return to Oxford he was boycotted by his brother-dons and penalised by his Provost, has already been told.† Also how for the next seven years he lived a comfortless life in a lonely parish,

\* *Early Sermons*, Vol. I., p. 319. London: Farncombe, 1906.

† *The Seceders*, Vol. I., p. 28.

“separated from all society but that of a few people who feared God.” It was William Tiptaft, it will be remembered, who, when the time was fully ripe, was sent to draw him out of his shell, if one may use the expression. Indeed, nearly all his new friends, not to forget the wife of his bosom, came to him through William Tiptaft. Even then, and this is the point I wish to emphasize, mere human relationships had little claim upon him. He had a natural affection for his own family, but we find him when on a visit to his mother and sisters at Walmer complaining bitterly how trying it was to live altogether without spiritual society.\* In later years both his mother and her two daughters came round to his views and were glad to sit under the ministry of Arthur Triggs, “the old mason,” who then had a chapel at Plymouth, but subsequently occupied the Gower Street pulpit from 1845-1854. His elder sister at length found grace, and became the wife of G. S. B. Isbell. The Letters in which these facts are recorded are among the happiest in the present volume.

\* *The Seceders*, Vol. I., p. 252.

## CHAPTER III.

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### THE FAMILY TREE.

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THE very same reasons which, pending their call by grace, prevented my father from feeling more than a natural union with his own relatives, will also account, I think, for his absolute indifference about those who were beyond all human reach, his own dead ancestors. He was vaguely proud of his Huguenot descent, though he never troubled to enquire into it, and, as we shall soon see, he was even less inquisitive about his father's people. So that when it fell to me, then barely out of my teens, to help my widowed mother compile the Memoir for the original edition of his Letters (London: J. Gadsby, 1871), I could only reproduce the old family traditions, which, as usual in such cases, told a tale more flattering than true. When later on I came to sift them out, I found to my surprise how much more interesting and even romantic plain fact can be than fable, as, I hope, has been sufficiently shown in our First Volume.\* There, it may be remembered, the facts about my father's paternal descent were relegated to the small print of an Appendix, as being of less importance hereditarily than his Huguenot ancestry. All that we gathered from his own lips was that the Philpots were a family of Leicester solicitors, an assumption which I have since totally disproved. Briefly to recapitulate what was known before further research, a certain Charles Philpot, a youth of unknown origin and occupation, married a beautiful girl no older than himself, named Frances Groome, and died in 1760 at the age of 23, before their child, my grandfather, the second Charles Philpot, was born. Fanny Groome, as we called her, found a second husband in a worthy yeoman, Joseph Glover, who died in 1778 (the date on a mourning ring in my possession), and a third one later on in Robert Hubbard, a prosperous Leicester solicitor, but she never bore another child. In grateful recognition of their kindness to him in his early years my grandfather, the rector of Ripple, named his second son "Robert" after one of his step-fathers,

\* *The Seceders*, Vol. I., p. 10.



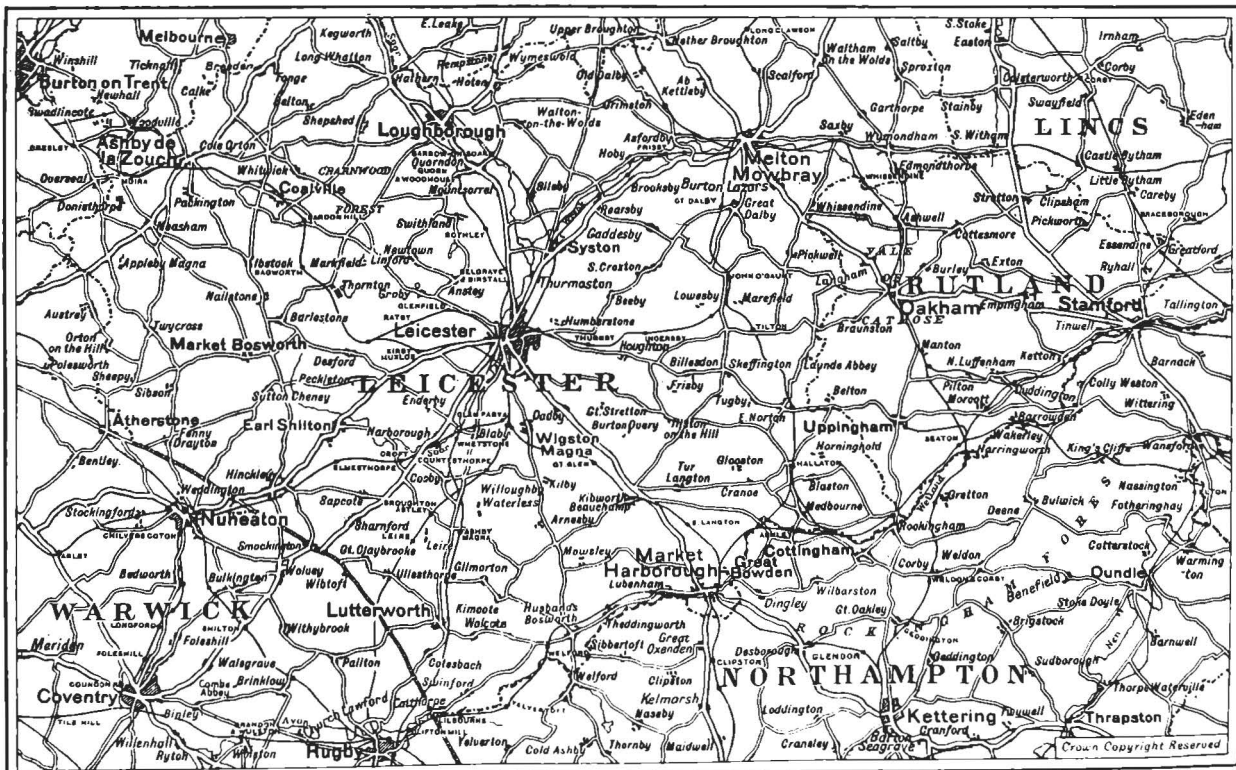
and his third son, my father, "Joseph" after the other, whence the name has come down to me.

So there stood the family-tree, until by what some no doubt would call a chapter of happy accidents I was enabled to trace its roots a generation further back. As already stated,\* on the death of poor Augustus Robert, his invalid elder brother, my father inherited a small, but encumbered copyhold farm of some 120 acres near Lindfield in Sussex, which he immediately sold and, as he always had a fancy for living under his own roof-tree, invested what he received in that house in Rutland Terrace, Stamford, which will always be coupled with his name. Nearly seventy years later, in 1905, my brother, Dr. Charles William Philpot (named after his two grandfathers), happened to be staying with some former patients who had settled near Lindfield, and they kindly drove him over to the farm, to spy out the land, as it were, for he knew of the deadlock in my research. He there learnt that the property was copyhold, an important point, and that the Lord of the Manor was no other than the once well-known judge, Sir William Grantham, who by a singular coincidence was at that time under my own medical care. Thanks to his kindness a search was made in the old Manor-rolls, in which all changes in copyhold tenancy are registered, with the following somewhat disconcerting result.

In 1753 the farm had been surrendered, i.e., probably given, by Thomas Godley and Elizabeth his wife, of Hastings, to Stephen Philpot of Lewes, teacher of music and dancing, on whose death it was to go to Elizabeth his wife, and eventually, in default of other appointment, to their son, Charles. In February, 1771, both Stephen Philpot and his wife being dead, their *grandson* Charles Philpot was admitted to the tenancy, he being then eleven years of age, and a guardian was appointed in the person of his aunt, Ann Philpot. Four years later, on Ann Philpot's marriage, a new guardian was appointed in the person of Joseph Glover, the said Charles Philpot's step-father.

Having got so far, I had almost given up all further enquiry when there happened an "accident" still more surprising. I had made the acquaintance of a distinguished

\* *The Seceders*, Second Impression, Appendix IV., p. 359.



MAP OF THE EAST MIDLANDS.

Showing, from right to left, Stamford, Oakham, Leicester; and Hinckley, Nuneaton, and Coventry ("the William Gadsby country.")

writer, whose week-end cottage in Kent was close to mine, and who happened, I think, to know more about the adjoining county of Sussex and its past history than any living man. I told him of my quest, and a little later, while searching through some files of old Sussex newspapers, which had been long preserved at Sheffield Park, he came upon evidence that in 1760 or thereabouts a Mrs. Stephen Philpot kept a successful ladies' boarding-school at Lewes. Nay more, a little later he came to me in triumph and presented me with a small book, handsomely bound in red morocco, and evidently a presentation copy, which had been picked up in a second-hand bookshop. It was entitled: *An Essay on the Advantage of a Polite Education joined with a Learned One*, was humbly dedicated to the Duchess of Somerset, and signed Stephen Philpot, Lewes, February 9, 1746.

1746! The year after the last Jacobite rising! What thoughts did it not conjure up? Before returning to my grandfather's unknown grandfather, Stephen Philpot, I want the reader to fix his mind for a moment on that year 1746, as I shall soon be asking him to fix it on 1837, both alike in this, that they might be compared to the dark hour before the dawn. In 1746 we are still in the boasted Age of Reason, and to the faithful remnant all seems dark and dead. The souls of men are sound asleep, drugged by pride of intellect and self-sufficiency. It is not so long since the famous philosopher, John Locke, whom Stephen Philpot is so fond of quoting, proved to his own satisfaction the *rational* necessity for the Eternal Reason, or what we call God, leaving it to Isaac Watts (an invalid and only five feet tall, but the only name worth quoting) to realise and lament "the general decay of vital religion in the hearts and lives" of men.

"Nearly all the Dissenting churches were sunk into Arianism. Little else but dead morality was heard in pulpits where free grace was formerly proclaimed. When Whitefield went about proclaiming the new birth, it was a doctrine as new to the Dissenters as to the adherents of the National Establishment. A rational religion was as much preached in the chapel as in the church."  
—J. C. P.\*

\* *Gospel Standard*, October, 1852, p. 336. Collected *Reviews*, Vol. I., p. 146. For a concise account of the low state of religion in England before the Evangelical revival, see Ryle, Rev. J. C. *The Christian Leaders of the Last (18th) Century*, pp. 1—20. London, 1870.

Yet in 1746 the dawn is at hand. Already the birds are twittering in the leafless hedges prepared to burst into song, and soon a new race of men-singers will arise to hymn, like them, their Creator's praise. Again to quote my father, which I look forward to doing as often as I can:

"The middle and latter end of the last (18th) century was a remarkable period. A chain of ministers, commencing with Whitefield, and embracing in its links Toplady, Berridge, Newton, Romaine, Huntington, and Hawker, extends itself down to our degenerate days. However differing in gifts, all these men were evidently taught by the same Spirit and preached the same gospel. Toplady, like a lamp fed with spirit, flamed forth, blazed, and died from shortness of wick, not from lack of supply. Newton, snatched from Africa's burning shore and from worse than African servitude, united to much sound wisdom great tenderness of spirit, and an experience of divine things which, if not very deep, was sound and varied. . . . Romaine was a burning and shining light, who lived the faith which he preached, and in the midst of the metropolis for half a century had but one theme, one subject, one object, 'Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.' In many points widely differing, but united by the same faith to the same glorious Head of influence, light, life, liberty, and love, was John Berridge. As all the lines of a circle radiate towards the centre, all necessarily meet in one point. So, however the servants of Christ may differ in ability, gifts, time, place, and usefulness, yet all meet in one point, the central Sun of the system—the crucified, risen, ascended and glorified Son of God."\*

For the reader's benefit I have drawn up a concise list of these "ambassadors," as my father elsewhere calls them, though he would have refused to accept the credentials of some of them.

In 1746 Isaac Watts (1674—1748) was nearing the end of his afflicted life. William Law (1686—1748), author of that once admired book *A Serious Call to a Devout and Holy Life*, had retired in 1740 to his native village, King's Cliffe, near Stamford, thenceforth to lose himself in the mazes of mysticism, leaving the field open to his former pupils, John Wesley (1703—1791) and Charles Wesley (1708—1788), and to George Whitefield (1714—1770), who, however, had already withdrawn from the Wesleyan Community, and in 1746 was preaching in America. At that date John Berridge (1716—1793) had not yet begun to preach the full gospel, William Cowper (1731—1800) was passing an unhappy boyhood at

\* Review of *The Christian World Unmasked*, by John Berridge. *Gospel Standard*, December, 1851. *Collected Reviews*, Vol. I., p. 63.

Westminster School, and Augustus Toplady (1740—1775) was still in the nursery.

It is a sad drop from these good and gracious men back to Stephen Philpot, the music- and dancing-master, and but for two considerations I would willingly have crossed him out. First he was evidently a studious reader, who took his profession, such as it was, very seriously, and, secondly, he had the "itching pen" which he handed down to my grandfather, my father, and now to myself. In his younger days, while he was living in the house of that worthy lady, the Duchess of Somerset, and teaching her daughters music and dancing, he was already collecting materials for the Essay which he felt impelled to write, and which might indeed be entitled "A Serious Call"—not to a devout and holy life—but to graceful deportment and decent behaviour. He is anxious that his pupils, whether boys or girls, should give attention not only to their lessons but to their "steps." Dancing in those days, it may be said for him, was not the vicious romp that it has since become, but a form of drill, or callisthenics conducted with propriety, the stately minuet being the chief figure.

Stephen Philpot belongs essentially to the dark and worldly age in which he lived and which had no inkling of "eternal realities." In all probability he had never had the opportunity of hearing the word of life. He married twice, and had by his first wife four children, to whom he was only able to bequeath ten pounds apiece. By his second wife, the successful school-mistress, he had two children, Ann and that Charles, who was brought up, I have every reason to believe, to his own profession, for his book of Harpsichord Studies is still in my possession. But the point is, that if that poor young man who was cut off in his prime had lived, my grandfather might have had to follow in his footsteps, been always a poor music-master, never gone to Cambridge, or met Maria Lafargue. My father would never have come into the world, nor I be writing this present book. Would it be too impious to thank Providence even for that poor boy's death?

"Deep in unfathomable mines  
Of never-failing skill,  
He treasures up His deep designs,  
And works His sovereign will."

## CHAPTER IV.

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### THE "GOSPEL STANDARD." I. SEED TIME.

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IN that dark year, 1835, shortly before the dawn of the long Victorian era, there happened in widely distant parts of England two events, between which none but an all-seeing eye could have traced any possible connection.

*First*, to recount an already familiar tale, on Lord's-day afternoon, March 22, at a remote little Oxfordshire village, the Rev. J. C. Philpot, M.A., etc., having told his startled parishioners that they would never see him in that pulpit again, escaped into the vestry as soon as he could, and there, instead of hanging up his costly black-silk gown on its accustomed peg, he carried it on his arm across to his lodgings on the village-green, and handed it over to the old farm-wife who waited on him, to be sold for what it would fetch. For seven unhappy years he had worn it to preach in, and now he never wanted to see it again.\* At last he was "out of livery." At last he could dress as he pleased, unadvertised by his "cloth," lost in the crowd like any other unpretending layman, his white cravat being reserved for such unorthodox pulpits as it might please God to throw open to him. At last he could enjoy the full liberty of the gospel, without being tied down to one small unhealthy parish. William Tiptaft had taught bishops and proctors their lesson. No episcopal underling would ever threaten his hard-bought freedom. And with his gown, to his great

\* It may be recalled how Joseph Parry saw my father assume his black gown before he entered the pulpit, a clear indication that he was about to speak, not as an ordained priest, but as an educated man with a university degree. I can remember when all the clergy, except the very few who had been influenced by the Oxford Movement, retired into the vestry, while the hymn before sermon was being sung, and exchanged the surplice for a black Geneva gown. Preaching in the surplice, however convenient, is a sacerdotal innovation and encroachment.

THE  
GOSPEL STANDARD,  
OR,  
FEEBLE CHRISTIAN'S SUPPORT.

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"Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness; for they shall be filled."—Matt. v. 6.

"Who hath saved us, and called us with an holy calling, not according to our works, but according to his own purpose and grace, which was given us in Christ Jesus before the world began."—2 Tim. i. 9.

"The election hath obtained it, and the rest were blinded."—Rom. xi. 7.

"If thou believest with all thine heart, thou mayest.—And they went down both into the water, both Philip and the eunuch; and he baptized him.—In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."—Acts viii. 37, 38; Matt. xxviii. 19.

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No. 1.                      AUGUST, 1835.                      2d.

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ADDRESS.

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CHRISTIAN READER,

*At a time like the present, when so many religious periodicals are already afloat, and when so many high professions are made of their adherence to truth, it may be, to some, matter of surprise that we should venture to launch our little vessel into so wide an ocean, lest the first tempest that it meets with should sink it into oblivion, never to appear again. But when, setting aside all who make no pretensions to steer beyond the general doctrines of the day, we look amongst those who hang out for their banner the discriminating Sovereignty of God, and see some setting forth the law of works, the killing letter, as the spiritually-living man's perfect rule of walk and conduct, thereby, as far as words can do it, sullying the glory of the Gospel, others fearing to ex-*

TITLE-PAGE OF FIRST NUMBER OF THE "GOSPEL STANDARD."

relief, he divested himself for ever of that invidious title of "Reverend." How dared he, or any other sin-burdened soul, lay claim to be "revered"? Never while he lived would he allow himself or any friend of his to be placed in such a false position. A third renunciation, which was forced upon him, marked even more definitely the parting of the ways. He had to sell his beloved books, three packing-cases full of them, and reduce his personal belongings to the capacity of a single portmanteau. Only by discarding all human learning could he take his place beside the poor and uneducated, whose obscure lot he had henceforth decided to share. It was a wrench, no doubt, yet less than five years later we find him writing to a friend, "Have I not made a good exchange? an easy conscience for a galled one, liberty for bondage, worship in the spirit for worship in the form, and a living people for dead formalists."

*Secondly.* On August 1 in that same year from an obscure Manchester printing-office there was issued the first poor little number of a new religious "monthly" of twenty-four pages, entitled *The Gospel Standard or Feeble Christian's Support*, and published by an energetic young compositor, John Gadsby, the twenty-seven-year-old son of that widely known and highly respected minister, William Gadsby.

There are two further links in the hidden chain of providence—coincidences men call them—which once mentioned are not to be forgotten. As already stated, on September 13, 1835, when the *Gospel Standard* was but six weeks old, my father was baptized in fear and trembling by his dear friend, old John Warburton, in the little chapel at Allington. Now, on the very previous Lord's-day, September 6, nearly two hundred miles away at Blackburn in Lancashire, the same divine ordinance had been administered to a young Scotsman, named John M'Kenzie, who had been excommunicated by the Independents for holding and teaching the doctrines of grace. As yet John M'Kenzie and my father had never heard of each other, but for eleven years, until the former's untimely death, they were destined as joint Editors of the *Gospel Standard* to be closely associated as fellow-labourers in the same field, and never, so far as I know, did they have a single difference. Until chosen for pastor by a Particular Baptist church at Preston, in May, 1836, John M'Kenzie



had earned his living as a travelling packman, and it had been the consequent exposure to all weathers that was probably responsible for his all too early death. John Gadsby, having made his acquaintance, was led to enlist his help in editing the *Gospel Standard* early in 1836. In the same year my father began to write for it, but quite unofficially. It was not very long, however, before he made his influence felt and his authority respected. Eventually, as will be shown in the next chapter, it was the combined but curiously contrasted gifts of these three men, John Gadsby, John M'Kenzie and J. C. Philpot, which, as soon as each had fallen into his appointed place, for at first they were all new to their work, not only saved the *Gospel Standard* from imminent extinction, but, under strict and conscientious editorship, made it a rich storehouse of that divine teaching usually known as the doctrines of grace, and of authentic spiritual experience.

No one could desire a worthier or more absorbing subject for his pen—and I pray that mine may be made worthy of it—than the early history of the *Gospel Standard*. But it could never have prospered as it did, nor found a “prepared people,” had it not been for a long and intensive cultivation of the soil, conducted over as many as thirty preceding years. “Alle gute Dinge sinde drei,” say the Germans—All good things run in threes. And so to the trio already mentioned must be added in pious remembrance an older three, devoted and indefatigable labourers, pioneers, who had borne the heat of the day and lived to see the fields white to harvest. William Gadsby (1773—1844), John Warburton (1776—1857) and John Kershaw (1792—1870) are their honoured names, and each had been taken from his weaver's-loom, as Elisha from the plough and Amos from the gathering of sycamore fruit.

It is not so widely known as it should be that during those very years when across the Channel devils in human guise were dethroning the Deity and setting up a Goddess of Reason and the Guillotine in His place, here in this favoured isle He in His mercy was vouchsafing quite separately to three poor uneducated weavers that same vision of the Eternal Righteousness which He revealed of old to the patriarchs, psalmists and prophets of Israel, and, in blessed fulness, after the Resurrection, to Paul and Augustine, and

other chosen vessels of grace, who were likewise more often than not rejected and reviled by their contemporaries. Gadsby, Warburton, and Kershaw were born, it is true, into a less intolerant age, but even so they had to follow Christ, as did my father, "in contempt and shame, hated by all the world, despised by professors, and condemned by well-nigh all."

One of the most impressive things that ever came from my father's pen is the "appreciation" of his old friend John Warburton which he wrote for the *Gospel Standard* after his death, and which will be found in Appendix II. As, moreover, both Warburton and Kershaw have left us their own Memoirs their lives will be only summarized in this place. But William Gadsby, whom my father termed "the great Apostle of the North," demands the best part of a chapter to himself, for without him it is very doubtful whether the *Gospel Standard* and all that it stood for would ever have seen the light. The beautiful account of him which my father contributed to the *Gospel Standard* after his death is reproduced in Appendix I. John M'Kenzie has also given us an admirable description of William Gadsby's character and ministry.\* But for the story of his life which is to follow, one's debt is mainly due to the interesting Memoir flung together, rather than edited, by his son John.

It is to be presumed that many modern readers may never have heard of these three poor illiterate preachers, but the records they have left of their experiences, as well as of the distressful age into which they were born, will amply repay close and sympathetic study. And that for three reasons.

In the first place they will be found not only, in Milton's phrase, to "justify the ways of God to man," but, even more convincingly, to justify the trust of man in God, and to show that, in spite of all its trials, "the life of faith is the most blessed that a man can lead upon earth" (J. C. P.).

Secondly, they describe most simply and yet most graphically their providential calling when they were as yet quite

\* *Gospel Standard*, 1844, p. 136.

*Memoir of William Gadsby*. Second Edition, Manchester, 1847.

Warburton, John. *Mercies of a Covenant God*. London, 1857.

Kershaw, John. *Autobiography*. New Edition. London: Farncombe, 1930.

unknown to each other, their eventual coming together, their united efforts to spread the gospel, and their amazing success under providence in establishing new churches and in awaking thousands of dead souls to spiritual life.

Lastly, they give a vivid, if appalling, picture of the miserable state of England at a time when the Industrial Revolution was beginning to transform the whole structure of society, and to subject the industrial classes, "the mechanic part of mankind" (Defoe), to an almost intolerable strain. Agriculture was then the favoured interest, and at the very time when at Braunston, for instance, the Tiptafts were receiving extravagant prices for their corn and wool, and at Stamford the Lafargues were buying farms in the newly-drained Fens, our three poor young weavers were living on the verge of starvation, with flour at sixpence a pound, or nearly double what it is to-day. In his later years William Gadsby used to tell how he had known what it was to thank God for a single two-pence sent him by a friend. And had it not been put into the hearts of those almost as poor as themselves to give them help, both Warburton and Kershaw and their children would sometimes have gone not only supper-less but dinner-less to bed.

It was indeed a hard and brutal age, inconceivably callous to suffering. One of the things, for instance, which first turned young William Gadsby's mind to eternal realities, was the revolting spectacle of three house-breakers being clumsily hanged in their shrouds at Coventry in 1790, when he was not yet 18.\* And John Kershaw relates how in 1814, soon after he had preached his first sermon at Rochdale, he undertook to "supply" once a month at Slaithwaite, which involved a fifteen-mile walk in all weathers across the Yorkshire moors. At one part of his route there was in six miles only one solitary house, an inn, at which he would sometimes rest for shelter or refreshment. It turned out to be the resort of expert criminals, several of whom were afterwards hanged at York, the inn-keeper turning King's Evidence to save his own neck.†

\* *Memoir of William Gadsby*, p. 8.

† Kershaw, John. *Autobiography*, p. 119.

## 1. WILLIAM GADSBY.

Poring lately over a tattered copy of the Memoir of William Gadsby, it came to me with fresh force how that, short of the grave, there is only one thing which can level all ranks, high and low, rich and poor, young and old, educated and uneducated, and that is a coal off the altar of heavenly grace. Here was my father, on whom no pains had been spared to fit him for a brilliant career in the Established Church. And there was poor, ragged, bare-foot, ignorant little William Gadsby. And they meet at last, though Gadsby was close on thirty years the elder, on the equal terms of Christian brotherhood. In the estimation of the world, the one had gone as far up as the other had come down, yet the upbringing of each would seem to have been precisely calculated for the work to which he was to be called. My father's legs could no more have coped with William Gadsby's arduous missionary circuits, than William Gadsby's pen could have written the "Meditations."

Eventually the time will no doubt come when it will be generally admitted that for natural gifts, sterling qualities, and the extensive influence he wielded over the hearts and lives of men, William Gadsby was one of the most remarkable men of his generation. Even before his call by grace he had shown that he possessed that rare personal charm, that sound judgement, and that ready-witted tongue which soon single a man out for a born leader of men. In the sphere and for the work to which he was to be called his not very refined sense of humour was more perhaps of a snare than an advantage. But it was grace that made him and, still more, kept him what he was. A shrewd observer once said that if he had settled in Manchester as a hosier, he would have made at least a pound for every shilling he received as a minister. But at what a sacrifice!

Gadsby! The very name suggests, if only remotely, a Danish origin. In that part of England where nearly every village-name ends, not in Saxon "ham" or "ton," but in the Danish "by," eight miles North-east of Leicester and a dozen hilly miles to the West of little Oakham, there lies a village now spelt Gaddesby, which can boast, says the guide-book, of possessing "the largest village church in Leicestershire

and, with one exception, the most beautiful, both in its proportions and its exquisite detail." In the days of the Heptarchy, it may be assumed, one of a band of armed rovers from overseas, named Gad, finding the place well-watered and full of promise, proceeded to beat his sword into a ploughshare, and to build himself a modest homestead, which in due course became known as "Gad's By." Now, not to make too much of pure coincidence, you may remember it was prophesied of Gad (Gen. xlix. 19) that "a troop shall overcome him; but he shall overcome at the last;" a text which our William Gadsby might well have taken as foreshadowing the virulent opposition and abuse which he at first encountered at Manchester, but which at last he overcame.

In the very heart of England, some twenty-five miles South-west of Gaddesby, there is a pleasant district once devoted to stocking-weaving, which I will venture to call the William Gadsby country, for it was there that he spent the first thirty-two years of a poverty-stricken, but not unfruitful life. A glance at our map will show that for at least a dozen miles the county boundary between Leicestershire and Warwickshire runs as straight as a plumb-line, because it happens to follow the old Roman Road, Watling Street, which led from Dover to Chester. Half-way down that long straight road, and two miles to the South of it, lies the town of Nuneaton in Warwickshire. At about the same distance to its North-east is the Leicestershire town of Hinckley. These places and the surrounding district were the first to reap the fruits of William Gadsby's ministry, while as if to train him for his future missionary tramps, he carried the fruits of his labour at the loom on his own back to market, either ten miles to Coventry or seventeen to that town of Leicester which later in the century he and my father were to visit as occasional supplies.

Here, at the village of Attleborough, two miles South of Nuneaton, was William Gadsby born on January 3, 1773, the son of a poor road-mender, who attended the Independent chapel, and brought up his young tribe in the natural fear of God. William was the second son of a second marriage, and the ninth of John Gadsby's fourteen children, all of whom as they grew up were expected to add their mite to the family purse. "Never fear," once said young William to

his mother, "I shall be able to keep you yet." I picture him as a little bright-eyed, smiling boy with a fine brow, sharp as a needle and full of mischief, but bare-footed and ragged, set to nurse the new baby almost before he could talk. Later on he is sent on two or three days a week to Nuneaton church-school, and learns just enough to spell out with difficulty a chapter of the Bible. At the age of thirteen he is apprenticed to the exacting craft of ribbon-weaving, which meant plying his shuttle for hours on end, working his twelve treddles, and keeping his chest always in contact with the breast-piece. In his off time he gives free vent to his high spirits and sense of fun. The ring-leader in all youthful follies, he provides sport for his companions, mounting on a tub and addressing them with fluent tongue, keeping them all in roars of laughter, and unconsciously shaping himself for his future mission. For beneath all his gaiety he is not entirely free from "solemn and awful twangs of conscience," until a day comes when he suddenly knows that "it is one thing to be alarmed at sin through fear of hell, but quite another to feel it inwardly as being against a holy, just and good God, to whom the soul is accountable." He was barely seventeen when that poignant conviction of sin came to him, changed all his subsequent life, and was to form the burden of his future ministry. He began to attend prayer-meetings diligently, though his one pair of shoes threatened to give out. Leaving the Independents, he was baptized at Coventry, December 29, 1793, just before he came of age, and it is recorded of him that "rough, clownish and illiterate almost to the extreme, the grace of God showed in him the more blessedly." Three years later, on May 16, 1796, he married Elizabeth Marvin, who in his later life was to prove more of a trouble than a comfort. By her advice at the age of twenty-two he gave up the exacting craft of ribbon-weaving, which threatened his health, and took to the easier task of stocking-weaving, and for the next nine years he made his home at Hinckley, across the county boundary.

After long hesitation William Gadsby delivered his first sermon in an upper room at Bedworth on Whit-Sunday, 1798, and two years later his hearers had become so impressed by his discourses that they built a chapel for him. He also began to preach at Desford, and in a leaky barn at Hinckley.

In 1802, the friends at Hineckley decided to build him a chapel, which landed them in debt, and it was the pressing need to pay off some of it which first took William Gadsby to Manchester. In this venture he evinced not a little of the wisdom of the serpent. Having heard that the friends in Manchester, who worshipped at the Back-house Baptist chapel in St. George's, now Rochdale, Road, were in difficulties about a minister, he wrote to one of the deacons, that as he had business in their city, he would be prepared to "supply," but he did not disclose that his business was to beg, or, as he once said, his letter would have been "tried by fire." In spite of his appearance, for he preached in a coarse brown coat, drab trousers and coloured neck-cloth, he so impressed his hearers that he was asked to come again, which he did two years later. In 1805 he finally removed with his wife and three small daughters to Manchester, which he made his home until his death on January 27, 1844.

During his second visit to that city in 1804 he baptized John Warburton, the first person to whom he administered that ordinance in Manchester. John Warburton was then still a weaver, twenty-eight years of age, with a growing family and desperately poor. He had only just recovered from a long illness, during which he had been "on the parish." His account of the first occasion on which he heard William Gadsby preach is too graphic to be omitted. Till then John Warburton had belonged to an Independent church, and was much exercised at the thought of separating himself from it, as the deacons not long since had saved him from being turned out of his cellar and sent with his young family to the workhouse.

"I think I shall never forget the first time I heard Mr. Gadsby," he writes. "When I got into the chapel I thought to myself, What a poor, gloomy, miserable place this is! And as the people came in, I felt such a hatred rise up in my heart against them as I never felt against any people before. Nay, so much so, that I was just ready to take up my hat and walk out, when Mr. Gadsby got into the pulpit. I was struck with surprise to see so poor and mean-looking a fellow (as I thought him) attempt to preach. I despised him in my very soul, and thought he looked like an ignorant fool that had not common sense. He arose and gave out a hymn, but it was in so drawing a way, that I verily believed he could not read. Oh, how the devil rose up in my heart! . . . My prejudice was so strong that, when he went to prayer, I do believe that I

actually hated the sound of his voice. He appeared to me to stutter and stammer as though he could hardly get a word out of his mouth. My soul boiled with rage, and I called myself a thousand fools for coming to hear such a fool. When he had finished his prayer, which was very short, I thought to myself, Poor creature, thou canst never preach, I am sure; and I felt a secret pleasure in the hope that when he had read his text he would be obliged to tell the people that he could not preach. The words of his text were, 'A good man out of the good treasure of the heart bringeth forth good things; and an evil man out of the evil treasure, bringeth forth evil things' (Matt. xii. 35), and he was so long in reading them, that I dropped my head down, and thought I would try to go to sleep. He then made a little pause, and I looked up to see what he was about, and he was looking all around the chapel, and rolling his eyes in such a way, that I really thought him crazy. The first words he spoke were, 'Perhaps you will be ready to say that, according to our sentiments, we cannot find a good man upon earth. But by the help of God we will, or we will ransack the Bible from Genesis to Revelation.' Oh, how my prejudice was knocked down at a blow! My soul melted like wax before the sun, and I exclaimed, 'God bless thee! The Lord help thee to find the good man!' He first showed that by nature no man was good, and oh! the depths he entered into in showing man's lost and ruined condition! But when he came to describe the good man, as he stood in Christ, and the good things which were then brought forth out of his heart, my soul was so overcome that I cried out in my feelings, 'Whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God; where thou diest, I will die' (Ruth i. 16). My very soul was knit to his as Jonathan's to David's, and my ears were nailed to the door-post. I had never heard my ins and outs, my ups and downs, my days and nights, my sorrows and joys, so opened up before."

One more brief extract in which John Warburton describes his baptism.

"Oh! the sight I had of the Lord Jesus Christ when I went down into the water! By precious faith I saw Him sunk in deep waters where there was no standing, and all the waves and billows of divine wrath overwhelming Him for my poor soul. I can never describe the solemnity, humility, holy wonder, admiration, self-abasement and godly contrition that I felt whilst I stood in the water. Dear Mr. Gadsby, while standing in the water before he baptized me, offered up a short petition to God; and before he concluded, placing his hand upon my shoulder, he begged the Lord to bless me, defend me, stand by me, uphold me, and protect me; and what was amazingly astonishing to me, he finished by begging God to raise me up as an instrument in His hands for His own glory and the cause of truth. . . . My soul was so swallowed up in glory that for a time I did not know whether I was in the body or out of the body."—Warburton, John. *Mercies of a Covenant God*, First Part, pp. 54—56. London, 1859.



I find it always most refreshing to quote John Warburton. His Bible-taught, grace-taught English, written "not with wisdom of words, but in the very language of the heart itself" (J. C. P.), makes other writing, and even the famous prose of my father's former friend, the future Cardinal Newman, sound stilted and self-conscious. It reminds one of a fragrant hedge-rose, beautiful in its sweet simplicity, compared with the artificial symmetry of the cultivated show-plant. His *Mercies of a Covenant God* "will prove his enduring and undying memorial." So wrote my father, thanks entirely to whom it was published as it came from John Warburton's pen, without the school-master's well-meant corrections.\*

William Gadsby, to whom we must return for a moment, was, I think, of somewhat coarser grain than Warburton, and therefore better fitted for the sterner conflicts and more arduous labours that were to be required of him. His energy, his bodily vigour, and his zeal in spreading the gospel seem almost super-human. In his first years at Manchester he found all the ministers banded against him, for he drew away their hearers. But it was not long before he established his position. In the course of nearly forty years of his pastorate there he is said to have travelled some sixty thousand miles in his preaching tours, to have delivered between ten and twelve thousand sermons, and to have been instrumental in establishing nearly forty new churches of truth. And yet he found time to condense his spiritual experience into more than a hundred and fifty hymns. These, many of which first appeared in *The Gospel Magazine*, over the signature of "A Nazarene," were included in the well-known "Selection," first published in 1814, and subsequently much enlarged.

No man, I think, ever led a more strenuous life. After preaching three times on the Lord's-day at Manchester, he would walk on the Monday eleven miles due north to Rochdale, dine there, walk three miles farther on to preach in the afternoon, return to Rochdale and preach there in the evening. In the course of the week he would proceed, almost always on foot, to other places in Lancashire, Cheshire, Derbyshire or Yorkshire, returning on the Friday to what for

\* *The Seceders*, Vol. I., p. 324.

the last twenty-two years of his life was a miserable home, for the wife of his youth and the mother of his children had become "a torturing affliction," devoured by such an insane jealousy that he never dared to lock anything up. And she was, moreover, of a most determined character, as these condensed extracts from the Memoir will show. William Gadsby, I should remind you, had already been baptized in the closing days of 1793.

"Early in 1795 a few people at Hinckley had their eyes opened to discern the errors of the ministry under which they had been sitting. They proposed therefore to be formed into a little church, and Mr. Aston, of Coventry, was invited to go over and baptize them. . . . Amongst the people baptized at this time was a young woman, named Elizabeth Marvin, the daughter of a Hinckley stocking-weaver. At a later baptizing at which Elizabeth was present she could not help noticing a young man who was very active, up to his knees in the water, assisting the minister, and she thought he was just such a one as she would like for a husband. . . . It was not long after this that an intimacy was commenced between William Gadsby and Elizabeth Marvin, and he frequently went over to Hinckley to see her."—*Memoir of William Gadsby*, p. 16.

They were finally married, May 16, 1796, and three daughters were born to them in the years before they moved from Hinckley to Manchester in 1805.\* The sons Ebenezer, John, and a younger brother came later.

For many years, one may add, William Gadsby "supplied" in London either at "Zoar," or at Gower Street chapel, which he opened in 1820, and we have already met him at Oakham, Stamford, Wallingford, and Abingdon. In his native village, Attleborough, he preached one of his best sermons on June 15, 1842, not very long before his death, and it was published in the *Gospel Standard*, Sept.—Nov., 1842.

John Warburton was not the only one whose experience of William Gadsby's preaching was burnt into his memory. "Ah! if you had but heard that voice of his, rolling like peals of thunder," said one old veteran, "and seen those eyes of

\* Of these daughters (1) Rachel, b. 1799, m. — Bibby, d. April 19, 1858 (*G. S.*, p. 317). (2) Sarah, for many years her father's housekeeper, b. 1801, m. 1840, James Richmond, of Salford, agricultural engineer, d. Bowden, Cheshire, June 27, 1885 (*G. S.*, p. 413). (3) Phebe, b. Feb. 26, 1804, m. 1823, James Hamer, emigrated to U.S.A., d. Feb. 10, 1858 (*G. S.*, p. 309). John Gadsby tells us that he and his sister Sarah, the two most delicate of the family, long survived the rest.

his like balls of fire piercing through the congregation, you never would have forgotten it while you lived.”\*

And here is another reminiscence. “Mr. Gadsby took for his text Col. i. 19: ‘It hath pleased the Father that in Him should all fulness dwell,’ and when he had read it he paused for a time and appeared as if he were waiting or listening for the Lord to give him a word to speak to the people, while his eyes went about from one side of the chapel to the other. At length with an energetic voice and in the most solemn manner he exclaimed, ‘Then everything else must be empty.’” The effect was most striking.†

But the most graphic picture of William Gadsby we owe to a brother Nonconformist, though not a brother Calvinist, Robert Halley, D.D., of New College, London:

“William Gadsby,” he writes, “seemed a preacher made on purpose for the working classes. The common people heard him gladly. When he came to Manchester he could not speak the dialect of the place, but he knew his business. He had not a particle of affectation, and spoke thoroughly good English. Scripture he knew well, and quoted it with great effect. He had no learning, but he had no small share of mother-wit and native humour. Illiterate as he was, he sometimes attracted men of learning and culture, who heard him with great pleasure. He was quietly earnest, never impassioned, never vehement, but always arresting attention. His voice was wonderful, and he knew well how to manage it. I heard him once in the old Free-trade Hall of Manchester. When other speakers had made strange efforts to be heard, sometimes in vain, he seemed to me, sitting near him, to be speaking in a pleasant, conversational tone; but the voice of the old man rolled like an equable wave of sound across the great hall and filled the ear of every auditor. His expressions were sometimes coarse, but on devotional subjects no man spoke with more seriousness and gravity. . . . No minister in Manchester lived a more moral life, or presented to his hearers a more beautiful example of Christian discipline and self-control, and I am assured that there did not exist in Manchester a church in which discipline was more carefully maintained, and immoral persons more severely censured or more strictly excluded.”‡

It is sad to have to record that William Gadsby’s last years were far from happy ones, and that the foe, though innocent, was found within his own household. The broken leg that

\* *Christian’s Monthly Record*, 1890, p. 145.

† *Ibid.*, 1892, p. 296.

‡ *Lancashire, its Puritanism and Nonconformity*, Vol. II., pp. 484-486. Manchester: 2 vols., 1869.

laid him aside for seven weeks (September 14—November 1, 1840) might even be deemed a blessing in disguise, for it brought him many tokens of affection and esteem (see Letter 61) and bore fruit in that characteristic Letter, *To the Quickened Family of God in various parts of the Kingdom*, which may be read with profit to this day.\* The "torturing affliction" of his wife's mental state was to some extent alleviated by the tender devotion of his one unmarried daughter Sarah (later Mrs. Richmond), who kept house for him. But the third cloud on his happiness seemed to have no silver lining, as it threatened his dearest interests, his church and people. "My Jack," he is said to have cried with tears in his eyes, "is the cause of my bitterest sorrow and trouble in the church." The story will be most conveniently told here, though it somewhat anticipates events.

"My Jack," John Gadsby, the bright hope of the family, must have been born, I think, with a very good conceit of himself, which an unwise mother did nothing to correct. Having served an apprenticeship to a Manchester printer and compositor, in the late twenties, that is at about the time when my father was taking up his unhappy abode at Stadhamp-ton, John Gadsby went to complete his training in London, whither we shall follow him in the next chapter. While there he came under the influence of James Wells, who was preaching to overflowing congregations at the Surrey Tabernacle in the Borough Road. Eventually in 1834 the young compositor returned to Manchester, to start business on his own account, and in the following year his fertile brain gave birth to the idea of the *Gospel Standard*. He was baptized by his father on October 4th, 1835, and having been received into church fellowship, became an influential member of his congregation.

Thirty-six years later we find him confessing that as a young man he was full of zeal and self-confidence. "I had no more doubt that I should be a minister, and a most deeply taught one too, excelling even my dear father, than I had of my existence."† His first contributions to the *Gospel Standard* soon proved, even, I think, to an indulgent father's judgement, that they were not exactly what its readers had

\* *Gospel Standard*, 1840, p. 305.

† *Ibid.*, 1871, p. 286.

been led to expect, and in 1840, as we shall see, John M'Kenzie and my father found themselves constrained to relieve him of all editorial responsibility. It was in that same year, according to his own account,\* that he persuaded his father and the deacons to ask his friend, James Wells, to supply at Manchester during William Gadsby's absence in London. On this first visit Mr. Wells was heard so well that he was presented with £25, in addition to the usual fees. And William Gadsby preached for him at the Surrey Tabernacle both in 1841 and 1842. In the latter year James Wells again supplied at Manchester, but on this occasion he was tactless enough, to call it no worse, to hint from the pulpit that their beloved pastor's ministerial usefulness was worn out. It may have been true, but he was the last person to say it. So this time he was given only the usual fees. "Is Manchester poorer than it was before?" he enquired. "No," was the answer, "but we hope it is wiser, and you will never come into this pulpit again." The harm, however, had been done. "A Mr. Goodfellow who led the singing and a few unsettled ones left, and took a chapel in Oldham Street. Mr. Wells came down to open it and a Mr. Bidder was appointed pastor. But though Mr. Wells did his utmost to keep it open it came to grief."

So wrote John Gadsby nearly fifty years after the event, and added, "It is quite true that I was the cause—happily the innocent cause—of some of my father's bitterest moments; and more than one weeping time he and I and my late sister, Mrs. Richmond, had together over it. There are some living (1889) to whom my sister often said I was a comfort to my father to the last."

## 2. JOHN WARBURTON.

"John, with all his faults, has the right stuff in him, and will outlive a thousand Mayflies who flutter their hour in the religious world."† So wrote my father of John Warburton nearly a hundred years ago, and time has borne him out abundantly. *Mercies of a Covenant God*, which henceforth we will call *Mercies* for short, is a permanent addition to the

\* *Christian's Monthly Record*, 1889, p. 331.

† *The Seceders*, Vol. I., p. 314.

literature of the spirit, and when once it gets better known should receive almost as warm, if not as wide a welcome from distant generations of truth-lovers as *The Pilgrim's Progress* itself, which, we are told, for more than a century after it was first published was read only in the cottage and the servants' hall, and by "the humbler class of Dissenters." According to a modern critic, *The Pilgrim's Progress*, though written in prose, is in all essentials poetry. And a similar, if slighter claim might be made, I feel, for the *Mercies*, which none, sure, but the insensitive can read without tears. It is really one long psalm, a *Psalm of Life*, and far worthier to be so called than the American jingle which commonly goes by that name. Perhaps you learnt it at school and were taken, as I was, by its tuneful lilt. "Lives of great men all remind us we can make our lives sublime," etc. One has only to quote them to realize the irreconcilable antagonism between such a view of life as Henry Longfellow's and that of John Warburton, whose constant earnest cry is that of the Psalmist, "Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what He hath done for my soul. I cried unto Him with my mouth, and He was extolled with my tongue." Alas! that at Rochdale, as we shall see, and later on even at Trowbridge, there should have been found people who grew tired of listening to the same old blessed tale, and were always craving, like the Athenians, to hear some new thing. It is the head, and not the heart, that wearies of the familiar.

Unfortunately for the biographer, John Warburton seems to have lived habitually in a felt Presence where dates and minor details are of no account. We are not told his birthday, nor who or what his father was, nor from which parent he derived his undoubted air of distinction, though his mother, he assures us, was "a vessel prepared unto glory before the mountains were brought forth." He was born at Stand, some five miles out of Manchester, in October, 1776, when little William Gadsby at Attleborough was nearly old enough to be let run loose in the village street. Of his early years he tells us next to nothing, except that they were given up to all manner of wickedness. When God's time came "not to propose, but call by grace," he was married already to a prolific wife and his temporal trials had begun. Only a poor hand-loom weaver, over-worked, half starved and always

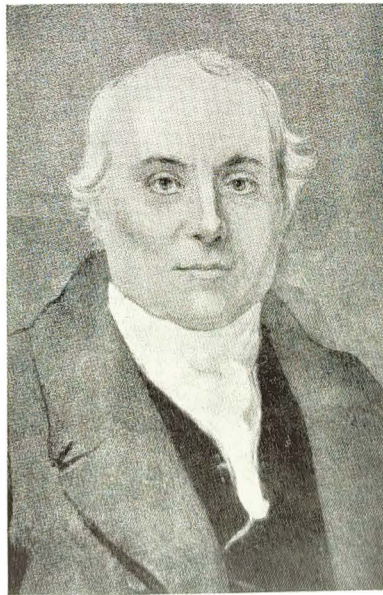
in debt, in those hard times he was never able for long to keep the wolf from his door. 'Tis a pitiful story, vividly told.

It was William Gadsby, as we have seen, who on baptizing him in 1804, when he was nearly thirty, first gave him the idea that he might be called to the ministry, and the pages which tell of his doubts and fears, and desperate struggles to evade his manifest destiny are among the most moving in his book. Once launched on his mission trouble sooner or later seemed to follow him wherever he went. He had yet to learn, as eventually he did, that a minister, if he would avoid strife, must keep his church-members well in hand. "The Lord's people," wrote William Tiptaft in a moment of discouragement, "are very odd people to rule," as John Warburton soon discovered to his dismay. After trying his paces, so to speak, first in holding forth to a few poor people, as poor as himself, at Bury for four shillings a time, and then at Rochdale for six, each involving a two hours' tramp to the meeting-place, at length, in 1809 or 1810 we find him settled for good, one would suppose, with wife and family at the latter place, where the seed sown not long before by William Gadsby had sent up a vigorous shoot in that Hope chapel which he opened in Whit-week, 1811. Yet four years later, after trial upon trial, poor John Warburton was condemned to hear from the lips of his deacons that the Lord plainly meant him for some other place. "Oh! how my soul did sink within me!" he writes. "I had eight children; I was over head and ears in debt, and nothing but clouds and darkness within and without."

Nevertheless, though dim-sighted men might undervalue the grace that was in him, as evidently they did, his Covenant God was still watching over him. Within a few days the postman had brought him a trial-call not only from Maidstone, but also from Trowbridge. For, though characteristically he omits to mention it, he had been heard most acceptably in London, and had found in other counties that "prophet's honour" which was denied him in his own. How after long wrestling and much against his carnal inclinations he was brought to choose Trowbridge in preference to Maidstone, and how he made his home there for the remaining forty-two years of his life, will be found most faithfully



2. JOHN WARBURTON (1776—1857).



1. WILLIAM GADSBY (1773—1844).



3. JOHN KERSHAW (1792—1870).

THE THREE SOWERS.



recorded in his book, together with all the trials and the mercies that followed him.

I never to my knowledge saw John Warburton. I was too young. But my elder brother remembers to have seen him sitting by our kitchen-fire at Stamford, meditatively smoking his long churchwarden pipe. As my father's sensitive chest could not tolerate the fumes of tobacco, any visitor to Rutland Terrace who wanted to smoke was politely shown down to the basement. Perhaps John Warburton felt more at home there than upstairs. It may have reminded him of the cellar in which he used to work at his loom the whole day long. For me, such memories, trivial as they may seem, help to bridge the years and to bring the dear old man closer to us.

### 3. JOHN KERSHAW.

To pass from the *Mercies* to John Kershaw's *Autobiography* is to descend from poetry to prose, from the everlasting hills down to the plain. And yet the latter gives us much the better information about the great spiritual awakening in the North initiated under providence by William Gadsby. As a boy of fifteen John Kershaw had had the privilege of witnessing that energetic minister's first visit to Rochdale, where for the next twenty years he was to conduct a service regularly once a month on a Monday night, as already stated. On this first occasion, Mr. Littlewood, the Baptist minister, having refused the use of his chapel to a presumed Antinomian, some of his hearers invited Mr. Gadsby to come over and preach to them at a friend's house.

"He consented, and in the month of May, 1807, preached his first sermon in this neighbourhood at a place called Cassion Gate, near to where Hope chapel now stands. The preaching was to have been in a farmhouse, but neither the house nor the barn would contain the people, and he was obliged to preach in a meadow. . . This was the first time I ever saw Mr. Gadsby, and I was struck with the attention paid to the preaching of the word. . . I was but a lad at the time, looking on, little thinking that these things would lead to the establishment of a church over which I was to preside so many years as pastor."—*Autobiography*, p. 48.

A little more than thirty years after that event, on June 12, 1838, my father, who had been preaching at Zoar, the

large chapel in Great Alie Street, E.C., writes to his friend: "They say there are but four or five ministers who fill this place, amongst them they reckon Kershaw, Tiptaft, and my unworthy self."\* John Kershaw, who was ten years older than my father almost to a day, was at that date, 1838, in the prime of life, which Gadsby and Warburton had already passed. By what steps in providence and grace the shabby young weaver apprentice who witnessed William Gadsby's first visit to Rochdale eventually became his most active lieutenant there, as well as a preacher highly esteemed throughout England, forms the fascinating subject of John Kershaw's *Autobiography*. As, however, he played only a silent rôle in respect to the *Gospel Standard*, readers may be referred to his book for further details. They will not be disappointed.

\* *The Seceders*, Vol. I., p. 335.

## CHAPTER V.

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### THE "GOSPEL STANDARD." II. WEED TIME.

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WE have already seen how in the days before railway trains those doughty pioneers, William Gadsby, Warburton and Kershaw tramped and travelled their countless miles by horse or foot all over the English shires, sowing the good seed in faith and hope, but little foreseeing that from it by the divine favour would one day spring that tender growth, the little *Gospel Standard*, "first the blade and then the ear; after that—years after—the full corn in the ear." We have now to trace the even more responsible, if less exhausting efforts of the younger trio, John Gadsby, John M'Kenzie, and J. C. Philpot, to name them in the order in which each came into the field, who had now to tend the young crop, keep down the weeds, and guard it with all vigilance against "the lusts of other things entering in." To the unfailing but unpaid editorial labours of the last two, we owe it that that puny infant, the *Gospel Standard*, if I may change the metaphor, was enabled to surmount the perils of childhood, to grow steadily in favour and good report, and ere long to prove a most faithful servant in the cause of truth.\* And their achievement seems all the more wonderful as a testimony to the efficacy of faith and its handmaid, prayer, when one realizes that they were none of them hale and hearty men, but all in varying degrees consumptive invalids, "stricken deer," who laboured on against ill-health, and under an ever-present sense of the terrible precariousness of this, their mortal life.

To anticipate sad events, John M'Kenzie was the first to fall by the way, for on August 12, 1849, he was choked to death suddenly, though not without previous warning, by the

\* In less than six years the *Gospel Standard* had attained a monthly circulation of 7,400 copies. *G.S.*, 1841, p. 89. In another six years it had reached 9,000. *G.S.*, 1847, p. 7. Eventually, here and abroad, its circulation exceeded 17,000, to the envy of all its competitors.

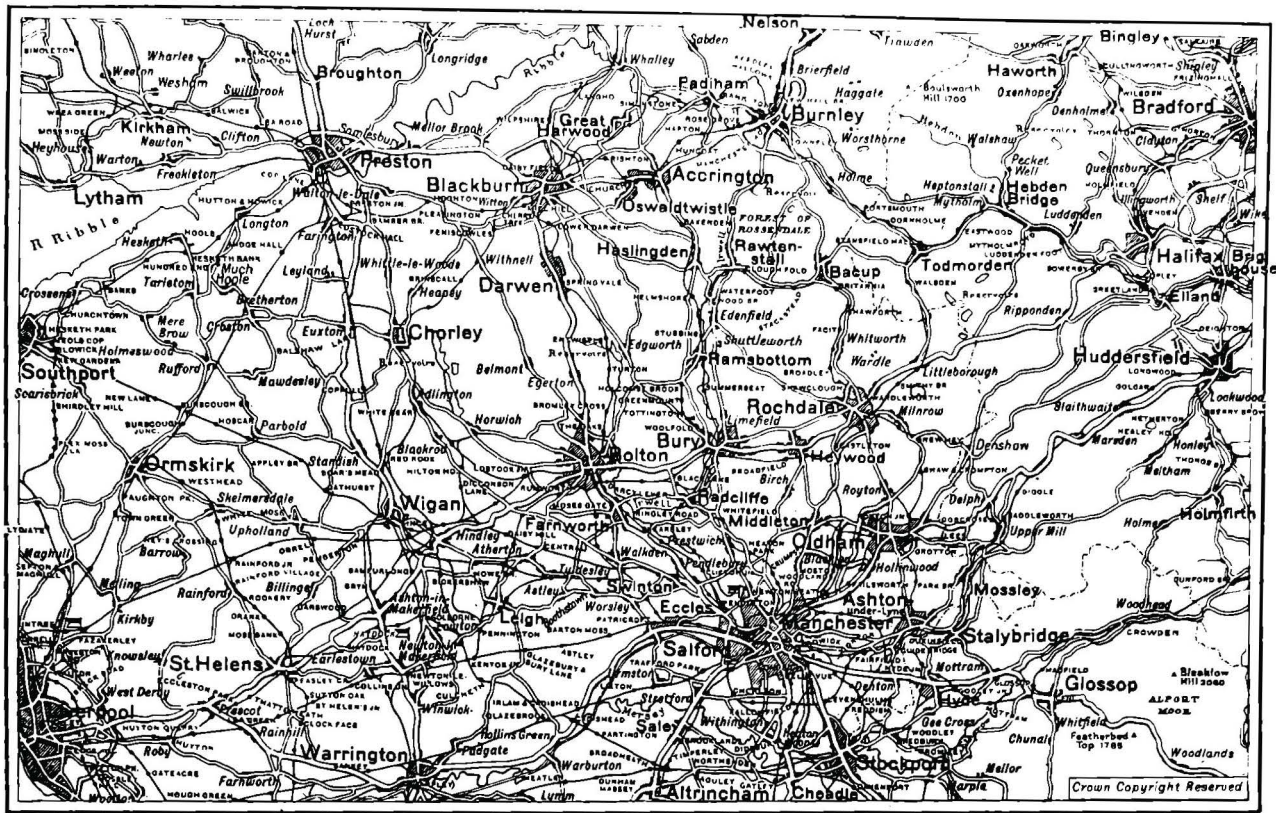
bursting of a big blood-vessel in one of his lungs. His thirteen years of conscientious service had helped more than anything else to tide the *Gospel Standard* over the perils and infections of adolescence.

My father, who thenceforth had to undertake its "united and entire management," while leaving the advertisement-wrapper more or less under the control of John Gadsby, had been, as we know, consumptive from his childhood, since when, in his own expressive phrase, he had more than once "seen Death stare him in the face." Thereafter, as his Letters testify, his life had been one long struggle against the damage to his lungs, in consequence of which he died, December 9, 1869, at the age of 67, disabled in body, but active in mind, bitterly lamenting long-past sins, but trusting implicitly in God's mercy to His children, and in the imputed righteousness of his dear Redeemer.\* His death, following so closely on that of William Tiptaft, was irreparable, and may be said without exaggeration to have marked the close of a most memorable epoch. Like Oliver Cromwell, he left no one who could take his place, and the *Gospel Standard* was the first to feel the loss of its pilot. Deeply as we mourned his death, we can be thankful now that he did not live to see the wave of unbelief and materialism which was ere long to spread all over Europe.

John Gadsby, his junior by six years, and the most indispensable, if really the least important of the trio, though admittedly delicate, seems to have remained fairly healthy up to August, 1843, when he showed the first ominous sign of tubercular infection by beginning to spit blood, and soon, as he tells us, he was looking like one whose days were numbered. But one should never quite give up a consumptive while the breath is in his body, as a wise old specialist once admonished me, and John Gadsby's life was prolonged to the ripe old age of 84, years after Sir Andrew Clark had told him that he had never heard of a case of hæmoptysis surviving so long.† His attack might even be regarded as a blessing in disguise, for, after struggling on and dallying far too long with hydropathy in England, he was driven at length in 1846 to winter abroad, and was given the oppor-

\* *Gospel Standard*, 1870, p. 8.

† *Ibid.*, wrapper, March, 1874.



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SOUTH LANCASHIRE AND PART OF YORKSHIRE,  
 where William Gadsby, John Warburton, and John Kershaw went forth to sow.

tunity in that and many subsequent visits to the East of collecting the materials for his instructive and interesting book, *My Wanderings*, which apart from its other merits shows him to have been a man of indomitable energy and enterprise, endowed with a spirit of adventure and an enquiring mind which were not easily daunted.

1. JOHN M'KENZIE ( ? —1849).

John M'Kenzie, to take him first, departed this chequered life of "sorrow and joy, weakness and power, captivity and deliverance" (to quote his own description), just eleven months before I was ushered into it. I mention the trivial coincidence because it was while I was on the way and nearly there, that my father after deep exercise of spirit decided that it was his solemn duty as Editor of the *Gospel Standard* to administer a severe rebuke to a certain brother-minister and fellow-seceder, who had wantonly attacked the sainted memory of his dead friend and colleague. It is not a pleasant story, but has to be told for the sake of its Christian warning, "Who art thou that judgest another?" (James iv. 12.) Under the delusion that M'Kenzie had meant to include him among those whom he denounced as false prophets, his assailant, who shall be nameless, had taken the despicable revenge of throwing doubt on his salvation. In reply to his pamphlet, William Brown, the minister of Godmanchester, to whom several of the Letters in this Volume are addressed, leapt to the defence of his dead friend in another pamphlet. It was at this point that my father, much against his inclination, found himself compelled to intervene, because the unhappy controversy raised the whole question of the validity of that spiritual experience on which he and his most earnest followers had been, as they believed, divinely taught to base their hopes of heaven.

"No surgeon," wrote my father, "ever stuck his knife more coolly into a dead body upon the dissecting table, than Mr. — into the state and standing of poor M'Kenzie. His argument destroys all testimony, and, if carried out, would destroy the Bible itself. In fact, viewed merely as an argument, it is either the greatest nonsense or disguised infidelity. And how, like a swivel gun, it may be turned against every gracious man who ever said or wrote that God had blessed his soul! . . . Would it comfort a poor broken-hearted saint to be assured that M'Kenzie had gone to hell? Would it speak pardon and peace to a guilty conscience to

believe that a man might know all that M'Kenzie knew, believe all that he believed, and experience all that he experienced, and yet be lost at last? It is the very argument whereby Voltaire and such men have sought to overthrow miracles and prophecy. Such an attack as this must cause much dissension and strife. Is God glorified by such things? Is it the spirit of the gospel?"—*Gospel Standard*, 1850, pp. 249, 251.

Of such a spiritual experience as my father contended for, in the firm conviction that it was the gracious gift of God the Holy Spirit to His elect, I will venture only to say this, that, whether it be the sole passport to heaven or not, it is certainly the one thing above all others which can make a man remembered on earth, so it be clothed and handed down in words of force and feeling, and of a sincerity which none can question. Toplady's "Rock of Ages" may be taken as a modern case in point. And is it not essentially as a record of deep spiritual experience that the Bible has been treasured and beloved ever since John Wycliffe wrested it from the mumbled Latin of the priest? But to stand the test of time the spiritual experience must have been one that made for righteousness of life, for humbleness of spirit, and, to use a good old word, for the "naughting" of self, in respect to all of which John M'Kenzie was a conspicuous example.

Thus, so far from consigning him to eternal torment, as he seemed to desire, his assailant has only rendered his earthly memory the more enduring and the more dear. It is his spiritual experience, as affecting his life and conduct, which makes him still so well worth writing and reading about.

"The sweet remembrance of the just  
Shall flourish when he sleeps in dust."

To get at the real M'Kenzie, however, it is not enough to read his *Fragments of Experience*, jotted down when he was a sick man and published after his death. One must go, rather, to his early contributions to the *Gospel Standard*, as they came warm and glowing from his pen, like the one reproduced at the end of this volume. To me, I confess, he was little more than a name until I had read what he has left us, as well as the testimony, soon to be quoted, of one who helped him out of deep waters. But now I know him, and shall hope to show him for what he was, a very genuine and lovable man, simple, earnest, sensitive, humble, upright

and deeply taught, with an intelligence as sound as it was clear, and a most fervent devotion to the cause of truth.

He has not informed us when he was born, but he must have been about as old as his century. Like most young Scots he had received a sound education and been carefully brought up. Until he finally settled at Preston in Lancashire, he had been what we should now call a commercial traveller, walking from place to place with his samples and his order-book on his back. Convinced in his soul of sin and guilt in 1832-3, he laboured and struggled hard for heaven by works. Having on September 1, 1833, joined the Independent community at Cannon Street, Preston, of which a Mr. Carson was the pastor, he was soon after appointed superintendent of their Sunday-school on Snow Hill, and began to deliver addresses after school hours on Lord's-day afternoons to the older girls of his class, until two ministers and two deacons stopped him.

"About July, 1834," he tells us, "my eyes were opened to see the doctrines of grace and God's method of salvation—that eternal life was the gift of God through the righteousness of Jesus Christ. This gave great relief to my mind, as I was grossly ignorant of the doctrines of grace, and even of the meaning of the word 'grace,' thinking the only way to heaven was making my soul fit for heaven by holy devotions, holy works, and holy frames and feelings. At this time also I saw that the characters spoken of in Matt. v. 8-11 presented the feelings of souls changed by the grace of God. These characters I found to be a true and exact description of my feelings, which greatly comforted and encouraged me."—*Christian's Monthly Record*, 1866, p. 243.

"I have wondered," we find him writing later on, "to see language penned thousands of years ago describe so exactly the feelings of my own soul; but this is the mystery of God's blessed Book." And he might have added, its beauty.

But a far more graphic account of M'Kenzie's conversion is to be found incidentally in a description of his own call to the ministry contributed at John Gadsby's request to the *Christian's Monthly Record*, by James Fairclough, of Garstang in Yorkshire, a farmer by occupation, and a preacher well known and loved in the North, who was of about M'Kenzie's age. It must have been in the summer of 1834 that they first met, and the record is well worth preserving.



"An old man, a shoe-maker, who lived near me," writes Mr. Fairclough, "told me, one day, there was a Scotchman who came that way every three weeks and called at his house about five o'clock, and was very punctual as to time. He considered him a very nice sort of man and would like me to have some conversation with him. I met him (M'Kenzie) the next time he came, but he was very shy and durst scarcely speak to me. After we became acquainted, he told me what his feelings and views of me were—that the doctrines I preached led to licentiousness. People say that we say, 'Let us do evil that good may come.' But what says the Apostle? 'Whose damnation is just.' He told me afterwards that he looked upon the old man I had sat under, the late John Shaw of Nateby,\* as something like a viper, and he would bite and leave the poison behind him; and that I was of the same kind, though not quite so old and bad as he as yet. . . . The second time we met he left the impression upon my mind that I preached that we may continue in sin that grace may abound. But the next time we met what a change had taken place! The man was completely broken down. He had been seen by some of the neighbours, while crossing the fields, under the hedge and in the ditches, praying; and they called him the mad Scotchman. He had been expecting to get perfect in the flesh; but, instead of that, like the woman with the issue of blood, he got worse and worse. He began to open to me the exercises of his mind in an indirect way, by asking what I should think of a man who felt so and so; describing his state and the dreadful bondage he was labouring under, varying his manner of relating his feelings several times. I felt the man was opening the burden of a broken and contrite heart, and that he was really speaking of himself, however much he might strive to disguise it at times; and to every inquiry he made, I believe I was happy to answer him by some sweet promise or portion of Scripture, which was suitable to comfort his broken and contrite heart. The last I brought to bear upon his hungry soul was Christ's sermon on the mount: 'Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness,' etc. I made a little comment on the passage. I said, 'It does not say they will be blessed merely when they are filled; but it says they *are* blessed *now* who do hunger; for that hunger proves that they are possessed of a principle of divine life having begun in the soul.'

"From that moment, as he expressed himself, the scales of ignorance and his bondage under the law fell from his eyes; the Bible became a new book; the way he looked at it, and had been instructed to look, was completely reversed; his old (legal) things passed away, and a clearer view of the plan of salvation was opened to his spiritual view.—*Christian's Monthly Record*, 1880, p. 48.

Inspired by this revelation, for it can be called no less, M'Kenzie, as already mentioned, began to speak a little,

\* For an interesting obituary of that "plain, unlettered country farmer," John Shaw, of Nateby, see *Gospel Standard*, 1840, p. 64; also *Christian's Monthly Record*, 1891, p. 302.

though as yet only in the school-room, to a class of big girls about the doctrines of grace as unfolded in John iii. 3—8 and Isaiah lxii. 12. But he soon found himself arbitrarily silenced, and on his refusal to recant he was formally excommunicated by the Independents of Preston on May 12, 1835, barely six weeks, be it noted, after my father for the very same reason had formally excommunicated himself from the Church of England. M'Kenzie, too, felt drawn to the Particular Baptists, a few of whom met in a hired room in Cannon Street, Preston, and several of his former hearers joined them with him. Eventually he was baptized at Blackburn by Mr. Worrall, September 6, 1835, exactly a week, as already mentioned, before my father was baptized at Allington. In the May following the friends at Preston prevailed on him to become their pastor, and they entered on the Vauxhall Road chapel on December 4, 1837, a few weeks after he had made my father's acquaintance and heard him preach from William Gadsby's pulpit in Manchester. On March 2, 1838, as he tells us in his Letter (see Appendix III.), he came upon the well-known sermon *Winter afore Harvest*, which greatly exercised him at the time, but marked a definite step in his spiritual progress.

At what date he married his first wife, to whom he was deeply attached no less by spiritual than by natural affection, I have been unable to discover, but he had the misfortune to lose her a fortnight before Christmas, 1839. I have a suspicion that she died of consumption and may have conveyed the disease to him, for in those days even the doctors scouted the idea of consumption being catching, and no precautions were taken. "Many and many a time," he wrote to a friend immediately after her funeral, "we have conversed together on spiritual things, as if there had only been the Lord and ourselves in the whole universe; but, alas! all is gone." And he adds a postscript, which shows what blessed comfort a godly faith can bring to the afflicted.

"P.S. I have just opened into the fifth chapter of Job, and oh! how God has blessed it to my poor soul, but particularly the 19th verse. My eyes now run tears of joy, and my heart is melted in love. I feel as if God's own mouth were speaking to me, and I can believe, though with trembling, what He says. I feel Him in my heart and I love Him. Do read it, and may God bless it to your soul."—*Gospel Standard*, 1840, p. 110.

On March 19, 1842, M'Kenzie had a special manifestation of the divine love and mercy. "All on a sudden my heart was filled with such glowing love to God, that I could scarcely refrain from kissing the book. I felt as if heaven were let down into my soul and as if the Holy Ghost had filled my heart, as I knew He had." He immediately wrote a full account of this experience to my father, who gladly published it.\* In September, 1843, he came to London in fear and trembling to preach and collect money for the debt on his chapel. He proved, however, so acceptable to the people at "Zoar" that he was pressed to come again, and two of his sermons have been preserved, one delivered on August 25, 1844,† and the other on October 20 in the same year.‡ It was a year later, I conjecture, that my father heard him preach at Eden Street chapel, London, "with that melting savour and power that I have scarcely felt under preaching, either before or since."

M'Kenzie had married again at some unspecified date a lady some twenty years younger than himself, who had left the Church of England, thrown in her lot with the Preston Baptists and been baptized. She, too, while staying in London with her husband, very nearly died, but of cholera, in September, 1845. (She departed this life eventually in her 50th year in 1871, after twenty-two years of widowhood.)

By this time, 1845, M'Kenzie had become in considerable request as a preacher. Isaac Harrison, of whom we shall hear later, engaged him to "supply" at Leicester, and in October, 1847, the Eden Street friends, soon (1854) to remove to Gower Street, gave him a call to preach to them for six months with a view to his election as their pastor, but he could not make up his mind to accept it. He had previously been invited to become minister to the friends at Liverpool, and he was much inclined to consent, as the thin congregation at Preston disheartened him. Yet on March 6, 1848, though it was a snowy morning, he baptized ten new members in the river Ribble there.§ On January 28, 1849, he

\* *Gospel Standard*, 1842, p. 121.

† *Ibid.*, 1845, p. 26.

‡ *Christian's Monthly Record*, 1893, p. 117.

§ Forty years later one of the "ten," Margaret Thompson, was often heard to speak of the peace of mind and the comforting of the Holy Spirit which she had felt in her heart on that occasion. She wouldn't mind the snow, she said, nor being baptized again, could she enjoy what she did that morning.

preached his farewell sermon at Preston, and the following week his first sermon at Liverpool. A month later, on March 3, 1849, he had a sudden hæmorrhage from the lungs, bringing up about a pint of blood. It was the beginning of the end. In hope of recovery, he spent three months at a hydro-pathic establishment at Darley Dale, returned to Preston July 25, and never again left his room, dying of intractable hæmoptysis on August 12.

It remains to give an account of his connection with the *Gospel Standard*. The Gadsbys had become acquainted with him soon after his baptism in 1835, for little that happened among the dissenters of Lancashire escaped their notice. Busy men both, they had soon found that the task of sorting out the many often ill-written communications which had begun to pour into the office of the newly founded *Gospel Standard* was more than they could cope with, and early in 1836 they were guided (who can doubt it?) to select John M'Kenzie as joint Editor. And, as the future abundantly proved, they could not have chosen a sounder or a safer man.

His first contribution to the magazine, the Sixth of a series on The Ministry, is dated Preston, May 11, 1836, but did not appear until the July number, which also contains a long review of my father's pamphlet on Secession. In his article M'Kenzie complains incidentally, as William Tiptaft used to do, that his preaching tried him very much. "I sometimes think," he laments, "that I am one of the biggest thickheads that ever opened a mouth." Just the very man, in short, that my father would have chosen for his colleague, had the choice been his. And soon they found themselves working together harmoniously, though at a distance. It was in the year 1840, according to my father, that they definitely assumed the name and office of Editors of the *Gospel Standard*, and therewith the whole control. John Gadsby, though he still edited the "wrapper," had for the next thirty years to keep his hand off that ark of the covenant, the "body," nay, rather, the "soul" of his magazine.\* Each undertook his separate province. My father wrote most of the Reviews as well as the Annual Addresses, wherein were laid down the lines on which the *Gospel Standard* was to be

\* *Gospel Standard*, 1864, p. 358.

conducted, while to M'Kenzie it fell to sort out the many contributions, or, in his own words, "to purge and expunge all erroneous and dead matter, and fill the pages with living and unctuous truth." It was his part, in short, to keep out the weeds and prevent "the lusts of other things entering in," to choke the word and make it unfruitful, such as that love of gossip and that hankering after variety, for which, as we shall see, John Gadsby was to cater as soon as he assumed control.

"What variety do they want?" asked my father with a fine scorn some months before M'Kenzie's death.

"What variety do they want? A variety of gossip and religious news? A variety of tell-tale rumours about divisions in churches, ministerial changes, setting up new causes, number of persons baptized by Mr. So-and-so, steamboat-trips and tea-drinkings? . . . They are not the first who want variety. Their predecessors in the wilderness said, 'Our soul loatheth this light bread.' They too wanted variety. Always manna from heaven and water from the rock palled their appetite. Oh! for a little variety—a few cucumbers and melons, and leeks, and onions, and garlic, just to vary the manna! 'Who shall give us flesh to eat? We remember the fish that we did eat in Egypt freely.' To such a depraved appetite we hope never to minister."<sup>\*</sup>

For eleven years then, from 1836 to 1847, it was M'Kenzie who carefully chose the contents of the *Gospel Standard*, who stood, as it were, at the passages of Jordan and slaughtered all contributions which could not frame to pronounce the word of truth aright. John Gadsby tells us, that M'Kenzie returned the MSS. which had been sent him in three packets marked 1. Good; 2. Moderate; 3. Rejected. No. 1 he used first, and if he had not enough to make up, he, John Gadsby himself, selected from No. 2. But my father, when he took over the task, left him no such choice. Nos. 2 and 3 found their way into the waste-paper basket. He sent back only Nos. 1, and was very sparing even of those, so that poor John Gadsby "was often, to the very last, distressed for the lack of Nos. 2;" while sometimes my father, perhaps after two laborious Lord's-day services, had to sit up half the night and write something to fill the gap. But it is due to his unflinching vigilance, following that of M'Kenzie, in excluding everything which was not of permanent and un-ageing value

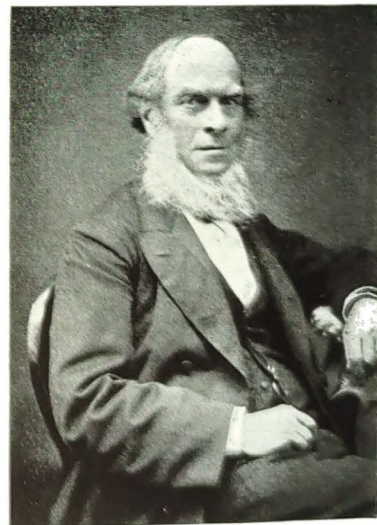
\* *Gospel Standard*, 1849, p. 6.



1. J. C. PHILPOT (1802—1869).



3. JOHN M'KENZIE (d. 1849).



2. JOHN GADSBY (1808—1893).

THE THREE HUSBANDMEN.

that the first thirty-five volumes of the *Gospel Standard* read almost as freshly now as on their day of issue.

In taking leave of John M'Kenzie I cannot do better than quote what my father said in his Preface to *Fragments of Experience*, in words which might be applied equally to himself:

"Those who know little or nothing of the inward conflict, or those whose mountain always stands strong, or those who make a man an offender for a word, or those who from prejudice read with a jaundiced eye, may find something in his honest confessions to cast an *undeserved* slur on his name and memory. . .

"But the very confessions which pharisees may misunderstand, may be blessed to tried and tempted souls. Poor M'Kenzie's sighs and groans under the inward guilt and power of sin may meet a responsive echo in the bosom of one similarly exercised. He will not misunderstand, or misrepresent, his acknowledgments of the power of sin. He will not think them evidences of his having, upon his own showing, fallen into actual, open transgression. He will rather view them as springing from life, as marks of a tender conscience, as the effect of godly fear, and the fruit of that holy sensitiveness to the evil of sin which is produced by the Blessed Spirit in the regenerated heart."

## CHAPTER VI.

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### THE "GOSPEL STANDARD." II. WEED TIME

(continued).

JOHN GADSBY.

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AND now we come to a very different man, who deserves a chapter to himself, though he seems never to have been taught by sin or sorrow what "self-naughting" really means, nor ever to have been fully awakened to "the false world's brittleness." When he made those generous bequests to his community, John Gadsby showed more faith in an arm of flesh, if such one dare call the High Court of Chancery, than in the power of the Lord and the integrity of His people. In writing of him I am torn between charity and truth. He would, I know, have wished me to be truthful, for in writing of my father soon after his death, he said, "A history requires faithfulness. Affection would hide from itself all blemishes in its object, and inveil it with superhuman perfections; but history is obliged in truthfulness to notice those human imperfections attending the greatest and best of characters."\* By the same standard one has to admit that while there was much in John Gadsby that was warm-hearted and generous, there was a strain also that was neither generous nor reasonable. His service to the cause of truth was almost balanced by his dis-service, for he too often forgot that "only by pride cometh contention" (Prov. xiii. 10). Yet, taking his long-drawn-out life as a whole, coupled with M'Kenzie's all too brief one, I am tempted to quote what my father wrote of Calvin and Farel, "How strikingly do we see in all this the marvellous providence of God, and with what divine sovereignty, yet with what consummate wisdom, He selects as well as fashions His own instruments to execute His own work!"†

\* *Gospel Standard*, 1871, p. 425.

† *Collected Reviews*, Vol. I., p. 595.



"What do you think of John Gadsby's religion?" some quidnunc (Acts xvii. 21) once asked William Tiptaft, as he was anxiously pacing the vestry before service according to his wont. William Tiptaft came to a halt, eyed the man for a moment, then asked, "What do you think of your own religion?"—a withering, but eminently wise reply. Any modern reader who may chance to share that vestry-gossip's curiosity will find ample means of gratifying it, given time and patience, in the Reading-room of the British Museum. For on his second visit to the Shetland Isles in 1864 John Gadsby in addressing the Nonconformists of Lerwick gave an account of his own spiritual experiences, skilfully interwoven with an interesting description of the ancient manners and customs of the East, a subject which he had made peculiarly his own. This Address he revised, amplified and published twelve years later, and to it I am indebted for much of my information.\*

John Gadsby bears an honoured name, and in kindness and justice to his memory we must not take too seriously what he wrote about himself in self-pity or self-praise in his later years, when he was an old man surrounded by self-seekers and dependents on his bounty, and when the evil habit of burning incense to his own drag (Habakkuk i. 6) had so grown upon him as to have passed almost beyond the bounds of reason, to have amounted, in short, to what the doctors call megalomania, and our American cousins "swelled head."† Let us remember him, rather, as the ardent and enthusiastic young business-man, to whom had come the vision of a periodical devoted to the fear of God and "to the praise of the glory of His grace" (Eph. i. 6), and who had been given in due course the wisdom to lay aside his own unguided pen and to seek out men more deeply taught and better educated than himself to edit the infant *Gospel Standard*, while he was left free to superintend its commercial needs, and to go

\* Gadsby, John. *Slavery, Captivity, Adoption*, etc. Second Edition. London: Gadsby, 1876.

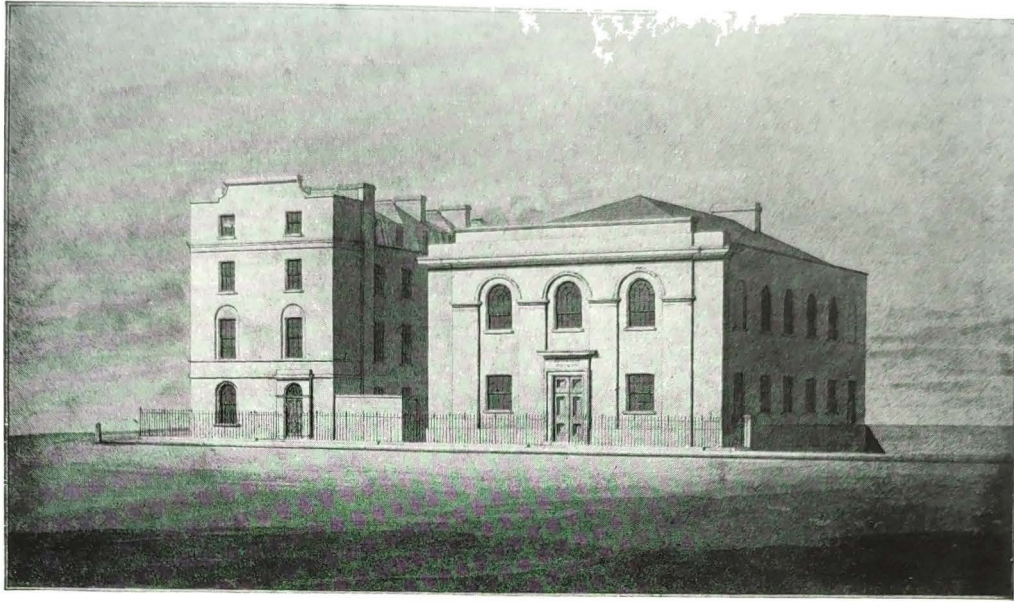
† He told the Shetland Islanders, for instance, "I am not aware that I ever undertook anything which really mastered me. I was always skilful in argument, superlative in joke and sarcasm, well versed in most worldly things, and never afraid of anything or anybody. Some may call this egotism. I again say, 'Bless the Lord for His temporal gifts, let them call it what they please.'"—*Ibid.*, p. 88.

out into the highways and hedges in search of acceptable provender for its hungry pages. John Gadsby's youthful zeal and energy enabled him to rescue many a precious record, such as the writings of John Rusk and Nathaniel Marriner, from being lost or destroyed. One cannot rate too highly his services to the *Gospel Standard* during the first five critical years of its existence. If its ultimate success was due but remotely to him, he deserves at least the credit of having preserved it from an untimely death.

But the *Gospel Standard* alone was not enough to absorb more than a tithe of his super-abounding energy. He had half-a-dozen other irons in the fire, and other hatchets to grind. He has, indeed, aptly described himself as "an energetic mind in a weakly frame, like a hare in a glass case." It was said of him by the minister who conducted his funeral (October 19, 1893), his old friend Mr. Moxon, of Bury, that "he was all activity, all energy, all push, all tact. He had not a quiet bone in his body, and was only quiet when asleep." He was at his best, not in controversy, nor in exploring the hidden depths of his own nature, but in travelling in other lands, where he showed himself keenly interested in the men he met, and where nothing escaped his observant eye. He was a born tourist. One cannot read that once popular book of his, *My Wanderings*, without feeling that you have been in the company of a very extraordinary person, so extraordinary as almost to excuse his habitual self-gratulation. But, unlike the *Gospel Standard*, his book is already out of date, for it deals mainly with the things of time, and not with those of eternity.\*

Born on November 19, 1808, three years after his parents had migrated from Hinckley to Manchester and two years after the birth of his elder brother, Ebenezer, John Gadsby was named after his grandfather, the old road-mender of Attleborough. A small, lively, delicate child, and, as he himself admitted, full of mischief, with something of his

\* From the mass of Press Notices reproduced by the Author himself in advertising his book I select the following: "We are not surprised at the popularity of Mr. Gadsby's work; it is exactly the kind of book to please the great majority of his countrymen."—*Illustrated News of the World*. "It is precisely the book a Manchester man might be expected to write."—*Christian Times*. "The Author allows nothing to pass unnoticed, from a pyramid to a pie-crust."—*Manchester Examiner*.



GOWER STREET CHAPEL, A.D. 1820.

father's personal charm, he was made a pet of by his three elder sisters and "spoiled by an over-fond but mistaken mother."\* One almost wishes that, instead of being tied to her apron-string, he had been set to nurse the baby, and allowed to run wild and ragged about the country lanes, like his father before him. There was in Manchester a Grammar-school founded just three hundred years earlier (1515) among the meadows by the river Irk, but there is no evidence that young John Gadsby ever darkened its doorways. He was sent, I gather, to a less ancient seminary where, he tells us, as a boy of eleven he was once scourged so unmercifully for fighting that his mother had to pick pieces of the birch-rod out of his flesh.† Unfortunately, as we shall see, it did not succeed in curing him of his inborn love of a fight. Meanwhile, at home and at Sunday-school he acquired that singularly exhaustive knowledge of Bible texts which in later years, and especially in the East, was to serve him in good stead.

He was apprenticed at an early age to a Manchester printer, who gave him four shillings a week and on occasion employed him as his errand-boy, but trained him so efficiently that when, at the end of his time, he came to London for more experience as a journeyman, he was very soon engaged on the "Sun" newspaper as a compositor, and was earning his four guineas a week. For he was admitted, so at least he tells us, to be "the quickest and the cleanest compositor in London." Afterwards he was employed as printer's reader with a standing salary of close on three guineas a week, and for a time he confesses to have led a somewhat irregular life.

We have already seen how he came under the doubtful influence of James Wells. He was then living in the North of London, sharing rooms with two of Mr. Wells' members, and was in the habit of going to hear Mr. Fowler in the morning at Gower Street, and Mr. Wells in the evening in the Borough Road, and sometimes he would go there also on a week-evening. On one such evening Mr. Wells took for his subject "The Liberty of the Gospel." "You think you

\* Kershaw, John. *Autobiography*, p. 322. London: Farncombe, 1930.

† *Christian's Monthly Record*, 1892, p. 5, note.

are in bondage," he said, "but you have the liberty to feel you are in bondage, which others have not." "I felt as if the seat were giving way under me," continues John Gadsby, "and I became so attached to Mr. Wells that I went to hear him as often as I could." From that moment, I think, "the Liberty of the Gospel" became for John Gadsby a sort of catch-word, until he ended by denying that liberty to anyone who did not believe exactly and in all points as he did.

In 1833 we find him living at Chelsea. He had married Emily Green on November 24, 1831, and is already the father of a baby son. He has left his ungodly companions, he tells us, but he seems to have forgotten James Wells for the time and now he rarely attends a place of worship, often staying at home to nurse the child, as they have no servant, and to look after his ailing wife. Then something awful happens to bring him to his knees. Coming home late one afternoon from work, he finds that his wife has been seized with the cholera, a name of terror in those days, and in a few hours she is dead, leaving on his hands a helpless child.\*

"I rushed out of the room in a state of madness," he records, "and these words sounded in my ears, as though someone really shouted them out, 'I will answer thee by terrible things in righteousness' (Psalm lxxv. 5). Instead of asking the Lord to have mercy on me, and prepare me for death, I exclaimed, 'Righteousness! what righteousness can there be in that, to snatch my wife from me in such a way?' Alas! alas! such was my rebellion. But it was in righteousness after all; for by this means the Holy Ghost gave me my first lesson as to how I stood before God."—*Slavery, Captivity, etc.*, p. 86.

He did not, however, long remain a widower, but soon found a kind step-mother for his orphan child and for himself a devoted help-meet. Resuming more regular attendance at Gower Street, he had there made the acquaintance of a Miss Mary Susannah Leete, two years younger than himself, who, though brought up in the Church of England, came to hear Mr. Fowler, sometimes in company with her maternal

\* The child, named William after his grandfather, was eventually brought up to business, first in London and later in Birmingham, where he died, Jan. 13, 1875, aged 45, leaving a widow and eight children, six of them boys, and grandchildren all of that poor girl-wife. William Gadsby "never joined any church, but he knew, loved and firmly adhered to the truth, and was unwaveringly conscientious in all his dealings." J. G.

grand-father, old Mr. Lavell,\* and sometimes with her aunt, Mrs. Clowes. The marriage took place on September 15, 1835, and the first child, named Elizabeth after her grandmother Gadsby, was born December 6, 1836. A son, Alfred, (whose name from about 1862 appears as printer of the *Gospel Standard*) and two children who died in infancy, came later. Meanwhile John Gadsby, with fifty pounds from his father, had set up business in Manchester, and six weeks before Elizabeth was born had started the *Gospel Standard*, which was to raise him out of obscurity and perpetuate his name.

In spite of his grave illness in 1843, already mentioned, and his enforced absence abroad in 1846-47, John Gadsby's business had so prospered, and the *Gospel Standard* had so increased its circulation, that early in 1845 it was decided

\* James Lavell had been a member of William Huntington's congregation, and was now a liberal benefactor to Gower Street chapel. A celebrated London wine-merchant, he had vaults under two or three chapels, and it was at his instance that one was constructed under that in Gower Street. His *scent* for wine was unsurpassed. He lived to a great age, with a failing mind. (*Christian's Monthly Record*, 1886, p. 134.)

The Mrs. Clowes mentioned in the text must have been a connection of the one to whom some of my father's later Letters are addressed, and who had an only son named Lavell, a tall, home-keeping bachelor of no apparent occupation. Thomas Clowes, her husband, was one of my father's oldest and dearest friends, whom he had known when he was still living at Stadhampton. It may be remembered that in his letter to William Tiptaft, dated Oct. 1, 1834, he says of Mr. Clowes, "I feel much union with, and regard for, him" (*The Seceders*, Vol. I., p. 268). Thirty-three years later it fell to him to write his Obituary for the *Gospel Standard*, a contribution so affecting and of such biographical interest that it has been decided to include it in this volume. (See Appendix V.) It may be worth noting that while John Gadsby, as soon as he assumed control of the *G.S.*, flooded its pages with much matter of merely personal interest, my father, even when writing of his dearest friend, felt bound to relegate his reminiscences to the small print of the wrapper. Following his good example, I relegate mine to a footnote.

Seventy odd years ago, when Tottenham Court Road was still a quiet thoroughfare, as yet un-Mapled and un-Heal'd, if I may be allowed the pun, and when gates still protected the academic privacy of Gower Street (which my father was always particular to pronounce Gore Street), there existed between the two parallel roadways a peaceful residential district, where the sound of traffic hardly came. Here, until he moved to Haverstock Hill, lived Thomas Clowes with his wife and son, at 3 Alfred Crescent North, and yearly received my parents as welcome guests, and on one occasion at least put up, and put up with, the restless bewildered child that then was *me*. Mr. Clowes, I may add, was a man of independent means, and had become a liberal supporter of Gower Street chapel, since "the friends returned to their former home on Lord's-day, January 7th, 1855." (*History of Gower Street Chapel*, p. 24. London: Farncombe, 1921.) Mrs. Clowes died November 5, 1876, aged 71.

to move both printing and publishing offices to London, and George Yard, Bouverie Street, E.C., henceforth became its headquarters. In order to be near his work a house was taken at 25 John Street, Bedford Row, then as quiet as Gower Street, and there John Gadsby installed his wife and three small children, William, Elizabeth and Alfred. In 1849 the premises in Bouverie Street were destroyed by fire, and in consequence of standing about among the ruins John Gadsby caught cold, blood-spitting returned, and he again had to winter abroad. Other tours followed, less for health than to collect material for a second volume of *My Wanderings*. Leaving the *Gospel Standard* in trustworthy hands, he was out of England for long spells in 1851, 1853, 1856, and in 1859-60.\*

It must have been soon after the last date that John Gadsby, who had the most generous of hearts, had my elder brother, then a boy at Mill Hill School, to stay with him in John Street during his short Easter holiday, driving him back to Hendon in his own chaise, a sign of his growing "respectability." And it was a year or two later, during the American Civil War, that I myself had the privilege of meeting him for the first and, I think, the only time.

Rutland Terrace, where we then resided, was just outside the Stamford town-wall and its sole remaining bastion. Across the way, and just within the wall, was the factory of Smith & Ashby, where they constructed the first and original rotary hay-maker, etc. Orders came from all parts, and those from Germany were brought to my father to translate, as he was the only person in all Stamford who could decipher the German script. In return for his help, I, then a boy of twelve or so, was allowed the run of the factory and soon made friends with the wood-turner, in the carpenters'-shop, a good young man who attended the old Independent chapel in Star Lane. One day he gleefully informed me that he

\* In 1888 he told his juvenile readers, "I have now been eight or nine times to Egypt; three times to the top of the Great Pyramid; once to the top of Mount Sinai; three times to Jerusalem and Bethlehem; twice to Jericho and the Dead Sea; once to Balaklava and Sebastapol; several times to Italy; two or three times to the scenes of the Reformation in Germany; several times to Spain and Switzerland; once to Tangier; twice to Algiers; once to Canada and the United States; three times to the Shetlands," etc.—*Friendly Companion*, 1888, p. 203.

and some twenty of his friends were to appear that evening on the stage of the Assembly Room, dressed up in Eastern garb, in order to illustrate a lecture and diorama dealing with the customs of the East by a famous traveller. On the morrow, who should walk into our little front-garden and ring and rap at our front-door but the noted lecturer himself, in the person of Mr. John Gadsby! As I opened to him, at mother's request, the maids being busy, he was just taking off that vile invention, his respirator. I remember him as a spare and very hirsute little man with unkempt, grizzled beard and moustache, bright eyes and an engaging smile. His height I should put at 5ft. 8in., and his weight he himself describes as "not exceeding much, if any, a single hundredweight." When abroad, he tells us, he would often give his mustachios a martial twist, so as not to be taken for an English milord and fleeced accordingly. He seemed to me, as he patted my head, quite a nice companionable little man, and after knowing him I did all the better justice to the barrel of Colchester "natives" which he invariably sent us at Christmas.\* I doubt whether in his inmost heart my father thought those lecturing tours quite consistent with a profession of religion, but what could he say when a good share of the profits went to his pet charity, the Aged Pilgrims' Friend Society?†

John Gadsby was not less devoted to that worthy cause, and it is a pleasure to record how, on June 26, 1863, he generously entertained some thirty of those same poor Aged Pilgrims and half as many friends and officials of the Society at Cowley Hall, near Uxbridge, the beautiful home he had taken for a term of years on leaving John Street. Mr. J. Kershaw, who was staying in the house, has left us a glowing

\* At the few children's parties to which I was permitted to go the standing dish for supper was a huge pie-dish full of scalloped oysters fresh from the oven, in those days a luxury of moderate cost.

† † From an advertisement in the *Friendly Companion*, 1858, p. 36: EASTERN LIFE. Mr. J. Gadsby's Illustrations of Biblical and Oriental Life will (D.v.) be given as follows: BRENTFORD (Town Hall), Jan. 4, 6, and 8. HACKNEY (Manor Rooms), Jan. 9, 11, and 12. LONDON (Music Hall, 16 Store Street, W.C.), Jan. 13, 14, and 15. BRISTOL (Broadmead Rooms), Jan. 20, 21, and 22. WORCESTER (Guildhall), Jan. 25, 26, and 27. BIRMINGHAM (Oddfellows' Hall), Feb. 3, 4, and 5. LEAMINGTON, Feb. 8, 9, and 10. ST. IVES, Feb. 17, 18, and 19. MARCH, Feb. 24, 25, and 26. SLEAFORD, March 1, 2, and 3. At Half-past Seven each evening.



account of the simple festivity in a letter to his second wife.\* After all had well dined and the tables had been cleared, he addressed the company, he tells us, "with great freedom and liberty for more than an hour," finally calling upon them all to thank the Lord for His providential goodness to Mr. and Mrs. Gadsby, in placing them in a position to entertain them so bountifully. "After singing and prayer, we all went out upon the lawn, which is surrounded by flowers and beautiful trees, to take the dessert. I never saw such eating of strawberries before." A liberal tea followed, and at seven o'clock came the carriages to take the poor dears to the station.

That must have been one of the happiest days in John Gadsby's chequered life, a balm to his charitable heart. Everyone just then, I may remind the young generation, was reading a book called *Self-Help*, by Samuel Smiles, which commended itself highly to that materialistic age, because it showed by numerous examples how surely energy and single-hearted application to the job in hand could lead to fame and fortune. Even John Gadsby himself, or someone for him, in an article entitled "Self-culture," had lately been urging his young readers to fight their way to wealth and distinction by the exertion of their own minds.† But if few people had known better than he how to help themselves to this world's goods, not many had the generosity to give them away so freely and so wisely. He did not seem to care for money itself, but only for the prestige and power over others that it brought him. Glad at one time to earn his three or four guineas a week, he had become in less than thirty years "a man of property," who in those days of plural suffrage could boast of owning a vote in eleven different constituencies. But even he could not escape sorrow.

Whether it was my father's unexpected death in 1869, or his wife's precarious health which brought him back to Town, is more than I can say. But from 1870 to 1878 he undertook the grave responsibility of practically editing the *Gospel Standard* himself, though he disclaimed the title of editor, and it was probably in order to be near his work that he left his pleasant home at Uxbridge for a house in Finchley New

\* *Christian's Monthly Record*, 1891, p. 188.

† *Friendly Companion*, Vol. II., 1858, p. 172.

Road. And it was there, alas! that disaster once more overtook him. For toward the end of 1871, after thirty-six years of happy married life, he lost his invalid wife and his dear only daughter within less than a fortnight of each other. The daughter, Elizabeth Leete Gadsby, had remained at home until she was well over thirty, and after having given most efficient help to my father in raising funds for the A.P.F.S., had eventually been married by him at Gower Street chapel, on April 25, 1867, to Mr. Wright Gee, a bank-manager of Wigan, to whom since then she had borne two children. Early in December, 1871, she had come up with her small family and a nurse on a visit to her parents. Some days after her arrival a gastric ulcer from which she had suffered before her marriage recurred, and she died of perforation and peritonitis, on December 12. Her invalid mother succumbed to a somewhat similar trouble on the Christmas Day following, and John Gadsby was once more a lonely widower.\*

Having failed to recruit his shattered nerves at his favourite Malvern, he once more embarked at the end of February, 1872, for a trip round the Mediterranean, accompanied by a friend and by William, the son of his first marriage, a dear good fellow, but never a success in this life. It was not so much from his bereavement that John Gadsby's nerves were suffering, as from that unhappy altercation with my father's dear friend, Frederick Marshall, and the other deacons of Gower Street, in which he had certainly put himself very definitely in the wrong by distributing contentious leaflets at the chapel-doors, and which ended in his severing his connection with that community and placing himself under the pastorate of Francis Covell, of Croydon. All I need say about this discreditable quarrel is that it would never have happened had my father been alive. For, as John Gadsby handsomely admitted when certain ministers seemed anxious to introduce new doctrines, "During Mr. Philpot's editorship of the *Gospel Standard* such men did not dare show their hands, but no sooner was he taken home than various new-fangled ideas were started."†

Having returned from the Mediterranean with health re-

\* For Obituaries see *Gospel Standard*, 1872, pp. 90-94.

† *Christian's Monthly Record*, 1883, p. 8.

stored, John Gadsby left Liverpool early in August (1872) for America, where he had nephews and nieces as well as many friends, returning soon after Michaelmas. On February 24, 1873, he left England by boat on a second short visit to Spain, and coming back overland reached home on March 29.

In the following September the readers of the *Gospel Standard* were startled by the following announcement.

"MARRIED.—On August 19 (1873), in Jireh Chapel, Boar's Isle, Tenterden, Kent, by Mr. Covell, the bridegroom's pastor, Mr. Vinden, the bride's pastor and minister of the chapel being also present and taking part in the ceremony, John Gadsby, the publisher of this magazine, to Emily Johnson, of 11 Saville Row, Burlington Gardens (the residence of her brother, Dr. George Johnson,\* Senior Physician to King's College Hospital, London), daughter of the late Mr. George Johnson, of Goudhurst, Kent, who was clerk to the late Mr. Isaac Beeman, of Cranbrook."

As far back as January, 1857, John Gadsby had founded the *Friendly Companion*, a monthly magazine, which could be put with safety into the hands of children and servants, while their elders and betters were presumably reading the *Gospel Standard*. I am sorry it was not put into my hands when I was a child of seven, for I have found it full of useful information, while, to kill two birds with one stone, its editor made it up largely of the proof sheets of the second volume of his *Wanderings*, as well as those of an interesting account of his first trip to the Shetland Isles. As it failed to pay its expenses, it ran for two years only, but was revived in 1875, and is still in existence, its profits being divided between the *Gospel Standard* Aid and Poor Relief Societies, which excellent charities have also benefited by the profits of the *Gospel Standard* itself, ever since John Gadsby, on relinquishing the Editorship, generously handed it over to a committee of ministers and other friends in 1878.

\* Dr. (afterwards Sir) George Johnson, though overshadowed by his outstanding contemporaries, Sir William Jenner and Sir William Gull, was in some ways ahead of them. He insisted on the treatment of cholera by castor oil, when others were for locking up the poison inside one. In the days before blood-pressure had been heard of, he insisted on what he called the stop-cock action of the minute arteries in controlling the blood-supply. He was one of the first to use the newly-invented laryngoscope, and was consulted by William Tiptaft in an early stage of his fatal throat-trouble. He was a tall, handsome man with beautiful features, and I received much kindness at his hands both as a student and afterwards, for a year or so, as his assistant in the throat-department of King's College Hospital.

Having thus disposed of the *Gospel Standard*, in 1880 the indefatigable John Gadsby started another magazine, the *Christian's Monthly Record*, which he continued to edit up to the day of his death. It has been called "Scissors and Paste," and a religious "Tit-bits," but I have found its fourteen small volumes a mine of valuable information, as our frequent references to it will show. Thanks to the *Christian's Monthly Record*, we are able to include in the present volume several of my father's Letters, which might otherwise have been irretrievably lost. For such a publication John Gadsby was an ideal editor, for though too restless for original thought or quiet introspection, he had been an omnivorous reader, and was keenly interested in the history of religion since the Reformation. In spite of severe suffering and more than one threatened collapse, he remained in editorial harness until his death on October 12, 1893, in the 85th year of his age.

He left a young son, David, whose mother was mercifully preserved for twenty-two years after his father's death. She died at Hove, February 27, 1915, aged 84.

John Gadsby's early connection with the *Gospel Standard* will be described, chiefly in his own words, in the next chapter. If in the present one his remarkable career has been dealt with at undue length, it was in order "to point a moral," if not to adorn a tale.

"There is that maketh himself rich, yet hath nothing; there is that maketh himself poor, yet hath great riches" (Prov. xiii. 7). Or as a modern poet has put it:

"When I am not, then I am;  
Having nothing, I have all."

It scarcely needs pointing out that this heavenly paradox was grasped and exemplified far better in his life by William Tiptaft than by the John Gadsby on whose religion he declined to express an opinion. The one, you may remember, refused even over-scrupulously to make any gain whatsoever out of the Gospel he preached and followed. The other, I am sorry to have to say it, exploited the *Gospel Standard*, if not the Gospel, for all it was worth to himself. We find William Tiptaft selling field after field of his small patrimony, until at the last, but for the charity of friends, he would scarcely

have known where to lay his dying head. John Gadsby added shekel to shekel, and even after giving thousands away in charity died in comparative affluence.

It was no doubt largely the fault of his bringing up, and of the age and of the city in which he was born and bred. Manchester was in his restless bones. Reared in close contact with a perverse and crooked generation of sharp businessmen, who ground the faces of the poor and smirched the face of England with slag-heaps, he had come to believe in "push" and in making a name for himself, which in a sense he did.

John Gadsby will be long remembered as the man who in his ardent youth started the *Gospel Standard*, and in his old age handed it over to a Committee who may be trusted, one hopes, not to let it die. But that, after the first five years, he contributed anything of consequence to its good repute is a bubble that deserves to be pricked. That success, that acceptability was mainly due in the first place to his father, and later on to mine, and in the interval to John M'Kenzie. It almost looks as if providence, having endowed John Gadsby with his wonderful instinct for choosing the right men to act for him, had then thought well to fill him with that "wander-lust," that craze for travel, which kept him safely occupied elsewhere. From 1843-46, as we have seen, he was a sick man. Driven at length unwillingly abroad, he found to his surprise a fresh outlet for his restless energies and a new object in life, an object which had the advantage of humouring his self-esteem. *My Wanderings* deserves our gratitude, because providentially it left the *Gospel Standard* in the safe and untrammelled hands, first of John M'Kenzie and then of my father, while in Bouverie Street, from 1857 to 1880, the very efficient R. Figg "had the sole management of Mr. Gadsby's small publishing business."\*

\* Miss Rosina Figg, whose words I have quoted, was one of John Gadsby's "finds." I remember her as a plump, cheery, red-faced little lady who seemed always glad to see either my brother or myself. We were students successively at King's College in the Strand, and when one of us had need of some scientific manual, he made his way under old Temple Bar and down Fleet Street to call on Miss Figg, who procured the book at cost price, and sent the bill to our father.

Miss Figg died on April 24, 1886, aged 67, and a brief notice of her death appears on the *Gospel Standard* wrapper (June).

This chapter has been entitled "Weed-time," because during the early years of the *Gospel Standard* it was only by incessant care and watchfulness that the tares could be kept out of the young corn, and "the lusts of other things" prevented from entering in. That was one reason why in 1840, as we shall see, John M'Kenzie and my father found themselves compelled to exclude John Gadsby from any editorial interference, no doubt with his father's approval, for he had shown that he could not be trusted to distinguish tares from wheat. He has told us himself that he never had more than two serious differences with my father. The graver one will be dealt with in its proper place. The other contention, which was admittedly "sharp," concerned "the writings and sermons of our ministers." Instead of confining the magazine to the writings of those who had passed away and to only a very few survivors, John Gadsby would have thrown it open to other good men still alive. "Mr. Philpot was afraid of ministers writing merely to 'write themselves up,' while my view was that in that case the responsibility would not be ours, provided the writings were acceptable."\*

How right was my father's judgement in this case became manifest as soon as ever the *Gospel Standard* fell under John Gadsby's sole control. For one thing, he could never keep his own personal interests out of it, as my father had always been so particular to do. A single instance will suffice. Not long after his sad double bereavement we find him filling twelve pages of the body of the *Gospel Standard* with the letters of condolence he had received from ministers and friends, and that without any attempt at selection.† I think my dear father would sooner have died than have so paraded his private woe and the extent of his popularity. It may be a mere question of taste, but I must confess that it gave me a painful shock. I put the borrowed volume away with a sigh of "Ichabod!"

\* Gadsby, John. *Letter to Mr. Aikman* (pamphlet).

† *Gospel Standard*, Feb., 1872, pp. 71-83.

## CHAPTER VII.

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### THE "GOSPEL STANDARD." III. FIRST THE BLADE.

#### JOHN GADSBY RECALLS THE PAST.

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For the sake of impartiality, this chapter shall consist almost entirely of extracts selected from original contemporary documents.

*Gospel Standard* JUBILEE SERVICES, SEPTEMBER 23, 1885.

It was a pleasing, encouraging, and almost overwhelming sight to behold the vast assembly which congregated together at the Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street, London, on September 23, to take part in the Jubilee Services of the *Gospel Standard*, the first number of that magazine having been issued in August, 1835. There were representatives of churches of truth from almost every part of the country and a few from America. At each of the three services there were about 1700 persons present, who had assembled on this extraordinary occasion to celebrate the Jubilee of a magazine which, during the fifty years of its existence, has been the means of spreading the truth of the Gospel almost all over the world and has been made a blessing to thousands and thousands of souls.—Editor, *Gospel Standard*, Nov., 1885, p. 461.

*Afternoon Service. Mr. John Gadsby, Originator of the "Gospel Standard," in the Chair.*

After Bible-reading and prayer, the ADDRESS, which the Chairman had prepared for the occasion, was read for him by Mr. Gray. In the course of it he gave the following reminiscence of the origin of the *Gospel Standard*:

I suggested to my father that we ought to have a magazine of our own. He was quite startled, and said, "Jack! (he mostly called me Jack) you cannot afford it; you will lose money by it." "I quite expect to do so," I replied, "but that is of no consequence; for the Lord has given me a good business, as you know. We ought to have a magazine." He took time to prayerfully consider it, and then said, "Well, if you begin, I will try and help you, and I hope our labours will not be in vain." . . . I printed only 500 at first, thinking they would do for my father's congregation and his friends in Lancashire and Yorkshire. But I soon found I had to print 500 more. Then a demand

came from Gower Street and Zoar, London, and from other places; so I printed 1,000 more. In 1836 I began with 2,000, and enlarged the size from what printers call 12mo demy to 12mo royal, its present size. The circulation increased; and, as it increased, I increased the number of pages; for pecuniary profit was not my object, but the publishing and defending of truths which the Lord had made dear to me, and for the welfare and profit of the Lord's people."—*Gospel Standard*, Nov., 1885, p. 473.

After the meeting had been addressed by Mr. Dennett, Editor of the *Gospel Standard*, Mr. Hemington, Mr. Ash-down and Mr. James Knight, the Chairman said: "I now call upon Mr. Porter, minister at Allington, a good old sterling friend and supporter of the *Gospel Standard*, and formerly a member of Mr. Tiptaft's church."\*

MR. PORTER: Dear Friends, . . . I purpose to tell you a little about the time when I first saw the *Gospel Standard*, now forty-four years ago. I was then a youth working in the fields not far from where Culham station (Oxfordshire) now is. . . . When thirteen years of age I had the *Gospel Standard* put into my hands by a labouring man with whom I worked. I found something in it that made me tremble; for I saw it contended for a religion very different to what I possessed, or what I heard contended for in the Church of England, where I attended. My father was the parish-clerk, and had much to do with the Bishop and clergy of Oxfordshire; so you may suppose we were not shown by our parents any of these things. . . . Through reading some of the things in the *Gospel Standard* that this poor man put into my hand, I went into Abingdon and bought a Bible, for which I paid one shilling. . . . I put a mark to every chapter that I read and compared it with what I was taught at church. I soon found that the things they taught us could not be found in the Bible. . . . The Lord was pleased to deepen His work in my soul, and though I did not leave off going to the parish church, I went with a heavy heart oft-times, till at last the time came when the Lord thrust an arrow into my heart, and gave me grace to apply my heart unto wisdom, and seek after Christ, and that which I sought He gave me.

I had been at Culham working with this old man who first gave me the *Standard*, and he could not afford twopence to pay for it, so asked me if I would join with him in buying it. I had been engaged (do not be ashamed of what you have been) in working for the modest sum of 2s. 6d. a week up to the age of 14, when it reached 5s., and I was glad to give the man a penny towards the *Gospel Standard*.

I remember once being at work near the turn-pike road, away from all men, and was weeping because I felt so miserable, when the late William Tiptaft and John Kay passed, and I thought if any men in the neighbourhood had true religion, they had, for it kept them from all

\* Though disabled towards the end of his life, Edwin Porter was for thirty-two years minister at Allington. He died peacefully, February 7, 1902, aged 73.



temptations and from all the outward evils religious men went into. I thought, "Oh! if I had but the religion they have!" though I knew it was a religion that was hard to flesh and blood. Through reading the *Gospel Standard* I became instructed in the word of righteousness and was brought to renounce the things I had been brought up in, and go to the Abbey Chapel, Abingdon, and hear that man of God, Mr. Tiptaft, and then it was with me as with the woman of Samaria, for I could say, "Come, see a man which told me all things that ever I did in my life." He brought the sins of my childhood and youth before me, and spoke of what soul trouble the people of God felt who were convinced of sin, the misery they were in, and the mercy manifested to those who were led to repent and seek the Lord. It was as the balm of Gilead to my troubled soul.—*Gospel Standard*, 1886, p. 487.

It is interesting to record that at this Jubilee Meeting, the sermon at the morning session was preached by the veteran A. B. Taylor, who for nearly forty years had been the pastor over William Gadsby's church and congregation in Manchester, while at the evening service the sermon was delivered by John Warburton, of Southill, who just fifty years previously, after other escapades, had enlisted in the army, and been bought out through the kind assistance of Arthur Triggs, then minister at Plymouth, as his father, dear old John Warburton, so touchingly records.\*

Fourteen years before the Jubilee, *i.e.* in 1871, John Gadsby had contributed to its pages a series of six articles on the History of the *Gospel Standard*, in which he described its origin in terms very similar to those already quoted. The following extracts are selected from these reminiscences:—

In April, 1835, Mr. Philpot wrote his famous Letter to the Provost of Worcester College. . . The same month and year Mr. M'Kenzie who had stood high amongst the Independents of Preston . . . was excommunicated as a member for preaching the doctrines of grace. . . Some persons may call all this chance; but I view it as a most remarkable providence that, just at the very time when it was put into my heart to arrange for commencing this magazine, two men who were subsequently to take so invaluable a part in its management should be called out simultaneously from the people with whom they had so long stood connected. Of Mr. M'Kenzie I had never heard and I had only heard of Mr. Philpot in an indirect way. Mr. Tiptaft was supplying for my father in the autumn of 1834, and often visited me at my office. One morning I gave him a letter which was addressed to my care for him. "Oh!" he exclaimed, "it is from my friend Philpot! I have no doubt the Lord will ere long bring him out, and I shall be glad to see his Reasons for coming out, as he says my Fifteen Reasons are very poor."

\* *Mercies of a Covenant God.* Second Part, pp. 104—107

When Mr. Philpot had come out, I wrote to him, asking him if he would lend a helping hand in the publishing of the magazine. He replied he was too much engaged to think of it; but if he did help it would be in writing the Reviews. . . . I believe that the first Review that he wrote was of *Warburton's Mercies*, in April, 1838.—*Gospel Standard*, 1871, p. 391.

John Gadsby appears to have forgotten that early in 1837, as already related,\* he sent my father for his criticism a sermon which had been preached at Birmingham by the Rev. Mr. Nunn, incumbent of St. Clement's Church, Manchester, who was on very friendly terms with Wm. Gadsby. My father, who just then was passing through deep waters, read the sermon carefully, found it "a very tame, dry and dull affair," containing "not a single sentence that could feed a living soul," and said so as plainly as he could. His Review, though dated Oakham, January 18, 1837, was held over until the following April, and then inserted not as an editorial, but as a signed letter. The Editors of the *Gospel Standard* were evidently alarmed at their new contributor's outspokenness, even to the extent of apologizing for it on the Wrapper, but its two thousand readers heard, practically for the first time, the authentic, unmistakable accents of J. C. Philpot, a penetrating leaven which during the next thirty-three years they learnt more and more to appreciate. That Mr. Nunn was Mr. Gadsby's friend made no difference. My father, to whom he was "an entire stranger," found in his sermon "abundance of dry doctrine to feed the dead Calvinists of Birmingham, with a head as keen, a tongue as smooth, and a heart as hard as their own cutlery. But where in this discourse," he asked, "do we find any account of the first faint dawnings of faith, hope and love in the new-born soul? Where are the gracious operations of the Spirit entered into and experimentally traced out?"†

This Review, as if by more than chance, was followed immediately by an impressive article on The Holy Spirit, which has seemed to us so much to the point and so sorely needed, and not less here and now than then, that we have been led to reprint it. (See Appendix IV.) It is signed "I. K., Abingdon," and is from the pen of no other than that John

\* *The Seceders*, Vol. I., Second Impression, p. 355.

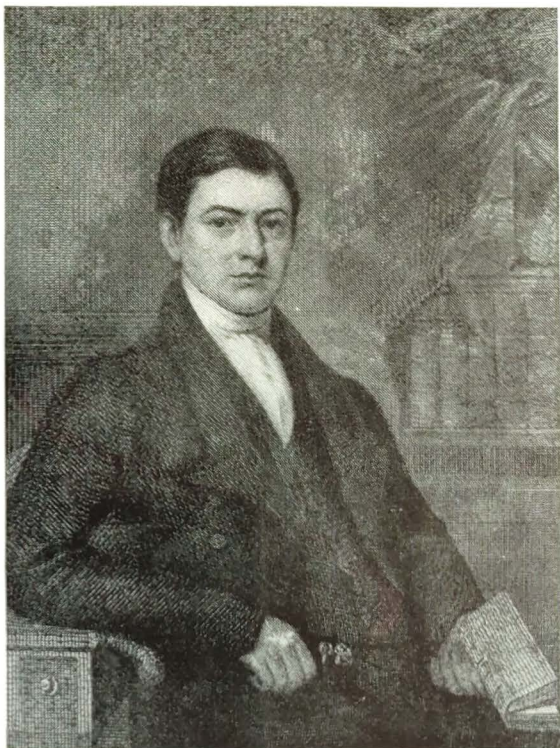
† *Gospel Standard*, 1837, p. 86.

Kay whom we have just seen trudging along the turnpike-road with his fellow-seceder, William Tiptaft, both too deep in talk to give heed to the poor lad sobbing in the field near by. \*

A year later, in 1838, my father returned to the attack. In the meantime he had spent nearly the whole of September, 1837, in Manchester, preaching for William Gadsby. While there, as we shall see, he had made John M'Kenzie's acquaintance, and had been twice to hear Mr. Nunn. On the Tuesday evening before leaving Manchester he preached his well-known 'Leper' sermon from Lev. xiii. 45, 46, and Mr. Nunn, as well as Kershaw and M'Kenzie were present. He said that he had intended to preach from the words on the previous Lord's-day, but they were suddenly shut up to him. The fact that Mr. Nunn had come to hear him did not prevent him from castigating another of his sermons in such a way as once more to put the Editors of the *Gospel Standard* into a quandary. "Men who hold great errors mingled with great truths," he began, "may be compared to eels. It is hard to say what they are. They are not fish, for they have not fins and scales (Lev. xi. 9-11). And they are not altogether snakes, for they manage to swim. They are so slippery, too, that they glide through your fingers before you

\* "The son of a gouty clergyman in a retired village," John Kay is often mentioned in William Tiptaft's Letters, as well as in those of my father. Although, according to the latter, "he was not blessed with ministerial gifts, at least not to that extent which could keep a congregation together, he was acceptable as a supply at various little causes of truth," and he became a valuable and frequent contributor to the young *Gospel Standard* when it was often hard up for "copy." His sad story has already been told. (*The Seceders*. Vol. I., p. 52).

He died in 1860, and in his Obituary my father wrote: "Religion was with him his meat and drink. It was always uppermost in his mind, and the chief, if not the only, topic of his discourse; and that not in a chattering way, as many professors almost bore you with their continual stream of religious small-talk, the inward conviction of your soul all the time being that they are utterly destitute of vital godliness. John Kay's conversation bubbled up out of a heart in which the fear of God lay deep as a fountain of life, and therefore refreshed and edified your soul. Letter-men and their hearers would have seen nothing in John Kay but an odd looking man who said very odd things in a very odd way; but this odd man would have seen through all their dead profession in the twinkling of an eye, and would have had some solemn feelings in his own mind both of their state and end. With very little of the usual religious phraseology, which anybody with a memory can easily learn and, without a conscience, can as easily repeat, John Kay had some deep and abiding views on the most solemn and important truths of our most holy faith."—*Gospel Standard*, 1860, p. 241.



**HENRY FOWLER (1779—1838).**

**Minister at Gower Street Chapel (1820—1838).**

are aware; and they bury themselves so deep in the mud that you hardly know where to put in your hand to catch hold of them. These thoughts came into my mind as I laid down Mr. Nunn's sermon" (after a third reading).\*

The Gadsbys, father and son, were so dumbfounded by the uncompromising tone of this Review that the latter never forgot the painful impression it made, for it gave them both cause to think.

In February, 1838, Mr. Philpot wrote some remarks on a sermon by Mr. Nunn, of St. Clement's Church, Manchester. These remarks were very severe, containing such sentences as these: "A man who talks in this way knows nothing experimentally of either law or gospel." "A man who talks so can never have felt spiritual convictions." and so on. My father did not approve of this. I can, as it were, see him now, sitting in his rush-bottomed, wooden arm-chair, attentively listening while I read the piece, now and then smiling, and at last exclaiming, "Poor dear man! If Nunn had not been in the Church, this would never have been written." And at first he objected to the insertion of the article, as he highly esteemed Mr. Nunn, but at last he said, "Let it go. It will do for him (Mr. P.) to reflect upon by and by." And most assuredly he (Mr. P.) did reflect upon it, and more than once referred to it with regret.—*Gospel Standard*, 1871, p. 427.

[The history of the 'Leper' sermon, referred to on the previous page, is interesting. It was first preached at Allington, Nov. 15, 1835, at Oakham on Dec. 4, 1836, at Manchester, Sept. 26, 1837, and at Zoar, June 24th, 1838. As printed in *Early Sermons*, Vol. III., pp. 228—246, it had been preached at Eden Street chapel (morning and evening) August 8, 1852. As an interesting link with the past, in 1878, Mr. J. K. Popham, the present Editor of the *Gospel Standard*, took down from the lips of one his hearers, an old resident of Liverpool, Mrs. Ann Brabbins, an account of how in 1837 she went with a dear friend to hear Mr. Gadsby preach, and found Mr. Philpot supplying in his place. He spoke from Jer. xlviii. 11. "I listened with pleasure and admired him as a clever man, till he came to Moab's not being emptied from vessel to vessel, when I began to feel uneasy and was glad when the service was over." She went, however, again on the following Tuesday evening. "Mr. Philpot went on to describe the Leper. Then he spoke of the cleansing. I found I knew nothing about it; and when he said, 'You must be made clean by the blood of sprinkling,' how I wished I had never entered the chapel, then I should not have heard his voice." On Mr. Gadsby's return she went to hear him. "When he described justification, I was so cut off and became so angry that I vowed I would never hear that man preach again while God gave me common sense. The Lord permitted me to keep that vow for three years."—*Gospel Standard*, January, 1880.

\* *Gospel Standard*, 1838, p. 43.

"In the year 1837," to quote from the experience of Thomas Litherland (*Gospel Standard*, 1886, p. 143), "I heard Mr. Philpot preach in the late Mr. Gadsby's chapel in Manchester. He read and expounded 1 King's viii., and while he was commenting upon Solomon's prayer, where he speaks of the 'stranger who is not of Thy people, but cometh out of a far country,' I stood up in the midst of the congregation, with tears of gratitude, and said, 'I am that stranger.' There my soul was set at liberty and the lawful captive delivered.]"

To return to John Gadsby and his reminiscences:—

In after years Mr. Philpot more than once said to me, "I have often thought your father was right." Indeed there is no doubt that in Mr. P.'s earlier writings, before he experienced the liberty of the gospel, there was more wounding than healing, more of the old man of sin than the new man of grace, more of the bondage of Sinai than of the glories of Christ, more of cutting than of binding up. But oh! how different in after life! What a wonderful gift! What superabounding grace.—*Gospel Standard*, 1871, p. 392.

In April, 1838, was Mr. Philpot's celebrated Reply to "A Few Wretched Men." These persons, in the preceding number, had complained of some remarks by Mr. P. in his *Answer to the Question, What is it that saves a Soul!*" They considered that he had cut away all their "evidences," but he contended that he had cut away only fleshly ones. . . . It caused a great sensation throughout the churches, and an increased demand for the magazine, the circulation of which from that time went on for a number of years steadily increasing.—*Ibid.*, p. 428.

I believe the first little work Mr. Philpot ever wrote was his *Heir of Heaven*. This was reviewed by my father in May, 1837. From this Review I extract the following:

"The sermon contains the effusions of a heart deeply taught of God. . . . At the same time that it sets forth 'the footsteps of the flock,' 'walking in darkness,' it clearly points out the false hopes of high-sounding professors. . . . Nevertheless we do frankly confess that we think a little more expression of the glory of Christ; of what God in His rich grace has made His people in Christ; and of the way in which the Holy Spirit draws them from self to Christ, would have been an additional glory to the discourse. Still we consider the work well calculated for much good in this day of dreadful blasphemy and rebuke."\*

This Review greatly hurt Mr. Philpot's mind, and he wrote rather sharply about it. In one letter he said, "You will find I can hit the *Standard*, quite as hard as I have hit ——" (Mr. Nunn). To this I replied in a perfectly friendly way, and in a like spirit he received the remark, "I have no doubt you can; for I believe it is impossible for you to write without hitting somebody, as it is for me to keep from biting my finger-nails." Many times after this when Mr. Philpot saw me biting my finger-nails, he would say, "Not quite so bad, Mr. John, as your finger-nails!" and once, when looking at my portrait, in which I

\* *Gospel Standard*, 1837, p. 118.

am represented as having a copy of the *Gospel Standard* in my hand, and letters with the initials W. G., J. M'K., and J. C. P. under my hand, he turned round and said, "No, Mr. John! We are not quite under your thumb."—*Gospel Standard*, 1871, p. 321.

At the head of every number (of the *Gospel Standard*) will be seen a reference to several passages of Scripture. These passages were originally put in full; but afterwards, to gain room, we omitted the text and merely gave the references.\* . . . The passages were intended to set forth, in some measure, the doctrines we advocated.

The articles on the first two of these passages, John Gadsby informs us, were from his father's pen, while those on the *third*, *fourth* and *fifth* passages were by himself. Herein his memory seems to have betrayed him, for, as will be seen in our Illustration, though there are five texts quoted, the last happens to have a double reference. So, as a matter of fact, John Gadsby wrote only two articles, and even in them must obtrude his own personality. But to resume.

I have since often wondered at my assurance and have really blushed at my forwardness. "Only to think," I have sometimes said to myself, "that so long ago (now nearly 36 years) I should have been so daring! But I was then in the full enjoyment of gospel liberty, and equally full of zeal; and I had no more doubt that I should be a minister, and a most deeply-taught one too, excelling even my dear father (oh! what presumption!) than I had of my existence. But the Lord taught me differently. . . . My former conviction, I believe, arose from pride, while my present one is sincerely grounded on a deep sense of my absolute unfitness."—*Gospel Standard*, 1871, p. 286.

One is glad to take leave of John Gadsby on so modest a note. In spite of all his self-assertiveness, which really sprang, I believe, from a deep-seated "inferiority complex," to use the modern jargon, there was in him to the end of his days a certain childlike candour. He never quite grew up, but remained, as my father might have said in his Oxford days, 'αἰὶ παῖς, always a boy. The one thing he could not endure was to be taken no notice of. His "inferiority complex," in short, had been over-compensated by a craving for acknowledged personal superiority and by an over-bearing will-to-power. He was always intensely jealous of anyone who challenged his sense of his own importance. It was hard on him, no doubt, to have the editorial management

\* This happened for the first time in 1855. The sub-title, "The Feeble Christian's Support," was omitted after December, 1847, though it was still retained for a few years on the annual title-page.

of the *Gospel Standard* taken out of his hands by John M'Kenzie and my father, and after the latter's death he lost no opportunity of criticizing and trying to belittle him, in comparison with his own father. Alas! that he should have taken less after that dear pattern of humility, than after his insanely jealous, domineering mother, so that for as long as he lived, there could be no peace among the churches. Still, as I said before, it must never be forgotten that without his ardent and energetic initiative the *Gospel Standard* might never have come into being. And should it not be counted to him for righteousness, that when the hounds of hell were on my father's traces, or, to put it more soberly, when pamphlet after pamphlet was issued against him, each one more malicious than the last (see Letters 110 and 115), it was he, John Gadsby, who gave him his loyal and unswerving support, though he might have dismissed him from the Editorship with a word?



## CHAPTER VIII.

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### THE "GOSPEL STANDARD." III. FIRST THE BLADE

(continued).

#### J. C. PHILPOT RECALLS THE PAST.

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THAT God moves in a most mysterious way in things both great and small is brought home sooner or later to all His true children. And ever has been and ever will be. Captivity and deliverance, frowning providence and smiling face, bitter bud and sweet flower, black thread and silver thread are so woven into their experience as to become a theme of endless praise and trembling awe not only to themselves, but to all who may hear or read their chequered story. It is such artless unbosomings, all the more convincing for their very artlessness, which, censored and stripped of all pride and self-parade, make the early volumes of the *Gospel Standard* the profitable reading that they are. No such assemblage of "evidences," so far as I know, has ever before or since been "put in an earthen vessel, that they may continue many days" (Jer. xxxii. 14).

What, for instance, as I set out to say, could be more mysterious than the fact that it was one of my father's sorest trials, sore at least for one of his sensitive conscience, which compelled him to give to his readers, and so to us, his version of the first reluctant steps by which he became associated with the infant *Gospel Standard*, little foreseeing that providence all the while was preparing a fruitful field for him to till, and gradually in the course of years instructing him how best to till it.

To make things plain, I must take the reader back, or rather forward, to the year 1864, when my father's beloved friend and physician, Dr. Corfe, formerly of St. Mary's Hospital, London, told him gravely that, if he valued his life, he must give up all regular preaching, especially in winter, and move to a less trying climate than that of Stamford with

its cutting East winds straight off the Fens. He was not yet quite 62, but his cheeks had long lost the high colour so noticeable in his early oil-portrait, and his raven hair, though still abundant, had turned almost white. So, early in October, 1864, he and his dear friends and hearers at Stamford and Oakham parted with tears, and he followed us to Croydon, whither we had preceded him with our two simple country maids, who to our amusement on being driven through the crowded thoroughfares between King's Cross and London Bridge, exclaimed, "Why, it must be market day!"

The choice had fallen on Croydon partly because it was "on the gravel," and partly because Francis Covell, whom my father soon learnt to call "Brother Frank," had his chapel there. And it was he, kind man, who with much difficulty, for Croydon then was growing apace, succeeded in finding us a temporary refuge in a little country cottage at Broad Green, Thornton Heath.

The unexpected move set rumour busy, and "many false and foolish reports were soon in wide circulation" as to the cause of it. So furious was my father with the mischief-makers, enemies mostly whose self-righteous rags he had trampled in the dust, that in vulgar parlance he "let them have it." And who can blame him? In a letter ostensibly addressed to a friend, but in reality to the many thousand readers of the *Gospel Standard*, he wrote, and I am glad to give a specimen of his righteous invective:

"Be assured, then, that all the vain and foolish rumours that may have reached your ears about any mutual dissatisfaction between me and my people at either place (Stamford and Oakham), or because of any divisions in the church, or because either of them 'winks at sin,' as I hear some public libeller has falsely and recklessly insinuated, or that I am quitting them to better myself, as servants call it, or, in the cant language of the day, to seek a wider and more exalted sphere of influence, and all the hodge-podge rubbish which is being scraped together to entertain the religious newsmongers who dearly love a bit of gossip, especially if well spiced with scandal, as a part of the 'News of the Churches,' are as false as sin and Satan can make or spread them." And he ends up with:

"I desire to see the will of God and the hand of God in all my movements; and if I am but favoured with His presence and smile, I shall feel myself in my right place anywhere, and without them in my wrong place everywhere."—*Gospel Standard*, 1864, p. 302.

He soon showed his readers that he was in the right place, for, depressing as was the change from his sunny first-floor room in Rutland Terrace, with its wide outlook over the Stamford meadows, to that suburban cottage and its damp, forlorn little orchard, it was at Broad Green that he wrote perhaps the most moving of the thirty-two Annual Addresses that came from his pen. Though he was "only the Editor of a fugitive and fleeting periodical which may die to-morrow and leave no trace behind," I believe he felt in his inmost soul that his words would survive, and be better understood when he was in the grave. Debarred now from regular preaching, he seemed to find comfort in the thought that "Bunyan and Owen would be now mere names, if so much, Hart and Huntington but traditions, had they not written as well as preached. By means of their writings the light and knowledge, grace and gifts which were blessed to their generation, are also blessed to ours, and will be handed down to our children's children when we shall have passed away."\* And can we not say the same of his?

It was also in the quiet of Ivy Cottage (now, I believe, a coffee-tavern with tram-cars always passing), that he wrote the "Word of Explanation," which will occupy most of the present chapter. John Gadsby professed to be a tactful man, but on one occasion his tact failed him most disastrously, and had he not been led in after years to make a full and free confession, no one would ever have known how sore the trouble had been. "The other cause of my difference with Mr. Philpot," he admitted, "was when, without consulting him, I advertised for subscriptions for a testimonial to him.† I am sure I had the purest of motives; but oh! how deeply I had to regret it. He wrote to me thus, 'Persons are sending their mites. Mr. Gordelier sent me two pounds, which I quickly, I may say, with indignation returned. I could almost weep tears of blood when I see to what you have subjected me. Still, perhaps I wrote too sharply to you, as I believe your motive was good.'‡"

On resigning the charge of his two churches, my father's friends and hearers had secretly subscribed for testimonials

\* *Gospel Standard*, January, 1865.

† *Ibid.*, October, 1864, *Wrapper*, p. 4.

‡ *Letter to Mr. Aikman*. Pamphlet.

to him, which he accepted in the spirit with which they were given. What the Oakham friends gave him I never knew, but those at Stamford presented him with a large chased silver goblet filled to the brim, if you young people can believe it, with gold coin of the realm.

From the correspondence in the *Gospel Standard* Wrapper, which we have had reproduced in order to save repetition, the reader will be able to decide for himself how far my father's indignant outburst was justified. For my own part, writing nearly seventy years after the event, I rejoice that, poor as he was, he sternly refused to accept the "mites" of brethren poorer than himself. Truly God performs His wonders in a most mysterious way, which only long lapse of time elucidates.

In December, 1864, subscribers to the *Gospel Standard* had the satisfaction of reading the following *Word of Explanation*, from the pen of their dear Editor.

As I have good reason to believe that there is much misapprehension in the minds of many of the readers of the *Gospel Standard* respecting the participation of the Editor in its profits, and as the late proposed Testimonial has necessarily drawn much attention to the subject, I feel it due to myself as well as to the Publisher to make a few remarks upon it. And I do so the more willingly, as a simple, truthful statement from my own pen will perhaps not only be satisfactory for the present, but may put an end to many surmises and rumours when I shall be called away from this earthly scene, and have done for ever with testimonies and testimonials, except such a testimony as may be given me in the day of Christ that I have not run in vain, neither laboured in vain.

But to accomplish this task at all fully or completely, I must go back very many years, that my whole connection with the *Gospel Standard* may be made clear from the beginning; for a numerous generation of readers has since grown up, who have not even seen its early volumes and know nothing of its origin and progress.

The *Gospel Standard* was started by Mr. John Gadsby, then resident in Manchester, in August, 1835. I had withdrawn myself from the Church of England in the March of the same year, and had, I believe, become known by report to him through my *Letter to the Provost of Worcester College, Oxford*, which had been already somewhat widely circulated. But I was not consulted by him about the new periodical, or asked to write or take any part in it, though, if I remember aright, a proof of the opening "Address" was sent to me to read, which I returned without doing anything to it beyond suggesting one or two insignificant verbal alterations. At the foot of the Address occur the words "the Editors;" but who they were I never inquired and do not to this day know. I certainly was not present at the birth, nor did I

TO CORRESPONDENTS, &c.

To "A Reader."—We do not know of any place of truth in the city you mention.

Received: S. M.; R. B.; G. R. S.; C. S.; C. N.; Z. O.; A. J. P.; A Constant Reader; An Inquirer; E. O.; A Little One; C. W.; A Distressed One; J. S.; Great is Diana; Baptismal Regeneration; Gardener's Magazine; Sure of Heaven; Bible Lives and Bible Lessons; Seven Outcasts; Old Jonathan.

DISTRESS IN THE NORTH.—Received by J. Gadsby: W. H. S., £1.

AGED PILGRIMS' FRIEND SOCIETY.—Received by J. Gadsby: Mr. Charles H., Worcester, £1; S. W. S., 2s. 6d.; W. J., £1. By Mr. Philpot: Mrs. David Goodman, Flitwick (ann.), £1 1s.; Mr. G. Randle, Devizes, £1 1s.; Mr. Chivers, ditto, 2s. 6d.; Mr. W. Ferris (ann.), £2 2s.; Mr. Band, Grantham (ann.), £1 1s.; Mr. Buckhurst (ann.), 14s.; A Friend, Stamford, 10s.

AGED PILGRIMS' FRIEND SOCIETY.—Will Mrs. Ive, Mr. R. Hamilton, and Mrs. E. Player kindly forward their address to J. Gadsby, that their Reports for 1864 may be sent to them?

Mr. Philpot wishes to apprise his friends and correspondents that after October 6th his address will be Ivy Cottage, Thornton Heath, Croydon. S. Until then, Wharfland House, Oskham, Rutland.

I hope I shall be excused if, as a confirmation of my statements in a letter which appears this month in the body of this Number, I insert here a gratifying letter from my church and congregation at Stamford, accompanying a testimonial which they have presented to me.

J. C. PHILPOT.

"Stamford, Sept. 29th, 1864.

"TO OUR BELOVED PASTOR.—The church and congregation over which you have been settled so many years, and who are deeply tried and grieved on account of your being obliged to leave them, feel anxious, in some feeble manner, to express their love and esteem towards you, and therefore beg your acceptance of this cup and contents; and, with it, they all desire to beg the blessing of God upon you and yours, and sincerely pray (if the Lord's will) that your life may yet be spared some years, for the good of Zion and the glory of God.

"Signed on behalf of the church and congregation,

"SAMUEL LIGHTFOOT, DEACON."

A few days ago, J. Gadsby received a letter, of which the following is a copy:

"2, Albert Villas, Clifton, 17th Sept., 1864.

"My dear Sir,—It has been long on my mind to suggest that some step might be taken by those interested in the Editor of the 'Gospel Standard,' to present him with some testimonial of their regard and esteem. Having recently heard of his being obliged, through illness, to relinquish his ministerial duties, it has struck me that this would be a most suitable occasion for thus expressing how greatly his labours have been valued, and how deeply his friends sympathise with him in his present affliction.

"I know of no one more desirable than yourself to take the lead in such a movement, or whose proposal is likely to be followed by more successful results. May I, therefore, request you will kindly take the subject into your consideration, and let me know your thoughts respecting it?

"Having taken in the 'Gospel Standard' from its commencement, and being personally acquainted with the Editor, I trust you will not think me intrusive in thus addressing you.

"Believe me, dear Sir, yours truly,

"W. R. LUCAS.

"P.S.—From a remark recently made by a friend, I should imagine that a present in money would be more acceptable than any other."

In reply to the above, J. Gadsby merely said he approved of the suggestion it contained, but that before adopting it he would consult a friend or two; that, if adopted, it must be kept entirely secret from Mr. Philpot until publicly announced, or his delicacy would cause him to veto it; and that meantime he would be glad to know, providing the matter were carried out, for what sum the writer's name might be put down. The following is a copy of the answer:

"2, Albert Villas, Clifton, 23rd Sept., 1864.

"My dear Sir,—Many thanks for your kind reply received this morning, and your ready compliance with the object suggested. I fully agree with you in the desirableness of keeping the matter unknown to Mr. P., but there will be some difficulty in doing so, if the plan is as widely circulated as we could wish.

"My acquaintance with any of his friends is so limited that I fear I shall not be able to add much to the list of donors. But I can guarantee thus far,—for W. R. L., (myself) £30, and four friends, £5 each,

"I feel very anxious about this matter, being very desirous that some expression of regard and sympathy should be shown to my dear friend, yet very unwilling that anything should be done which might hurt his feelings.

"May the Lord direct us in the right path, and may all tend to his glory.

"Believe me, dear Sir, yours sincerely,


"W. R. LUCAS."

J. Gadsby begs to announce that, having consulted a friend or two on whose judgment he can rely, he has determined (D.V.) upon carrying out the suggestion contained in Mr. Lucas's letter.

The Subscription List is, therefore, now open, and no mere delicacy on the part of Mr. Philpot will be allowed to close it. He knows nothing of it, nor will he know until he sees the announcement in print.

Subscriptions will be received by Mr. Lucas, as above; by Mr. Marshall, 1, Elm Road, Camden New Town, London; or by J. Gadsby, Bouverie Street.

The following Ministers will, God willing, supply as under:

 To insure insertion, all Notices should be at the Publisher's seven days before the end of each month.

*It is requested that all lists be sent in alphabetical order.*

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| <p>Abingdon—Mr. Knill, 9th &amp; 23rd.<br/>         Accrington—Mr. Clough, 9th.<br/>         Acton Turville—Mr. Burns, 11th, at 2 &amp; 6.<br/>         (Ann.)<br/>         Aldbourne—Mr. Ferris, 30th, at 2.30 &amp; 6.<br/>         Aldershot Camp—Mr. Stedman, 23rd; Mr. Blanchard, 30th.<br/>         Allington—Mr. Dunster, 23rd &amp; 30th.<br/>         Alvescot—Mr. Doe, 16th; Mr. Knill, 30th.<br/>         Arlington—Mr. Cowley, 9th, at 2.30.<br/>         Ashwell—Mr. Fox, 9th.<br/>         Bacup—Mr. Appleyard, 9th; Mr. Walsh, 23rd.<br/>         Balderstone Hall—Mr. Freeman, 3rd.<br/>         Bampton—Mr. Doe, 16th; Mr. Knill, 30th, evgs.<br/>         Barking (Arnold's School Room)—Mr. Hazlerigg, 6th; Mr. Walker, 12th, evgs.; Mr. T. Marshall, 23rd; Mr. Cowley, 26th, evg.; Mr. Woodington, 30th.<br/>         Barton—Mr. Lindsey, 0th, 3 times; Mr. Warburton, 19th, evg.; Mr. Levett, Nov. 6th.<br/>         Bath (Providence)—Mr. Burns, 9th &amp; 16th; Mr. Aikman, 23rd; Mr. R. Pocock, 30th.<br/>         Besthorpe—Mr. Godwin, 11th, evg.<br/>         Bedworth—Mr. Walsh, 10th; Mr. Freeman, 25th, evg.; Mr. T. Marshall, 30th.<br/>         Billing—Mr. Collinge, 17th, at 6.30.<br/>         Blackburn—Mr. Freeman, 2nd, morn. &amp; aft. (Ann.); Mr. Clough, 10th, evg.; Mr. G. Chandler, 23rd.<br/>         Blunsdon—Mr. Cowley, 2nd; Mr. R. Pocock, 16th, morns.<br/>         Bolney—Mr. Blanchard, 2nd &amp; 23rd; Mr. Wickham, 9th.<br/>         Bolton—Mr. Collinge, 13th, at 7; Mr. G. Chandler, 16th; Mr. Sinkinson, 23rd.<br/>         Bottesford, near Grantham—Mr. Grace, 26th, evg.<br/>         Bottlesford—Mr. Ferris, 24th, evg.<br/>         Brenchley (Catt's Place)—Mr. Pert, 5th, at 7.<br/>         Brighton (West Street)—Mr. Smart, 16th &amp; 23rd.<br/>         Brinkworth—Mr. Ferris, 13th, evg.</p> | <p>Burford—Mr. Gorton, 23rd, morn.<br/>         Bury—Mr. G. Chandler, 9th; Mr. Sinkinson, 16th; Mr. Walsh, 30th.<br/>         Calne—Mr. Marsh, 2nd; Dr. Marston, 9th; Mr. Walker, 16th.<br/>         Cambridge (Hope)—Mr. Knill, 3rd; Mr. Warburton, 12th, evg.; Mr. Godwin, 14th; Mr. T. Marshall, Nov. 6th, morn. &amp; evg.<br/>         Charlesworth—Mr. Appleyard, 2nd.<br/>         Cheesden Pasture—Mr. Kershaw, 5th.<br/>         Chichester (Zion)—Mr. Blanchard, 16th, &amp; evg. of 18th.<br/>         Chichester (Providence)—Mr. Smart, 20th, Chippenham—Mr. R. Pocock, 23rd. [evg.<br/>         Clack—Mr. Ferris, 2nd; Mr. Pound, 30th.<br/>         Clayton West—Mr. R. Appleyard, 30th.<br/>         Coalville—Mr. Thorner, 23rd.<br/>         Corston—Mr. Ferris, 12th, evg.<br/>         Coventry—Mr. H. Wycherly, 23rd; Mr. Freeman, 26th, evg.<br/>         Cranbrook (Providence)—Mr. Row, 16th; Mr. C. Holmes, 23rd.<br/>         Cricklade—Mr. Marsh, 0th; Mr. Knill, 26th.<br/>         Cullingworth—Mr. Vaughan, 25th, at 7.30.<br/>         Deptford (King Street)—Mr. Knill, 6th; Mr. Covell, 11th; Mr. Row, 27th, evgs.<br/>         Dicker (Zoar)—Mr. Drake during the month.<br/>         Dorchester—Mr. Knill, 11th, evg.<br/>         Dudley—Mr. Dennett, 11th; Mr. Garner, 25th; Mr. Freeman, Nov. 1, evgs.<br/>         East Hoathly—Mr. Mockford, 10th, evg.<br/>         East Peckham—Mr. Mockford, 9th; Mr. Munns, 30th.<br/>         Edmonton—Mr. Knill, 5th, evg.<br/>         Enford—Mr. Ferris, 23rd, morn.<br/>         Epsom—Mr. C. Holmes, 30th.<br/>         Fairford—Mr. Cowley, 9th, morn. &amp; evg.<br/>         Farringdon—Mr. Ferris, 9th; Mr. Pepler, 23rd, 3 times; Mr. Knill, 28th, evg.<br/>         Flimwell—Mr. Pert, 2nd, 9th, 10th, &amp; 23rd.<br/>         Flitwick (Mr. Goodman's)—Mr. Fox, 16th, evg.<br/>         Forest Side, near Emsworth—Mr. Hammond the last Wednesday evgs. of Oct. &amp; Nov., at 6.45.</p> |
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dress the child, or rock the cradle of the infant now grown into a sturdy man. The first volume is now before me; but on cursorily running through its pages I cannot trace any mark of my pen as having contributed any communication to them. Looking in the same way over several subsequent volumes, those for instance for 1836, 1837, 1838,\* I find that I must have contributed various pieces, some signed by my name, others by my initials, and some Addresses and Reviews, of course anonymous. But at that time I had nothing whatever to do, as an Editor, with the work.

But the question may be naturally now asked, "How came you to write Addresses and Reviews when you were not an Editor?" I can hardly answer the question, except that it arose mainly from two reasons, partly from what is commonly called "good-nature," and partly from my own activity of mind and pen. Mr. J. Gadsby, for instance, would drop me a few lines asking me to write the New Year's Address, or would send me a book requesting my thoughts upon it. At first I complied with his requests chiefly to oblige him, but when my hand was in, on it ran in those days with a zeal which sometimes, I freely acknowledge, outran discretion. But, as my dear friend Tiptaft used to say, "If a man has not zeal when he is young, what will he be when he is old?" Do you, therefore, who remember those days forgive me this wrong which I am not now likely to repeat. But this occasional writing, and I believe I may add the way in which it was received, combined with the really improved pieces in the *Gospel Standard*, from the pens of J. K. and J. M'K, Letters of Warburton, Congreve, etc., increasing the circulation and influence of the magazine, my hands became more and more fastened to the plough stilts; for I became an Editor much as many good men become ministers—by degrees, one step leading on to another, till there is no turning back. Still, though thus doing much editorial work, I was not one of the Editors till, I think, about the year 1840, when some circumstances unnecessary to mention convinced M'Kenzie and myself, for both of us had somehow or other got into editorial harness, that it was desirable for us, as we had been for some time the real Editors of it, to assume the name and office, and with it the whole control, he taking the part of reading and selecting pieces for insertion, and I for the most part writing the Reviews, Addresses, etc. Thus much for my being installed into office, which I can only say was not of my desiring or seeking, and to take which I should not have consented, but for a desire, I hope, to carry it on profitably for the living family of God.

But I now come to my connection with the pecuniary profits of the magazine, to explain which has been the chief reason of this article. In the year 1841 occurred an unpleasant controversy with the *Spiritual Magazine*, in the course of which appeared the following sentences in our pages: "As to the Editors, they have not the least pecuniary interest in the magazine; their work being solely a labour of love, and thus they have no motive to push the sale of the work, except to advance the good of the church and the glory of God" (Vol. VII., p. 88). "Who our Editors are, we shall not disclose; but this we can say for them,

\* The first Annual Address that my father wrote, as I gather from his Diary, was that for 1838. Thenceforward until his death in 1869 the Annual Address was always from his pen.

that they derive no profit from our magazine. Can their opponents say as much ?" (Vol. VII., p. 143). This, as we now consider, needless statement was, however, perfectly true, and continued so till the year 1855. But I am anticipating circumstances and shall therefore revert to the main current of my statement. M'Kenzie and I continued to be the gratuitous co-editors till his death, though I must say that his failing health threw upon me during the latter part of his life almost the whole burden of the work. In 1849 (August 12) poor dear M'Kenzie was taken home ; and now the question arose with me, Should I take a partner, commercially speaking, or work alone ? The subject was, of course, turned over in my own mind, and the *pros* and *cons* considered ; but several decisive reasons concurred to determine me to adopt the latter alternative, and work by myself. In the first place I well knew that a new Editor can no more be made in a day than the captain of a ship. An apprenticeship must be served to it, mine having been already one of not less than nine or ten years ; and what old workman would like to sit at the same bench, work at the same piece, and hand it over to be finished by a young apprentice ? Besides, let men think or say what they will, editorial work is no ordinary work, especially when some measure at least of grace and gift, as in the case of the *Gospel Standard*, is required. It is not for me to speak of myself or of my qualifications, even were I called upon to magnify my office ; but this I think must be plain to most minds, that as all private Christians are not fit to be ministers, so all ministers are not fit to be Editors. There are men in the church of God of deeper and richer experience than myself, and more able ministers of the New Testament, who are no more fit to be Editors than I am fit to drive an express train on the Great Western. Some measure of literary ability and of the use of the pen, which can only be acquired by practice, is necessary ; and as some men are good for six sermons who might not be good for six months, so a man might be good for six months' editorship who might not be good for six or sixteen years. There must not only be a gift, but, as in the case of the ministry, a living spring to feed the gift, if a man is to go on year after year without drying up. Judgement also and discretion are required, and a willingness and ability to work month after month with undeviating regularity ; for the press, like the two daughters of the horseleech, is ever crying, " Give, give ; " and must be fed almost to a day. But I forbear. As no man knows the cares, toils and anxieties of the ministry but those who are in it, so no one but an Editor knows the cares, toils, and anxieties of editorship.

But could they not be lightened by having someone to share the burden ? Certainly, if one could find the right man. There is the difficulty. But if I could find the man, would he be willing to be found ? or, if found, could we work together ? If he were willing to lighten my labours by taking a share in writing Reviews, etc., there would be required not only a unity of style and expression, that the whole might not be a piece of patchwork ; or else he must fall into the place of Sub-editor ; and though, as John Bunyan says, " if two men ride on one horse, one must ride behind," few are willing to sit on the crupper when they think themselves fully able to hold the bridle. All these things considered, I believed it would be the best and safest way to stand alone, though it entailed on me not only more work, but what I



much more felt, greater responsibility, and the absence of friendly counsel in the seasons of difficulty. For it has been one of my greatest trials in conducting the *Gospel Standard*, that since M'Kenzie's death I have not had a single person to whom I could look for counsel when I needed it. Those who, like my dear friend, William Tiptaft, could, would not; and those who would, their counsel was either, generally speaking, not worth having, or I was, perhaps, too proud, or too self-confident to either ask or take it. Besides which, it seemed best to trust a better Counsellor than a fellow-man. Thus I preferred to work in single harness, lest, if a new yoke-fellow and I should not comfortably pull together, we might either fall out or fall down.

None but Editors know what is required to conduct a periodical with any degree of success; and none but a spiritual man can know how these difficulties are increased when there is a desire to carry it on for the glory of God and the good of His people. Many may read my Reviews, Addresses, or Meditations, and think, perhaps, that all I have to do is to sit down some evening, and knock them off in an hour or two. If I could so knock them off, they would not be worth reading. I do not mean to say that the Lord might not pour in a blessed stream of divine thought and feeling into my soul, and supply me with a similar flow of words to give them utterance. Bless His holy Name, I am not an utter stranger to this, and perhaps some of my best pieces have been written in this way and under this influence. But these are rare seasons, and I am not looking for what I may call miracles every month. No. As also of late years my mind has been directed to some of the deepest and most important points of our most holy faith, I have proportionally shrunk from hasty, superficial writing, not only as knowing how easily a slip may be made with the pen unless carefully watched, but as feeling that for the sake of the glory of God and the good of His people I was bound to set before them only such provender as had been winnowed with the shovel and the fan. But apart from this, I am for the most part but a slow composer; and as upon such subjects as have lately occupied my pen want of clearness of thought and expression would be a serious defect, what I write has to be well thought out, and very carefully read and re-read, and revised both in manuscript and proof. I generally give to my work my best hours in the day, that is, when my mind is most clear, my heart most warm, my soul most alive, and my spirit most prayerful. Often and often do I lay down my pen for want of the right thoughts, the right feeling, and the right flow. But, taking one month with another, I generally consider that my editorial work takes up the prime and best hours of the first fortnight. I say nothing about what comes from my pen. Let others judge. But I may say this, that, bad or good, worthless or profitable, it costs me a great deal of labour, care, and anxious revision, with prayer and supplication before and after, that what I write may be made a blessing to the church of God. But when that part of my work is done, other remains almost as difficult. Pieces have to be selected for insertion for a future number, ill-written manuscript to be read, and those only chosen which seem to have some life and power, savour and dew upon them. Then comes the reading what is called "proof," that is, printed matter, which has to be most carefully gone over, not only that no printer's errors may escape correction, but that no erroneous,

inconsistent, unbecoming expressions may creep in. But it is not worth while to go through all this work, or do more than allude to the anxiety, responsibility, and constant stretch of mind which all this entails. Most of our literary men, and especially editors, die in the prime of life, worn out with what is called "brain work;" and I look upon myself as a miracle that I have gone on for so many years with a very weak body and doing so much work, both ministerial and editorial, and yet retain my mental faculties so far unimpaired.

But now I come to a part of my Editorship which I should be glad to pass by, but which I feel necessary to state as plainly and simply as the foregoing. And this I feel the more imperative, on account of the late Testimonial. There is a good deal of misunderstanding and misapprehension about my connection with the profits of the *Gospel Standard*, some thinking I have nothing, some thinking I have a large amount of them. I will then explain the whole history and mystery of this part of the story. Up to the year 1855, I received nothing whatever from the profits of the *Gospel Standard*, except an occasional £10 note to give to the poor. But in 1855 a circumstance occurred which entailed on me the permanent loss of £30 a year. At this time my family was getting expensive, as I was giving them a good education, having had one myself; and most parents know what school-bills, especially good school-bills, are. The thought then struck my mind, that as the *Gospel Standard* was increasing in circulation, and I had worked at it gratuitously for at least 15 years, I should not be doing wrong if I asked the Publisher to make up my loss of £30 a year, by allowing me that same sum out of the profits of the magazine. To this he most cheerfully and willingly acceded. I am almost ashamed to have to name these details, but I feel it to be due to me as well as to him, to have the matter clearly understood. It was not asked nor given as a salary, but as a little acknowledgment of my services. This sum I therefore received up to the year 1860, when, as the circulation of the *Gospel Standard* kept increasing, and its profits advancing in more than an equal ratio, I thought I might have a little more of the spoils. This was met with the same willingness, and that year I had £50. One step leads on to another. In the year 1863 I had £55, and this I have had £60. It is now proposed to take a further step, and I am to have £100. But before I close this unpleasant part of the subject, I think it is but due to the Publisher to clear away some of the clouds which may rest on the office in Bouverie Street. And first, as to the question of profits at all. This is much misunderstood. Undoubtedly, on all *commercial* principles, they belong entirely to the Proprietor of the work. It is his property. He has to bear all the risks of the undertaking. He has all the care, all the expenses, and everything connected with the commercial part of the work, which requires capital, credit, great business habits, and all that incessant attention without which no periodical can be carried on. People either do not know, or forget these things when they cry out against the profits of the Publisher. But should not the Editor have his share, especially if his editorship contribute much to the sale of the book? Undoubtedly. But how is this usually managed? As few Editors can afford to work gratis, some arrangement is generally made between the two parties, what may in fact be called a bargain. The

Editor considers his services worth so much, and the Proprietor of the work gives or refuses it according to his own estimate of their real value. But I am not a man, either naturally or spiritually, for bargains, and I must say there was no bargain made between us. All that was done, was done in a cheerful, friendly spirit.

And now, another word before I close my long-winded explanation. I have very little idea of the profits of the *Gospel Standard*, but I believe they are over-rated. Indeed, I doubt much whether the Publisher himself can fully or clearly estimate them. If his business were confined to printing and publishing the *Gospel Standard*, it would be easy enough; but how is he to apportion its expenses? and when he has paid wages, rent of offices, gas, rates, taxes, all measured by the London scale, how can he decide what portion of the burden must fall on the *Gospel Standard*, and what on the hymn books and all that issues from his press and office.

I am amply satisfied with my share, and therefore I hope this long explanation will put an end to all those surmises and speeches which are abroad. And I hope, as my gratuitous services for more than 15 years may be accepted as an evidence of my sincerity, and that I was not looking after the loaves and the fishes, so I trust my integrity may not now be impeached because, simply following the gospel principle that "the labourer is worthy of his hire," and that "they which wait at the altar are partakers with the altar," as I have long sowed spiritual things, I am in my old age and with many bodily infirmities reaping some measure of carnal things.

It may have been noticed that in our reproduction of the pages of the *Gospel Standard* Wrapper, the letter presenting the "cup and its contents" is signed "Samuel Lightfoot, Deacon." Now, in my time, there were two deacons at Stamford, the Mr. Scott, an exciseman like Nathaniel Marriner, to whom is addressed Letter No. 73, and this Samuel Lightfoot, a retired hair-dresser, the very mention of whose name revives old childish memories and tempts me, too, to "recall the past."

In his well-known sermon, *The Heir of Heaven*, my father, little foreseeing that he would be called upon to reside for the next quarter of a century in that very town of Stamford where his mother had spent her youth, commented very severely on "a piece of religious humbug which was transacted in this town last Wednesday," when the Bishop of Lincoln, attended by seventy of his clergy, had solemnly consecrated the church of St. Michael after it had been handsomely rebuilt from its ancient foundations. Now the old crowded graveyard of St. Michael—in Stamford all the churchyards were crowded—is only separated by its railings from a short, narrow thoroughfare known as Maiden Lane, probably because it debouches on the wideish street of St.

Mary the Virgin, of which I shall have more to say in my next chapter. At its other or Northern end Maiden Lane joins the High Street opposite the Doric portico under which the eel-wives from the Fens used to sit in my young days, prepared to behead and skin one of their squirming victims while you waited. Maiden Lane concerns us because the only two buildings of any importance in it were the studio of Mrs. Higgins, to whose efficient art we owe some of the photographs in this volume, and the toy and china shop and hair-dressing saloon, if such it could be called, of Samuel Lightfoot. He was a short, spare man, with a fresh complexion, very blue eyes and a musical voice. In my time he had been succeeded by a lanky son, young Sam, whom we children disliked as much as we liked his father. Those were the days when a country hair-dresser had a busy, healthy, and not unremunerative life, largely occupied as it was in "waiting upon gentlemen at their own residences." Stamford was surrounded by baronial mansions, country seats and village rectories, where Samuel Lightfoot had found his work sufficiently well-paid to enable him to retire in favour of his son at an age comparatively young, and henceforth to devote himself to the care of North Street chapel and the needs of its poorer hearers. In my day it was young Sam who came at times to Rutland Terrace to clip my father's abundant hair. We all knew when he had been because for the rest of that day my father, sensitive to cold as he was, kept his head covered with a red bandana handkerchief. He had not discovered, as I have, how a cold douche to the head immediately after the clip will forestall that sense of chilliness.

Every other Friday morning, it should be remembered, my father took train for Oakham and did not return until mid-day on the following Wednesday. So our Lord's-days became classed as Preaching Sundays and Reading Sundays. On the former, vehicles by the dozen and pedestrians by the score came in from the surrounding country, so that, with the town-dwellers, the chapel was crammed, whereas on "Reading Sundays" it was little more than half-full. Usually it was Mr. Scott who occupied the reading-desk, and sent us to sleep with his monotonous drone; so that one heartily welcomed the rare occasions on which Samuel Lightfoot with his musical voice replaced him. At Rutland Terrace, Reading

Sunday was invariably followed by "Washing-day," and on the Wednesday my father returned to a house which in his absence had been cleaned from top to bottom, and from that moment we all had to behave and "study to be quiet."

Samuel Lightfoot died in May, 1867, at the age of 71, and to his obituary notice in the *Gospel Standard* my father added what he calls his "feeble testimony to the worth of a truly good man and an ornament to his Christian profession."\* As this testimony throws as much light on my father's disposition as on that of his former deacon, I cannot resist adding to my portrait gallery a brief sketch of my old acquaintance.

But first I should explain that owing to my father's delicate health and his ministerial visits to London and Allington, to say nothing of his exacting editorial labours, the deacons both at Oakham and Stamford occupied a singularly responsible position, the duty of visiting the sick falling mainly on them. Moreover, as my father once reminded Joseph Parry, "I am not, as you know, much of a vestryman, or a gadder about from house to house."† Every fortnight, too, as already explained, it fell to the deacons to conduct the Lord's-day services themselves, including the reading of a sermon.

Samuel Lightfoot had come to Stamford in 1818, twenty years before my father settled there, in order to conduct a hair-dressing business for a widow with two small children. He eventually married her, and she died after bearing him three children of his own. He married again, and for six or seven years had much temporal trouble, partly owing to the fact that he was compelled against his conscience to work on a Sunday morning. It was at this time that the Lord was pleased to reveal to him his state as a sinner and what Christ is to His people. Finally, at the risk of bringing his family to ruin, he resolved to close his premises on the Sabbath day. He lost by it at first, but it was made up to him by his success in other ventures. For some years he had been, like Mr. de Merveilleux, a member of the Independent chapel in Star Lane, but he found no rest there. His poor mind, he confessed, was so dark that he could not tell what he wanted. "In the providence of God," he continues, "Mr.

\* *Gospel Standard*, Wrapper, August, 1867.

† *The Seceders*, Vol. I., Letter 25, p. 322.

Philpot came to Stamford, and I was induced to go and hear him. I shall never forget the third sermon I heard him preach. It was from Psa. cxlv. 19: "He will fulfil the desire of them that fear Him." (The date, I find, was Thursday, July 21, 1836.) "In that sermon my path was so traced out, and the word so applied, that I left the chapel that night blessing and praising the Lord for His goodness and mercy to me, a poor guilty sinner." Yet for some time the doctrine of election remained to him a stumbling-block. He continued still among the Independents, but could get no food for his soul. At last he was constrained to join the church at North Street chapel and to be baptized.

More than a quarter of a century later it fell to my father to bear testimony to

"the amiability of his disposition, his affection for the Lord's people, his kindness to the poor, his sympathizing tenderness to the sick and afflicted, with whom he used to read and pray in a singularly pleasing, yet faithful way, the fervour and earnestness of his prayers in the chapel, and the sincerity so markedly stamped upon all his words and ways. Thus he won for himself, beyond almost any man whom I ever knew, the general esteem and affection both of the church and congregation. As regards his experience, he seemed to me to realize much of the truth of the words, 'The path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day' (Prov. iv. 18). . . . When I first knew him, many years ago, there appeared to me wanting depth in his experience. . . . Having been for some time connected with the Independents, where he was a deacon, I used to think there was a strong tang in him of the old cask—a smatch of the pharisaic leaven; but as time rolled on, and the Lord deepened His work in his soul, this was much cleansed and worked out of him, and the pure language of Canaan dropped more sensibly from his heart and lips. He became also more spiritually minded in his conversation, more broken and contrite in his spirit and had a keener insight into and relish for real, experimental things, being very fond of William Huntington's works, and loving a sound, searching, and tried ministry. I name his former days, not to throw any reflection upon him, but as being much opposed to that indiscriminate eulogy and praise of those who are departed, as if they never had any faults. . . . We did not always agree in such points as church matters; and though, at the time, I might have wished that we could have seen eye to eye upon them, yet, as I knew he ever acted from strict principle and conscience, it never caused any shyness between us; and, indeed, I esteemed him all the more for his honesty and faithfulness, and preferred it to a servile submission as if he would please me by surrendering his own opinion, which, after all, might have been wiser than my own."

## CHAPTER IX.

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### JOURNAL OF A BACHELOR.\* A.D. 1837.

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AMONG my most treasured heirlooms is a shabby little tuck-in pocket-book, measuring six inches by four and bound in red morocco. It is my father's Diary for 1837, and the only one which he preserved, though he took care to run a thick pen through its most self-revealing confessions. It takes us back to a vanished world, to a slow-moving, home-keeping and blessedly noiseless world, except for crowing cocks and church-bells and the post-horn and the rare voice of God in the thunder; a world of stage-coaches, gigs, dog-carts and the hired fly, of toil, thrift, hardship and dreadful poverty; a world which on the whole still honoured God with its lips, though its fear towards Him was mostly "taught by the precept of men" (Isaiah xxix. 13).

Already, however, in the workaday world there are signs of coming change, though Faraday's revolutionary discovery of 1831 is still in embryo. But in domestic lighting the patent Argand lamp, till then the brightest known illuminant, is beginning to give way to the new coal-gas, which is ousting oil-lamps and candles even from sacred edifices. At Stamford, still supplied with canal-borne coal, a new gas company has started its works beside the river, close to the old ferry, long since replaced by the footbridge.

It was surely not without significance that the Seceders, first William Tiptaft and then my father, opened their attack on the State Church at Stamford, where it was so strongly entrenched. Before the Reformation, for which it must have seemed to cry out, that well-protected town swarmed with friars and nuns, and it had never quite lost its monkish

\* Those who possess the Second Impression of our First Volume must kindly forgive certain repetitions in the present chapter. When it was put into the kind heart of a friend to prepare an Index for Volume I., I seized on the opportunity of writing a brief summary of this Diary of my father's, hardly daring to hope that I should be spared to introduce a further instalment of his Letters to the reader, and still less to write an account of his connection with the *Gospel Standard*.

atmosphere. In all its six churches and even in its two chapels, the old red-brick Independent Meeting-house in Star Lane and the newer Wesleyan chapel on Barn Hill, the fear toward God was still taught, if taught at all, "by the precept of men," not burnt into the individual conscience through the work of the Holy Spirit. It is true that since the early eighteen-twenties a few poor people had met for private worship at the house of "honest John Morris," a saddle-tree maker, who, when my father first came to Stamford in 1836, welcomed him with open arms. He lived to the age of 91, and after his death in 1864, my father wrote a beautiful tribute to his memory, as "a remarkable instance of the faithfulness of God to His own work of grace."\*

Beginning as a poor plough-boy in the neighbourhood of Grantham, John Morris had raised himself to be an expert saddle-tree maker, and after four years in London, where he had sat under Mr. Huntington, finally settled in St. Martin's, Stamford, and for over fifty years occupied the same premises. He forms, as it were, a link between William Huntington and J. C. Philpot. Before Mr. de Merveilleux built his chapel, John Morris had had his house licensed for preaching, and the few who met there had the privilege of hearing at rare intervals, Mr. Hardy,† of Leicester and Mr. Oxenham, of Grantham. "When in the providence of God," writes my father, "I was led to Stamford in 1836, Mr. Morris warmly and cordially received both me and my ministry. On the formation of the church a few years later he was one of the first to be baptized, and was, with Mr. de Merveilleux, unanimously chosen deacon."

\* *Gospel Standard*, November, 1865, p. 359.

† Thomas Hardy (1790—1833), minister of Zion Meeting-house, Leicester, was a self-taught man, remarkable both for his gracious experience and his fine natural abilities. He was a friend and contemporary of Henry Fowler, and also, for a few years before his premature death, of Mr. and Mrs. de Merveilleux, to whose house he was brought unconscious and sick unto death on May 7, 1833. He has left an interesting record of his first visit to Stamford, whither on account of floods he had been "obliged to go for the advantage of a coach." In his Letter of Jan. 6, 1822, he describes it as "a populous town, destitute of a faithful minister of the gospel." "The town Assembly Rooms," he adds, "were once licensed for Mr. Huntington. Mr. O. (Oxenham) preached in them twice only, which his friends there reckon the only faithful publication of the gospel Stamford has been favoured with for many years. I had the use of the place, which is very capacious and lofty, and a numerous congregation; and also by letter this week some pleasing accounts of the effects of my labours, with a warm entreaty to take Stamford in my circuit in Lincolnshire." (*Letters*. Vol. II., p. 68. London: Second Edition, 1837.) From that date until his death, Thomas Hardy was often at Stamford, and some of his best Letters were written from there. I had marked several characteristic passages for quotation, but have only room for this:

"One thing I do sorely mourn, the unbridled dominion of that painted



In these days of excruciating noises it is worth while spending a quiet week-end at Stamford, if only to stand on the town-bridge on a Lord's-day morning, with St. Mary's Hill to the North and St. Martin's to the South, and to listen to the sweet-toned church-bells, as they answer each other across the valley. And even on week-days some church-bell or other, not to forget that of Browne's Hospital, or the "Bede-house" (the house of prayer), will send forth a musical summons to divine worship, as it has done for centuries. Every night "the curfew tolls the knell of parting day," and at any odd hour the "passing bell," varied according to sex and age, will speed some departed spirit on its way to eternity, dissenters, of course, excepted. It is a primitive custom which, like the town-crier in his cocked hat, red coat and hand-bell, dates back to the days when few could read, but were none the less keen to hear the local news. "So at last he's gone, poor fellow!" one gossip would whisper to another over the washtub. "God rest his soul!" and for the moment their thoughts would be lifted from the cares of this mortal life.

Yet with all its clergy Stamford was a godless, drunken, secretly licentious town. I have already related how William Wilberforce, passing through it on a Lord's-day in 1798, noted, "This seems a sad, careless place. I have never seen one more apparently irreligious. At church, miserable work! A shopkeeper said none of the clergy were active or went among the poor. Butchers' shops open on Sunday;"\* and he might have added, "the barber's." The nearer the church the farther from God!

It was at Stamford on October 23, 1836, that my father,

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Jezebel, CONFORMITY TO THIS EVIL ACCURSED WORLD—*alias* FASHION—*alias* RESPECTABILITY. No words can paint the subtle poison of this naked harlot's bewitching cup. She enters every apartment, pervades every walk of life, attires the bed and spreads the board. . . . She puts the charms of politeness in our mouths, sucks like the horse-leech, and is greedy as hell. Lord of glory! how art Thou insulted and dishonoured by our adulterous alliances with this daughter of hell! How art Thou suffering in Thy needy members for want of those sacrifices which we are daily making to her lusts! With bitter lamentation I survey the breaches of Zion, the discord amongst brethren, which I everywhere behold. Oh! how all seek their *own authority, honour, profit*. Silly as babes, we differ about our toys; and wicked as devils, we abhor reconciliation."—*Letters*. Vol. I., p. 81.

\* *The Seceders*. Vol. I., p. 9.

without any thought of publishing it until urged by one to whom it had been blessed, preached his well-known sermon, *The Heir of Heaven*, etc. In it, you may remember, he poured bitter scorn on "the Bishop and his seventy clergy who were so piously engaged last week" in consecrating the fabric of the re-built church of St. Michael, *not excluding the gas-pipes*. His words rankled and the clergy never forgave him,—the deserter, the turncoat. And it embittered them the more that his chapel should be crowded and their own churches half-empty. My father was, perhaps, the best hated man in that parson-ridden place, and we children knew it and were constantly made to feel it. The town has a Dean of its own, a "peculiar" so called. Mantell was his name in my young days, a fine portly man who occupied the choice living of Gretford, once held by my great-great-grandfather, Elias Lafargue. I was presented to him by name one day when playing with my young school-friends, the Nevinsons, in the damp old Bede-house quadrangle, long since restored almost out of existence, and I shall never forget the scowl that came over his handsome face when he realised that I was a son of the man who had published that scurrilous tract, *The Heir of Heaven*. Well, they had their day and have ceased to be.

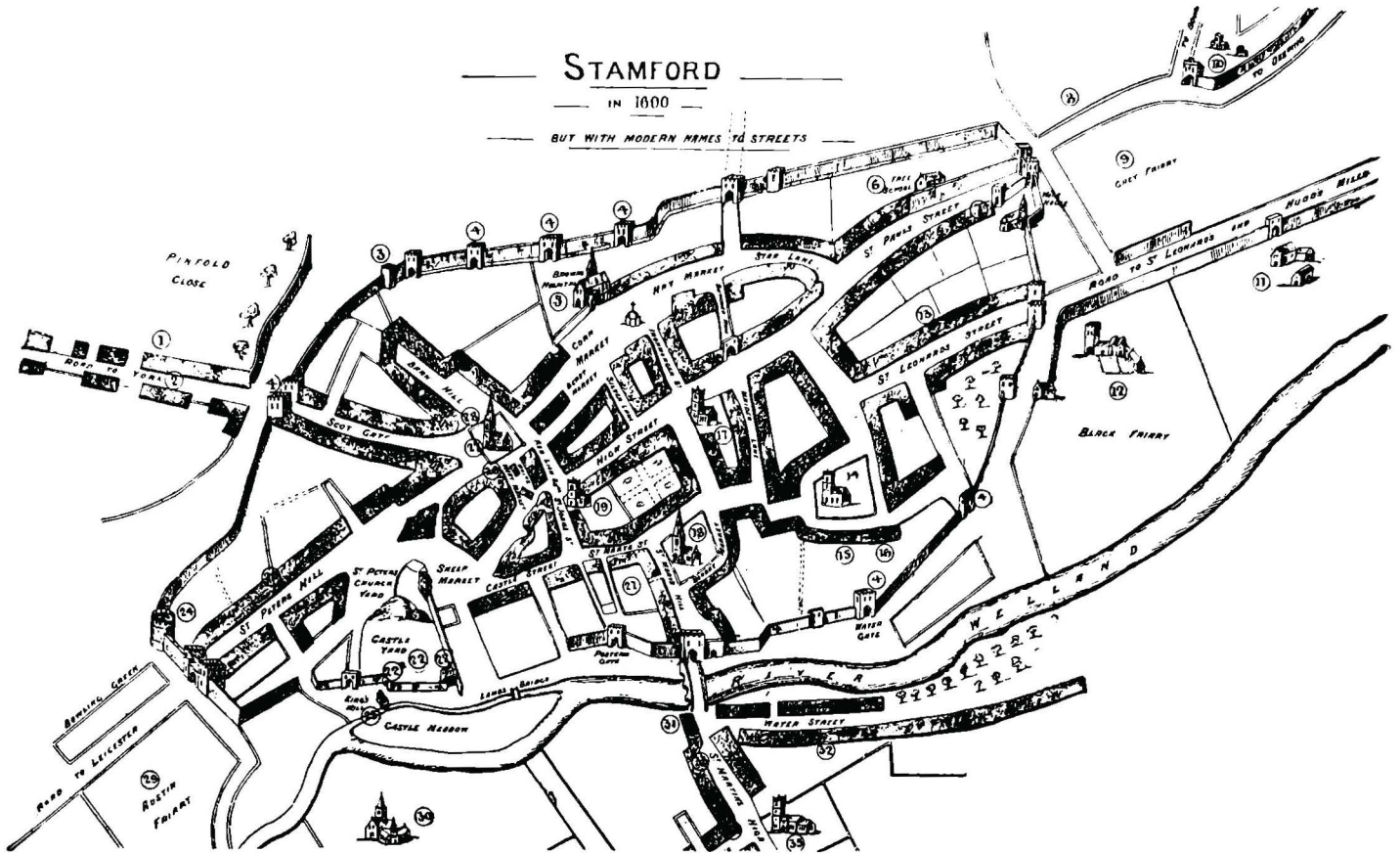
And now we can return to J. C. Philpot and the world of 1837. In such a world, viewed as it was by him mainly as a forecourt to the Temple of Eternity, secular events hardly counted. In the middle of 1837 old King William died and young Queen Victoria came to the throne, but that epoch-making event is not even mentioned. Yet, incidentally, we learn much from the Diary which may interest the modern reader. In 1837, for instance, one could get one's hair cut for sixpence, but it cost nearly a shilling to post a letter. Envelopes, postage-stamps and "safety matches" were quite unknown, and every writing-table had to be furnished, at least in summer, with tinder-box, tapers and sealing-wax. All this and more I know, because my father, who was at that date a poor man, dependent on generous friends for board and lodging and on his preaching for coach-fares and pocket-money, carefully put down every penny he spent, as well as the few pounds he was able to earn.

It was his last year of freedom, if freedom it could be

# STAMFORD

IN 1600

BUT WITH MODERN NAMES TO STREETS



The River Welland having changed its course in the interval, the Mill Stream and Melancholy Walk are not shown, as are the Bastion (24) and the ancient Bowling Green.

called; the last full year in which he was not definitely tied to a chapel, or a journal, or a wife. Before it ended we find him pledged to all three. In spite of indifferent health it was a strenuous year, in the course of which he prepared for the press his two best-known sermons: *The Heir of Heaven* and *Winter afore Harvest*; wrote at John Gadsby's appeal that Appendix to the *Barber's Block*, known as *What is it that saves a Soul?* (which happily after all these years has been at length re-published); thoroughly revised "at the cost of much labour," John Warburton's *Mercies of a Covenant God*; and as the year drew to its end contributed to the *Gospel Standard* the first of the thirty-two deeply-pondered Annual Addresses which were to come year after year from his pen. We also find him taking up and laying down again repeatedly a discourse entitled *The Two Religions*, which he never completed because, I think, he had said all he really wanted to say on the subject in his two sermons.

The Diary is that of a scholar, at home in other languages than his own. The daily note of the weather, on which for him so much depended, and other simple events are recorded in plain English. When kept indoors all day by the weather and his weak chest, the fact is noted in abbreviated French, as *chez moi*, or *au logis t. l. j.* (toute la journée). But avowals of his mental or spiritual state are invariably veiled from prying eyes in Latin. *Ad omnia misere socors*—"wretchedly careless about everything"—is a not uncommon entry. It means, I think, that for the moment he had exhausted his nervous energies, had emptied his cisterns and must mark time till they refilled.

This chapter and the next should be read in conjunction with my father's Letters to Joseph Parry (Nos. 17-27),\* in which he has so fully set forth his spiritual "ins and outs, ups and downs, crooks and crosses" (Isaac Harrison), and to which all this Introduction is but as a guide or signpost. The reader will then do well to glance again through the sad story of his unhappy love-affair in Ireland in 1827,† followed as it was by the spiritual awakening so beautifully described in *Winter afore Harvest*. At their last sad parting the young lovers, I believe, had pledged themselves that as they might

\* *The Seceders*. Vol. I., pp. 300—329.

† *Ibid.*, pp. 19—24.

not marry each other they would marry no one else. And my father had given his solemn word never again to see or communicate with the lady. But I have reason to believe that he received occasional news of her through a mutual friend, and he had heard, or was soon to hear, that she had been the first to break her long-kept vow. Recently, under parental pressure one hopes, she had taken a husband and was soon to bear him a child. To the end of his days my father never forgot her. She remained the one great love of his life. I have already related how on the termination of his Irish tutorship he had been presented with a handsome desk, which after his marriage he always kept at Oakham, and how in its secret drawer were hidden a few poor withered flowers, his lady-love's parting keepsake. One day after the move to Croydon my elder sister came upon them when tidying the desk, and was sharply bidden to leave them untouched, where they had lain for well-nigh forty years.

Lastly, the reader should picture John Gadsby as an ambitious, pushing young business-man who is constantly begging my father to contribute something to that obscure little sheet, the infant *Gospel Standard*.

When the Diary opens on Sunday, January 1, my father is just terminating a four weeks' ministerial visit to his friend, Mr. de Merveilleux, at Stamford, and is counting the days, I fancy, until he can return once more to Oakham and my grandparents' cheerful home. Whether he is altogether wise to go back there is another matter. Meanwhile at Stamford he has had ample leisure during the short December days to commit to paper and amplify the sermon which he had preached there on his previous visit, but to which he had evidently not yet found a title.

Monday, January 2. Cold better; *chez moi toute la journée*; frost v. intense; pursuing MS. of Isa. l. 10, 11; finished at ab.  $\frac{1}{2}$  p. 10. Mr. de M. at Ketton.

At Stamford, separated from Rutland Terrace only by a sloping field and a dense row of overhanging trees and bushes, there is an ancient mill-stream, which for centuries has fed the King's Mill and in which poor girls, who had found too late that men betray, used sometimes to drown their shame—I have seen one of their dead bodies carried through the

town on a stretcher. The secluded path beside that mill-stream, which provided us with a short cut to the meadows, was generally known as Melancholy Walk. I mention it because in the light of my research I am much inclined to designate the house in which Mr. de Merveilleux first received my father in July, 1836, "Melancholy Hall." For, apart from other considerations, as recently as May, 1833, that good and gracious man, Thomas Hardy, friend and "supply" to both William Gadsby and Henry Fowler, had been brought thither in an unconscious state to die of what was probably a tumour of the brain. The house stands at the corner of St. Mary's Street, where the annual cheese-fair was held, and the decorous St. George's Square, and adjoins the Assembly Rooms where Mr. de Merveilleux had been definitely called out of the world in 1831, on the one and only occasion when William Tiptaft was allowed the use of it.

A hard-worked, sorely tried doctor is Mr. de M., as we will henceforth call him, who had once been assistant to my Grandfather Keal, and whose religion is now his one consolation. Consumptive and of Huguenot descent, like my father, he has married a well-dowered, God-fearing, prolific lady, who unfortunately goes out of her mind and has to be sent away after every confinement. She is away during my father's visit and all that month of January. Her only son, a promising child, will die young of tubercle on the brain. But his father will die first, in 1843, widely lamented, before reaching his fiftieth birthday. He will be buried in the vestibule of his chapel, and times beyond number will my unheeding young feet tread over his honoured grave. Except for eternal hope, a melancholy tale!

For a month of Sundays, so to speak, Mr. de M. and my father have walked to chapel by way of Maiden Lane, past Samuel Lightfoot's hair-dressing saloon, open now only on week-days, across High Street by the Portico, up a narrow cobbled passage abutting on The Shambles,\* across Broad Street, where was held the riotous mid-Lent fair, the Stamford carnival, and thence to North Street and the chapel through a steep and evil-smelling, dung-littered passage,

\* Both at Oakham and Stamford, The Shambles were rows of open stalls where butchers from the surrounding villages out up and sold their joints of meat on the weekly market-day.

known as Nag's-head Alley, which once led to a postern-gate. Respectable people avoided Nag's-head Alley. The chapel is not actually in North Street but just off it, tucked in originally among poor cottages, and backing on to what was a farm-paddock, but is now a pleasant recreation-ground. On one day of stifling heat, I remember, when the big window-sashes had been thrown up, a horse put in an enquiring head, but soon withdrew it. It was the only site which Mr. de M. could find in all Stamford, and even then he dared not tell why he bought it. For since the Reform Bill of 1832 had become law, that imposing pillar of Church and State, the racing Marquis of Exeter, had bought up every freehold that fell vacant so as not to lose his political monopoly. It is only fair to add that his nominees were wisely chosen.

On January 5 my father leaves Stamford for Oakham, which he had quitted only a month previously, and which, little as he knows it then, is for the next quarter of a century to be his second home for five days in every fortnight. Of the ten pounds which Mr. de M. has given him for his four weeks' "supply," a pound has already gone in charity and ten shillings in tips, and he is charged, pray remember, a shilling at Tinwell toll-gate. The fly, for which Mr. de M. has kindly paid, takes two mortal hours to cover the dozen hilly miles between Stamford and Oakham.

During the ten weeks that he is to stay at Market-place House, my father, bodily speaking, will find himself in clover. My grandmother, a notable housewife, will do her best to spoil him. He need not get up for breakfast if he feels unwell, and can have a fire in his bedroom, and also of course in the little study set apart for his sole use, with a wash-hand-stand at which he can indulge his passion for cleanliness. In his accounts he has put down a pound for firing, which with canal-borne coal at seven or eight shillings a ton should last out his stay. The eight high-spirited young Keals, ranging in age from four to eighteen, form a striking contrast to Mr. de M.'s sickly brood. At their head is a tall, blue-eyed, willowy girl, with light brown ringlets and a lovely complexion, not long home from Miss Ryde's school at Stamford, who writes a good hand and will be only too pleased to make a fair copy of my father's or any other illegible scrawl.

All that month of January he is kept indoors, except on the

Lord's-days, when he wraps himself up in the thick cloak with the Astrakhan collar purchased when he was better off, and walks or is driven in an open cart to chapel. On week-days he is happily employed in revising the MS. of his sermon, now definitely entitled *The Heir of Heaven walking in Darkness and the Heir of Hell walking in Light*, which he sends off to Mr. E. Fowler, his publisher, on January 13. On the 21st, a cold raw day, he confesses to his Diary in Latin that "being too indolent to do anything I frittered away my time on trifles, most miserably indifferent about all things spiritual or useful." The next day he preaches twice, in spite of headache and a raging wisdom tooth which my grandfather extracts a day or two later. On the 23rd the proof sheets of his sermon arrive and he stays up till midnight correcting them and writing a Preface (omitted in the latest edition), in which he takes the opportunity of replying to his many critics.

"I have been represented by some as a 'ferocious gladiator,' whose element was blood, and who would gladly slaughter with the sword of Samuel and Elijah, first, the King as Head of the Church, and then all the Archbishops, Bishops, Deans, Archdeacons, Canons, Prebendaries, Rectors, Vicars and Curates, that wear lawn sleeves, take tithes, or are clothed in a surplice. Others have shot their arrows against what they call my 'vulgar abuse,' my 'bitter spirit,' my 'violent ungovernable temper.' I must leave the question of my 'bad temper,' etc., to the friends who know me best. But I felt willing to show to these gentlemen, who, wrapped up in the calm placidity of a living of a thousand a year, feel risings of wrath against none but Seceders and Calvinists, defaulters for tithes, and voters against a Church Rate, that I had something else to do than to be always knocking my sword against the hard walls of the Establishment, or the harder consciences of its priests. . . . Should curiosity lead any of my 'evangelical' opponents to read the following discourse, they may see that I contend for the power of religion and not the form, and desire more to edify the church of God, than to be always attacking a carnal system."

He had been helping that promising but ill-fated boy, James Keal, with his Greek, but on January 17 he has to leave off—*à cause de la grippe*—on account of the influenza, "which is very prevalent everywhere in town and country." It attacks him only slightly, for on the 18th he writes that slashing review of Mr. Nunn's sermon which has already been mentioned. The eldest Miss Keal meanwhile, the



"S. K." of the Diary, when not teaching her young sisters, has been in and out of the little study, helping him in every way she can. Evidently Mrs. Keal is either a very simple or else a very astute mother, as well she may be with five daughters to find husbands for. It was my father who first showed her the way the wind was blowing, as I have often heard my mother tell. He had been for a stroll with Mrs. Keal and on the way home they chanced to meet Miss Sarah. "Here comes my great gawk!" cried my grandmother. "Oh! don't say that, Mrs. Keal," murmured my father in pained protest.\*

It was on February 16, a Thursday, that matters came to a head. For a whole week, as the scored-out entries tell, my father had been distracted and irresolute, his mind harping on his old Irish love-affair. 11th. "Thought much of . . . full of it all day; wrote *au soir* (in the afternoon)." 13th. "slept indifferently;" *au logis t. l. j.* "unable to apply my mind to anything." 14th. "thought much of writing to . . . during night; full of it all mornng." 15th. "mind full of trouble all day." 16th. "slept better; mind less harassed; at intervals troubled; committed matter to the Lord." Then "*S. K. primum osculatus sum*" (I kissed S. K. for the first time). And found apparently that her heart was his already and that her mother knew it, "*mater haud inscia*."

I have dwelt on this incident at length, because years later my father was goaded into confessing publicly that in linking his fate with an unregenerate soul he had sinned against the light. On this point it would ill become me to offer an opinion, and I must leave it to the judgement of the reader when he has finished the next chapter. In the judgement of the world he would no doubt be thought indiscreet to engage himself to an almost penniless girl, whom he might not be able to marry for years. Who could have then foreseen how providentially obstacle after obstacle would be removed from the path of the lovers? And there for the moment we may leave them, their secret known as yet only to Mr. and Mrs. Keal.

\* He was naturally shocked to hear the derogatory term applied to a lady. According to the *Oxford Dictionary*, "gawk" means an awkward, stupid, ungainly person. In only one or two of its quoted instances is it used of girl or woman, and those much later than that which is here put on record for whom it may concern.

On February 21 my father "commenced Appendix to *Barber's Block*" and on the 23rd "resumed MS. for J. G."

On Lord's-day, February 26, he preached at Oakham to a very large congregation, including Mr. de Merveilleux and John Morris, soon to be deacons of the church at Stamford, and Mr. Paulet, who had driven over to invite him to become their settled and salaried minister, and who drank tea at Market-place House before going back to Stamford. So the first obstacle was removed!

On March 2 my grandfather heard from Mr. de M. that Mr. Blackstock\* would preach at Oakham on the following Tuesday evening.

Tuesday, March 7. Blackstock came from Uppingham, W. Keal fetchg. him : little union with B. : he preached from Col. i. 19. A pretty gift to me, with no power or unction.

Wednesday, March 8. Fine morn'g. soul dark ; little conv. with Blackstock ; more jaw than union. (In his expenses Blackstock is put down for ten shillings.)

So happy was my father henceforth at Oakham, as shown by the few erasures in his Diary, that he was easily persuaded to stay an extra week, which meant writing to Mr. Creasey at Leicester, to John Kay at Abingdon, and to Joseph Parry at Allington, that they must make other arrangements for filling their pulpits on the days he had arranged to be with them. At length on March 15, he catches at Uppingham the coach for Leicester, and arriving there about six p.m., goes that evening with Morgan, Mr. Creasey's deacon, to hear old Mr. Chamberlain.

With Leicester my father has many links. It was his

\* In the first number of the *Gospel Standard* will be found some very indifferent verses signed E. Blackstock, Wolverhampton, the best of which runs as follows :

"Oh ! may the blest unction enliven its passages ;  
 May truth, love and meekness the *Standard* adorn.  
 With weapons like these may it triumph for ages,  
 And prove a rich blessing to thousands unborn."

After Henry Fowler's lamented death, December 16, 1838, the Gower Street congregation resorted to supplies, among whom was Mr. Edward Blackstock, who had twice changed his views on Baptism, and vacillated between Strict and Open Communion. On his being appointed stated minister at Gower Street, many seceded, and eventually took and opened the chapel in Eden Street, in April, 1843. Twelve years later they were able to return to their old place of worship. Mr. Blackstock, after leaving London, removed to Watford and died there.—*History of Gower Street Chapel*. London : Farncombe, 1921.

father's birth-place and the burial-place of two grandparents. Mr. Freer, the family lawyer, Robert Hubbard's successor, lives there, and later on Leicester is to become associated with the honoured names of Isaac Harrison, of G. S. B. Isbell, and of the Hazleriggs, mother and son. It was associated, moreover, with tender memories of Thomas Hardy.

On Thursday, March 16, he preaches at Mr. Creasey's chapel to "a very large congregation," and receives for it one pound, which is ten shillings short of his next day's coach-fare to Oxford. For his ten weeks at Oakham, however, Mr. Keal and the friends have given him £30, which he pays into his Oxford bank and raises thereby his small savings to £400. Then after preaching at Abingdon, and spending the inside of a week there, mostly in bed, he reaches Allington, "snow deep and roads heavy," in time to stand in the familiar pulpit on Lord's-day, March 26.

He has promised to stay at Allington for eight weeks, but four of them are hardly past before the unexpected death at Devonport of his elder brother, poor Augustus, transforms all his worldly prospects and removes one more of the obstacles to his marriage. Under his father's will he comes into the modest patrimony of between three and four hundred a year. No more need henceforth to write for money, nor to jot down every penny he spends! Before the year is out the *Heir of Heaven* will have run through six editions, and he will be offering his publisher the stereotype plates, so that if he had felt it right he might have made an income out of the gospel. From young John Gadsby, his new employer, he will as yet neither ask nor expect a sou. For the next twenty years he will write only for the love of God and the good of His people.

Meanwhile the news of his engagement has leaked out, and he receives from William Tiptaft, the young lady's uncle, a letter "kind and wise" but disapproving, by which he feels "much cut up." At Allington he finds plenty of leisure not only to finish his pamphlet, "the great question answered," *What is it that saves a Soul?* but to go carefully through John Warburton's *Memoirs*, the publication of which he strongly recommends. He had counted on meeting him at Calne, but poor old harassed John has to be elsewhere "about his son Gideon's affairs."



THOMAS HARDY (1790—1833),  
of Leicester, Minister.

Wednesday, May 17. Started at 9 in cart with Mr. P. and Mr. T. (Parry and Tuckwell) for Calne; opened chapel; went across the downs; Cowper preached mng. Ps. 63, 2; Shorter, aft. Prov. 5. 12; Self, evg. Jo. 18, 38: "What is truth?" Large cong. all times; not much at home; all the Supplies there, and many from Malmesby., Trowbr., and other places; home bef. 10.

The following incident is not mentioned in the Diary and therefore cannot be dated, but it must have been in the course of this spring that a poor illiterate cobbler, who had recently undertaken the pastoral charge of a Baptist chapel at Pewsey, and had already been himself baptized at Uffington by Roger Hitchcock, in the presence of Mr. Husband (both Seceders and friends of my father's), walked over to Allington. His name was Thomas Godwin, and he was just a year younger than my father. This is his own account of their first meeting:

"About this time I walked over to Allington to see Mr. Philpot, as I had heard a good report of him. He was then living with Mr. Parry before his marriage. When I entered the house, he just looked at me, and then almost turned his back upon me, and spoke roughly; but as I spoke a few words to Mr. Parry about the grace of God, Mr. Philpot spoke up and said, 'What do you know about the grace of God?' I began to tell him what my soul knew about the grace of God, that bringeth salvation; and he turned himself round with such a smile on his countenance, and with such heartfelt affection towards me. This was in the year 1837. Now I am writing in the year 1867; and our hearts have been knit together in the affections and spirit of the Gospel from the first time of our meeting to the present time."—Godwin, Thomas. *Autobiography and Letters*, p. 29. London: J. Gadsby, 1878.

I need hardly say that, next to Joseph Parry, Thomas Godwin was my father's dearest friend, as the many intimate letters in the present Volume bear witness, as well as Thomas Godwin's published letters to him.

Nearly thirty years later, in January, 1866, Thomas Godwin, who had begun life in extreme poverty and could not read, still less write, a line until he had wrestled with God to teach him, made this confession to my father:

"How my soul has thanked, praised, blessed and exalted a Three-One God for His divine teaching; for He Himself taught me to read and to write. It is nearly twenty-six years since the Lord taught me to scribble a line; and you, my dear friend, was (*sic*) the first man that ever I attempted to write a line to. And I have sweet feelings of affection and tenderness in memory which the

Lord favoured me with during the time I was trying to write to you, and the sweet counsel you gave me in your answer, to embrace every opportunity to improve my handwriting, which counsel I closely followed for many years. And I had to depend wholly upon the Holy Ghost to teach me to spell; and it seemed to me as if He sat upon the throne of judgement in my mind, and brought up every word, and set them in order before my pen; so that I never had to think what must come next. And I find it the same in my preaching, when the Lord gives me life and liberty. And shall I not praise Him for all His divine counsel?—*Ibid*, p. 221.

And shall we not praise Him too—for Thomas Godwin?

Wednesday, May 24. Rose at 8; left Alln. at 4 w. friend Parry; left Devizes by Wells mail at  $\frac{1}{2}$  p. 5; arrived at Devonport at 10.

During the next four weeks my father rests from his labours in his mother's house at Stoke. While there he is painted for that portrait which is reproduced in our frontispiece, ruins his handwriting for good by taking lessons on an entirely wrong principle, and goes three times to hear "the poor mason," Arthur Triggs, later on to be connected, not too successfully, with Gower Street chapel.

On June 23, three days after the accession of Queen Victoria, my father takes coach from Devonport to Exeter, where he preaches that evening from Heb. iv. 12.

Saturday, June 24. Unable to sleep for —s (unmentionable bedfellows); left Ex. at 8 for Bath; went out, 10/., v. fine and warm. Reached B. 20 p. 6; took a fly to Trowbr.; slept at Warburton's.

Sunday, 25. Preached at Trowbridge.  
 Mor. Job xviii. 9.  
 Evg. Isa. xviii. 5, 6.\*  
 v. hoarse both times.

I shall have occasion to refer to that Exeter visit later on.

No sooner is he back at Allington than he hears that, in spite of the change in his fortunes, there is trouble about his engagement. Mischief-makers have been afoot, scandalized that his choice should not have fallen on some lady of more suitable age. "Letter fr. Mrs. Keal ab. Miss M. and dear S. L. K.; much exercised; wrote to Mrs. K. to give up all

\* The well-known Sermon, *Winter afore Harvest*. See Letter to Joseph Parry, *The Seceders*, Vol. I., p. 322.

present ideas of S. and to wait. Much cut up in mind, but felt I had no alternative."

(To save space I may say here that, though others beside William Tiptaft still disapproved, my grandmother helped my father in every way she could, and, though there were difficulties I may not disclose, had the satisfaction of seeing my parents married in little more than a year from this date, on July 24, 1838.)

In our First Volume I have already related how during the last days of July, 1837, my father rode or drove six miles almost daily to comfort Farmer Wild on his death-bed, and how, having had by then to leave Allington for Abingdon, he drove back forty miles across the Downs on purpose to bury him. For he had promised to preach on Lord's-day, July 30, at the opening of the chapel which his former parishioners had built at Stadhampton, and which, I am grieved to hear, now seems derelict. Then after fulfilling a fortnight's engagement at "Zoar" in Great Alie Street, and preaching on a week-evening for Daniel Smart at Welwyn, he takes coach for Uppingham, and, after being driven inside by a thunder-storm, reaches it at 8.15 p.m. "Took a fly to Oakham; *omnia satis jucunda. S. absens.*" All things pleasant enough, though my mother happens to be away.

On the following Lord's-day morning, August 20, he again preaches the sermon *Winter afore Harvest* and gets into his subject better than at Trowbridge, "though most probably the printed sermon will differ from both."

Thursday, 24. Drove out w. W. K. (William Keal); walked *au soir* w. Mrs. Keal and the ladies, mushrooming.

On the 26th my grandfather drives him in his gig to Greet-ham on the Great North Road to catch the coach for Nottingham, where he preaches twice on the Lord's-day and again on the Tuesday evening.

Tuesday, Aug. 29, at 12 walked to Wilford, dined there and returned in the carriage; preached at Sion Chapel, 1 Cor. xvi. v. good cong.

In later years my father was often entertained as an honoured guest either at Wilford House or at the Bank House, Nottingham, by Mr. Henry and Lady Lucy Smith, who

had given such friendly support to Thomas Hardy. On the last day of August he leaves Nottingham at 7 a.m. by the Derby mail through Matlock and Buxton, and at 20 to 4 arrives at Manchester, where he is met at the coach-office, for the first time in the flesh, I believe, by John Gadsby.

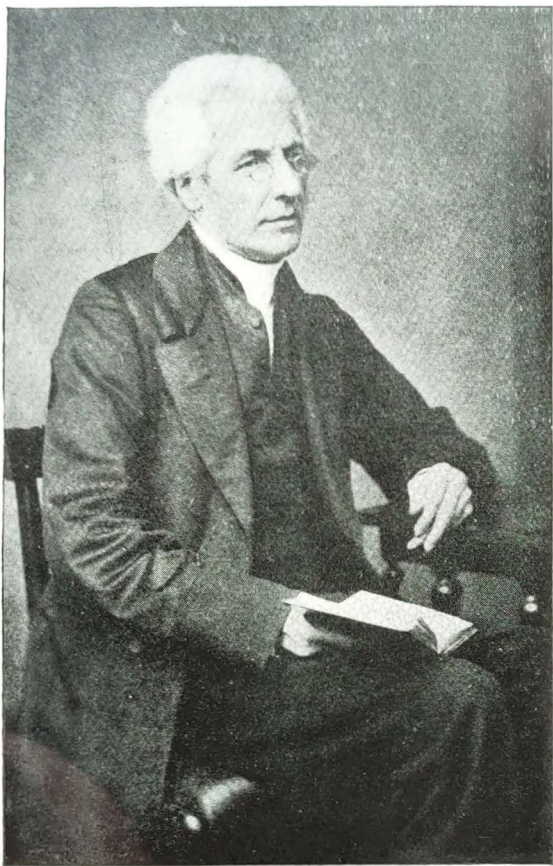
Monday, September 4. Letter fr. S. L. K. *pleine d'amour* (full of love). Walked into Manr. Town wretchedly dirty.

In the middle of the week he goes over to Liverpool by "the new rail-road," walks through the rain to hear Mr. Kent, and returns on the morrow to Manchester, feeling unwell. Over in Ireland on September 6 the lady he had loved had borne her child, thus announced in the Diary, though I must disguise her initials, "A. B. *infantem peperit*." On September 23, John M'Kenzie, who for the last year has been helping with the *Gospel Standard*, comes over from Preston and dines with him at the Gadsbys, and he comes over again on the Tuesday evening following, September 26, when my father preaches his "Leper" sermon "fr. Lev. xiii. 45, 46; Kershaw, M'Kenzie, Higson and Nunn there." On the next day he leaves Manchester at 20 to 7 by railway for Birmingham, catches the Leicester coach at 12, and arrives in that town at 6 p.m. The next day, having called on Mr. Freer, the lawyer, for advice about cutting off the entail and selling the Lindfield farm, he preaches in the evening from Psalm xlii. 11, and is heard, I believe, by a certain Isaac Harrison with far-reaching results.

On that very day, September 28, though my father does not hear the sad news immediately, the lady in Ireland has died from the effects of her confinement, "A. B. *mortua est*," thereby removing the last obstacle, if only a sentimental one, to his marriage. Meanwhile he has reached Stamford, in time to preach there on Lord's-day, October 1. "Mr. and Mrs. K. there in aftn."

On October 3, a fine warm day, Mr. de M. drives him over to Gretford, where he inspects the marble tablet in the chancel to his grandfather, the Rev. Peter Lafargue, and interviews the wife of his new tenant, Mrs. Bland. The little 60-acre farm of deep black soil is within a walk of Gretford, and had been bought cheap by Elias Lafargue, the rector, about 1740, when the value of the Fens had hardly been





WILLIAM BROWN (1812—1867),  
of Godmanchester, Minister.



THOMAS GODWIN (1803—1877),  
of Pewsey and Godmanchester, Minister.

discovered. Used now as a potato farm, it is in one of the few English districts where agriculture is not bankrupt. A few miles off, across the dead level Fen, stands the ancient tower of Crowland Abbey, which I climbed one fine October day many years ago and witnessed a sight I shall never forget. A strong West wind was driving fleece-like clouds across a bright blue sky, and on the level plain below as far as eye could reach the smoke from a thousand twitch-fires was being similarly chased over the bright green fields. It was a scene which told of happy and profitable industry.

But to go back to Stamford and the October of 1837. Mrs. Keal has again come over from Oakham to stay with her eldest brother, James Tiptaft, of Tinwell Lodge, while my father is still with Mr. de M. He sees her every day and we can guess the main subject of their talk.

Then on Friday, October 20: "Came from Stamfd. to Om.; dear S. L. K. there; *amplexus ut antea* (embraced as before)." From then until he again leaves Oakham for Allington on November 22 the Diary, as you might expect, is almost blank. Back once more at Allington he stays there for the short remainder of the year pleasantly occupied in writing the Annual Address for the *Gospel Standard*, in pruning Mr. Parry's roses and currant-bushes, and in beginning to commit to paper his sermon *Winter afore Harvest*. He even works at it on Monday, Christmas Day, after preaching in the morning to a good congregation. Almost the last entry in the Diary on December 30, is "wrote *au soir* to J. G., chiefly about new work." So ends on a note of pleasant anticipation one of the most pregnant years of my dear father's life.

I will conclude this chapter, already far too long, with one of those human documents, those "evidences," which once deposited in that earthen vessel, the *Gospel Standard*, may be trusted to "continue many days," though you may have to go to the British Museum to consult them.

On August 28, 1892, nearly a quarter of a century after my father's death, there passed away at Croydon in her 88th year Mary Ann Whittome, formerly of Stamford. The name, by no means a common one, has been familiar to me from childhood, though I have only a vague remembrance of its owner, as a tall, good-looking woman, striding up the chapel-

aisle, or coming to Rutland Terrace, to try on a new dress for one of my sisters, Sarah or Derah,\* and afterwards being closeted with my father. For her husband had become paralysed and she had to support him and her large family by dress-making. She lived in a small house in St. George's Square, not far from Mr. de M.'s. In 1860 she moved to London, and Gower Street gained what North Street lost.

She had been born in Stamford in 1804, and was therefore two years younger than her beloved minister, my father. She was the daughter of a stone and marble mason, who subsequently moved to Cambridge, where no doubt he found more scope for his chisel, and where, I gather, he had heard my father preach at Eden chapel on the evening of July 28, 1836. His daughter, Mary Ann, was brought up to the dress-making, but married before she was nineteen, and by the time she was twenty-two had lost both her husband and her only child. After a few years spent as lady's maid in London (Bedford Square), where she could find no preaching to satisfy her spiritual needs, she was brought back to Stamford to keep house for her brother. At times, she tells us in the interesting memoir she wrote in later years, she had felt a little sweetness in waiting upon the Lord, and resolved that if ever she married again it should be to a religious man. "But oh! what were my resolves worth?" At Stamford she became acquainted with a young man who set at nought all religion and was little better than an infidel. They were married and away went all her religion, and neither of them went to any place of worship. But she soon found plenty of trouble; for although her husband was a straightforward, honest man and much respected, her life ere long became a burden to her. She could no longer take pleasure in the world and was even tempted to do away with herself. But she shall tell her own story.

"At length I was brought to call upon the Lord with more earnestness, and thus my trials brought me to Him. Still I attended no place of worship. After this my dear father came to see us for a few days, and I very much wished him to stay Sunday over; but he said, 'No! there is nowhere to go and hear. If

\* My younger sister had been named Deborah Maria, after her two grandmothers, but the middle "bo" of Deborah had dropped out of her name. For Obituary notices see *Gospel Standard*, 1932, pp. 139, 167; 1931, pp. 208, 230.

Mr. Philpot was going to be here I would stay.' My carnal mind immediately rose up in jealousy that he should think more of Mr. P. than of me, his own child. And I said, 'Who is this Mr. Philpot, that you make such a fuss about? He must be a very great man.' My father replied, 'He is indeed a great man. He will be at Stamford on such a day; will you promise to go and hear him in North Street chapel?' I had not heard that there was such a place as North Street chapel. 'Well,' I said, 'as he is such a wonderful man, I will go and hear him,' and so said my poor husband. The day arrived, and my husband and a friend went in the morning. The text was Isaiah l. 10, 11.\* My husband was much struck with the sermon. I went in the afternoon. I do not remember the text, but found it was just the sort of preaching I had been seeking after when in London. How dearly I loved Mr. P.† From this time we both went and took the children regularly."

For her interesting account of the doubts and fears, the ups and downs that followed, I must refer the reader to her own confession.† I can here give only such part of her reminiscences as chime in with my subject.

"By this time dear Mr. Philpot had come to reside at Stamford, and had been there some little time when Mr. de Merveilleux was anxious that the ordinances of the Lord's house should be attended to. Mr. Philpot was not at that time anxious to have a church formed, but Mr. de M. persevered, going to some of those he felt were the Lord's people. He brought the paper to me, and asked if I would join them. . . . It was some time before the baptizing took place, so I laid the matter before the Lord and asked Him to make my husband willing, though I felt persuaded he would be taunted by his family. Before the time arrived I said to him, 'There is to be a baptizing service at the chapel, and I wish to be one of the number.' To my great surprise he said, 'If I could see as much in myself as I can see in you, I should not hesitate.' I replied, 'Why, what can you have seen in me?' He said, 'Do you think that I am blind, not to have noticed the change in you?' . . . At length the time arrived, but I should say I named my position to Mr. de M., whose wife was going to be baptized with me. She was in the same state as myself, and he said that he would not sanction either of us going through the water at that time. But the Lord gave each of us faith to believe we should take no harm. . . . In the afternoon we assembled round the pool, and dear Mr. Warburton (Senr.) gave out

\* *The Heir of Heaven*, etc., which gives us the date as October 23, 1836. This Sermon my father first preached at Allington, November 1, 1835, and then at Stamford, but subsequently never again. His text in the afternoon was Job xxviii. 7, "There is a path which no fowl knoweth," etc., and though, as he tells Joseph Parry (Letter 20), his old shackles were again put on and confusion and perplexity seemed to fill his mind, his words went home to at least one member of that "uncomfortably crowded" congregation.

† *Gospel Standard*, 1893, p. 83, etc.

the hymn (Gadsby's 648). I felt somewhat cast down until he came to these words :

'Dear Father draw, and we will run  
In sweet obedience to Thy Son.'

What precious love and willingness flowed into my soul! I could scarcely wait until it was my turn to go. Mrs. de M. being the elder went down first. I was like a bird let loose out of the snare of the fowler.'

I have since seen the dreadful pride that rose up, even when in the water. It was in this way: Dear Mr. Warburton addressed Mrs. de M. as his dear sister, and spoke very nicely to her. To me he said, 'What a mercy that the Lord stoops to pick *thee* up!' Immediately pride rose up with this thought, 'Why should not the Lord pick me up? What! am I worse than she? Only that she is a lady and I am not,' which I thought caused him to make that remark. How little I knew of my desperately wicked heart at that time! How many scores of times since have I had to say, 'What a mercy it is that the dear Lord should ever have stooped so low as to pick me up!'

'Oh to grace how great a debtor,  
Daily I'm constrained to be!''



ENTRANCE TO THE STAMFORD ASSEMBLY ROOMS,  
and the Residence of Mr. de Merveilleux.

## CHAPTER X.

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### A SCHOOLGIRL'S ALBUM.\*

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THIS chapter shall be devoted to that dear saint, my mother, the choicest gift, next to his call by grace, that the God of all mercies ever bestowed upon my father, as shrewd old John Warburton used sometimes to tell him. Her weakness was that she put him on a pedestal, which was not quite good for either of them. But he was so wonderful, and she owed him more than she could ever repay. Had he not come like some hero of romance to sever the chains that bound her to that narrow, self-satisfied little Oakham world, and the thankless task of schooling her young sisters? She could never get over her amazement. That he, the handsome Oxford scholar, the polished, cultured gentleman, compared with her own homely people; that he, whose interesting talk had so thrilled her and her dear schoolboy brother James at meal-times; that he, one of the noblest spirits of his day, should have stooped to her, a weak, ignorant girl in her teens, and laid his dear heart at her feet! What had mattered penury and cheese-paring, or the snubs and slights of old school-friends, or the vicious snarls of the world and its vile abuse, or nights of anxious ministry by his bedside, or scalded fingers from his turpentine stupes, or even far worse trials, so she could only show her deep, unending love and thankfulness by "mothering" him, who needed her so much. Never so long as she lived should any hands but hers darn his lisle-thread white stockings, or starch and iron his wide shirt-fronts, or "get-up" that last remnant of a priestly vestment, his wide immaculate cravat.

All these musings I have dared to put into my mother's mouth, who was herself so beautifully inarticulate, and cannot now silence me, nor frown to hear her praises sung.

\* This chapter should be read in conjunction with the Letters of J. C. Philpot to Joseph Parry (Nos. 17—28), and those of William Tiptaft (Nos. XXIV—XXXII.) *The Seceders*, Vol. I., pp. 300—331, and pp. 191—211.

In the last chapter, it may be remembered, my father tells his Diary that he has received from S. L. K. a letter *pleine d'amour* ("full of love"). No words could describe her better, for few people can love as she did, and demand so little in return. She was one of those rare beings for whom love is its own reward. *Full of love*, but so reticent, so tongue-tied when it came to expressing it, that few suspected it. My father had the full courage of his emotions. It is what gives his Letters half their value. My mother kept hers under lock and key. So that it was not until she had been close on thirty years a widow and age and decay had broken down her defences, that even we, her children, fully realised her wonderful capacity for loving. She quite startled me one day, as I sat beside her poor bedridden frame, looking still so beautiful, with a complexion like a young girl's, the eczema, which had been her life's torment, all gone. "Oh! what dear sweet children you were!" she suddenly exclaimed, peering at me through the dimmed eyes that once had been so blue; "I did love you so. The Lord alone knew how I loved you. You precious blessings! You made up for everything." And we had never realized it; had lived under the impression, rather, that we were "little nuisances," which only shows how wise she was. So here let me make a tardy amends.

One other weakness she had, for which, as it happens, we cannot be too grateful. She would never throw a thing away, if she could help it. And so here I have in my hand her little schoolgirl's album, the gift of a friend, four and a-half inches by three and a-half, which will carry us back to the Oakham of a century ago, to the summer of 1833, exactly three years before my father appeared so dramatically upon the scene. In fancy I can see her now, tall for her fifteen years, with ringlets of soft brown hair, a lovely complexion, a short Grecian nose, full lips, and her father's eyes, most marvellously blue. She is Sarah Louisa Keal, the eldest of eight and the flower of the flock, with plenty to do and no time to waste, especially now that her dear Miss Nettlefold, the governess, has gone for her holiday. But this fine July afternoon she has slipped away from the busy Market-place house, and her four self-willed young sisters and the two baby brothers in the nursery, whom her mother will spoil so,



and she is hurrying down Church-walk, the little album in her mittened hand, to pay a visit to her three maiden-aunts, two of whose names she bears, a treat looked forward to during the whole past week. They, the Misses Sarah, Rebecca, and Louisa Keal live in a nice little red-brick house, No. 6 Jermyn Terrace, in the High Street, near to the old silk-factory, which at this very moment they are contributing to convert into a chapel for the preaching of the everlasting gospel.\* She is their favourite niece and they will make much of her and press on her a big slice of seed-cake and a glass of their good cowslip wine, while each aunt in turn writes out her special contribution in the as yet empty album, never dreaming that some day they would get into print. In their uneventful lives it has been quite exciting to decide what they shall write, whether their own verses, or another's.

Skip thirty years, please, skip "the hungry forties" and the Chartist Riots and the Crimean War, etc., and picture me, a young schoolboy sitting as she had done in that same old-maidish front dining-room, lighted by the same two arched windows with short lace curtains, with the same old mahogany side-board facing them, the same crimson-covered table in the middle of the room, and cake and wine brought me on the same old silver salver. But Aunt Louisa, seventeen years younger than her sisters, is no longer there. She has married a certain Luke Barton of Liverpool, and become the mother of three sons, and only Sarah and Rebecca remain, both by now well over seventy with only a year between them. And they look and behave exactly as if they had come out of different baskets. They remind one, if only remotely, of the sisters of Bethany. It is Sarah Keal, the elder, stout, red-faced, active and masterful, who is the "Martha," who busies herself at the side-board and brings me cake and wine, while the "Mary," pale Rebecca, in black silk dress and neat lace cap like her sister, reclines in an easy chair, thinking of better things, her back to the window, her quilted black-satin slippers on a hassock, her well-thumbed Bible on her lap. And her cheek strikes cold to my young lips when I kiss it.

\* See William Tiptaft's Letters (No. XXXI). *The Seceders*, Vol. I. p. 206.

Aunt Sarah, though a good woman, like Martha, and a staunch supporter of the chapel, is made of the same stuff as the thousands of active, managing old ladies, who form the back-bone of most congregations. But Aunt Rebecca, as one can see at a glance, is of a different stamp. A sinner in her conscience, she is, by grace, a saint. Tall and handsome, with well-marked aquiline features and strong, sound, well-ranged teeth, which even at seventy she is not above displaying, she must once have been singularly attractive. And, now that she is old, even Aunt Sarah can't help spoiling her. In her unregenerate youth she had been an ardent dancer, and almost as fine a whist-player as her young cousin, William Tiptaft. When she went to stay with her soldier-brother, Tom Keal, we are told, he would get his young brother-officers to come in and make up a rubber, and oftener than not Rebecca was the winner. Once at a ball, however, a sudden horror of it all came over her, she rushed up to the cloak-room, burst into a violent fit of weeping, and vowed she would never dance again. And she never did. Mr. de Merveilleux had once been engaged to her when assistant to my grandfather, but for some unknown reason he had broken it off, wooed a wealthier lady, and fared worse. Then in 1830, when the former lovers were no longer young, William Tiptaft had come down to the Midlands, full of new-born zeal, and had been the means of bringing them both, though living now in separate towns, to their Saviour's feet, since when Rebecca Keal had been His consistent follower, beloved and respected by all who knew her.

Sarah died first, in 1867, aged 77, and her death appears to have passed unnoticed. And for Rebecca it seems to have been something of a relief, for, condensing the petty griefs of years into a single phrase, she cried, "And now I shall be allowed to poke my own fire," a doubtful privilege which she enjoyed for seven lonely years. She died in 1874 at the age of 83, and my father's friend, Mrs. Peake of Oakham, to whom so many of his later letters are addressed, devoted to her memory a beautiful obituary notice.\* Aunt Louisa, Mrs. Barton, died at Liverpool in the following year, and her memoir bears the honoured signature, J. K. Popham.†

\* *Gospel Standard*, 1874, p. 245.

† *Ibid.*, 1875, p. 273.

Before retracing my steps to 1833, you should know that at that date, if not now, the people of Oakham were devoted to their gardens, and wont to think in terms of seed-beds, cuttings, propagating frames and conservatories. They could not boast, like the Stamfordians, of having been in at the birth of "Peasgood's Non-such," an apple, or of "Laxton's Late Prolific," a strawberry, nor like the Leicestersians, that they regularly sent up to London hot-house fruit worthy of the royal table; but their thoughts were never far from Mother Earth, who in return furnished them with apt similitudes.

So, on that fine summer afternoon in 1833, Aunt Sarah Keal took up her pen, sat down with her young niece's album before her, and in a fine pointed hand inscribed the following lines, of which, as they were of her own composing, we must not be too critical.

"True happiness is not the growth of earth;  
The toil is fruitless if you seek it there.  
'Tis an exotic of celestial birth,  
And never blooms but in celestial air.

Sweet flower of Paradise! thy seed is sown  
In here and there a mind of heavenly mould;  
It rises slow and buds, but ne'er was known  
To blossom here—the climate is too cold."

S. K. July 30th, 1833.

Before my father came, these dear ladies, you must remember, had received no better education than a country governess, a country parson, and some desultory reading could supply. The wonder is, that their verses should be as good as they are.

Youthful Aunt Louisa, who at this date is not more than twenty-six, has also a mind that runs on horticulture, but is at the same time reaching out to an antithesis which will be found much more forcibly expressed by my father before the close of this chapter.

"There is a love that lasts awhile,  
A one day's flower, no more;  
Ope's in the sunshine of a smile,  
And shuts when clouds come o'er.

“There is a love that always lasts,  
 A Shrub that’s ever green;  
 It blooms amid the bitter blast,  
 And decks a country scene.

“An eye, a cheek, a well-turned foot  
 May give the first its birth;  
 The flow’ret wants but little root,  
 And asks but little earth.

“No scanty soil true love must find,  
 Its vigour to control;  
 It plants itself upon the mind,  
 And strikes upon the soul.”

Dear Aunt Rebecca is at once too humble and too wise to vie with her sisters’ vegetable metaphors, and is content to contribute the following lines, said to have been found in a Bible belonging to Lord Byron, whose coffin only nine years previously had rested at Oakham for the night on its solemn progress to Newstead Abbey.

“Within this awful Volume lies  
 The Mystery of Mysteries.  
 Oh! happiest they of human race,  
 To whom our God has given grace  
 To hear, to read, to fear, to pray,  
 To lift the latch, and force the way.  
 But better had they ne’er been born,  
 Who read to doubt or read to scorn.”

R. K. July 1833.

Somewhat later in the year, my young mother ventures to solicit contributions from two of her uncles on their respective visits to Oakham. In his neat handwriting, now much faded, William Tiptaft reminds her that “Favour is deceitful and beauty is vain, but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised” (Prov. xxxi. 30); and among other wise counsel enjoins: “Whatever you are about to do, mark the end.” Whilst Uncle John Keal can think of nothing better to contribute than the hackneyed but ingenious Enigma on the letter H, beginning, “’Twas whispered in heaven, ’twas muttered in hell,” and ending, “Oh! breathe on it gently, it dies in an hour.”

Uncle John T. Keal is my grandfather’s brother, younger by ten years, and also a doctor. Seen together, they remind

one of the Town Mouse and the Country Mouse. Tall, good looking, very upright, and wearing the broad white choker occasionally affected by physicians of that date, Uncle John looks as if he had come out of much the same basket as Aunt Rebecca. His manners are courtly, and, like many of his generation, he has never learnt to lounge, whereas my grandfather, who from his hours in the saddle and his work in the garden is much more loose-limbed and countrified, will doze in his easy chair till midnight has struck, and he can go to bed without much fear of being called out of it. Uncle John has a charming little cultured wife, Aunt Ann, whom everybody loves, and who, as she has only one little boy, is less burdened with earthly cares than is my grandmother, who puzzled me once, I remember, by turning up her eyes to heaven and sighing, "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."\* I had thought until then that only schoolboys were born unto trouble. Uncle John† will soon be moving to London, to Upper Woburn Place, close to the storm-centre of Irvingism, still active though its founder is dead (1834),

\* From her Obituary notice (*Gospel Standard*, 1870, p. 354), I gather that my grandmother, Deborah Ward Keal, sister to William Tiptaft, always spoke of William Gadsby as her spiritual father. On the formation of a church at Oakham in 1843, she was the second person to receive baptism. Toward the end of her life she said to a friend, "It is hard travelling sometimes, but all our trials are numbered."

† Mr. and Mrs. John Keal are frequently mentioned in that sad, but fascinating, book, *The Journal of Emily Shore*, who was their young neighbour at Potton. (London: Kegan, Paul and Co., 1891.) On Midsummer Day (June 24), 1837, when little Queen Victoria had been less than a week on the throne, Emily Shore's path happened to cross my father's, like ships that pass in the night, at "that great ice-house, Exeter, that abode of deadness, ignorance, and heresy" (Letter No. 41). She, poor child, fated soon to die of that consumption which in his case had been so marvellously arrested, was on her way home from Torquay, while he was returning from Devonport to Allington *via* Trowbridge, full of those verses of Isaiah (xviii. 5, 6) which had been recently opened to him, and had suggested the well-known sermon *Winter afore Harvest*.

There are several expressions in poor Emily's *Journal* which make one regret that she did not hear my father preach, as he did at Exeter, from that wonderful text, "For the word of God is quick and powerful," etc. (Heb. iv. 12). "I hate—yes, I truly hate myself," writes poor Emily Shore. "for I see the depths of sin within me which are hidden from all other eyes." There is one other point which adds interest to the *Journal*. On her last sad voyage to Madeira there happened to be on board a gentleman who had known her mother when a girl at Casterton, near Stamford. He left the ship at Gravesend, but not before he had charmed them all "with his frank good-natured countenance," which "resembled the portrait of Porson." That individual, who has recently been exposed to public obloquy on the London stage, was no other than Mr. Barrett, of Wimpole Street. His distinguished daughter, the poetess, was just ten years older than Emily.

and will practise among the city-merchants who have not yet deserted Bloomsbury, but in 1833 he is still living at Potton in Bedfordshire, where John Berridge had once preached from a horse-block.

When she went to her Stamford boarding-school my mother seems to have left her little album behind her, and not to have taken it up again until she had lengthened her skirts and put up all her pretty ringlets except two, which after being caught up over each ear fell down beside her cheeks according to the fashion of the day. She was just turned eighteen and had come home for good, to help in the house and teach her young sisters in place of Miss Nettlefold, who loved her dearly, and had now to part from her, but not without leaving this touching tribute of affection in the little album.

#### FAREWELL.

If e'er by words can be expressed  
The mind of man when broken-hearted,  
Or sighs, or tears console the breast,  
From what it loves forever parted,  
Then every grief I have to tell,  
'Mid sighs just breathed and tears just started,  
Read thou in this wild word—Farewell.

G. NETTLEFOLD.

Scarcely is the grief of parting over before my father comes down for the first time to Oakham. They have heard much of him from Uncle Tiptaft and are full of expectation. He arrives on July 1st, 1836, but, having caught cold on the journey, has to keep his room for some days, and the family do not see much of him. He is able, however, to preach twice on Lord's-day, July 10th, and on the following Wednesday evening. On the Friday, a cold and rainy day, Mr. de Merveilleux sends a fly to take him over to Stamford. My mother having begged him to write something in her album, he has taken it away with him, and does not give it back to her until he is stepping into the fly. This is what she reads, or rather, must ask her brother James to read to her.

Χαλεπὸν τὸ μὴ φιλῆσαι  
Χαλεπὸν δὲ καὶ φιλῆσαι·  
Χαλεπώτερόν δὲ πάντων,  
'Αποτυγχάνειν φιλοῦντα.



SARAH LOUISA PHILPOT.  
(At the Age of Forty-five.)  
From a Miniature.

Χαλεπὸν τὸ μὴ φιλεῖσαι  
Χαλεπὸν δὲ καὶ φιλεῖσαι  
Χαλεπώτερόν δὲ πάντων,  
Ἀποτυγχάνειν φιλοῦντα.

*Translation*

'Tis hard to feel no love,  
'Tis hard with love to burn,  
The hardest lot of all to prove,  
To love without return.

FROM A SCHOOL-GIRL'S ALBUM.



SARAH LOUISA PHILPOT,  
(At the Age of Seventy.)

Below he hastily added an improvised translation (see illustration), for which I have the temerity to substitute my own.

“’Tis hard to keep from loving; ay!  
And hard with love to burn.  
Hardest of all it is to love,  
And love without return.”

This little epigram owes its neatness to a play upon the word “chalepon,” which both in Greek and English may mean hard to endure as well as hard to put in practice.

I doubt whether my father gave his whole mind to it when he inscribed that old Greek school-tag and his hurried translation in the little album. What else could he do when a pretty girl, the daughter of his host, asked a favour of him so prettily. Possibly he would never see her again. For it was not until a fortnight later that he definitely promised my grandfather, whom he found “a particularly friendly person,” to come again to Oakham in the following October. My grandmother also had conceived a warm, almost motherly interest in him. That racking cough of his went to her heart.

From this point onward his Letters to Joseph Parry (Nos. 18-28) should be read carefully, and read between the lines. There is not a word in them about my mother, and poor Mr. Parry cannot understand why his dear friend should be deserting Allington for Oakham and Stamford, and upsetting all his long cherished plans. He is hurt and jealous and cut up, to have his ewe-lamb taken from him. He cannot see in it, as we can, the hand of Providence working out its sovereign will.

Early in October, then, my father is back at Oakham, where, as we know, he will remain, except for a month at Stamford, until the Spring of 1837 is well advanced. He is by now quite at home in my grandfather's house. Sometimes when the weather is mild he takes a quiet walk with my grandmother, or goes for a ride with her husband, but the family do not see much of him, for he is at his desk nearly all day. But he joins them all at family prayers and at meals. When the mid-day dinner has been served, one of the young ladies knocks at his study-door, and in he comes to find all the eight little olive-plants seated round the table.



At its head sits my grandmother in her fine lace-cap, opposite to the curtained windows through which she can look down the long Market-place. He takes his seat on her right hand next to young James Keal. Opposite to him sits my mother, between her two baby brothers, William and John. Eliza, Charlotte, Emma, and pretty little Mary are placed on either side of my grandfather, and sometimes his assistant will come in to complete the round dozen. Having asked a blessing at my grandmother's request, all through the meal my father talks most entertainingly, and the children watch him with wide-open eyes. Before his coming, except during Uncle Tiptaft's visits, meals had been mainly silent.

It is now December (1836) and my father is due at Stamford on the 8th. So let us take one last look into the little album before we put it away for good. We shall find in it touching evidence of my father's last struggle against his destiny. Whether the warning contained in the following verses was meant for my mother, or for himself, the writer, is more than anyone can say, but it seems to show a grievous misconception of what married love and constancy can be, when blessed by God.

- “ Earthly love is vain and fleeting,  
Mixed with sin and doomed to perish;  
And grief soon rends the heart that's beating  
With thoughts and hopes 'tis sin to cherish.
- “ Earthly love's oft unrequited,  
Begins in smiles and ends in sorrow;  
The fondest hopes are soonest blighted,  
And love to-day is hate to-morrow.
- “ Earthly love adores the creature,  
Ever restless, fickle, changing;  
Worships an eye, adores a feature,  
From flower to flower for pleasure ranging.
- “ Earthly love's too poor a treasure  
T'enrich the soul that's bought with blood,  
And wrath will visit without measure  
Each one that makes such love his god.
- “ Heavenly love is pure and lasting,  
Is firm as God's eternal throne.  
Cannot be known except by tasting,  
But is to God's elect made known.

"Heavenly love's not mixed with sorrow,  
 Inflicts no guilt and leaves no pain;  
 Not given to-day and lost to-morrow,  
 But once revealed's revealed again.

"Heavenly love can melt and soften  
 Hearts of ice and breasts of steel;  
 Never fails though doubted often,  
 Nor withers, though we may not feel.

"Heavenly love will bloom for ever,  
 When creature fondness fades and dies,  
 And when the grave earth's ties shall sever  
 Will to its fountain upward rise."

Dec. 6, 1836.

J. C. P.

The sequel, the happy sequel, you all know.

In a letter to Joseph Parry, April 30, 1838, after he had announced his engagement, my father writes, "Had I continued, as might, perhaps, have been best for me, unmarried," etc. Best for him! Why! no man was ever less fitted to live alone, or at the mercy of cheap hired servants. But he knew not yet what a treasure had been bestowed on him in that fair, blue-eyed girl, who was to be at once a wife, a thrifty house-keeper, a secretary, a devoted nurse, and, I may almost say, a willing slave.

I shall not have much more to say about my mother, but she will always be there, a loving presence and a faithful satellite. Of her letters, only that given below has been preserved, addressed to George Isbell, the ardent young minister who had married my father's elder sister, and to whom some of the most interesting letters in this Volume were directed. If asked why she did not take her soul-trouble to my father, I should answer, on account of the same instinctive delicacy which prompts a doctor's wife, when ill, to consult anyone but her own husband.

To George S. B. Isbell.

Stamford, July 13th, 1846.

My dear Friend,—Your kind letter seemed in a measure to revive my spirit, and give me a little encouragement to hope that the Lord would in His own time and way manifest His pardoning love and tender mercy to my sinful soul. I know and feel that nothing but His almighty hand and sovereign mercy can save me from everlasting destruction. Oh! that I could believe there was pardon and mercy for me! But still I cannot help begging the Lord to show mercy. Often do I cry:

“O Lord, have mercy on my soul !  
 Without Thy help I die ;  
 None e'er could need Thy mercy more  
 Than such a wretch as I.”

My mind has been uncomfortable now for more than two years. The death of my poor brother, I believe, led me to feel what must be my lot if I died in the state I then was. This I had long seen before in my judgement, and could understand the whole plan of salvation, but never before did I feel that I was lost. I can hardly tell what feelings worked in my mind, though I constantly tried to drive them away, and often appeared cheerful while my heart was heavy, and often have I been fretful and peevish, and could not tell why.

When Mr. Godwin preached at Oakham from these words, “The election hath obtained it, and the rest were blinded,” he spoke of those who were sincere seekers after the word of life, and declared such were made so by electing love, and should not seek in vain, but their desire would be accomplished. This gave me for a few minutes such a hope that the Lord would in His own time manifest His pardoning love to my soul, for I felt that I was a sincere seeker. But this hope is gone, though at times I cannot forget what I then felt.

I have a great dread of being a hypocrite and professing what I do not feel, or of being thought more of than I really am. You will then, my dear friend, not show this letter to anyone, for I often think my trouble is only carnal convictions, and the fear of death and damnation that makes me cry for mercy, for I often feel so carnal, light, and frivolous, and have sometimes wished that I had no soul to be saved or lost. But then again I feel that I love to hear the truth, and love those who know the truth, and like to hear them speak of what the Lord hath done for them.

I feel a relief in having opened my mind to someone. Several times I wished to speak to you after your return from Stamford, but could not. May you be led to supplicate the Lord on my behalf. Should it be the heavenly Father's will to reveal His Son to my soul, I feel sure I shall not be backward in singing His praise, and crying victory to the honour of His Name.

Yours very sincerely,

S. L. PHILPOT.

Fifty-three years and more, after writing that letter, had my mother to live before her pilgrimage was ended. For the last seven years of her existence she was practically blind, and for the last three almost bedridden. After long suffering she died on October 24, 1899, in her 82nd year, and was buried beside her husband. From among the things she is recorded to have said, with her “sweet childlike simplicity” during her long affliction, I select these few.

“Lately I have felt more confident that I should be saved. How wonderful it is that such sinners should be saved! I used to pray every night that my children might be saved, and asked the Lord if He



RUTLAND TERRACE,  
as seen from Melancholy Walk, across the site of Austin Friary.

wouldn't save me at least *to save my children*. How nice it is to pray and to feel your prayers are heard and answered."

\* \* \*

"When I was a child, I could not understand what it was 'to talk with Him one never sees.' Now I can understand it."

\* \* \*

"Why should God look upon such a poor thing as I am. If my arms were wings I would fly to Him. But I am in His hands, and am willing to wait His time, and that He should do with me just as He pleases. I have so prayed for my dear children, and those near and dear to me. He *will* bless them."

\* \* \*

"That is so beautiful, 'I will come again to you.' God is so good. If He troubles us, we know He will come again. His love is as large as His power. It is very nice to be loved, but God's love is superabounding. It is sweet to lie passive in His hands."

\* \* \*

"How beautiful to look forward to a glorious eternity! The Lord is so good. He has been so kind to me, and His love is an *everlasting* love. I sometimes think I am not grateful enough for my many mercies. God has given us so many, I am lost in wonder, love, and praise. He knows just what we want."

\* \* \*

"He gives me strength to bear what I suffer. He is very good in taking my tabernacle down so gently. My last days are my best days."\*

\* \* \*

These few extracts will suffice to show how, taught by the Blessed Spirit through suffering, our mother had come to realize for herself the profound truth of what, as we have seen, her dear husband had written in the little album sixty-four years previously,

"Heavenly love is pure and lasting,  
Firm as God's eternal throne."

\* *Gospel Standard*, 1900, p. 91.

## CHAPTER XI.

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### RUTLAND TERRACE.

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THE claim may seem a bold one, but I have heard it prophesied that in centuries to come that delectable spot, Rutland Terrace, Stamford, will be linked as closely in many hearts with the honoured memory of J. C. Philpot, as are the house and garden at Olney with that of William Cowper, and poor John Bunyan's with Bedford Gaol. For it was in one or other of its twenty houses that he spent the twenty-five most arduous, most fruitful, and, I grieve to add, most maligned and calumniated years of his life. Thither came those chosen friends, ministers, and visitors from overseas, to each of whom I hope to devote a paragraph in the course of this chapter. From there his words, born of fervent prayer and spiritual meditation,\* were carried far and wide. And there in his hours of ease toward the close of day he dictated the Letters included in the present volume. These were all written before I was born, but perhaps I may be allowed to reproduce in the modesty of small print my memory of a certain winter evening some years later in my parents' lives, when I, as the youngest of the four little "trials" whom God had sent them for their good, was a rather privileged person, and perhaps unduly spoilt.

In the large first-floor room at No. 10, known as the Library, the curtains have been drawn and the shaded reading-lamp lit. It is past my bedtime, but on promising to be as quiet as a mouse I am allowed to sit on the floor and play by myself for an extra ten minutes in a corner near the fire. A few feet away my mother is seated at a writing-table, pen in hand and the lamp by her side, while my father, with crossed knees from his armchair by the fire, dictates one of his prized letters to some dear distant friend. In the flicker of the burning logs I see a strip of white stocking and an evening shoe beating slow time to the rhythm

\* "Spiritual meditation," he contended, "so needs the immediate and sustained help and power of the Blessed Spirit, that it can be neither begun nor carried on without Him. In it the soul is not as a fish in a pool which may alike swim or sleep without any sensible difference, but like a bird in the air which, unless its flight be continually sustained by the exertion of its wings, at once drops to the ground."—*Meditations*, First Series, p. 155.

of his dictation. "Little pitchers have long ears," and suddenly, as my father pauses in the middle of a sentence to let my mother catch him up, I am tempted to finish it for him in my childish treble. Every practised speaker has a store of set phrases, small change, with which he will tail off one sentence while thinking of the next. From having sat through so many of my father's sermons I happen to know most of his favourite "tags," if I may call them so, and on this occasion I am not, I think, very wide of the mark. "Hold your tongue, child," cries my mother, as crossly as she knows how, but my father, so far from administering the snubbing I deserve, enters into the spirit of the game, and takes the wind out of my conceit by ending his sentence in a way that no one else would have thought of. In his Letters he has sometimes painted himself in such dark colours, that I have ventured to put in this little bit of "high light," to show what a dear indulgent father he could be.

But to go back for a moment to years before I was born. We have seen how on a certain wintry day early in 1837, he was driven in a hired fly from that house in St. Mary's Street, Stamford, which I always think of as "Melancholy Hall," to my grandparents' cheery home in Oakham Market-place. Now as he had to pay a shilling at Tinwell toll-gate, we happen to know that the driver, instead of leaving the town, as he should have done, by Scotgate, took his fare down through what he probably called "The Shippens," i.e., the Sheep-market, and then up again by Castle Hill and past that large untidy mound, that centuries-old children's playground, beneath which had lain all that the Lancastrian army had left of St. Peter's church and graveyard in 1461, until it was fenced and planted in my time to receive a Russian gun from the Crimea. Thence it is only a short distance to the gap in the town-wall where formerly had stood St. Peter's gate, through which the old turnpike-road led, not to Oakham, but through Tinwell and Ketton across the hills of little Rutland to Uppingham, Leicester and the West, as shown in our map. It may be said without exaggeration that to pass through that gap even a century ago was not unlike leaving a prison or a pesthouse for health and freedom.\*

Suddenly through the fly-window on his left my father's eye could range across the snow-clad Welland valley to the

\* Like many other country towns, Stamford had not then, nor for long after, either cemetery or main drainage. Served by ancient cesspools, it was never free from typhoid fever, and faces all pitted with smallpox were far from uncommon. Meanwhile, except in St. Martin's, which had its own cemetery, the little churchyards were crammed.

leafless woods on its distant slopes. On his right he saw, I know not whether for the first time, a long row of neat new houses, separated from the paved side-walk by little gardens, and faced with a light fawn-coloured free-stone almost fresh from the stone-cutters' saw. Rutland Terrace! And for him, I believe, it was almost a case of love at first sight! It was called Rutland Terrace because it is almost within sight of that diminutive county, and it is happy in having been built at a period when English architects had not yet lost their sense of proportion or their preference for unadorned simplicity.\* Architecturally, indeed, it may easily have reminded him of his Fellow's rooms in the middle of the raised terrace at Worcester College, which dated from not so many years earlier, and had the same round-headed ground-floor windows and were faced with the same plain sawn free-stone. But in contrast to the cloistered and shaded peace of an Oxford college, Rutland Terrace faced the sun, was open to the winds, and, standing, as it did, on a highway, saw farmer's gigs by the dozen, and horses, sheep and cattle by the score driven past it to Friday market, while on Sunday mornings the town-dwellers chose its side-walk for their favourite after-church promenade. On other days it could be as quiet as anyone could wish.

My father, I should say, had special reasons for an interest in the place, for Rutland Terrace had been built partly on an ancient bowling-green which had belonged to his grandfather, the Rev. Peter Lafargue, and had formed part of his mother's inheritance. Indeed the narrow thoroughfare between Rutland Terrace and the town-wall was known in my young days as Bowling-green Lane. My grandmother had sold the little property in 1813, when she was hard pressed by doctors' bills at Ripple Rectory, and my father was an ailing boy of eleven, menaced by the fate which was soon to carry off his two young sisters. The rest of the site must have been a sloping bank of stony waste wedged in between the Tinwell Road and that prehistoric "By-pass," which we always called the Back-

\* Recently Mr. Wickham has pointed out in *The Villages of England*, p. 34 (London: Batsford, 1932), how it is the colite quarries close around Stamford which have given "that dignified city," the highest rank in architectural quality. "An excellent tradition has been maintained in its churches, inns, and domestic buildings from the time of the spire of St. Mary's right down to the nineteenth century."





SARAH, DEBORAH MARIA AND JOSEPH HENRY PHILPOT.  
January, 1858.



JOSEPH HENRY PHILPOT,  
as a boy.

way, because it took one to chapel without going through the town, though its proper name is West Street, until it crosses Scotgate and is continued as our familiar North Street, to join the main route again beyond the town. Hence most of the houses in Rutland Terrace have their back-gates on a much higher level than the front ones, and stone steps lead up to them from the little back-gardens. For us children those back-gates spelt liberty, so we will return to them later.

On its being providentially decided for him that he was to live at Stamford, my father had lost no time in selling his Sussex farm and investing the proceeds in No. 10 Rutland Terrace, the only one then in the market, but it was let on a long lease, and he did not get possession until the year of the great comet, 1858. Meanwhile he rented successively No. 15 and No. 14, but my young memories are nearly all of No. 10.

As will be seen from that Illustration, the photograph for which was taken from somewhere near Melancholy Walk, Rutland Terrace stands high above the Welland Valley and enjoys an unimpeded view. Leaning over the balcony of the library at No. 10, one could imagine—a child can imagine anything—that one was in the royal box of an enormous green amphitheatre, the floor of which was the mile-long dead-level stretch of Stamford common meadow curving away on the right to the waterfall and Tinwell mill, both out of sight, while the opposite tiers across the valley, which a child could people with crowds and banners, were for an older eye only the thickly wooded slopes and hay-fields of Northamptonshire, fringe of the ancient Rockingham Forest where King John loved to chase the deer. From St. Martin's high-pinnacled church-tower rising above the houses on the extreme left to that of Easton on the far right, standing high upon its distant hill, all in my youth was green woodland with nothing to arrest the eye but the four turrets of Wothorpe ruins, still capped with lead. I like to picture my father on some fine May morning leaving his Hebrew Old Testament for a while, stepping out on to his sunny balcony, and inhaling from all that far-flung green loveliness a sense of peace.

The view has long since been ruined as a view by that intruder, the Midland Railway and its red-brick monstrosi-

ties, but when my parents first settled in Rutland Terrace in 1839, instead of little local trains puffing and crawling at intervals along the valley, they could watch on their extreme left an endless procession of gay stage-coaches and travelling chariots being carefully steered up or down that steep bit of the Great North Road just beyond the rococo lodge-gates of Burghley Park. Afterwards for the best part of a century Stamford was blissfully secluded from all through-traffic, and we school-boys on a fine half-holiday would sometimes tramp the four miles to Tallington, just to see "the Flying Scotsman" race past. But since the coming of the motor-car that primitive highway, the Great North Road, has recovered its ancient use, and Stamford a share of its old importance.

Protected by the Welland, the pleasant suburb of St. Martin's climbing up to the Northamptonshire plateau had for centuries enjoyed comparative security, and in an annex to the George Hotel they profess to show you King John's bedroom. Even North of the river certain religious orders had once been adventurous enough to build their homes, and the sloping field in front of Rutland Terrace still shows by its hummocks where once stood a large Austin Friary. But apart from these, Rutland Terrace was almost the first set of private residences to be built outside the town-wall. My father ends the last letter in this volume with, "Through mercy we are all well, and this is a great mercy, for the town is full of sickness, chiefly small-pox, and many, especially children, have died. I consider ourselves favoured in having a healthy locality to dwell in." And it is true that we children escaped most of the infections which were decimating our young contemporaries. The secret was that Rutland Terrace stood on what was practically virgin soil and had its own deep well and its own big pump, by means of which its factotum, my old friend Christopher Holmes, who sometimes took me out for a donkey-ride, used to fill all our cisterns with water from the underlying rock.

Now in startling contrast to the green and smiling pleasure to be seen from our front windows, all the country at the back of Rutland Terrace was in my memory bleak and bare, without hedge or tree or habitable house, and kept so of set purpose that it might afford no cover to the Northern raiders, who for centuries came down like a wolf on the fold

and kept Stamford in a state of chronic terror. On that part of the North Fields behind the chapel, now covered with pleasant habitations, we schoolboys used to fly our kites over the stubbles with no one and nothing to say us nay.

At one time my father had thoughts of moving his growing family to a beautiful old house in St. George's Square, not many doors from where he had stayed with Mr. de Merveilleux, but as, for one thing, it had no view, he fortunately gave up the idea, and the *Gospel Standard* continued to be edited from Rutland Terrace and published from Bouverie Street, whence, as old issues tell, it found its way to private soldiers shivering in Crimean trenches, or sweltering before the gates of Delhi; to lonely men living in shacks on the Ballarat gold-fields, or on remote Australian sheep-farms; to lovers of truth in new American townships; while at home it was sold in ever-increasing numbers.

No account of my father would be complete without some mention of the Tinwell Road, which formerly led past Rutland Terrace straight into the open country. Now it is lined with modern villas and its ancient peace has fled. But on nine days out of ten, as soon as his long morning's task was done, my father would put on his cloak and tall hat, issue from his front gate, turn to the right, and within less than a hundred yards would find the quiet that his soul required for silent meditation, if, to borrow one of his favourite expressions, he was not to prove a dry breast to the many thousands who looked to him for spiritual food. The broad pathway on the right was raised some five feet above the dusty white road and commanded a wide view over the valley. There were four or five posts at one point to keep stray sheep and cattle off it, when driven in by the score to fair or market. On some days he would only go as far as "the posts" and back. More usually he would extend his walk to Tinwell toll-bar, which crowned the gentle rise and marked the entry into Rutland, with its elm-bordered lanes. On his good days he would venture into the valley as far as what we called "Pa's Tree," a big elm which happened to stand out in the middle of the path, and lent itself admirably to the game of "hide and seek." Very occasionally he would get even as far as the pretty model village of Tinwell with its old stocks under the trees in front of the little church,

whither James Tiptaft, my grandmother's eldest brother, (b. 1792), came down from Tinwell Lodge to worship with his wife and family, and where one of his handsome daughters led the singing and played the barrel-organ which ground out one or other of its half-dozen hymn-tunes.\* Sometimes my father would take one of his children with him, and give a botany lesson, picking a wild flower and teaching his pupil to examine and name all its distinctive parts. Or he would thrill one with the graphic story of Sukey Harley, as he had thrilled the readers of the *Gospel Standard* ten years earlier.†

There was nothing, I should mention, that he mistrusted more than infant piety. For long he was opposed to Sunday schools, till he had to give way before the general consensus of his followers. But he did not cease to insist that children should never be taught or allowed to use the language of appropriation, to sing, for instance, "Rock of ages, cleft for me;" or, "My Jesus hath done all things well." Herein he was quite logical. For though by early influence and example you can bring up a child to be a little patriot, a little Catholic, a little Calvinist, a little Bolshevik, and perhaps even a little "citizen of the world," no power on earth, he would have maintained, can make him a child of God unless his name has been written in the Lamb's book of life. He took care that we, his children, attended the means of grace, and never missed chapel or family prayers, but he did not expect us to be anything but little heathen. We had, it is true, to be well-behaved little heathen. If not, we got the stick, or its equivalent. Outside the front-gate of Rutland Terrace it behoved us to be clean and tidy and well-conducted, walking as delicately as the Misses Aird's young pupils. But outside the back-gate we could romp as we pleased. There grubby hands and towzled hair brought no reproach. Fortunately we had "the drying-ground" to play in.

When my father came at last into possession of No. 10, his first care was to build a wash-house in the back-garden, and a little lean-to greenhouse with a large tank to collect the rain-water beneath it, in place of the old water-butt which

\* I have just heard that one of James Tiptaft's great-grandsons, therefore William Tiptaft's great-great-nephew, attended quite recently the centenary service at the Abbey chapel, Abingdon.

† *Gospel Standard*, May, 1849. *Collected Reviews*, Vol. I., p. 5.

had served that purpose at No. 14. It was beside that old water-butt, by the way, that my brother, then only a boy of 14, posed the rest of us behind the iced twelfth-cake, which some kind friend had sent us, for the photograph reproduced in this volume. It can be dated safely January 25, 1858, for while we "posed" off went the gun which announced that the German Crown Prince (the future ill-fated Emperor Frederick) had been duly married to our Princess Royal.

If the little greenhouse proved a boon to my father, as a place where he could find some relaxation when it was too cold or too wet for his usual walk, to my mother it was a source of unending interest. Like her father, she was a born gardener. She installed her own little propagating frame, kept at the right temperature by cheap ingenious devices, and she grudged no trouble to make her seedlings thrive. The seven-foot hollyhocks in the little front garden which one year were the envy of all our neighbours had cost her nothing but the price of a gallon or two of Colza oil.

But the wash-house, with its ample supply of rain-water, brought still greater comfort to her thrifty soul, for with washing at home, both house-and body-linen seemed never to wear out. Every other Monday, when my father was safe out of the way at Oakham, the washerwoman came and kept the maids busy carrying off the clothes to dry. Across the Back-way, between a corn-field and a rick-yard and chicken-run, was that oblong strip of land enclosed by loose stone walls and entered by a heavy creaking gate, known as "the drying-ground." Except on washing-days we children had it to ourselves, to tend our little gardens, devise new little games, and rifle the strawberry-bed. In its time the drying-ground was called on to play many parts. One day it would figure as the threshing-floor of Boaz, that mighty man of wealth. Another day it would be the courtyard and well of Cawnpore, the tragic details of which had recently been told us by our father at the tea-table, and had lost none of their grisly horror in the telling.

It was my dear sister Derah, a dreamy, imaginative child, who mostly suggested the plots for our little make-believes. She it was, too, who in her later years took the lead in selecting those "daily portions" from our father's works published under the name of *Ears from Harvested Sheaves*,

and *Through Baca's Vale*. Poor Derah! She has long since gone where there is no need for "make-believes." She was of too fine a fibre for this world. As John Warburton said of his mother, she was, I believe, "a vessel prepared unto glory before the mountains were brought forth," and would have gone to the stake for her religion. It is already fifteen years since Mr. Popham consigned her poor body to rest in Tunbridge Wells Cemetery. The snow lay on the ground, but in the clear distance the houses on Mount Ephraim were smiling in the sun.

And now we will go back in time as well as place to the decorous front of Rutland Terrace, each house of which was so jealously spied upon by its neighbours, and to those few chosen friends and visitors in whose spirits and in whose mouths my father had found neither jealousy nor guile. They were not many, but all deserve to be remembered.

1. ISAAC HARRISON, of Leicester (d. 1855).

It was in 1837, on my father's first or second visit to Leicester, that Isaac Harrison heard him preach at Mr. Creasey's chapel. Some years later he sent him a long account of his exercises of spirit in connection with the chapel which he had determined to build at Leicester (Trinity chapel, Alfred Street), and which was eventually opened by my father on Christmas Day, 1840.

"1839," he writes,\* "was a wonderful year to me. During it I travelled about two hundred miles . . . to hear a few gracious men preach the truths of the everlasting gospel. I had been roused by your preaching out of a sleepy, hard, dead state which I had fallen into for the last two or three years. It is now about eleven years since the Lord passed by me and saw me in my blood, and said unto me, 'Live.'† Oh, Sir! it was a time of life to me indeed; for then my blind eyes were opened, my deaf ears were unstopped, my poor stammering tongue loosed, so that I could call God my God. . . .

"But at times I feel as if I had lost sight of all; feel full of pride and rebellion, begin to quarrel with myself; find Satan very ready to help old nature. Everything seems going on wrong; all appears to be ins and outs, ups and downs, crooks and crosses. Cannot rest; feel as if I had lost something. Sit down; no rest. Walk about, hanging down the head. Feel burdened; very sorrow-

\* *Gospel Standard*, 1855, p. 182.

† Ezekiel xvi. 6.

ful, crying, 'Oh! that I could tell where to find Him, then would I flee away and be at rest.' . . .

"I was very much pointed out by your last sermon at Zoar chapel, so much so that, if I had not known the plague of my own evil heart, and the Lord's dealing with me for a number of years, I should have concluded that some person or persons had named the whole of my life to you; for I felt within that I was a subject of all those diseases that you named; but blessed be God who healeth all our diseases! I was rather cast down at your leaving; and as the friends seemed to press to speak with you, I thought myself unworthy at the time, which made me give place to the more worthy."

To the discerning eye these few brief extracts will be enough to show the sort of lovable man that Isaac Harrison was, simple and honest as the day. He had sprung quite from the people. His two maiden sisters, who lived with him in the Hay Market, Leicester, for I believe he never married, once kept a fruit- and flower-stall in Leicester market and spoke broad Leicestershire, the friendliest dialect I know. But Isaac Harrison, who was gifted with imagination, had prospered by being among the first to grow hothouse fruit successfully on a commercial scale to satisfy the luxurious demands of the Victorian new rich. He died on March 3, 1855, at the age of 62, of the results of an injury to his chest received while helping his men to load some timber. He had become most warmly attached to Thomas Godwin, who has left us an affecting description of his last hours on earth.\* "He often told me all his heart," wrote Mr. Godwin, "although he was a remarkably close man. If you asked him any question, he would give you no answer, if he did not feel disposed to do so, but when his heart was touched, and his soul made feelingly alive, he would then enter into divine things most sweetly." He suffered intensely from the injury to his heart and lungs. "I watched every breath he drew, and I saw his poor soul struggling with death. Every breath seemed the voice of prayer. . . . Well might it be said that the saints 'fall' asleep, for truly it was just like breathing his soul into the bosom of Jesus."

One is glad to record that out of his hard-earned wealth he left a small farm to Thomas Godwin to provide for his declining years. The business he left to the son of his

\* *Gospel Standard*, May, 1855.



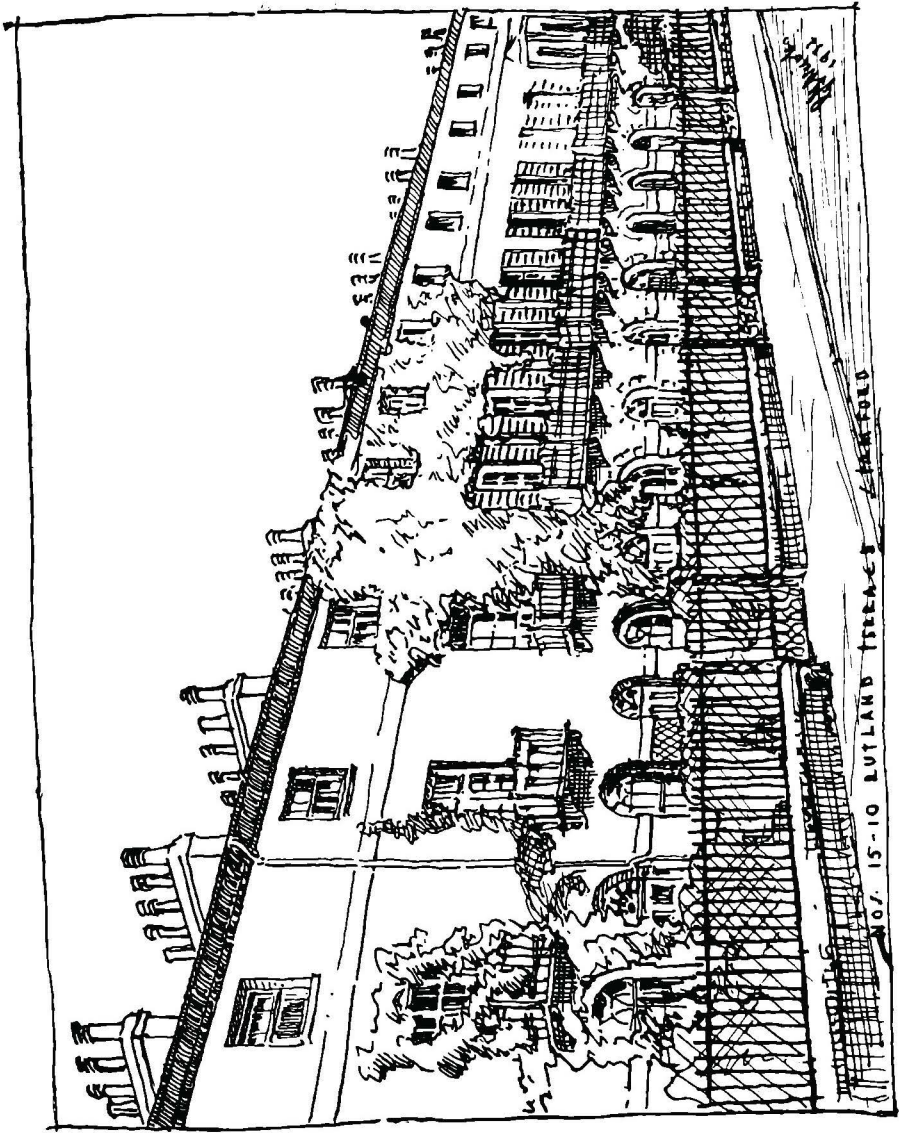
brother George, young Isaac, whom I dimly remember. A niece became the wife of Joseph Parry, junior.

When I was a young hospital resident in London it was most refreshing after weary hours spent among the sick poor to stroll through the old colonnade of Covent Garden, now quite forlorn and deserted, though then almost a resort of fashion, in order simply to feast one's senses on the exquisite fruit and flowers there displayed. At the costliest window, Solomon's I think, I always stopped and gazed with interest at the magnificent grapes, pineapples, and peaches which, I knew, had probably come from Isaac Harrison's hothouses.

The Alfred Street chapel, we read, is now a factory. For over thirty years the pure gospel had been preached there by many gracious ministers, including W. Gadsby, Warburton and Kershaw, whilst George Isbell and Grey Hazlerigg successively occupied its pulpit for part of each year as stated ministers. But not long after my father's death difficulties arose between Mr. Hazlerigg and the Harrison family, in consequence of which many of the faithful hearers separated themselves, built the present Zion chapel at great expense, and had it opened on April 15, 1873.

The few who still remained to worship at the old chapel carried on as best they could with supplies until the end of 1882, when Mr. Edward Carr, till then of Sleaford, became their stated minister, and took up his residence at the chapel-house, that "inconvenient and unhealthy building" to which my father had brought his wife and infant daughter forty years earlier, not without anxiety as to the airing of the beds (Letter No. 81). Hitherto all the expenses of the chapel, school and chapel-house had been defrayed by the Harrisons. "All was free," Mr. Carr tells us, "everything was provided." But shortly before his coming, the congregation had been informed that they must pay their own way, though young Isaac Harrison, who had long since ceased to attend the chapel, charged but a nominal rent for the premises. In 1887, however, he died suddenly, and his heir gave notice to quit. On Christmas Day Mr. Carr preached his last sermon in the old chapel which my father had opened just on half a century earlier. Mr. Carr struggled on at another chapel until 1890, and eventually accepted a call to Bath. "Too many in Leicester," he complained, with a heart excusably sore, "were always wanting change. God has let them have it. Suspicion, ill-will, gossip, back-biting prevailed to a painful degree. Gospel pastors have never been properly valued in this town. It may be God will bring His people to their senses by removing faithful pastors, and leaving the causes for a time to the wretched consequences of the 'Supply' system."\*

\* Carr, Edward. *Chronicles of a Chequered Pathway*, pp. 85 and 89. London, 1895.



RUTLAND TERRACE, from a recent Sketch.

Nottingham, twenty miles due North of Leicester, was the home of the next dear friend on my list.

## 2. LADY LUCY SMITH (1794—1865).

Somewhere about the time when young Isaac Harrison was nursing his youthful dreams in some poor Leicestershire cottage or tenement, little Lady Lucy Leslie-Melville was ironing her dolls' clothes on Saturday afternoons in the laundry at Balgonie Castle, Fifeshire, now a ruin. There, we are told, a word spoken by a laundry-maid was sent as an arrow of conviction to her soul. Her mother (the daughter of John Thornton (1720-1790), a rich London merchant, who may almost be said to have invented Philanthropy) had married Lord Balgonie, heir to the ancient Scottish earldom of Leven and Melville, and until little Lucy began to listen to the laundry-maid the Bible had been to her but a lesson-book. Thenceforth she determined to read it from cover to cover in order to find out how she might be saved. Her Bible was in two parts, and she carried the first about with her, and studied it secretly at any and every opportunity. She was much distressed to read of the expulsion of Adam and Eve from Eden, and of the cherubim being placed to guard the Tree of Life, and she wondered how she could find her way back to it. It was not, however, until she had read through the whole of her first volume, and half-way through the second, that she came upon the words, "I am the Way, and the Truth, and the Life: no man cometh unto the Father, but by Me" (John xiv. 6). In the Cross of Jesus she had found the Tree of Life.

She rarely spoke about her own spiritual experience, but on one occasion the words of Jeremiah (xviii. 1-10) were opened up to her in a very special manner, and she rejoiced ever afterwards to feel herself as clay in the hands of the divine Potter, dependent on the Holy Spirit for applying the word of God with power to her soul. She had been taken into society, rather against her inclination, but eventually found a worthy partner, who shared her own serious views of life, in Henry Smith, the head of an old-established bank at Nottingham. She was married to him in 1824, and henceforth shared his home, either at the Bank House, or at

the old family residence, Wilford House, some distance South of the town on the banks of the Trent.\*

We get interesting glimpses of Lady Lucy in some of the later Letters of Thomas Hardy, for whom both she and her husband had conceived a warm affection during his pastoral visits to Nottingham, when he preached, as did my father years later, at the little Thurland Street meeting-room. "At Stamford last week," writes Mr. Hardy, under date June 1831, "Mrs. de Merveilleux very finely. I remember Lady Lucy with deep respect and sincere affection." Writing to a Mrs. Leeson a few weeks later, he says, "To our dear Lady Lucy Smith you may be able to say on my behalf—the Lord be with her to sustain her in well-doing, and in aid of her truly Christian attention to her domestics. . . . To live upon the words of God's grace in Jesus, as most poor and sinful in ourselves; to be learning, doing, and meekly bearing His will, is the only wisdom, greatness and blessedness of man."†

It was just six years later, on August 29, 1837, as I gather from his Diary, that my father, passing through Nottingham on his way to Manchester, walked over to Wilford House, dined there and was sent back in the carriage. The visit, however, does not seem to have made much impression on him; for in that "Tribute to the Memory of Departed Worth," which he appended to the Memoir of Lady Lucy Smith,‡ he

\* Henry Smith was descended from Thomas Smith (1631—1699), who founded the bank at Nottingham, and purchased estates at Gaddesby and elsewhere, which their former papist owners had forfeited. His son, also Thomas, received in 1717 a grant of arms under the name of "Smith of Gaddesby," and he chose for his motto *Tenax in Fide*—"Steadfast in the Faith." His younger brother and partner was the first Abel Smith, and his son, the second Abel Smith, founded the London bank of Smith and Payne, and died at Wilford House in 1798. The husband of Lady Lucy was, I believe, his grandson. Only one of Lady Lucy's two sons, Henry Abel, reached maturity. His son, Francis Abel, died in 1908, and Wilford House was sold in 1922. The present innumerable rich and respected bearers of the name of Abel Smith are only distantly related to our Lady Lucy, but it is her great-grandson who not long since was received into the Royal Family.

† *Letters of Thomas Hardy*, Vol. I., p. 52.

‡ *Gospel Standard*, 1866, p. 97. In his "Tribute" my father puts on record an interesting letter to Mr. Thornton from John Berridge, who writes: "It proved a sad rainy day, I hear, when Lady Balgonie set out for Scotland, not a single dry eye in the family, nor in several of the neighbours. A comely farewell indeed, discovering the love and esteem she had won. Her marriage is somewhat like Rebecca's; only the groom, and

tells us, "The first time that I saw her was, I think, in October, 1849, when she and Mr. Smith came to hear me at Stamford, and the next morning she paid me a visit at my own house. Now I can truly say that she had not been five minutes in the room before I found myself, who am naturally very shy and reserved, talking more freely and plainly to her on the things of God than with some whom I have known for years." From that moment he became her devoted friend, and often stayed with her and Mr. Smith when he preached at Nottingham. And after her death on December 23, 1865, he presented the readers of the *Gospel Standard* with a brief sketch of her character. "I believe she loved grace above everything else, wherever she saw it," he writes; "for what else could have drawn her to separate herself from the world, and choose for her companions, not those of her own rank and station, but those who could have had no recommendation in her eyes but the image of Christ seen in them? Her labours of love were indeed unwearied to the last, and hundreds of her actions will never be known till the Great Day. She never named them herself, but they would sometimes come out incidentally. I was standing, for instance, one morning conversing with her at the hall door of Wilford House, and she said in her simple way, when I expressed a fear lest she should take cold, 'I have stood here sometimes two hours in a morning, attending to poor people who have come over from Nottingham.'"

As a young girl in society, Lady Lucy had been much admired, but, as I have been told by one of her family, she was so apprehensive lest her good looks should prove a snare to her, that she would constantly reverse the mirror in her bedroom. Her features, according to my father, were small but very regular, and her complexion fair and delicate, with a not unhealthy pallor. She was tall and remarkably upright and carried herself with an air of unselfconscious dignity. And she remained beautiful to the end. When she came to hear him at Gower Street chapel a few months before her death, "not a wrinkle," he tells us, "had creased her face, nor had her eyes lost

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not the steward, comes to fetch her from her native soil. I suppose you felt a pang at parting, and did not know how much you loved until you took your leave. May she find an Isaac, a kind and faithful partner in her Lord B.!"

their brightness, or her ears their acuteness. Age had not curved her form, nor stolen much from the lightness and activity of her step."

In his Memoir my father dwells especially on Lady Lucy's simple, yet dignified manner and deportment; on her unruffled calmness, amiability and benevolence of aspect; on her noble liberality, a perpetual stream, not a passing shower; on her remarkable talent for orderly administration; and on her simple yet exquisitely neat apparel, "admirably becoming her from its thorough harmony with her character, and yet, in these days, from its plainness arresting the eye, as in such marked contrast with the gay and gaudy attire of many of the daughters of our professing Israel." Like my father, Lady Lucy was not, I think, above enjoying a sly dig at other people. When she had only a few days to live, she said to her daughter-in-law after the doctor's visit, "Some trust in chariots, some in horses, some in doctors, some in ministers; but we will trust in the Lord."

### 3. G. TIPS, of Rotterdam.

One day not long before we removed to No. 10, my father received a letter in Dutch dated Rotterdam, September 30, 1857, and signed G. Tips. Under the title, "Good News from a Far Country," he inserted his translation of it in the *Gospel Standard*,\* not without apologies for obtruding his own personality. A few selections from it will, I am sure, be read with interest.

"Respected Sir,—It is now about three years since the glad news generally spread among the people of God that your sermons had been translated into Dutch, purchased by many persons, and read and re-read by not a few with an insatiable pleasure; and this in consequence of the hunger which, by God's grace, is still felt by many in Holland; a hunger not after natural bread, and a thirst not after the water of the river Maas, that flows by Rotterdam. Many a soul amongst that people, which, in self, is ever poor and wretched, has been revived and refreshed by the precious grain strewed by your hands.†

\* *Gospel Standard*, December, 1857, p. 362.

† While this volume was passing through the press, I received a letter dated Kalamazoo, Michigan, U.S.A., August 3, 1932, in which the writer, a Dutchman named H. Boers, says, "In Nederland they are printing sermons of your father every month in the Holland language, and they sell like hot cakes." Of what other dead preacher could the same be said after seventy-five years?—J. H. P.





LADY LUCY SMITH (1794—1865).

"Justly esteemed and loved."—J. C. P.

"To me also was the privilege given to purchase one of your sermons, to read aloud to my wife and friends; and in truth, as a blessing attended it, this sermon created a taste for more (*Het smaakte naar meer*). In consequence I kept buying and reading one sermon after another, until I have now all your sermons (about fifty-four in number) which have been translated into Dutch, besides your *Answer to the Question, What is it that Saves a Soul?*

"But as I received more and more food for my soul from your sermons (and I must confess that in these things I live, and in them is the life of my spirit), there arose a strong desire in my heart to know more about you. Among the people was the question asked, Who is this J. C. Philpot, a man so taught by the Holy Spirit? Where and when did he live? Is he still in this wilderness, or has he already entered into the heavenly Canaan? . . . My enquiries continued fruitless, and so my hope ever to become better acquainted with you vanished like smoke.

"But wonderful even in this case have been the ways of God. When we give up all heart, that is often the Lord's time to appear. Some weeks ago He sent me a person whom you know, Mr. L. from London. He happened to come to the counting-house of Messrs. — where I am chief manager. When I learnt that he was a preacher in London, I at once asked him if he were acquainted with you"—

And so, to shorten a long story, G. Tips was able to write to my father and to give him incidentally a picture of the deplorable condition of religion in Holland at that date.

"'Oh! that my head were waters,' he cries, 'and my eyes a fountain of tears,' that I might weep over the condition of Zion here. . . Nevertheless, through the light which God the Holy Ghost, for Christ's sake, sheds abroad, we are at various times deeply humbled, confess our guilt, and fall down into the dust; we mourn sore like doves. 'Pity, and show mercy. We have sinned. Do Thou that which is good in Thine eyes; only deliver us in our time, O Lord.'"

Even these few extracts will suffice to show that G. Tips was a man after my father's own heart. In reply he sent a long and most interesting Letter,\* which cannot unfortunately be included in the present Volume. In June, 1860, Mr. Tips came to visit us in Rutland Terrace, accompanied by a tall, lanky Dutch minister, whose name I never mastered. They went to hear my father preach, and shocked my mother terribly by smoking in their bedrooms. Fortunately the weather was warm and they were able to sit and smoke in our back-garden. G. Tips was a nice little middle-aged man with a rather rough-hewn face. His youngish

\* See *Letters and Memoir of J. C. Philpot*, p. 251. London: J. Gadsby, 1871.



companion was tall and fair. It fell to me, then a boy of ten, to take them off my parents' hands for an hour or two each day, showing them the best of the country round Stamford, but carefully avoiding the Fens, lest they should be reminded of their own flat landscape. As they spoke next to no English and I no Dutch, we wasted few words on the way.

First I took them, by way of Capability Brown's fine elm avenues, which they much admired, to see that boast in stone "Burghley House by Stamford Town," with its 365 windows and its elaborate gilded gates. From there we walked to Wothorpe Ruins, another whim of the great Lord Burghley's, sad relic of that nest-building instinct which is apt to overtake men past middle-age who have more money than is good for them. Thence we dropped down to the footbridge over the Welland, crossed the meadows, and toiled up that steep bit of the old Roman "Ermine Street," known as Water Furlong,\* until it crosses the Tinwell Road and becomes The Balks, or The Roman Bank.

The next day we took our way across the bleak North Fields, dropped down into the fertile green valley of the Guash and had a look at the interesting church of Little Casterton, by the riverside.† I might have shown them the adjacent curious Elizabethan mansion, Toletorpe Hall, the

\* The best houses in Stamford had their own gardens. For shop-keepers and others less fortunate, there were a dozen or more strips of private garden on the East side of Water Furlong, each with its own door in the long wall, and before the days of "the drying-ground" our parents rented one of them. It was from a private Stamford garden that the famous apple, "Peasgood's Nonsuch," was sent out into the world. One of the first to be buried in the unconsecrated part of the new Stamford cemetery was Mr. Peasgood, to whose shop in the High Street I used to be taken for head-gear. On his plain grave-stone there was nothing but his name, etc., and these words, which sorely puzzled my young brain: FOR CIVIL AND RELIGIOUS LIBERTY. Long after we had left Stamford, a son, or one of his family, married a Miss Manby of Grantham, who brought with her a young apple tree which as a girl she had grown from a pip planted in 1860, and which bore no fruit for ten long years. At last it produced five apples, which gained the first prize at the Burghley Park Flower Show. It was taken up by the London Horticultural Society, proved to be a new variety, and has gained a world-wide reputation.

† At that date the choice living of Little Casterton was held by a tall and handsome young sprig of the nobility, Rev. the Hon. Francis Byng, who often drove with his handsome wife in a neat dog-cart into Stamford, past the new cemetery and down Bootgate. Later on, he became vicar of a fashionable church in South Kensington, Chaplain to the House of Commons, and eventually fifth Earl of Strafford.

birth-place of Robert Browne, the founder of the Brownists, but though I was at that time often in and out of Browne's Hospital, or the Bedehouse, founded by one of his family long before he was born, I had not then realized the momentous part played by Robert Browne, the Seceder, in the history of English Nonconformity.\*

#### 4. JOHN COPCUTT, of Yonkers, New York.

None of my father's Letters to John Copcutt are included in the present Volume, for he did not begin to correspond with him before 1858, but as he and his charming family once came to Rutland Terrace, I have decided to put him on my list. Writing to him on January 24, 1867, my father made this interesting forecast, which has been only too literally fulfilled.

"The United States are a wonderful country, and possess in the largest abundance every natural gift of Heaven. But unless God show great mercy in the gifts of His grace, and raise up a people in your midst to fear His great Name, all your wealth and power, and all the capabilities so largely possessed of furnishing everything in the shape of wealth and abundance, may only prove sources of sin and eventual misery."

John Copcutt was the son of gracious parents who had emigrated to the United States when he was a young man. Since then he had prospered in business and become rich, but he wrote to my father in 1858, complaining that he had no opportunity of hearing the pure gospel and could feel no confidence in the surrounding ministers. To which my father replied:

"I think you do well to be separate from them, and to follow out your mother's plan and read the Scriptures and the writings of such gracious men as Bunyan, Rutherford, Erskine, and especially Mr. Huntington. These men had the Spirit of God, and were taught of Him to preach and write. They had tasted, felt and handled what they wrote and, so far as we are taught by the same Spirit, we shall see eye to eye with them, and feel a dew, unction and power attend their writings to our soul. It must be a very trying path for you to walk in, as it must bring down upon your head much reproach and misrepresentation. But if you are favoured with the testimony of God in your own conscience, and have some manifestations of His presence, it will amply make up for any reproach that may assail you."—*Letters and Memoir*, p. 263.

And out of his own experience he adds the wise and only too necessary warning:

\* *The Seceders*, Vol. I., p. 115.

"It is not separation that will do us any good, unless we have good ground for separating; and it will be tried over and over again how far our walk in this or that point is consistent with the will and word of God. Our own conscience, our doubting mind, the word of truth, our great adversary, the opposition of enemies, the suspicion of saints, will all in various ways try those movements which seem different from the usual course of the Lord's family."—*Ibid.*

About the year 1860 Mr. Copecutt, his wife and daughters, came to Stamford and put up for a few days at the Stamford Hotel. They called on us more than once at Rutland Terrace, and I remember well how the ladies' silk attire put my sisters' home-made dresses out of countenance. "We have a very distinct and pleasing recollection of your family," wrote my father to Mr. Copecutt years later. "You appeared to be a very united family, and that pleasing sight is unhappily rare."

John Copecutt lived to a great age and many of his letters to John Gadsby will be found in the *Christian's Monthly Record*, where it is related of him that once when touring on the Continent, for he was a great traveller, he said something in a hotel public-room derogatory to the Roman Catholics. Whereupon a stranger rose in anger, and cried, "How can you speak so of a religion professed by such millions?" He then bounced out of the room. John Copecutt called after him, "Then you think God should have drowned Noah and saved the rest alive." "A good answer!" said a lady who was present.\*

Of the ministers who came to stay in Rutland Terrace when supplying for my father, I give these impressions of a schoolboy for any worth they may have as footnotes to his Letters to them.

1. WILLIAM BROWN, of Godmanchester (1812-1867).

A tall, spare man, deathly pale, with hair prematurely white, with knuckles painfully swollen and sadly crippled by rheumatic gout, with peering eyes that had no recognition in them, and a slow, hobbling gait—such is my memory of William Brown. From his youth he had been the victim of some obscure virulent infection, to which the treatment of

\* *Christian's Monthly Record*, 1884, p. 55.

that day did more harm than good. Between the ages of 15 and 25 he had in consequence been stone-blind, until his sight had been sufficiently restored by six operations to enable him to read even small print, though not to distinguish faces. He had been a lover of Christ long before the doctrines of grace were fully opened up to him at the age of 21. Thereafter he had been received with open arms by his Lancashire neighbours, W. Gadsby, John M'Kenzie and John Kershaw, by the last of whom he was baptized. He began to preach in a room with fear and trembling to a few poor people, even before he recovered his sight. Ten years younger than my father, he was two years short of 30 when he first came to supply for him (see Letters 53 and 54). Thenceforward he became one of the few to whom my father could open his heart, and it was he, it may be remembered, who in 1850 sprang to the defence of his dead friend, John M'Kenzie, when his memory was so wantonly assailed.\* For twenty years he was minister at Godmanchester, preceding Thomas Godwin there, until forced by ill-health to resign the pastorate. The last seven "painful, weary" years of his life were spent at Brighton, supplying there and elsewhere even when condemned to crutches. He died peacefully, December 10, 1867, and as my father wrote to his widow, "Few men have died more in the esteem and affection of God's saints and servants."

2. THOMAS GODWIN, of Pewsey and Godmanchester (1803-1877).

In spite of their first inauspicious encounter, already described, I believe that, after Joseph Parry, there was no one who came nearer to my father's, and I might even say to my mother's heart, than Thomas Godwin. "I know scarcely another that I can travel so well with in spiritual things," my father once assured him. A child of nature as well as a child of God, he had about him something most lovable. His bald head, his heavy jowl, his stentorian voice, and the little brown eyes that met one's own with such a twinkle, to say nothing of his hearty appetite, led us irreverent children to dub him affectionately "Friar Tuck." But one has only to

\* *A Stone from the Brook*. Pamphlet, 12 pp. London: J. Gadsby, 1850.

read his remarkable Autobiography, which I hope to see re-published, to be filled with admiration for the man who, starting life as a totally uneducated cobbler's son, had under the influence of the Holy Spirit so prayed and striven and striven again that in the end he had learnt both to read and to write with no other help but from Above. In his preaching he often lapsed into broad Wiltshire, as "Christ is the Rock on which us is;" "Three nights ago the devil he pitched into I terrible;" and I think it made him all the more effective. His unfailing sympathy was a great comfort to my father under the many trials and afflictions recorded in this Volume. "Who have slandered and persecuted me most," asks my father of him in October, 1847, "the world, or professors? As a proof, the *Stamford Mercury* last week, mentioning my illness, spoke of me with kindness and respect, whilst those who profess so strict an adherence to the precepts of the gospel seem almost as if they thirsted for my blood." (Letter No. 91.)

### 3. JOHN GRACE, of Brighton (1800-1865).

Coming home as usual one Wednesday morning in the early Eighteen-sixties from his long fortnightly week-end at Oakham, my father found that in his absence a handsome library-table had been installed in that large first-floor room at Number Ten, which till then had been so bare of furniture. A kind letter explained that it was a gift from John Grace and other friends in recognition of my father's long labours in the cause of truth. But the original idea had been John Grace's. And it was not his only present, for on his journeys to the North to preach at Helmsley he would often go out of his way to call at Rutland Terrace for a heart to heart talk, usually bringing with him a basket of fresh fish or some such welcome offering. The best of my father's many Letters to him do not happen to fall in the compass of the present Volume, which only includes two (Nos. 89 and 95). For their close friendship only began in 1854, the last year that my father supplied at Eden Street chapel, when John Grace called one day at his lodgings quite unceremoniously, to make his nearer acquaintance. For the next ten years until John Grace's death in 1865 they corresponded regularly.

I myself remember John Grace as a tall man of handsome presence, with a fine head, and good features, and what my father describes as an "open, cheerful, affectionate manner and address," though, as a schoolboy, I found it a trifle too ingratiating. In his younger days he had been employed by the Brighton drapers, Hanningtons (the family from which sprang the ill-fated Bishop Hannington), where he had had to deal with ladies of rank and fashion as rank and fashion expect to be dealt with. In addition to its own rich residents, Brighton was in those days visited by many people of wealth and distinction, who brought with them their retinues of servants. "To many of these," wrote my father, in his beautiful reminiscence of his friend,\* "Mr. Grace's ministry was singularly owned and blessed. We have often thought of the sovereign grace of God in this. The master or mistress is passed by; they must go to church. The servant creeps into the chapel, where grace lays hold of his heart." Favoured with a large and liberal congregation, and being himself possessed of a most liberal spirit, John Grace was able during the Lancashire distress consequent on the American Civil War, to bring timely help to many places in the North and himself to see to its distribution. Again to quote my father, "Divine things were uppermost with him in heart and tongue; and so at once we usually got, not into carnal, worldly conversation, or a long rigmarole of outside work, but into some sweet living and daily experience. . . . A dead, carnal, lifeless profession was his abhorrence. Life in the soul, feeling in the heart, communion with the Lord—in a word, a daily, living, feeling, spiritual and supernatural religion was what he knew for himself and looked for in others. . . . By grace alone he knew he was what he was, and without it in others he knew equally well that, as there could be no beginning, so there could be no advance in the divine life."

#### 4. GREY HAZLERIGG (1818-1912).

I always associate Mr. Hazlerigg with the wheat-harvest, for it was in full swing when he paid us his first "supply" visit to Rutland Terrace in 1862. There were wheat-fields almost at our back-gate, and as soon as the Irish harvesters

\* *Gospel Standard*, 1865, p. 163.

had taken their sickles elsewhere, Sister Derah and I made our way through the long stubbles and came home with arms full of gleanings and legs riddled with harvest-bugs. The wheat we brought home, after being threshed, was not mixed with raisins and made into "frumenty" as usual, but stewed for hours by our North-country cook, Isabella Elliott,\* and served with hot milk as a porridge full of fresh vitamins. As I write I can almost see my dear mother sitting at the head of our breakfast-table with Mr. Hazlerigg on her right, while Sister Derah and I seated opposite to him lap up our wheat and milk sweetened with treacle. Mother does her best to persuade Mr. Hazlerigg to join us, but he shakes his head at the very idea of such kitchen fare. At last, however, he gives in to her coaxing and allows her to mix him a little in a teacup with cream and sugar. He even comes for a second helping. I remember him as a slim, dapper little man with a pale thin face, an aristocratic nose, and with what to a schoolboy seemed a rather finicking manner and mode of speech. Sometimes his voice would break like a boy's. He and my mother were born in the same year, but she treated him more as a son than as a stranger, and soon put him at his ease. For though he had been to Eton, had kissed the hand of William IV., and carried the colours of his regiment at Manchester on the occasion of Queen Victoria's coronation, he was constitutionally shy and nervous. His father had died when he was a child, and he and his brother Sir Arthur, 12th baronet, had been brought up by their mother, who had not "been guided into God's blessed truth" until 1848, when in her 65th year. Thereafter, until he was laid aside, she had attended the ministry of old Mr. Chamberlain, who had known William Huntington. But when Mr. Hazlerigg was chosen pastor of the Alfred Street chapel, she became a regular attendant there and took a house at Belgrave, Leicester, in order to make a home for him. It

\* The *Gospel Standard* for 1869, the last my father edited, contains three Obituaries of exceptional interest: 1, that of Lady Hazlerigg; 2, one of Mary Wild, containing reminiscences of Farmer Wild and early days at Allington (*vide Seceders*, Vol. I., p. 136); and 3, an account, the proof of which must have been the very last my father corrected, of the experience of his former cook, who had carried his sermon, *Winter afore Harvest*, in her bosom, long before she knew whether its author was alive or dead. After six years with us she found a good and gracious husband in Henry Prentice, of Oakham.

was there that my father visited him in 1861, and thus recorded his interview in a letter to Thomas Godwin, dated October 29, 1861.

“I dined with Mr. Hazlerigg at Belgrave, and had a good deal of conversation with him, not, indeed, very close, but still very comfortable. He is, I believe, a good man, though he has a great deal to learn, especially of himself. He has never been much rolled in Job's ditch, nor been in the furnace of affliction, or passed through deep trials and cutting temptations. The want of this experience makes him to the exercised family of God but a dry breast.”—*Christian's Monthly Record*, 1888, p. 70.

In later years, soon after my father's death, Mr. Hazlerigg had trials enough and to spare, especially when for a time he edited the *Gospel Standard* and came into collision with John Gadsby, who accused him of false doctrine. But the affectionate devotion of his own people must in many ways have made up to him for it.

“How can we speak of him,” writes one of them, “without our whole soul pouring out its thanks to God for such a Pastor? A perfect gentleman, both by birth and by grace, a prince among preachers, of rich and rare gifts, full of sympathy with the poor, the tried and the afflicted, a clear exponent of experimental truth, but unflinchingly severe against all inventions of error.”—*History of Zion Chapel, Leicester* (1873-1923), p. 30. London, Farncombe.

I must add, that on resuming the editorship of the *Gospel Standard* in July, 1879, Mr. Hazlerigg made up his quarrel with John Gadsby, which at one time had been extremely bitter, with a handsome acknowledgment. “I only wish in this case,” he concludes, “to remember all the friendly acts towards myself, and timely assistance towards the Lord's people, rendered from time to time by Mr. Gadsby. The spirit of the gospel calls for this.”

##### 5. GEORGE S. B. ISBELL (1815-1860).

In the *Gospel Standard* for 1839 there began to appear some experimental letters, signed George I., Stoke, the fresh, individual note in which so commended itself to the Editors that they were soon given a leading place. The writer was evidently a sorely tried, well-taught individual, who had searched the Scriptures to some purpose. We now know that he was a delicate, highly-strung young man of 24, named



George Isbell, who, after a gay and thoughtless youth, had only just been prevented from joining the British Legion in Spain in its mad adventure by the promise of a living in the Established Church. While reading up for ordination he went one day out of curiosity to hear a Mr. George, an Irish rector, who happened to be preaching at Stonehouse, Devonport. "Conviction was then and there fastened on his conscience," and he entered upon that troubled path so faithfully set forth in his own contributions to the *Gospel Standard*. Having begun to preach in Nonconformist pulpits, he was in July, 1838, chosen pastor of the Independent Church at Stoke, Devonport, but had to give it up within the year, as he had been led into the ordinance of baptism, and was soon himself baptized. At the end of 1841 he formed a church at Stoke chapel on Strict Baptist principles.

My father's people, it may be remembered, lived at Stoke, Devonport,\* and one day in October, 1839, he received a startling letter from his elder sister, Frances Maria (Aunt Fanny), the substance of which may be gathered from his reply to her, as well as from what he lost no time in telling Joseph Parry (Letters 42 and 43). Eventually George Isbell and Frances Philpot became man and wife. My father, to use a favourite expression of his, was not "best pleased" with the match, for Aunt Fanny was old enough to be the young man's mother. But it brought them twenty years of married happiness, and when George Isbell died at the early age of forty-five his widow was inconsolable. Somehow I never saw Aunt Fanny, and have only a vague recollection of Uncle Isbell, as a man of spare build and moderate height with reddish hair. My brother remembers him as a most interesting companion. He had interests outside his chosen calling—the camera and the microscope—which might have seemed a snare, though they may have served as a salutary relaxation from sedentary reading. As my father wrote after his death:

"From constitutional irritability of nerve he needed more recreation and relaxation of body and mind than harder, stronger natures, and sought to find it, not in fresh air and exercise, but in almost continual reading and study. But a good long walk or a dig in the garden would, we think, have been a better remedy for his languid

\* *The Seceders*, Vol. I., Letter 24.

nerves, for the cure eventually proved worse than the disease, and taxed his brain instead of relieving it. . . Both as a man and as a minister Mr. Isbell was much beloved by his friends and by those to whom his ministry had been blessed. He was naturally of a highly sensitive disposition; and if this made him acutely feel neglect and unkindness, it was compensated by a proportionate warmth of affection when it met with a suitable return from friends."—*Gospel Standard*, August, 1864. *Collected Reviews*, Vol. II., p. 519.

For many years George Isbell, who had won the esteem of Isaac Harrison, preached for three months at Leicester, where he and my aunt took up their residence at the sunless chapel-house, and for three months at Stoke Chapel. For the last two years of his life he settled at Bethesda Chapel, Bath, where he laboured, with sinking health but much acceptance, until within a month of his death on March 6, 1860.

If for no other reason George Isbell is to be honourably remembered for having drawn from my father some of his most pregnant and interesting Letters.

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The reader must bear in mind that the ten years or more covered by the Letters in this Volume were the most exercised and the most difficult in my father's life. His responsible position as the master-mind and master-spirit of the *Gospel Standard*, who laid down the lines on which it was to be conducted, his unswerving contention for true, heartfelt religion and his unqualified condemnation of all its counterfeits, exposed him continually to virulent abuse, calumny and misrepresentation. In one year alone, as he told Mr. F. Covell, as many as thirty pamphlets were published against him. He was himself partly to blame, for, as he admitted in later years, his youthful zeal often outran discretion and led him into mistakes. He was confessedly a critic, and his natural inclination was to pick holes rather than to praise. And he found so few he could whole-heartedly commend. Hence ministers to whom he had turned the cold shoulder, writers whose effusions he had thrown into his waste-paper basket, professors whose self-righteous withers he had wrung, and many thin-skinned persons whom he had unwittingly offended, all ranged themselves against him. "To be honest," he writes, "is to raise up powerful and bitter enemies, to wound and alienate friends, to make oneself a mark for

arrows of slander and reproach." Yet all the while the circulation of the *Gospel Standard* was going up by leaps and bounds. "In villages and hamlets far distant from any preached gospel, among churches and congregations where the ministry is a dry breast, in the sick room whence persecuting relatives banish the Christian minister or friend, even in foreign lands where truth is neither preached nor known, in the Australian hut or Canadian loghouse, a piece from Rusk, or a letter from Huntington, not to mention living correspondents, may be a messenger of mercy."\*

It was in his Annual Addresses that my father entered into the most intimate relations with his readers, and the few extracts I have selected from those which he wrote between 1844 and 1849 will make a fit ending to the present Introduction.

"What mostly do we reap as the fruit of our editorial labours? Weariness of body and anxiety of mind. . . . If we would exercise honestly our own judgement, we must create to ourselves constant sources of pain . . . sharpen men's eyes to our own failings and shortcomings, and stand in that painful, isolated spot where one is more feared than loved. As Editors, we are professedly judges of others; and we need not say how this draws the eyes of men to every failing or mark of incompetence, and through what a magnifying glass wounded self-love views every blemish in the hand that hurts it."—1844, p. 4.

"A spirit of delusion seems to us widely prevalent. . . . A carnal confidence, a dead assurance, a presumptuous claim, a daring mimicry of the spirit of adoption—who that has eyes or heart does not see and feel the wide spread of this gigantic evil? . . . No brokenness of heart, no tenderness of conscience, no spirituality of mind, no heavenly affections, no prayerfulness and watchfulness, no godly devotedness of life, no self-denial and crucifixion, no humility or contrition, no separation from the world, no communion with the Lord of life and glory—in a word, none of the blessed graces and fruits of the Spirit attend this hardened assurance. On the contrary, levity, jesting, pride, covetousness, self-exaltation, and often gross self-indulgence, with love of strong drink and idle gossip, are evidently stamped upon many, if not most, of these hardened professors."—1845, p. 2.

"But what is our leading object, the mark at which we aim, the goal towards which we run? It is to contend for the power and experience of truth in the conscience,—for that, and that only, which God the Spirit has revealed in the word, and which He works by His divine operation in the souls of His elect family. This com-

\* *Gospel Standard*, 1849, p. 3.

prehends the whole of revealed truth ; this embraces the work of the Spirit, from the first pang of guilt to the last note of praise that dies upon the lips of the expiring saint."—1846, p. 1.

"What minister of Jesus Christ has not seen warm friends become bitter foes ? What gospel church has not found its greatest troubles arise from the perverseness and frowardness of those whom they could not cut off as altogether destitute of grace ? Who wounded most our dear departed friend Gadsby, and, as the poor old man said, well-nigh broke his heart ? Some whom, with all their treatment of him, he still believed were partakers of grace. Hart has expressed to the life the path of the Christian : ' From sinner and from saint he meets with many a blow.' What spiritual reader of our pages cannot from his own painful experience say, ' This witness is true ' ?"—1847, p. 5.

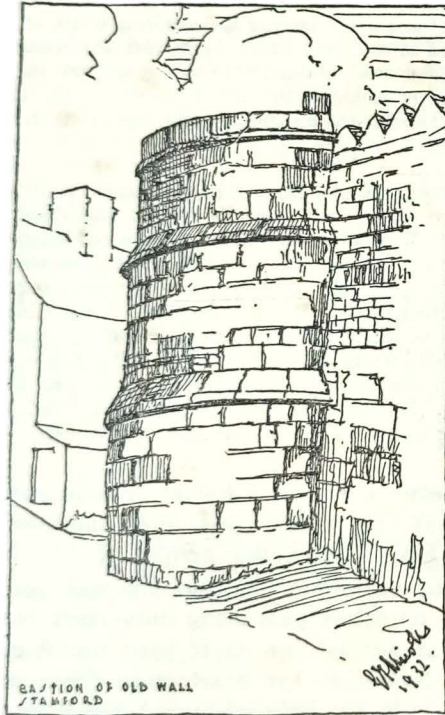
"A simple, childlike, confiding trust in the God of all our mercies, the Object of all our desires, and the Source of all our consolations—how precious, how desirable a blessing ! Instead of trembling at every leaf, of anxiously fearing approaching trials, of looking droopingly forward to the next day's dawn lest the morn should bring forth some new trial, blessed with this grace, we should trust and not be afraid of any evil tidings (Psa. cxii. 7), nor add to the real sufferings of the day the imaginary sufferings of the morrow."—1848, p. 4.

"If our pages are idly read, listlessly gaped over, and then carelessly thrown aside, how does the *Gospel Standard* differ from a newspaper ? If no good be done by it : no sad heart comforted, no drooping heart revived, no doubting heart encouraged, no erring heart reprov'd, no cold heart warmed, no hard heart melted ; if it convey no reproof, correction, instruction, or consolation ; if it mislead instead of guide, harden instead of soften, engender carnality, worldliness and death, instead of spirituality, heavenly mindedness and life, why should we trouble ourselves any more with its publication ? . . . But because it is our belief that good has been done, and is doing by us, we are encouraged to persevere."—1849, p. 4.

Meanwhile even his most intimate friends hardly realized how severe was the strain upon him, and how he longed sometimes to escape from the arrows of his foes. "Why have I so many enemies ?" he asks Thomas Godwin (Letter 110). "Other ministers pass along untouched, but book after book comes out against me, as if they would sink me outright. Alas ! how soon the heart sinks down when trouble arises, and I could not help wishing I had lived and died in the Church of England. I thought I might have been quiet there, and need not have preached at all." "If I were to be satisfied with a dry doctrinal religion," he tells another

correspondent (Letter No. 115), "I should be let alone. But because I contend for the power, some seem almost as if they would pull me to pieces. And if I know nothing of experience, why do I contend for it? Why did I not stay in the Church of England, where I might, but for conscience' sake, have been this day, without let or molestation? . . . But all their attacks only give me fresh errands to the Throne of Grace."

And there for the present we may safely leave him.



LETTERS  
OF  
JOSEPH CHARLES PHILPOT.

## LETTERS OF JOSEPH CHARLES PHILPOT.

( 32 )

TO A "PROFESSOR."\*

[No date.

. . . I consider the doctrine of the believer's justification through the obedience of Christ imputed to him for righteousness, to be one of the greatest importance, and could not unite with anyone who denies it. And I cannot help thinking, that if you had ever been arrested by Moses, and cast into prison, so far from denying the imputed obedience of the Surety, you would be sighing and groaning for a manifested interest in that blessed righteousness. I will not argue the point from the Scriptures, though Romans v. 19 stands as a brazen wall against all that rise up against this glorious doctrine, as it would do you no good to have your judgment enlightened, if you were not led into it from soul experience.

I am constrained to think, from the general tone of your letter, that you know very little of *heart work*. I can trace no groans, nor sighs, no confessions of ignorance and darkness, no humility and self-abasement, nor any symptoms of that unctuous experience which is the secret of the Lord with them that fear Him. You appear rather to rest on the letter of the word, if I may judge from your frequent array of texts, than to know experimentally that "spirit and life" (John vi. 63), without which "the letter killeth" and "the flesh profiteth nothing." You seem to fear lest "I lack knowledge," which deficiency you think yourself qualified to supply, rather than whether I lack an experimental work of grace on my heart; and you wish me "to explain my views as to how God justifies the ungodly," instead of asking me to explain how I have myself been brought in as ungodly, and

\* Extract from a letter to one who denied the Doctrine of Justification by the Imputed Obedience of the Lord Jesus Christ. *Gospel Standard*, 1836, p. 196.



GREY HAZLERIGG (1818—1912),  
of Leicester, Minister.



JOHN GRACE (1800—1865),  
of Brighton, Minister.



how I have been justified in my own conscience. A little knowledge from the letter of the Scriptures united to an idea of greater personal sanctity than most possess, is very apt to puff up the mind, and make us think we are something when we are nothing. And thus I trace in your letter, though I am personally ignorant of you, a greater opinion of your own knowledge and attainments than I do of the Spirit's operations, in bruising your soul into nothingness and self-loathing before the holy Jehovah. I should have felt more union with you if there had been in your letter more experience and less doctrine, more confession of ignorance and less assumption of knowledge, more of the spirit and less of the letter, more of the Creator and less of the creature.

I greatly fear you have got to Mount Zion without ever having been at Mount Sinai, are wise without having become a fool, have been healed before you have been wounded, and know everything before you have been made to know nothing. If this be the case, you have all to learn afresh,—to begin again,—to take with shame the lowest room,—and to come down from being something to be nothing. You may, in your own opinion, have a more scriptural creed, a more consistent walk, and a mode of worship more acceptable to God than others possess. But what is all this? It may be only the whitewash of a sepulchre, the untempered mortar of a wall, the rough garment of a false prophet (Zech. xiii. 4), the pillow of an empty profession sewed on to your arm-hole (Ezek. xiii. 18), the broad phylactery of a pharisee, the spider web of a false hope (Job viii. 14), the mire and the water in which the rush and the flag of a hypocrite's hope grow up (Job viii. 11-13). You are probably, like Job, instructing others (iv. 3, 4), when you have only heard of God by the hearing of the ear, and have never seen Him, so as to abhor yourself, and repent in dust and ashes. I wish to see you well humbled, and shaken to pieces (Job xvi. 12), and plunged into the ditch till your own clothes of sanctity and profession abhor you. If you are only a professor, though your excellency mount up to the heavens, and your head reach unto the clouds, you will be chased away as a dream of the night (Job xx. 6-8). I would have you examine the root of your religion, whether it stands in the wisdom of men, or in the power of God, and whether you have been born of the

flesh, or have been born of God. Is your religion one of groans and sighs, humility, contrition, and self-loathing, or do you despise these things as legal, or slight them as unnecessary? Is your liberty that of Christ's giving or your own taking? Have you learnt your religion from the Bible, or through doubts and fears, strong cryings and wrestlings, trials and temptations, pressing wants and manifest deliverances? If you are a vessel of mercy, may the Lord humble and prove you, turn your wisdom into foolishness, your knowledge into ignorance, and your comeliness into corruption; and then nothing will satisfy you but the revelation of Christ to your soul, the sprinkling of His blood on your guilty conscience, and the inward manifestation of that justifying righteousness which you now deny.

J. C. P.

( 33 )

TO THE FRIENDS OF VITAL GODLINESS AT STADHAMPTON  
AND THE NEIGHBOURHOOD.\*

Allington, nr. Devizes, 1836.

To all that worship the great, glorious, unchanging, and unchangeable Three-in-One Jehovah in spirit and in truth, and know Him, not by the teaching of man, nor by a traditional religion, nor by the letter of the word, but by His own manifestations, be grace, mercy, and peace multiplied!

My dear Friends and Brethren,—I see and feel that there is abroad in the world, and among the professing churches, so much false and delusive religion, that it seems as though I was continually compelled to be bearing witness against it. If, indeed, this natural and creature religion were confined to the unregenerate, I might well leave it alone, and let the dead bury their dead; but it infects the children of God too; it creeps in and insinuates itself even amongst those who are partakers of a new and spiritual nature, and is closely mixed up, though it can never really unite, with all our acts of spiritual worship. I find so much of this natural and creature religion in my heart, that I think I have nothing else; and when I look round upon the professing churches, even the purest and most experimental, I see a religion received

\* *Gospel Standard*, 1841, p. 281.

by tradition from their fathers standing too much in the place of, and almost eating up, that vital, heavenly, and supernatural godliness which comes from and rises up to the Father of lights. Ordinances, prayer meetings, preachings, reading the Word, and family prayer, seem prized for their own sake, more than the simple, pure, heavenly and divine communications of God to the soul. These things I do not despise, yea, rather practise and attend to, but to me they are barren husks in themselves; I value them only as the shell that contains the kernel, and if the nut be wanting, or if there be a worm within it, I can trample upon the shell. It is not prayer, but the answer to prayer, that delivers the soul; it is not the ordinance, but He whom the ordinance sets forth, that is meat and drink; it is not the preaching, but the Spirit ministered through the preaching (Gal. iii. 5), that profits and edifies. Mr. Hart's words,

“But O, my soul wants more than sign,”

convey my meaning, and I believe express the feelings of every child of God. I wish to steer the middle path, not to despise the ordinances of God, and yet not to over-value them; not to make idols of them, and yet not call them Nehushtan (2 Kings xviii. 4), which means a piece of brass, and a piece of brass only. And my firm conviction is, that God, who is a jealous God, will teach all His people the difference between worshipping an idol and worshipping Him in spirit and in truth. I want God's religion; the Creator's, and not the creature's; I want that pure and heavenly, and yet simple and most blessed religion, which is the gift of God and the work of God; I want that religion which the world hates, the professors cry down, the Ishmaels mock, the Pharisees revile, that bastards ridicule, and the zealots despise; I want that religion which the clean-hearted call licentious, and the workers pronounce idle; yea, I want that divine and heavenly religion to stream down into my soul out of the fulness of the God-man which is like rivers of water in a dry and thirsty land; not a religion that will puff up, but abase; not fill the creature full of himself, but empty him into nothingness, and at the same time fill, melt, soften, renew, and warm the soul with the sweet earnest of eternity. Such a religion as this, my dear friends, will not lead to sin,

but *from* sin, yea, will show sin in its true colours, as that unclean thing which Jehovah hateth. This is the universal medicine, the balm of Gilead, which heals the ulcers, cleanses the wounds, and mollifies with ointment the putrefying sore. But O, my soul! how much of this religion dost thou possess? Thou hast sometimes the desire after it; thou seest this land at times a great way off; thou now and then breakest out into a cry after it in the lonely watches of the night, and thou canst not be satisfied without it. But what if, instead of enjoying and realizing this heavenly gift, thou seemest to possess nothing but the line of confusion and the stones of emptiness? what if, instead of the good Shepherd pitching fold there, thy heart is rather a habitation of dragons and a court for owls? what if the wild beasts of the desert meet there with the wild beasts of the island, and the satyr cries to his fellow? what if little else but deadness, darkness, vile-ness, earthliness, filthiness, and uncleanness gush up in thy heart? what if blasphemy and infidelity, with all imaginable and unimaginable lustings taint every thought? Why, put all this together, and add to it the thousand nameless workings and boilings up of thy own filthy heart, dear reader, and then thou hast the picture of the writer. But do not show this dark picture to the holy and the pious; tell it not in the streets of self-righteous Gath, and evangelical Askelon, lest the daughters of the clean-handed triumph. And if thou feelest and findest thy heart like mine, keep the doors of thy mouth from her that lieth in thy bosom.

But is this religion? Is not religion to be holy and good, to be free from all sin, and have a heart so pure that a sinful thought never lodges there? Yes, my friends, this is religion; but whose? man's or God's? This is a religion which nature, reason, and the world approve, but not the way that leads to Zion. I have found that the experience I have of my sinfulness makes me long for and value Christ's atoning blood; that the sense I have of my helplessness leads me to cry for God to help me; that the knowledge which I have of my condemnation teaches me to prize a free grace salvation. But I find I am always expecting to have grace in me, instead of looking for it out of me. I read of the God of all grace, and I receive it as a most solemn and certain truth that all grace comes from Him; but when I come to experience, I

want to find that grace in me which is stored up in the Redeemer; in other words, I want to find some stock of faith, prayer, hope, spirituality and love stored up in my heart, to which I can go as to the money in my purse; but this I cannot find, and because I cannot find it, I feel guilty and condemned. I want a spirit of prayer to dwell in me, and not to be lodged in the hands of the Redeemer. I want to believe when I like, and be spiritual when I like, and mortify sin when I like. But where would grace be then? Would Jesus be its Author and Finisher? Should I pray and cry to Him for it, if I could find it in myself? No; I should act as the rich man does, who, when he wants a supply, goes to his own coffers; and not as the beggar who must go and beg for it. I saw this very clearly to-day, as I was taking my solitary walk, and it seemed to encourage me. When I acknowledge Jehovah as the God of all grace, I own that it is in Him, and not in me, and that all I at any time have is His direct and sovereign gift. You know me, I trust, too well to think I am one of those dry and dead Calvinists who abuse this truth to their own destruction, and who, because a man has not a stock of grace, are satisfied without any. No, I only know what grace is by feeling its operations and having it within. He who has it not in his heart will die in his sins.

May the Lord communicate to us, out of His own fulness, abundance of grace. May He work in us cries, sighs, breathings, groanings and wrestlings. May He give us a tender conscience, a contrite spirit, and a filial fear, and fill our souls with real humility, meekness, and godly sorrow, that we may be as a weaned child before Him.

I am glad to hear that the Lord keeps you together as a little band whose hearts He has united. I should be happy to hear that a place was erected for His Name among you, but would counsel attention to be paid to the Lord's parable, Luke xiv. 28-30; neither would I recommend the modern fashion of running into debt for a chapel as worthy the imitation of a God-fearing people. If all are saved that can crowd into the cottage, it will beat the proportion to be found in many gospel chapels. I am glad to find that Mr. Doe still goes in and out amongst you. It is a great blessing to have one who does not come with a "Lo, here! and Lo, there;"

but can teach us the path from having himself walked in it.

It will not be in my power to accept the invitation of the friends to minister among them during any portion of the summer, as I am already engaged for the time that I shall be absent from Allington; nor do I see any necessity, as you are already provided with a minister, and the places I shall go to are quite destitute. I am much obliged, however, to Mr. — for his kind invitation.

I have heard, since I began this letter, that you are about to commence building a chapel. May the blessing of the Lord rest upon it. May He honour it greatly by His presence, that prayer may be answered there, and abundant supplies of grace communicated to vessels of mercy out of the fulness of the God-man. Unless the Lord build the house, they labour in vain that build it. My desire is that it may be a place of sound, savoury, and experimental truth, where the bastards will find nothing to bolster them up in their pride and presumption, but where the living family of God will be melted, refreshed, humbled, comforted, strengthened, and revived; yea, that it may be written up when He numbereth the people, that this and that man were born there. May we find and feel God stronger than we, and may His rich and abounding grace triumph over all our guilt, sin, and unbelief, yea, above all our continual lustings after those evil and soul-destroying things which God hateth.

Greet the friends by name, and present them the Christian affection of a vile sinner, but their sincere well-wisher and affectionate friend,

J. C. P.

( 34 )

TO JAMES BROOKLAND.\*

Allington, May 9, 1837.

My dear Brookland,—I am very sorry that it will not be in my power to come to Stadham at the time mentioned in your letter, to open the chapel. A family affliction (the loss of my only brother) requires that I should go to Plymouth before the time which is fixed to have the chapel opened; and I am afraid that I shall not be able to come to Stadham for

\* *Gospel Standard*, 1875, p. 393.

that purpose until the last Lord's-day in July. I am quite aware that I said, when I was at Abingdon, that I wished the chapel to be opened before June; but, of course, I could not foresee that affliction which required me to go to Plymouth a month sooner than I intended. I am afraid it will much disappoint the friends to put off the opening of the chapel so long; but as you are not without a place to meet in, I hope they will not object. If they do not like to wait so long, they had better get it opened by some other minister; and I will come, if the Lord will, to preach in it on the last Lord's-day in July. I wrote to Mr. Tiptaft last week to mention this to the friends, but I have learned that he is not at home.

I know pretty much of the path in which you represent yourself as travelling; a great deal more at times than I like. I have known during these last two years more of trouble, difficulty, perplexity, and confusion than ever I did in my life, and can enter fully into all that you say about yourself. It is to me a very bad sign when a man has no changes, no ups and downs, no heart-sinkings and soul-quakings, no strong cries, at times, for mercy, no sighs, no groans over a body of sin and death, no self-abhorrence, no putting the mouth in the dust and sitting in sackcloth and ashes. Nor do I believe a man will ever be delivered from the power of sin who has not felt what a giant he has to grapple with, nor be delivered from the guilt of it unless he has been first plunged down into the ditch of a polluted nature. A man must hate himself for loving sin, despair of ever being delivered from the dominion of it, and sink away into dreadful fears of being eternally swallowed up by it, before he will find One stronger than he, kinder to himself than he, wiser than he, and more merciful than he, who will interfere in his behalf when his case seems beyond hope and beyond remedy. And thus a man learns the truth and blessedness of those doctrines of grace which thousands of cuckoos and parrots prate about every day in the week, but which they never can learn aright until they have been down into the low dungeon and had the water flow over their head. When a man has got there, with his prison dress on, and a prison fare, and a treadmill to work upon all day, and a cruel jailer, and solitary confinement, and every now and then

a whipping, he cannot boast much about liberty and joy and an assurance never to be damped nor shaken. But, like Joseph of old, he is learning lessons there which will make him a revealer of secrets (Gen. xli. 45) when he is sent for, and brought hastily out of the dungeon, and shaves his beard, and changes his raiment, and comes in before the king. You and I were mighty sticklers for election, and thought how wise we were about it, when we had only learned it as I learned Latin, and as you learned how to plough a straight furrow. It is a great mercy for us if we have been able to vomit up all this head-knowledge, and have been placed at the bottom of the class in Christ's school, to learn of Him who was meek and lowly in heart. For, unless we are so taught, you might as well be as you were when you lay under a haystack, coming from Little Milton; and I might just as well be as proud an orator as when I used to strut up High Street. Divine teaching is the all in all of vital godliness; and where that is wanting, a pick-pocket and a harlot are as good Christians as a chapel-going Calvinist.

I sincerely hope that the little cause at Stadham may be of God, and then who can overthrow it? If it be not, the stones with which it is built might just as well have been used to mend the roads with. Give my Christian love to all the friends.

Believe me to be,  
Your affectionate Friend for Truth's sake,  
J. C. PHILPOT.

( 35 )

TO A FRIEND.\*

Allington, June 29, 1837.

My dear Friend,—I received your letter in due course, but, being absent at the time from this place, it was forwarded to me at Devonport, where I was then staying. I am glad that any of my publications should be blessed to your soul, and it causes me no surprise that my Sermon, of which you speak,† should stir up the wrath of empty professors both in and out

\* *Gospel Standard*, 1838, p. 277; 1901, p. 313.

† *The Heir of Heaven*, etc., then in its 4th Edition.



of the Establishment. What Satan and his children hate is power. Neither he nor they dislike the form of godliness, as they have no quarrel with anything which does not disturb his kingdom. Thus dry doctrines, and empty notions, and such husks as the swine eat will go down with thousands who are mortal enemies to vital godliness. Vain confidence, false hopes, groundless assurance, great swelling words about Jesus Christ in the letter, numerous quotations from the Bible, lines of hymns always on the tongue—well varnished over with feigned humility—a pious exterior, fleshly sanctification, and mock spirituality pass current in our day for wonderful attainments in religion. All this whitewash usually covers a filthy sepulchre, abhorred of God, and abhorred by His discerning people. Those who have had a spiritual discovery of all the hypocrisy, deceitfulness, falsehood, self-righteousness, and natural religion of which our hearts are full can see in professors what professors cannot see in themselves. A Bank of England clerk can detect, in a moment, a forged note, which you or I might take to be genuine. And how does he find it out? By the want of a certain mark which every genuine note possesses. And thus, let anyone have all the appearance of spiritual religion, if he has not the mark upon his forehead, which the Spirit of God alone can put there, he is not to be received as genuine. He must be a spiritual mourner (Ezek. ix. 4) before he will have the mark, and if he has not this stamped upon him the men with the slaughter weapons in their hands will destroy him utterly. All the sheep of Christ, when they have their old dirty torn wool of self-righteousness sheared off, are marked by the Good Shepherd, and there is no fear of His afterwards mistaking them for goats.

I have desired my publisher to procure and send me your edition of "Bunyan on Prayer." I know the little book itself very well, and never read anything which suits my views and feelings about prayer more than what is there set forth. I am deeply convinced that all saving religion is of a supernatural character, that it is the alone gift of Jehovah, who will be gracious to whom He will be gracious; that it cannot be bought, deserved, nor earned; that, whatever it is, it makes a man a new creature; that it is got out of the fire and out of the water; that it is the preparation for a *similar*

eternity. Such a religion as comes down from God Himself into the soul few are acquainted with. Their religion is all I this and I that; something I have done, obtained, or acquired; something I have obtained and procured by my exertions. It seems to me that the great employment of professors is to keep turning the winch and working at the crane, and that the occupation of the parsons is to stand over them with a heavy whip to keep them up to the work. There is the Sunday School, and the prayer meeting, and the three services, and the week-night preaching, and the exhortation, and the invitation, and the scolding, and the legalization, and the moralization. And then there is the duty of faith, and the duty of love, and the duty of obedience, and the duty of church membership, and the duty of aiding Missionary and Bible societies, and, above all, the duty of paying for a seat and contributing handsomely to the quarterly collections.

This is the crane which the people have to keep working at, and if they do their duty, and keep turning away to the end of their lives, they will, no doubt, crane up their souls to heaven. This is a modern chapel religion, and those who will not work at the crane, but love and contend for a free grace religion, and love to be at God's feet that they may be the clay and He their potter, Oh! these are your lazy, stinking Antinomians; these are the vilest characters, and the most awful, dreadful persons, to be shunned as a plague and abhorred as a pestilence! Even universal charity is inflamed with wrath against these; and if ever the meek, mild, gentle, soft, holy man in the pulpit flares out into righteous zeal and pious indignation, it is against the doctrines and principles of such as make God everything and man nothing. But all these bursts of holy zeal will not trouble nor terrify one with whom the secret is, and who has an eternal, divine, supernatural religion.

I hope to be in London, at Great Alie Street Chapel, Goodman's Fields, if the Lord will, the first two Lord's-days in August next; but I would advise any who have thought I was much of a preacher to moderate their expectations, as my own feelings tell me I can write better than I can preach.

One of your church ministers, Mr. Powell, was an old friend of mine at Oxford. I should fear that his dry doc-

trines are more suited to feed dead Calvinists than living souls.

Wishing you much of the good old wine of the kingdom in your soul, which is for him that is ready to perish and of a heavy heart (Prov. xxxi. 6), and much of that oil which makes the face to shine, and of the bread which strengtheneth man's heart (Psa. civ. 15), I am, with love to all true pilgrims and contrite souls,

Yours faithfully, for the truth's sake,

J. C. P.

( 36 )

TO A FRIEND.\*

Allington, July, 1837.

My dear Friend,—I received your letter in due course, and was able, with some pains, to read its contents. I believe you are an honest man, though sometimes, like myself, rather a rough one; and this feeling has induced me to answer your letter. I have various correspondents whose letters I never answer, or, if I do, treat them as Joseph did his brethren—speak roughly to them. Some are too canting, others too abusive; some plaster me over too much, and others hardly treat me with civility. I like honesty, and think half a grain of godly sincerity worth all the empty profession without it which could be raked together out of all the churches and chapels in L—; and I believe that, where a work of grace has passed upon the soul, it has made the heart honest, and, though sin and Satan may damp it for a time, that this divine honesty will break forth. True religion is a personal thing. The grand question which the soul wants to have settled is this, “Damned or saved?” A man must go down to the root of the matter to have this question answered. A shilly-shally, dilly-dally, half-and-half, milk-and-water religion will not suit a man who feels that he has a soul to be damned or saved. But a sanctified countenance, a feigned humility, a soft manner, a smooth tongue, a retentive memory, and a seat in a Calvinistic chapel make up the religion of hundreds, who know no more of vital godliness than one of your horses. Amongst his other tricks, Satan

\* *Gospel Standard*, 1842, p. 127; 1899, p. 20.

has in our day well-nigh changed the names of things. Honesty he calls rudeness, decision he terms impertinence, faithfulness he names a bitter spirit, freedom from the law he calls Antinomianism, the doctrines of grace he terms doctrines of devils, love to Christ he calls "enthusiasm," and love to the children of God he names party spirit. And so, in a similar way, he calls flattery and cant a gospel spirit, endorsing everybody's religion a candid and sweet disposition, formality and self-righteousness he terms decided piety, and enmity against the truth a holy zeal. This I call a turning of things upside down, and I believe God will one day esteem it as potter's clay, fit only to be trodden under foot. There are two ways of learning religion—one out of the Bible; the other in the soul, under divine teachings.

The first way is the religion of the day, but I find that I can't learn my religion in that way. How pleasant it would be if I could take down my Bible and learn a little humility, or get a little faith, or a little love, or a little abiding consolation, from this and that passage, or out of this or that chapter! But I find that I have to learn my religion in a far more painful way than this. I have to learn humility by daily and hourly feeling the plague of my heart and seeing all its abominations exposed to my view. I have to learn repentance by feeling the weight of guilt and the heavy burden of sin. I learn faith by diving deep into, and being well-nigh drowned by, unbelief and infidelity; and I learn love by a sense of the undeserved goodness of God to the vilest of the vile. A letter religion is the religion of thousands. Some are Arminians in the letter, and others are Calvinists in the letter. And what is the difference between the two? Hell is the portion of both, if they live and die in a letter religion; and they will one day or other find that a few doctrines will no more quench the flames of hell than a painful of water will put out a blazing hayrick. But those who never knew anything of the terrible guilt of sin, love a religion as easy as an old glove and as smooth as a bowling-green; and, until God takes them in hand and lets down eternal realities into their soul, they will go on deceiving and being deceived.

Believe me to be, yours sincerely for the truth's sake,

J. C. PHILPOT.

(37)

TO A FRIEND.\*

Allington, March, 1838.

My dear Friend,—You will think me, I fear, very negligent in not taking earlier notice of your kind letter; but what with busy occupation at some times and sluggish indolence at others; what with deadness of soul, hardness of heart, and great unwillingness to write at all, having nothing to communicate worth postage, I hope, if you are acquainted with similar exercises, that you will excuse my long silence.

You find, I doubt not, the road to heaven still more difficult, strait and narrow. A corrupt nature, a deceitful heart, an ensnaring world, a lustful flesh, a law in the members, and a body of sin and death will always fight against the life of God in the soul; for as long as the clay tabernacle exists they are enemies within the garrison and are continually plotting to deliver it over to the king of the infernal pit, whose allies they are. Some persons seem to have a *religious* “old man”; but of mine I most freely confess that it is as dead as Lazarus in the tomb, as earthly as the clods of the valley, as sensual as the beasts that perish, as untamable as the wild ass, as undisciplined as the unicorn (Job xxxix. 5-12), as hard as Pharaoh, and as unbelieving as the lord on whose hand the King of Israel leaned (2 Kings vii. 2), nor do I expect him ever to get any better. He hates vital religion, abhors wisdom, loathes instruction, cannot endure chastisement, rebels against discipline, and cannot bear check, head-piece, bit, rein, or martingale.

I don't know whether you have found out all his tricks, wiles, deceit, hypocrisy, fretfulness, blasphemy, infidelity, and devilism. Alas, alas! he is so painted, gilded, adorned, beautified, decorated, trimmed up, varnished, and polished nowadays in churches and chapels, that very few seem to know that he is the same man that murdered Abel, intoxicated Noah, drowned the world, set Sodom on fire, slew six hundred thousand in the wilderness, seduced David unto adultery, led Solomon into idolatry, made Peter swear and curse,

\* *Gospel Standard*, 1842, p. 91; 1905, p. 77.

and crucified the Lord of glory. But this murderer and liar has become pious, and it has been reserved for the enlightened age in which we live to turn enmity into love, flesh into spirit, sin into holiness, a rebel into a friend, and the image of the devil into the mind of Christ. The thick veil of blindness and ignorance that is spread over the minds of men sometimes strikes me with astonishment. How few know God or themselves, sin or salvation, the malady or the remedy! All their stock-in-trade consists of a few borrowed notions picked up under a pulpit or out of a book. Oh! in what refuges of lies do thousands hide themselves, and then make a covenant with death and an agreement with hell. The work of thousands of ministers is to build up these lying refuges for deluded souls to shelter themselves in. Men unstripped, unhumiliated, and unemptied themselves will never strip or sift others. Judgement must be laid to the line and righteousness to the plummet in their own souls first before they will lay them to others; and they may prate with great swelling words about Christ, grace, and the full assurance of faith, when they know no more what grace is than Satan does, and, instead of full assurance, are wrapped up in the most daring presumption. Christ is only a rock for the shelterless, a refuge for the distressed, a harbour for the shipwrecked, a physician for the leper, a Redeemer for the captive, and a Saviour for the lost. A letter Christ is a false Christ, and such empty preaching stocks the land with professors and fills it with hypocrites. But these are said to be "dear men of God, blessed preachers, men of a gospel spirit, ministers sweetly led into the truth," whilst honest, sincere, God-fearing, and upright labourers are called bigoted, narrow-minded, bitter-spirited; men without any tenderness, meekness, or love; and thus they put bitter for sweet and sweet for bitter, and call evil good and good evil.

Your sincere Friend for truth's sake,

J. C. P.

( 38 )

/ To A FRIEND.\*

Stamford, January 7, 1839.

My dear Friend,—As my time is in various ways a good deal occupied, I trust you will excuse my not replying to your kind letter before.

I believe that we see eye to eye, and, I trust, feel heart to heart, in most points; and this is what I rarely find in this great day of widespread, but powerless profession. It seems to me that the grand foundation of what I call *dead experimental* profession is this: natural conscience healed by sound doctrines. As to the professions of Arminians, Independents, General Baptists, and the like, I conceive that conscience has had nothing to do in the matter, and that they, for the most part, have never had any convictions, natural or spiritual. But the class which has puzzled me most are what I call “doctrinal experimentalists”; that is, men who have a doctrine of experience. To make my meaning clear, I will just state that I believe, as all truth may be divided into doctrine, experience, and practice, so each of these three branches may be held doctrinally; i.e., in the letter and form, without the Spirit and power. Thus some hold doctrines doctrinally, others hold experience doctrinally, and others hold practice doctrinally. The first are dead Calvinists; the second, dead Experimentalists; and the third, dead Pharisees. But you may say, “How can men hold experience doctrinally?” I will tell you. They have felt convictions of natural conscience, like Cain, Esau, Saul, Judas, and others of whom we read in the Word of God. These convictions drove them into seriousness, and from chapel to chapel, till at last the doctrines of grace met their ear, laid hold of their understanding, and brought a relief to their natural convictions. And now behold them “established in the full assurance of faith.” Their bark has found refuge in a harbour of the Dead Sea, and knows no storms nor waves. Their tacklings are never loosed, nor are they ever driven up and down in the Adriatic (Acts xxvii. 27), but lie at their moorings, until they are rotten from stem to stern, and from gangway to keel. This

\* *Gospel Standard*, 1842, p. 258.

crew of landsmen in blue jackets make a captain over them like unto themselves, a fireside traveller and a chimney-corner voyager, who keeps telling them of the security of their harbour, and of the stoutness of the vessel; and sometimes, perhaps, amuses them with tales of waves, rocks, winds, and storms, which they listen to as a very interesting piece of information, and then all turn in, and sleep very comfortably below. No wonder such as these are free from doubts and fears. You and I last night had not many doubts and fears about the storm that blew over our heads, when we were cradled safely in our beds. But if we had been on the sea, and near a rocky shore, we should have had terror enough. I believe that in the absence of divine testimonies, and the cheering smiles of the blessed Redeemer, we shall always have doubts and fears in proportion to the sense and feelings of eternal things. There are two seasons when I am pretty free from doubts and fears. The one when I feel the anointings of the blessed Spirit leading my heart and affections upwards where Jesus sits at the right hand of God; and the other when I am carnal and careless, and as destitute (experimentally) of religion as a dead branch of sap and verdure.

But on other occasions, when eternal things lie on my conscience, I am filled with fears just in proportion to the weight that accompanies Divine realities to my soul. It seems to me that a man's religion needs continual motion to keep it alive. Like the air or the sea, which breed corruption when stagnant, but are purified by winds and waves, so true religion needs continual exercise and change, to preserve it in its purity, life, health, and vigour. Our body without exercise becomes flabby, diseased, unhealthy, and weak; and so our soul without continual exercises becomes listless, stagnant, sickly, and pining. I have often thought of Paul's words to Timothy, "Exercise thyself unto godliness," and have seen and felt the blessing and the benefit of continual soul exercise. When God cursed the ground for Adam's sake, He imposed on him labour in the sweat of his brow; but this very original curse has become a blessing, in rendering the body thereby vigorous and healthy; and thus exercises of soul through strong corruptions, powerful lusts, violent temptations, tormenting doubts, and harassing anxieties, are made a means of keeping the soul healthy and strong. The Word



of God becomes opened up to us, promises are made sweet and suitable, salvation by sovereign grace unctuous and savoury, a compassionate Redeemer highly prized, and a throne of grace sought and cleaved to. But take any professor that is unexercised, or any child of mercy even, when settled on his lees, his conversation is powerless, his prayers wearisome, his company a burden, and his visits unacceptable. He may say a few words about religion, just as he would ask after the mistress and the children, for form and compliment's sake; but, as Solomon says, "his heart is not with thee."

As John Kay quotes in the *Gospel Standard*, "It takes twenty years to learn that we are fools," an expression I fully coincide in; and I believe the more we know and feel of divine teaching, the deeper we shall sink into nothingness, helplessness, and insufficiency. The High and Holy One that inhabiteth eternity dwells with him that is of a contrite and humble spirit, whilst He beholdeth the proud afar off. And sure am I that He must prepare His own habitation, and bring down the heart with labour; for "we are the clay, and He is the Potter," and we (if we know or feel anything aright) are the work of His hands. I have read many books, but I have never found spiritual profit in any thing but Divine teachings, and am deeply sensible of my own blindness, ignorance, and helplessness, perhaps more so than many who despise what they never had, and are after all puffed up with the little they know. Wishing you much of the Spirit's anointings, and of the Redeemer's gracious presence,

I am, yours in the bonds of the gospel,

J. C. P.

( 39 )

/ To JOSEPH PARRY.

London, June 7, 1839.

My dear Friend, — I have felt desirous for several reasons to write to you before the time arrives when I hope to see you again in person at Allington. I cannot, however, precisely fix the time when I intend (D.V.) to visit my Wiltshire friends, owing to a cause which I doubt not you will

be sorry to hear. Coming up outside the coach from Welwyn has been the cause, under God's designing wisdom, of giving me a severe attack on my chest, such as you have witnessed at Allington in times past, and from which I have been for some time mercifully free. I was able to preach twice last Lord's-day at Zoar; but in the evening with great inconvenience, through hoarseness, which, indeed, I sensibly felt in the morning. I have been confined to the house ever since, and, indeed, for most of the time to bed, but am, through mercy, slowly mending. I have been obliged to write to the deacons at Zoar to decline preaching in this week and on Lord's-day next. It gives me pain thus to disappoint them as well as the congregation, which is so usually large and crowded; but I have no alternative, as I am utterly unfit at present to preach. My wife's uncle\* is attending me, and says I am better to-day.

I spent a few days at Welwyn very pleasantly with friend Smart. We walked, and talked, and confessed, and got on without one jarring note. He is truly a gracious man, and, in my judgement, much improved. Without losing any faithfulness, boldness, or decision, he has become more softened in manner and expression. He preached a very sound, blessed, and experimental sermon. The collection was £27 18s. 6d., which I consider very handsome for so poor a people. The chapel, I believe, never was seen so full as it was all three times.

I trust our friend Tiptaft was better when I left Stamford. He finds that most beneficial which his hearers would willingly not have so—cessation from preaching. Those only who are engaged know what a trying thing it is to the health and constitution, and how it acts on mind and body. I have felt sometimes most desperate rebellion against it on this score. But our nature is so desperately crooked and rebellious that it will quarrel with God Himself if He comes across our path or thwarts our carnal wishes. Surely those who speak of growing sanctification know nothing of that leprosy within which is always breaking out in thought if not in actual word or deed. I am well convinced that we are incurables, and that even the great remedy unapplied is like

\* Mr. John Keal, of Upper Woburn Place, W.C.

untasted medicine at the bedside of the patient. I am baser and blacker than ever. I seem, at times, the very prince of hypocrites and impostors, as I feel so unlike everything a minister and a Christian should be. I am like a watch gone down, and need a heavenly hand to put in the key, and I find that there is no such thing as winding one's self up by prayers, reading, meditation, etc.; and I find also that the Heavenly Engineer does not just wind up in twenty-four hours, and then leave the machine to go; He puts in the key by littles and littles, and no sooner does He take out the key than I stop. Neither do I find that illness sanctifies the mind or creates religion. I am stupid and carnal, ill or well, unless the blessed Lord makes me to feel otherwise.

Friend Justins has just been here, and expressed the disappointment of the friends last evening. This being the case, I cannot refuse to speak next Lord's-day, and therefore have promised to do my best. I don't know that I would do it for any other place or people, but they were quite crowded last evening, and will probably be more so on Sunday. A man must pay dearly for being followed, both in his soul and body.

Believe me to be,

Your affectionate Friend,

J. C. P.

( 40 )

/ To JOSEPH PARRY.

Stamford, Sept. 5, 1839.

My dear Friend,—You will no doubt wish to hear how we are, and how we arrived safely, through mercy, at our destination. We arrived in London on the same day we left your hospitable abode. I went on the following day to see my friend Justins, whom I found in great perplexity, from not being able to procure a minister for the Thursday evening; their supply having left them the day preceding. The old man said he had been praying the Lord to send him a minister, and laid hold of me as an answer to his prayer. I fought off as much as I well could, till I could resist no longer, and consented to preach for them, upon which he said

he would do his best to make it known, and would publish a few handbills. Well, to my surprise, and, I believe, to that of the deacons, when Thursday night came there was quite a large congregation, the body of the chapel and galleries being comfortably full. I trust the Lord was with me, and, I hope, enabled me to tell them a little of what true religion was, and how the soul came at it. I felt gratified to see such a congregation, as the notice was so short, and there was no other means of giving it publicity than what friend Justins adopted.

There were two very good congregations, morning and afternoon, on last Lord's-day, and the friends seemed glad to welcome me home.

I presume that J. Kay arrived safely on Friday. It is my sincere desire that the Lord may come with him and bless him, and make him a blessing. He may talk about golden and wooden trumpets, but "Who hath made man's mouth? Or who maketh the dumb or deaf, or the seeing or the blind?" (Exod. iv. 11.) One word spoken by God Himself to the soul will wound or heal, kill or make alive, when all the words of human wisdom and power will fall useless to the ground. If God chooses to speak by and through a man, who or what shall hinder? And if He will not speak by him, who or what shall make Him? No one contends more for this than J. Kay, and those that honour God He will honour. Preaching is a mysterious thing, and God's mode of blessing souls through such weak, ignorant, defiled, worthless creatures, as some of us feel ourselves to be, is a mystery of mysteries. I have not been able often to receive a testimony of being blessed in preaching, from a feeling of my ignorance and vileness. If I knew more, felt more, prayed and read more, believed more, and were more diligent, fervent, jealous, watchful, humble, separate from the world, and so on, I think I could believe in the blessing more. But when I feel so dark, stupid, blind, worldly, foolish, sinful, and guilty, I find it hard work to receive any testimony of being made a blessing to any of God's elect. Yet, if I were all I wished to be, I might soon burn incense to my own drag, and, instead of wondering how God could bless me, might fall to wondering how He could not bless me for being so diligent, prayerful, watchful, and so forth. Thus, God will

take care to secure to Himself all the glory, and in our right minds we are willing to give it Him.

My dear wife is busy getting the house in order. We have a servant whom we much like, being very steady and quiet. So we have everything, as far as this world goes, to make us comfortable. But what is all this in the absence of Divine consolations? I feel still tried about my religion, and spend most of my days in Doubting Castle. I seem to want the right marks, and more decisive and continual testimonies to my adoption into the family of God. I do not at all regret my journey into Wilts, as I never felt, I think, more union to the friends than during my last visit. Though my heart is not a very capacious one, I think some of my Wiltshire friends have a place in it. I have only to find fault with their kindness and esteem, both of which are indeed undeserved. But those who have warm friends, have generally bitter enemies, and so I have proved it. The friends here, I understand, find fault with me for being absent so long, and hope I shall not be away next year for so long a period.

Give my affectionate remembrance to John Kay, friend Dredge, Mrs. Wild, and all friends. We beg our united kind regards to Mrs. Parry, Mrs. Cannings, Mr. and Mrs. Tuckwell, and all those friends for whose kind attentions we desire to be grateful.

Your affectionate Friend,

J. C. P.

( 41 )

TO GEORGE S. B. ISBELL.

Stamford, Sept. 17, 1839.

My dear Friend,—I feel I have need to apologise for neglecting to answer your last friendly and experimental letter before. I have had, however, many hindrances, some of an external, and others of an internal nature. What with travelling, preaching, and moving from place to place, I have had my time much occupied. These external hindrances, however, have not operated so powerfully as internal ones. Sometimes unconquerable sloth and lassitude, arising, perhaps, much from over pulpit exertion; at other times, dead-

ness and coldness of heart; at others, the feeling I could write nothing worth sending; and at others, fears of writing hypocritically and deceitfully. I must throw myself, therefore, on your kindness to excuse my apparent, but not real, neglect and forgetfulness.

What a mass of filth and folly, blindness and ignorance, deceit and hypocrisy, carnality, sensuality, and devilism are we! Prone to all that is ill, utterly averse to all that is good, bent upon sin, hating holiness, heavenly-mindedness, and spirituality, what earthly wretches, guilty monsters, abominable creature are we! And if our minds are sometimes drawn upwards in faith and affection, and we pant after the living God, how soon, how almost instantly, do we drop down again into our earthly self, whence we are utterly unable to rise till the Blessed Spirit lifts us out again! What fits of unbelief, shakings of infidelity, fevers of lust, agues of carelessness, consumptions of faith, hope, love and zeal; yea, what a host of diseases dwell in our poor soul. "Who healeth," says David, "all thy diseases." Well, then, the soul must have many, and I am inclined to think there is some analogy between the body and soul in their diseases, and that a scriptural and spiritual parallel might be drawn between them. Some I have hinted at above, and blindness, deafness, dumbness, paralysis, leprosy, etc., are scriptural analogies. But they all admit of a twofold cure, that wonderful medicine which John saw run from the wounded side of the Redeemer, blood and water, the one to heal, the other to wash; the one to atone, the other to cleanse—justification by blood, Rom. v. 9, and sanctification by the washing of regeneration and renewing of the Holy Ghost. I feel I have but little religion, but I feel, also, that many who think they have a great deal, have none at all. I have been cut off from what they worship and idolise. "Tekel" and "Ichabod" have been written on my conscience on scores of things set up by hundreds for religion. I cannot build up the things I have destroyed, lest I make myself a transgressor; and thus naked, empty, and bare of creature religion, human faith, fleshly righteousness, and outside sanctification, I stand often in my feelings, devoid of religion altogether. If I am only to believe when faith is given; hope, when the Spirit casts forth the anchor; love, when divine affection is

shed abroad; pray, when a spirit of grace and supplication is poured out; be holy and spiritual when heavenly-mindedness is communicated,—what am I, and where am I, when divine communications are withheld? A desolate being, without religion. Oh! tell it not in Plymouth, publish it not in the streets of Devonport, that there can be such a wretch as to have no religion but what, when, and how God gives! Why, Methodist, Ranter, Baptist, Independent, Calvinist, and Hawkerite will all hold up their hands in pious dismay, and cry, “Lives there such a man who only sees when he has light; hears when words are spoken; runs when he is drawn; feels when divinely wrought upon, and speaks when he has something to say? Where, then, is all our religion, our family prayers, and personal piety, progressive holiness, preaching, reading, prayer-meetings, love-feasts, Calvinism, religious privileges, and morning and evening portions? Breathes there a wretch whose grand aim, prayer, and desire it is to be the clay, and have God for his Potter?” Aye, more than one, or a dozen, or a score, I trust, of such wretches still cumber the ground, and spread dung upon the pious faces (Mal. ii. 3) of creature religionists. It is, indeed, an unpardonable offence to be nothing; and a spiritual beggar and bankrupt is as much despised and hated by the rich Laodicean church of our day as a shiftless, tattered and torn ragamuffin by a purse-proud, turtle-fed alderman. As to the religion of thousands, I have been scraping it off for about nine years, and it sticks to me like pitch still. Oh, when tarred and feathered, I was a delightful young man, so sweet, and holy, and spiritual! But when sickness, and temptation, and doubts and fears, and gusts of infidelity, and boiling corruptions, and a deep-growing conviction of the worthlessness of all but divine teaching, and heaven-sent religion, began to scrape away the feathers and show the naked skin—and as I was scraped myself I began to scrape others—oh! then I was of a bad spirit, and in the eyes of some, a very devil. And what is my trespass, and what is my sin, that they so hotly pursue after me? That I make the creature nothing, and Christ all in all. May I be more vile than thus, and drop daily into nothingness, and rise up in Christ as my wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption.

I understand you have been at that great ice-house,

Exeter—that abode of deadness, ignorance, and heresy. I should be glad to hear your message was blessed in that city of churches, where the power of vital godliness is so little felt and known. It gives me pleasure to hear that my relations sit under your ministry, and that you call occasionally upon them. May the Lord bless the word to their souls. My chest has been suffering pain from over-preaching, but is, through mercy, better. You, perhaps, have not yet found the bodily as well as mental fatigue and labour of preaching. It will surely come if you labour hard and often. I would say, do not anticipate it unnecessarily; my friend Tiptaft is nearly laid aside from this cause.

May the Lord guide and lead you, plant His fear deep in your heart, give you many sweet testimonies of His favour, and bless you, and make you a blessing.

Your affectionate Friend,

J. C. P.

( 42 )

To MISS PHILPOT.

Stamford, Oct. 16, 1839.

My dear Fanny,—I was indeed deeply surprised, as well as gratified with your letter, and cannot but receive your testimony to the reality and power of the blessing you have received. It is indeed wonderful that any guilty wretch of Adam's fallen race should receive such a blessing as a revelation of the mercy and love of God in Christ Jesus, and to us a wonder of all wonders that any of us so alienated from the life of God should find any blessing at His hands. I have no doubt you have often perceived how slow and backward I have been to speak or write to you about religion. And what chiefly kept me back was that I could not receive your religion at that time as divine. I always thought you far removed from insincerity and hypocrisy, but still there was in my mind something wanting which prevented me from receiving it as a divine work, and arising out of heavenly teaching. But I cannot but fully receive your present testimony, as the spirit and savour of it has much rested on my mind since I received your letter. May you enjoy the sweet-



ness of it for a long time, and may the chilling blast of winter and the nipping frosts of temptation be held back by the hand of the Saviour from your soul for some time to come. You must expect persecution from a world lying in wickedness and a world lying dead in profession, and your own corrupt, deceitful, treacherous heart will cause you many a pang. Hart says:

“When the pardon is signed, and the peace is procured,  
’Tis then that the conflict *begins*,”—

not “ends,” as most think. And this great change of heart and spirit will effect a corresponding change in your life, and this will draw down persecution; as Paul says, “Every one that will live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution;” because your life and conversation will bear witness against the evil of theirs, and this will stir up their carnal enmity against you. I hope the Lord, who has dealt so graciously and mercifully towards you, will keep you separate and peculiar, lead you up into much and sweet communion with Himself, deaden your heart and affections to the things of time and sense, and make you a pattern of faith, love, and good works. I would not have you battle and argue with Mrs. R., it will only make you barren, lean, and dry. Let her see by your spirituality of mind, devotedness of life, tenderness of conscience, simplicity, and godly sincerity, that you possess a treasure obtained not in the congregation of the dead, but where God is worshipped in spirit and truth. If she be a heaven-taught character she cannot resist heavenly evidences, and I should not marvel if, after a time, she too had her eyes opened to see the corruptions and formality of the Establishment. Persons often fight for a while against convictions, especially if they oppose strong prejudices or the worldliness and pride of our heart, but are obliged after a time to bend to the force of truth. I resisted convictions about the Church of England as long and as much as I could, and could not bear to hear her spoken against, but I was obliged after a time to feel those convictions were right, and that I must obey them.

I can hardly gather from your letter whether Mrs. R. is staying at your house, or living near so as often to come in. We breathe out no curses against the Establishment, but

simply proclaim her corruptions. As for myself, it is very rare that I mention her name, or say anything about her, having far more important work to do than batter her walls. Nor would I lift up a finger to pull her down, nor do I covet any of her possessions. If we act conscientiously we must prepare ourselves for persecution.

It must have been a trial to you to have refused standing proxy for Mrs. Watts. You acted quite right, however, in refusing to go if your conscience witnessed against it. And, indeed, how could you promise for yourself or another that the child should keep all the commandments, and such vows as are made at the font by the sponsors. It would have been awful mockery in you, having an enlightened conscience, to make such promises as you knew no flesh, especially in an unregenerated person, could perform. May the Lord make and keep your conscience increasingly tender, may He bring you again to His blessed feet, and preserve you from backsliding in heart and life from Him. The children of Israel, after they had passed through the Red Sea, soon forgot His works, and their next step was to make an idol and bow down before it.

I heard from Mr. Isbell this morning, and felt a sympathy with his letter. He speaks of sending me some hymns to read. If so, you might send them in your parcel to L. When the penny post comes into operation I shall hope to correspond with you more frequently. You will be increasingly anxious for our dear mother's and sister's spiritual welfare. Oh, what a mercy it is to escape the wrath to come! What a terrible weight of wrath will consume all that know not Jesus and the power of His resurrection! May we have our evidences again and again renewed. Pray for me that I may be blessed indeed. My chest is rather better. I have now less pain in it. I was afraid at one time I must for a time give up preaching.

You will find Huntington's works profitable to read. Some of them are published cheap, as *The Kingdom of Heaven taken by Prayer*, and *Contemplations on the God of Israel*. The last is a very sweet production of his pen. Hart's Hymns, too, are a choice treasure for a child of God, who knows his own grief and his own sore. But, after all, the Word of God, under the teachings of the Blessed Spirit, is

the most profitable companion for a living soul. It is said of Jesus, "Then opened He their understandings that they might understand the Scriptures." Blessed instruction is it when He that hath the key of David opens His own Word, and opens our heart to receive it with heavenly unction and divine authority! When He puts His hand in by the hole of the lock, and moves our hearts to hear His voice speaking in the Word! You will, no doubt, attend as much as you can on Mr. Isbell's ministry which the Lord has blessed to your soul. Under the word you will find many secrets opened up, many mysteries of godliness as well as of corruption discovered, and will be sometimes wounded and sometimes healed, sometimes rebuked and sometimes comforted, sometimes cast down, and sometimes lifted up. The life of faith is a strange, mysterious life to lead, and contains many lessons of a painful, and some of a very pleasing nature. Well may it be said, "Who teacheth like God?"

I will add no more for the present than our united love to our dear mother, Mary Ann, and yourself.

Your affectionate Brother,

J. C. P.

( 43 )

TO JOSEPH PARRY.

Stamford, Oct. 17, 1839.

My dear Friend,—We were expecting a letter from you for several days, I had almost said weeks, before it came, and were disappointed at seeing the postman so continually pass our door without entering our gate. I was anxious to know how friend Kay was heard, and perhaps a little jealous feeling intruded itself lest his larger foot should have obliterated my footmark. I am glad you have heard him profitably, and that his testimony has found an entrance into your conscience. Comfortable hearing is not always profitable hearing, and often that which condemns us does us more real and lasting good than that which encourages us. To hear others on whom can we depend speak of their manifestations and enjoyments, whilst we ourselves are dark and dead, writing bitter things against ourselves, and cutting ourselves off from

eternal life, often stirs up much jealousy as well as self-pity and rebellion. But sometimes it gives us encouragement to feel that they too had to grope for the wall before they got in at the gate, and this stirs us up to cry, seek, and pray, and say, "Hast Thou but one blessing? Bless me, even me also." If you read or hear the experience of gracious men, such as enters with power and conviction into your heart, you will always find that they wrestled much and long before they won the prize. And this encourages us to wrestle too, and so run that we may obtain. I could wish that our dear friend Mrs. Wild had obtained a blessing as well as E. Pope and some others, whom I may call choice feeders. It is most desirable to relieve friend Tiptaft of the burden he has borne so long and so cheerfully, yet those who would push John Kay out should be well persuaded he is called to the ministry, lest in their anxiety to befriend one party they really injure the other, and act against God's Word. I know it is W. Tiptaft's opinion that he will never hold a body of people together, and, I presume, he speaks from what he had seen at Abingdon. I gather from your letter that the chapel at Allington is not crowded. I am convinced that a door of utterance, and some measure of what is popularly called "a gift," is absolutely needful for a preacher who is to be useful or generally acceptable to God's family. And, indeed, it might be asked, why should a man mount a pulpit at all unless he can teach the church of God; and how shall he teach, if not abundantly supplied with spiritual feelings, thoughts, and words? The scriptural qualification of a minister is, that he should be "apt to teach." A certain measure of divine utterance is therefore absolutely needful for a minister of truth, and I will defy anyone to point me out a minister widely or abundantly blessed who is destitute of such a gift as renders him acceptable to God's family. I am speaking all along of a divine gift, for all that falls short of this is wind and vanity. I am glad to hear W. Tiptaft means to come for a short time to Allington at the end of next month, and could wish for your sake that he had accepted a longer invitation. He writes word to Oakham that he is stronger and better.

I received a remarkable letter on Monday from my elder sister; I say remarkable, for I was as much surprised at its

contents as if she had written it in Greek. It was written under the powerful influence of a divine manifestation, and carried with it to my mind all the savour, reality, and power of a heavenly blessing. In fact, she could scarcely write from her feelings of joy and praise, which she was afraid would be too much for her weak body. She has been under soul concern for some years, but there was always to my mind something wanting, and I could not receive it as a divine work. It appears she has been more tried lately, and sought much of the Lord to manifest to her if she were a child of His. She especially implored Him to make it plain under Mr. Isbell's ministry one evening, but she could get nothing till towards the end of his sermon, when he suddenly changed his subject, and began to read Isaiah lvii. She says, when he came to verse 10 the veil suddenly dropped from her eyes, she had a view by faith of the Saviour and entered into the strait gate after so long groping for the wall. She hurried home, fell upon her knees, and could say without a doubt, "My Lord and my Saviour." She has been full of praise and blessing ever since. I never saw such an alteration in my life. Her letter to me is full of power, and I can scarcely believe she wrote it, so different is it from anything I ever heard her write or speak of. She is a very sincere person naturally, and has always been afraid to profess anything, and has never been among experimental people to pick up canting whine. I know her so well that it must be either a strong delusion or a divine work, and I dare not say it is the former, lest I do despite to the Spirit of grace. It is fully received by Isbell, from whom I have since heard, as a divine work, and he appears to have been much led out in private prayer for her previously. The savour has been on my mind nearly ever since, and has continually occupied my thoughts. I trust it has stirred my spirit up, and led me to offer up many fervent supplications by night and by day, that I too may enjoy a blessing. She writes at present in the full assurance of faith, calls Jesus brother, and says, whatever comes she is sure she is safe. I am astonished at her language, and the way in which she expresses herself, which puts me in mind of some of Huntington's correspondents.

Mr. Isbell is the person who writes in the *Gospel Standard* as G. I., Stoke. I think him a well taught, and much tried

and exercised young man, who is, I have felt, encouraged to believe in God as one who hears and answers prayer. Oh, it is a good thing to wait upon the Lord, and, like Paul, to serve the Lord with all humility of mind, and with many tears and temptations! What a dread sovereign is He! How fearful in justice, and yet to His own how abundant in mercy!

My chest is, through mercy, better. It has been very unwell, so much so that I thought I must diminish for a time my pulpit labours.

I have been expecting a letter from friend Dredge; but I know that he cannot sit down like many and write, whether he feels or not. He must have something like a springing well before he can lay hold of the pump-handle. I am glad he gets on well with Kay, and goes about with him to the various villages and towns; where there is a door opened for him to preach. Your Wiltshire professors will have a good opportunity to put John Kay into the balance; but, perhaps, like the man who laid hold of a warrior in the wilderness, you may find he has caught you instead of your taking him.

I am sorry the bookseller's delay prevents your accumulating a store of agricultural knowledge. You will find some useful hints in the book, I doubt not; but, like other precepts, they must be obeyed to know their value. At the same time, I should be sorry if Loudon took you away from Huntington, or that you preferred reading his Cyclopædia to the Word of God. I wish I had more appetite for the blessed truths of God, and could search and read the Scriptures more. How sweet, how suitable, how wise, how heaven-tending, how world-deadening is the Word of God! What rich treasures of truth are there stored up, and when we read them in God's light, and feel them in God's life, what a penetrating power is there in the truths there revealed! "Then opened He their understanding, that they might understand the Scriptures." Blessed opening, when He that hath the key of David puts in His hand by the hole of the door, and opens our heart to receive His own Word. Then when we go to the Word of Truth, after it has come to us, our fingers drop with sweet-smelling myrrh upon the handles of the lock. It is said that "the dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God, and they that hear shall live." Oh, to hear the voice of the

Son of God in our hearts! Surely it shall make our dead hearts, cold frames, withering hopes, drooping love, dying faith, languishing prayers, and fainting minds live; yea, revive as the corn, and grow as the vine. What is all religion without a Divine beginning, middle, and end, commencing, carried on, and accomplished with a heavenly power, supernatural life, and spiritual unction? Well may we be ashamed, sick, and sorry of all our thoughts, words, and works, all our knowledge and profession that have not stood, or do not stand, in the power, teaching, and wisdom of God. All our talk has been but vain babbling, our prayers lip-service, our preaching wind and vanity, our profession hypocrisy, our knowledge the worst kind of ignorance, and all our religion carnality or delusion, if they have not been divinely communicated. Sir Isaac Newton, the wisest philosopher, is said to have remarked to one who congratulated him on his knowledge, "I have been like a little child on the sea-shore taking up a little water in a shell when the vast ocean of truth lay undiscovered before me." Much more may a spiritual man feel how little, how nothing, he knows of the unsearchable riches of Christ, and the boundless stores of wisdom hid in them. As John Kay somewhere quotes, "It takes a man twenty years to become a fool." Look back, and see how, with Hart, you can say, "His light and airy dreams I took for solid food." What has become of the tons of instruction you have heard in your chapel from the old Supplies? Surely they have all vanished, like the gas from a torn balloon; and all the "preliminary remarks," as well as the "concluding observations," have been to you as the morning cloud and early dew. I believe we must learn to be ashamed of our religion as well as of our sins. I see such hypocrisy, presumption, deceit, and falsehood in my profession, that I am obliged to confess it continually, and seek pardon for and deliverance from it. Anything does us good which racks us off from our lees, stirs us up to cry and pray, leads us to search the Word of God, and makes us earnest and sincere. I am so rarely sincere, so seldom in downright earnest, and am so lukewarm, and cold, and careless, and carnal, and sensual, that I have reason to take a low place. Some professors are always, as they think, sincere; but those who think so are the most remote from spiritual sincerity,

and know it not as God's gift and work. If they knew their own hypocrisy it would make them cry for sincerity, and they would learn that to be sincere brings with it a daily cross, and very often a furnace.

My love to John Kay and the friends.

Your affectionate Friend,

J. C. P.

( 44 )

To MISS PHILPOT.

Oakham, Monday, Nov. 18, 1839.

My dear Fanny,—I was glad to hear that the good Lord was still dealing graciously with you. I also received a letter and package of hymns, etc., from Mr. Isbell, which I hope shortly to acknowledge. I have read the hymns, and think they have many beauties; but there are roughnesses which need polishing, and in some instances false rhymes, which, if possible, should be altered. I think I prefer the first, entitled, "The Bloodhound," to any. There are, I think, too few for publication, unless through the medium of some periodical, as the *Gospel Standard*. His MS. would appear diminutive indeed in print, and the expense would be nearly as great as a larger volume. Purchasers like some quantity as well as quality, and so few would hardly find a sale beyond his own congregation and immediate friends. If he would go on composing more, and polish what he has already written, I think it would be a preferable step to a hasty, perhaps premature, publication. A certain amount of poetry is absolutely requisite in hymns, the want of which, as in the case of Herbert's (of Sudbury), is a positive impediment to their wide diffusion, in spite of choice experience and sound doctrine; whilst Cowper's and Kent's owe much of their circulation to the sweetness of the poetry. It may be said these are carnal embellishments, but it may be replied that we may as well write in prose if we set aside the main essence of poetry, and by choosing that mode of conveying our feelings and ideas we tacitly assume that we take with poetry that which belongs to its essence. Hart, the first of hymn-writers, had an especial gift for that work, but next to



the experience and blessed unction that rests upon them, I admire the beautiful fulness of every line where every word conveys an idea. If I did not like much of Mr. Isbell's hymns I should not advise him to go on writing more. I hope to write to him more at length on this and other subjects, but don't know whether it will be just at present.

I felt your letters profitable to my soul, and this induced the desire of sending some extracts to the *Gospel Standard*—only initials—and I have erased or altered anything of a family nature. May the promise spoken to your soul be fulfilled. My faith cannot rise so far. But continue in prayer and supplications, my dear sister, for all whom you believe that promise to encircle, and for me also, that I may have the love of God shed abroad in my heart, and the atoning blood of Jesus sprinkled on my conscience. It is not always those that manifest enmity are farthest from the kingdom of God. Pliables are sometimes worse than opposers. Rachel envied Leah's fruitfulness, which, if it stirred up her enmity, also awakened her desire, and she in time had a similar blessing, though she paid for it with her life. Nothing is impossible with the Lord, and nothing can frustrate His designs; no, not our dreadful corruptions and wretched unworthiness. You were not suffered to fall into those outward sins which many of God's elect have been betrayed into before called by grace, but if sin could have defeated God's purposes of mercy towards you, you would never have had the blessing. You will have to learn many painful lessons of inward corruption, and will have to wade through depths of which you have little present experience. When the flame of indwelling sin is stirred up, and Satan blows the coals, and the blessed Lord hides His face, you will find that a Christian soldier has to "fight with hell by faith," as Hart says. But whatever trials and difficulties you may be called upon to pass through, faithful is He who hath called you, who also will do it.

Like yourself, I have been often much exercised upon family prayer. I cannot think written prayers acceptable to God, who as a Spirit must be worshipped in spirit and in truth. And if prayer be the cry of a child to his father, it should come freely from the heart, and not according to a written form. If a child were to ask for bread from its

parent according to a paper put into its hand, it would seem more to be at play than really in want of food. I certainly would not advise you to act contrary to conscience, or any way seem to mock God. But could you not offer up a few words yourself, *extempore*, as it is called? There is nothing to forbid a female praying amongst females, for we read (1 Cor. xi. 5) of a woman praying, *i.e.*, publicly, though not before males, for then she is to keep silence (1 Tim. ii. 12; 1 Cor. xiv. 34). A few simple words might be more blessed to the rest and would relieve your conscience, for then you need only utter what you feel. What is called "a gift" is not needful so long as a person does not break down, and can express his wants in simple language. But I desire to leave the matter entirely to yourself, and may you seek counsel and direction from the Wonderful Counsellor.

You will find that many who have heard of your having received a blessing will very narrowly watch your conduct to detect some inconsistency. Those especially who go to the same chapel will minutely examine your dress, looks, and very gestures to find some flaw inconsistent with Christian perfection, for many believers, as well as unbelievers, form an idea that such is the state of one who has received a blessing. And marvel not if some of that mire and mud which is so liberally bespattered on Mr. Isbell should be thrown at you, for similar doctrines and experience will call forth similar enmity. Satan, too, has his baits skilfully prepared and set. You will not find yourself dead to the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, or the pride of life. And Satan has temptations, too, as the angel of light, and can instil presumption, hypocrisy, spiritual pride, Pharisaism, and a host of other evils. But He that has called you to be a soldier, will teach your hands to war and your fingers to fight, and greater is He that is in you, than he that is in the world.

What a wonderful revolution is effected by divine teaching and heavenly visitations! The soul is brought to live in a new world and breathe a new element. Old things pass away, and behold, all things become new. New desires, feelings, hopes, fears, and exercises arise, and the soul becomes a new creature. The world appears in its true colours, as a painted bauble, and as its pleasures are valued at their due worth, so its good opinion is little cared for or desired.

But what complete dependents are we on the bounty and love of God, and on the divine operation of the Blessed Spirit, to feel or realise one grain or atom of heavenly things! And how unable to believe, feel, taste, handle, or enjoy the smallest particle of eternal realities, except from spiritual manifestation of them! Of reading as well as of making many books there is no end, and much study is a weariness of the flesh. It is not advisable for children of God to read much of the writings of fallible men. Their writings often confuse the mind, and lead to controversies and vain jangling, or, at any rate, tend more to impart that knowledge which puffeth up, than that love which edifieth. Not but that a sound, savoury, experimental author is sometimes profitable, especially at those seasons when we cannot read the sacred Scriptures from distracting thoughts. But when there is an appetite for God's Word, far more weighty, powerful, heavenly instruction is to be derived thence than from any writings penned by man. And why need we go to cisterns when we have the fountain? All that is good in human writings has been got from the Bible, and why need we obtain that at second-hand which we can have immediately from the same source? And the pen of man has been far more frequently wielded to propagate or support error than the cause of God and truth.

We return to Stamford to-morrow, yesterday being my Lord's-day here. We like our new house much, and have a very steady, confidential servant, whom we like much. My love to our dear mother, Mary Ann, and her little ones. My very kind regards to R. and Mrs. R., whom I so well remember from almost her infancy.

Your affectionate Brother,

J. C. P.

( 45 )

To JOSEPH PARRY.

Stamford, Nov. 29, 1839.

My dear Friend,—Knowing you are one of those who do not grudge postage when a letter comes from a friend, I answer your letter earlier than I otherwise should have done,

especially as it contains some questions which require an immediate reply. . . .

I can well sympathize with you in your various doubts and fears. I often feel as if I had not one grain of religion nor spark of divine life. I am often groanless and sighless, and as reckless as if there were no heaven or hell; and then wake, as it were, out of my sleep and sigh out a desire. But I cannot swim in ——'s vessel, nor any such smooth-sailing craft: I, like a shipwrecked mariner, must be picked up out of the deep unfathomable sea, or perish. My sister's deliverance for a while much stirred up my mind, but, alas! I am got pretty much into my old spot again. An extract from two of her letters will appear in the *Gospel Standard* for next month. Some may quarrel with it, and others doubt it, but let those who quarrel and those who doubt bring forward a better one of their own. I should myself be well satisfied with such a one, and if similarly favoured would fight for it against flesh, devil, conscience, law, the world, the Pharisee, and the Antinomian, professor or profane, God's children and the devil's. And I find we need hold fast what we have, however little, for doves will pick at it as well as rooks, and sheep will nibble as well as goats. But he that has God's testimony in his soul will stand by that, and that, too, will stand by him when all other witnesses fail or bear testimony against him. When we first start we are like a child learning to run alone. We lean on a chair, or get hold of somebody's hand, but by-and-by, when we have had some tumbles, and fallen sometimes over a friend's foot, and sometimes through an enemy's push, and sometimes slipped down through our own corruptions, we learn to walk alone, hanging only on free grace and divine teaching.

People are looking to me to teach them, and what can I teach them but this, that we are fools and God only wise, and that, therefore, none teacheth but He and like Him? And this makes people angry who have not yet learnt their folly. People are crying up religion all over the country, and there is not one of a thousand who has yet learnt the first lesson—to be nothing. Some extol faith and some works; some are preaching free-grace and others free-will; but of all this noisy crowd, how few lie at Jesus' feet, helpless and hopeless, and find help and hope in Him! I wish we

lived nearer, that we might sometimes compare notes, and talk over some of these hidden mysteries.

The review of Hawker and Huntington has stirred up the wrath of many, but I believe experimental Christians will not very much quarrel with it. I wrote it out of my own heart and described my own feelings. Many, I believe, have given up the *Standard* in consequence. William Tiptaft's letter is much liked at Oakham. I think "a Traveller" (J. H., I believe) has written well, and touched some strings that will vibrate in feeling hearts.

Mr. R. is discontented at my drawing away his hearers, and says he has lost his very best. Mrs. —, once a lost one, but now reformed if not regenerated, begins to find, I believe, that all he could do was to build her up in presumption, and the trowel having got into a chink which he did not sufficiently plaster up has made the whole coating tremble. When it has all come down she will begin to learn a little of what religion is. I can't help picking away at every piece of untempered mortar, whether Pharisaism or Antinomianism, presumptuous confidence or feigned humility, and directly it is all down I want to fall to and build it up again with better materials. But I am a sad and bungling workman, and sometimes, perhaps, stick the pick into sound mortar whilst aiming at the rotten, and at other times put up a plaster of road mud instead of well-tempered cement. But my way is to keep picking at what I find in myself rotten and unsound, and not to put on any cement that does not satisfy or heal my own soul. Sometimes guilt makes one's hand shake, and, anon, recollection of inconsistencies makes the uplifted blow come down more softly, and then doubts and fears of presumption make all the cement fall out of one's hand. So that I find that to pull down aright as well as to build up aright. Hart, in his "Preface," that invaluable piece, has hit the right nail on the head, where he advises "no one to trust the directions of his own heart, or of any other man; therefore let the Christian ask direction of his God." I find myself more and more brought off from looking to or leaning upon man, as I see and feel all are liable to err, and that none can teach but God.

Mr. Isbell has written to me some very nice letters lately. He speaks very highly of William Tiptaft's letter in this

month's *Gospel Standard*. Remember me affectionately to him, your wife, and children. My kind love to Dredge, Mrs. Wild, E. Pope, the Cannings' women, etc., etc. I have few friends, after all, better than my Allington ones.

Your affectionate Friend,

J. C. P.

( 46 )

To MISS PHILPOT.

Stamford, Dec. 24, 1839.

My dear Fanny,—I received safely your packet yesterday, and was much interested in J. G.'s letter to George Isbell, and think with a little revising it will do very well for the *Gospel Standard*. Surely every quickened and regenerated vessel of mercy is a fresh proof of that sweet passage, "Where sin hath abounded, there did grace much more abound." And those that owe all they are, and all they have, to sovereign, distinguishing, superabounding grace must sing to the praise of the glory of His grace wherein He hath made them accepted in the Beloved. Well may we hang solely and wholly on grace, for the past, the present, and the future, and whilst others spin their spider-woven garments out of their own bowels, may the grace of the Three-One Jehovah be all our hope here and all our song hereafter.

I am not surprised that you feel your ignorance. This is far better than boasting of your knowledge. You will see one day, if not now, that it was your mercy your head was not stored with knowledge, as it makes the change more striking and evident. By feeling your ignorance, too, you are made more dependent on divine teaching, and will be kept from sacrificing to your own drag, and the cry of your soul will be, "What I know not, teach Thou me;" "Open mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of Thy law." I have long been deeply convinced of the necessity of divine teaching, and have at different times, and do still from day to day, put up many earnest petitions for the blessed teachings of the Holy Ghost. The promise stands fast for evermore: "All thy children shall be taught of the Lord." And Jesus Himself has put His own blessed seal upon it where

He says, "It is written in the prophets, And they shall be all taught of God. Every man therefore that hath heard, and hath learned of the Father, cometh unto Me" (John vi. 45). This is the "unction from the Holy One, whereby the children of God know all things;" "the anointing which teacheth of all things, and is truth, and is no lie" (1 John ii. 20, 27). You will find it good to read much of the blessed Word of truth. It is, when applied by the eternal Comforter, "spirit and life" (John vi. 63); and the leaves of this tree are for medicine, and the fruit thereof for meat (Ezek. xlvii. 12; Rev. xxii. 2). "For all Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness." By continually reading the Word you will make up for a defective memory, and let none despise having the Word of truth stored up in the mind, as the Blessed Spirit will sooner or later apply to the heart many passages which at present may be only in the memory. "Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom" (Col. iii. 16). "This book of the law shall not depart out of thy mouth; but thou shalt meditate herein day and night" (Josh. i. 8). See also the following scriptures: Deut. vi. 6—9; xvii. 18, 19; xxx. 11—14. Compare with Rom. x. 6—10, Psalm i. 2, 3; cxix. 97, 99, 103, 115, 130, 148.

You have received such encouragement to pray that I doubt not you still persevere in making your requests known unto God. I have not been blessed with that spirit of prayer nor assurance of an answer that you have been favoured with. My earnest desires and breathings have been more for a blessing on my own soul. I feel my daily need of visitations and manifestations from the Lord. Jabez offered a sweet prayer (1 Chron. iv. 10): "Oh that Thou wouldst bless me indeed, and enlarge my coast, and that Thine hand might be with me," etc. To be blessed *indeed* is the soul's desire of one taught of God, and the application of His love and blood to the conscience is a blessing indeed. And to have His guiding, directing, supporting, upholding hand with us, what more can we desire? And to be kept from evil that it may not grieve us: what tender conscience does not desire such a blessing too? I am not surprised Mrs. — is cold. Expect many such chilling looks from former friends. There can be no real union with, nor cordial approbation of persons

that condemn us. "Can two walk together except they be agreed?" To be brought out of Egypt condemns those that are yet in the house of bondage, well pleased with the leeks, onions, and garlic. Such coarse fare pleases well an earthly appetite, however little suitable to those that have tasted the hidden manna. You will find your motives misrepresented, your words misinterpreted, your actions narrowly observed, your gestures, dress, and general appearance strictly scrutinized. I am sorry to hear your health continues weak, but it may be a blessing to keep you more at home, and thus in some measure preserve you from the keen eye of saint and sinner, professor and profane. May the Lord in His own time and way bless the word to our dear mother. Encourage her to seek for mercy from Him who is merciful, yea, rich in mercy. And as the Lord enables you, continue in prayer and supplication for her, and may I add, for me also, that the Lord would bless me indeed, by the manifestations of His love to my soul.

I seem to think that in hearing Mr. Isbell you are somewhat under the influence of excitement, at least it struck me so in your last, from the feeling you express of expecting to hear a scream or a shout under his preaching. The Lord does not usually work in that way—witness yourself—when He speaks with power. He was neither in the storm, the earthquake, nor the fire, but in the still, small voice. The waiting prophet did not wrap his face in his mantle, nor go out of the cave during the raging war of elements, but when he heard the still small voice of love and power, he went forth and stood in the entering-in of the cave. Excitement is frequently substituted for religion, as among the Wesleyans and Ranters.

*[The remainder of this letter is lost.]*

( 47 )

To GEORGE S. B. ISBELL.

Stamford, Jan. 9, 1840.

My dear Friend,—I have been expecting to hear from you every day, to obtain permission to send J. G.'s letter to the *Standard*. But as you do not write, I presume you are



waiting a reply to your kind letter. Indeed, I am at times fit to write to nobody from darkness of mind and carnality of heart. It is mostly ebb-tide with me, and when the tide turns and begins to flow, I am too much engaged with opening all the gates and sluices to sit down and write. I have often been most able and willing to preach and write when opportunity did not serve. And when the season has come, the thoughts are gone, the feelings flown, the dew evaporated, the warmth extinguished, and the food got cold and tasteless. Sometimes when walking or when dressing I have felt zeal, life, power, ideas, words, so that I could have with boldness set forth the word of life, or penned down truth with what seemed at the time vigour and decision. But when I have afterwards been in the pulpit, or taken my pen, not only has the power and feeling flown, but the very train of thought, the texts of Scripture, the light thrown upon them, and all clearness of idea, have fled, too, and left me shut up, embarrassed, confused and almost worthless. I have spoken on a text sometimes in a way that has been a wonder to myself, and then, perhaps, in another place from the same words have been so shut up that I could scarcely muster an idea, or utter a sentence that to me seemed to the point; and have wondered the people should ever hear me again. Many of the Calvinist ministers could preach the same sermon from the same words to any congregation. But it is not so with me. I am dependent on the Lord for every sermon and every occasion; and find a different vein of thought, or different mode of expressing myself, which varies with the congregation. Nor can I write when I please, nor express my thoughts and feelings when I wish. Some of my correspondents shut me up, and the ink freezes, as it were, in my pen; whilst to others I feel handling the pen of the ready writer, and can freely turn out the thoughts of my heart as my hand moves along the page. "Can two walk together except they be agreed?" enquires the Holy Ghost; and the experience of all honest men answers, "No." Dissemblers and hypocrites can walk together; and so can enemies of truth, like Herod and Pontius Pilate, run in couples like bloodhounds to hunt down the precious life. My experience for these last seven or eight years has been to keep much to myself, and to have nothing to say to men with

whom I do not feel a cordial union. Some call this pride, others bitterness of spirit, but I have never reaped anything from false unity without spiritual union but vexation and trouble. Bastards and servants can never be anything but spies (Gal. ii. 4) and enemies. Ishmael will mock Isaac, though born in the same house, nor can any wisdom of man reconcile the two seeds between whom God has put enmity. And however distasteful and wearisome the company of worldly men is to me, I honestly confess that the presence and conversation of a moral man, who does not absolutely pain me by his worldliness, is more tolerable than the smooth cant of a hard-hearted professor. I hope always to avoid the company of either, but I would sooner ride 100 miles inside a coach with one than the other. Nor have I ever found it wise to tell to such the feelings of my heart. If one dances, like Michal they despise, and if one is cast down, we are as a lamp despised in the mind of him that is at ease. With them the prophet is a fool, the spiritual man is mad, and though they smooth their tongues, and their words are softer than butter, they only do it that they may the better bend their bow and shoot in secret at him that is perfect. I was once for loving everybody that talked about Jesus Christ, but I have learned a different lesson, and find my affections now flow in a narrower channel, and, I believe, all the deeper from its contracted width. "As many as walk according to this rule, peace be on them, and mercy, and upon the Israel of God." And what rule is that? "A new creature in Christ Jesus." So says the Spirit by Paul, and so answer I, "Amen." But not new creeds, ye letter men; nor "new lives," ye reformed, but not regenerated sinners; nor "new tongues," ye glib talkers. To all that come short of the new creature we must answer to their question, "Is it peace, Jehu?" "What peace so long as the whoredoms of thy mother Jezebel and her witchcrafts are so many?" But in this warfare we shall have no better treatment than those who have gone before us. If they hated the Saviour, they must hate the saved; and if they called Him Beelzebub, how much more those of His household?

I have heard from friend — on his brother's marriage. He seems much pleased and gratified with all he heard and saw. You would perceive he is not a man of strong mind,

nor deep experience; yet, I trust, a sincere lover of truth and the possessor of it. But he is not what a friend of mine calls "a front-rank man." He will support another better than advance, and follow better than lead. Such, however, are useful when they know themselves and their own weakness, which I trust he does; and are content to boil the camp kettle, or scrape lint for the wounded, rather than head the forlorn hope. He had been set up, before I knew him, by those who sought to build, but who knew neither how to dig the foundation nor handle a trowel; and, I believe, was much cut down before cut to his right dimensions. Alas! alas! how many in a church would squeeze up to nothing if grasped by the hand of the Spirit! And many others, were they put into the hydraulic press, as the Americans do their bales of cotton, would shrink into woefully small dimensions. You may depend upon it, that with all the light in our day there is very little grace. Most are boasting themselves on a false gift, and are potsherds covered with silver dross. The best taught are crying, "My leanness! my leanness! woe unto me!" and mourning over their barrenness and death. The professing church is in the Laodicean state of saying: She is rich, and increased in goods, and in need of nothing. She feeds on doctrines without knowing or caring to know their power, and rests on the general security of the elect without feeling or desiring to feel her own. Antinomian presumption is the hydra of our professing day, the damning sin of Calvinists, as self-righteousness is of Arminians. The millstones are not wider apart than in the days of Hart, and the path between them is still what the vulture's eye hath not seen. If temptations, doubts, fears, crosses, and afflictions keep us from crying, "Peace, where there is no peace," it is far better for us than being at ease in Zion. Our flesh loves ease and carnal security, and absence of trials produces and brings that which the flesh loves. But in such seasons, when all is dead within, how soon does all the power of religion evaporate, how cold are our prayers, how dark and hidden is the word of truth, how pointless and worldly is our conversation, how vain and flesh-pleasing are our thoughts, and how feeble are our pulpit ministrations! Religion becomes a burden, and everything connected with it a task; whilst all the time we are sensible we are not what we were before,

and yet, like a dreaming man, can tell neither what we are nor where we are. But when the entrance of the word of reproof or of promise giveth light, a ray is cast over the path we are in, our backslidings reprove us, our leanness rising up in us beareth witness to our face, and we cry, "Bring my soul out of prison; deliver me for Thy mercy's sake; visit me with Thy salvation, and lift up the light of Thy glorious countenance upon me." But we soon start aside like a broken bow, and go a whoring after our idols under every green tree. Like the wild ass of the wilderness we snuff up the wind at our pleasure, and in our occasions who can turn us away?

You ask how I was convinced of believer's baptism? I don't know that I can add any more to what I mentioned in my note. When the subject first arrested my mind I turned from it with enmity, as I saw it was like a man with a saw coming to cut down my apple-tree which bare the golden apples. This was evident, that if believer's baptism was the only scriptural one, I must relinquish my connection with a system that was based upon infant sprinkling. But this I had neither inclination nor faith to do, especially as my health was indifferent, and all my income derived from the Establishment. Still, however, as I read the Scriptures, I could see neither precept nor example of any other baptism, and together worked with this the awful mockery of the Church of England's service for sprinkling infants, which, however, I escaped, as having an assistant who did that as well as all the other formal work. Some friends of mine, too, at this time seceded from the Establishment, and were baptized, and as I still maintained equally friendly relations with them, we sometimes conversed upon it, and my convictions were still more strengthened till they outgrew and outweighed all bonds and shackles, and forced me out of Babylon. I was baptized by Mr. Warburton about six months after I left the Establishment, and have never swerved from believing it to be a gospel ordinance, though I feel little disposed to make a Shibboleth of it, or make it a prominent topic of my ministry. The way in which many Baptists bring it forward I much object to, as though it were the all in all, and the grand turning point, whereas I rather regard it as an ordinance to be obeyed from divine teaching and

love. "If ye love Me keep My commandments." But some of my dearest friends and best hearers are not Baptists, nor has this come in as a bar or a stumbling-block between our friendship and love. I cannot, however, agree with Mr. Triggs, or the late Mr. Fowler, to make it an indifferent thing, and in our zeal for spiritual substances to set aside the Lord's clear command, and His apostles' undoubted practice, as nullities and shadows. Jesus is a law-giver to His chosen, and they honour Him little who despise His precepts. That is an awful word (Matt. v. 19), and you are well aware of the difference between transgressing through weakness, and neglecting through contempt, or despising through hardness of heart. And I dare say you have felt the keen edge of the verse I have quoted, in the expression, "And shall teach men so." I have sometimes derived comfort from this thought, that wherever I have transgressed I have not taught men so, and have neither justified to myself nor to others any deviation from the strait and narrow path. And here I draw a distinction between the opponents of baptism and the neglectors of it. S—— has preached against, and, I believe, ridiculed believer's baptism. I would not, therefore, pass by an opportunity of correspondence without telling him of his error. This produced some warm defensive language, and when I stated in my reply that I did not, perhaps, bring forward baptism once a year in the pulpit, he could not understand how I could be faithful in so doing, when I opposed him for denying it. He could not see the difference between a man's not seeing a truth and opposing it. Had you, for instance, been silent on the subject, I should not have brought it forward; but had you opposed it, I should soon have defended it, and I think this is a very intelligible distinction. If your church be not a Baptist church, you will find that to bring baptism forward will set it all on fire and prove a bone of contention. But I would not have you the less bring it forward if the Lord has laid it upon your soul, and the most powerful sermon you could preach upon it would be to submit to it yourself. The very storm, however, might winnow out some of the old chaff, of which, I doubt not, you have more than you wish. You have probably found ere this that old members of churches are not usually the most spiritual or teachable, and that your chief hopes rest

upon those whom the Lord has given you as seals of ministry. And you may find baptism to give the old members more offence than your other preaching, as being a more tangible point, and as affording them a rallying spot of ground whence they may discharge their artillery against what they call your bitter spirit, etc. It may therefore be a turning-point with you, and yet should not be so brought forward, but simply as a truth taught you by the Lord.

It is good for us to have little to do with men. I have had, I think, sufficient reason to be shy of most ministers, nor are there above half a dozen to whom I feel any union. The review of Hawker and Huntington in the *Gospel Standard*, generally ascribed to me, has made many very angry, who never knew the experience therein spoken of, and therefore their language is, "Master, in speaking thus thou condemnest us also!" Truth, however, will stand when the world is in a blaze.

Your affectionate Friend,

J. C. P.

( 48 )

To J. CARBY TUCKWELL.\*

Stamford, January 16, 1840.

My dear Friend,—I felt much interested in your account of your trip to Plymouth. You need not have felt such trepidation at calling on my mother and sister, as they are plain people, and would be glad to see any friend of mine. I am glad you liked my sister's conversation. Whatever others may think I care not. I myself fully receive it as a divine work, and those who doubt or disbelieve it, let them produce a better. I mean as to the feelings produced by a visit from Jesus; and if any cavil, and say there was not this preparatory work, and that preliminary hell and damnation terrors, all I can say, "Who shall limit the Holy One of Israel?" As Hart says in his golden "Preface"—in my opinion the most weighty piece of writing ever penned by man after the blessed Scriptures—"The dealings of God with His

\* *The Seceders*, Vol. I., p. 124.

people, though similar in the general, are nevertheless so various that there is no chalking out the paths of one child of God by those of another; no laying down regular plans of Christian conversion, Christian experience, Christian usefulness, or Christian conversation." I heartily assent to what I have thus quoted, and though I believe there is no revelation of Christ without previous condemnation by the Law, who shall define the necessary degree of depth, or the indispensable period of length? Who shall take the compasses and scale, and mark out a circle for the Almighty to move in, or a line to walk by? Let the measurer first cut and clip all the trees of the forest into a certain prescribed figure and uniform symmetry. Let him examine an unknown leaf from some Indian forest, and say, "This is not a leaf at all; it is not jagged, nor scalloped like the only leaf I admit as my standard—that of the oak; and therefore I cast it from me as a base counterfeit, a vile imitation, the work of some ingenious artist." You would say to such a critic in vain, "Why, look, sir, is it not green? Does it not spring from a branch? Does it not fulfil all the functions of a leaf? Does it not, by its minute pores and vessels, give out all the superfluous moisture of the sap, and at the same time inhale the oxygen of the air, which, by combining with the sap, becomes nutriment to the tree?" Still he would answer, "I don't care what it does. I say it is not jagged or scalloped, nor like an oak leaf, and therefore away with it."

Apply this to the case in hand. I believe my sister has not felt the terrors of the Law, as many have; but if she felt lost, guilty, condemned, without hope or help, she had a work of the Law in her conscience. But I look more to the deliverance, and the effects produced by it. Who shall say, in reading her simple statement, that her leaf is not green? Does it not give out, and take in, as the leaf does—give out the flowings of love and contrition, and take in out of the fulness of the Saviour? Deliverances, my friend, are the grand evidences to look to. No other evidences will satisfy a needy, naked soul, and they are what a wise man will chiefly look to in estimating others. He will not, indeed, pass by, or think lightly of the sighing of the prisoner, but he will consider the knocking off the fettered captive's chains a better evidence than lying in the dungeon. And whatever some

may think about the most searching ministry being that which deals chiefly with dark evidences, I have not the least doubt that that ministry will be the most cutting, and at the same time the most establishing, which deals most in deliverances. This is a very different thing from the flighty, dry, letter ministry of preaching assurance and comfort. Deliverances imply trials, sorrows and temptations. Troubles and deliverances are the scales of a balance; when one is up the other is down. But they who are all for darkness and unbelief have no balance, but a scale-pan detached from the beam; and they who are all for assurance, have the other scale unhooked from the beam also. They are thieves and deceitful weighers, who have stolen the scale, and left the beam behind them; and, being partners in the robbery, one rogue has taken away one scale, and his accomplice the other. The honest man holds the beam with the scales attached to it, and he puts the light-hearted and untempted into the scale of trials. They cannot make it move a peg; they are found wanting. He then puts the mourners into the scale of deliverances. The beam trembles, but does not move. It is worldly sorrow that works death. They are light weight too. But a living soul tempted will at one time weigh down one scale, and a living soul delivered will at another time weigh down the other scale, and thus be full weight in each. When I get into figures and comparisons I am like a trained horse getting upon the turf. Away he goes, and there is no stopping him till out of breath. The first horse I bought had run a race a week or two before I purchased him, and when I got him upon a down I had hard matter to hold him.

I am glad you get on pretty well with the reading at chapel. An exercised soul in prayer, who is enabled in simple language to pour out his feelings and desires, is worth all the prating, starched-up, letter parsons in the world. My soul has been softened with a single sentence of living prayer out of an exercised child of God, when a long sermon, well dovetailed and jointed, from a letter preacher would have filled it with barrenness and death.

I am, through mercy, pretty well. My chest still at times continues to give me pain, and is, I think, weaker this winter than it was last. I still, however, continue to preach twice on the Lord's-day and once in the week, and usually to good.



and listening congregations, which increase rather than diminish. My ministry is too cutting to please the generality, and, I think, many are wounded who have the root of the matter in them. I trust I am not become mealy-mouthed or a man-pleaser, though my flesh would gladly lean that way. I think, however, they give me credit for seeking their spiritual good, and that I do not speak in bitterness and enmity to wound their feelings. But it is hard for those to relish faithfulness who have been used to flattery. I hope my valued friends who attend Allington chapel are well. Remember me to them in Christian affection, such as E. Pope, the Cannings' women (including Dorcas and her sister Sally), Mrs. Wild, Mr. and Mrs. Parry, Mrs. Cannings, and all my other sincere and steadfast friends.

Yours affectionately, for truth's sake,

J. C. P.

( 49 )

TO A FRIEND.\*

Stamford, January 29, 1840.

My dear Friend,—I feel desirous to hear how you are going on in that spiritual warfare in which you are now engaged on the side of faith and feeling against presumption and dry notions. I gather from a piece or two in the *Gospel Standard* that you are still seeking, in the strength of the Holy Ghost, to pull down strongholds, and to cast down imaginations and every high thing that exalteth itself against the knowledge of God. But no one can effectually pull down the lofty imaginations of delusion, the towering castles of presumption, the strong bulwarks of letter-faith, and the high walls of carnal security, unless these self-same refuges of lies have been laid low in his own soul. The strongholds of false religion must have been undermined by doubts and fears, sapped by spiritual troubles, blown up by powerful temptations, cast down by guilt and wrath, and pulled to pieces by daily and hourly strugglings with misery, darkness, helplessness, beggary, bankruptcy, and thorough insolvency, before we can firmly handle pickaxe and spade, and plant the battering-ram boldly against the high towers of notional

\* *Gospel Standard*, 1840, p. 194.

religion. Some years ago, before I knew much of this leveling work within, I used to feel there was something wrong in many professors, something that repelled me from them instead of drawing me to them; but I could not tell where the disease lay. The apple was so round and well coloured, that I had not discernment to see the little round hole which the maggot had bored through the rind, and that it was eating up the core. I did not know where to strike them; and as I saw they held truth in the letter, and my conscience was tender, I could neither take them into my heart, nor throw them over the wall. But when, in the winter of 1830, the Lord, as I hope and trust, began to pull down in my soul letter-faith and false religion, and has gone on more or less teaching me the same humbling lessons, line upon line, line upon line, here a little and there a little, I have felt emboldened to stand as the captive and blind Samson between the pillars, and bow with all my strength to pull down the banqueting-house of notional religion. Thus we can say to all letter-men and their letter-hearers: "I have been where you are. I once thought the ground firm and good, but I found it a deep morass, which was near swallowing me up. I, like you, was once dreaming, and behold I ate; but I awaked, and my soul was empty; and I, too, as a thirsty man dreamed, and behold I drank; but I awaked, and behold I was faint and my soul had appetite."\* When a minister can from soul experience trace out a notional religion, and show how this laudanum draught stupefies the senses, bewilders the heart, hardens the conscience, blinds the judgement, inflames the pride, and intoxicates the whole soul; and then can experimentally work out the feelings of this opium-eater, when some of the leaves of the tree of life as heavenly medicine made him vomit up the inebriating poison: I say, when a man can feelingly describe both malady and remedy, he is, in my judgement, a workman that need not be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth. And what will be the lot of such a workman? Opposition, hatred, and contempt from the professors whom he unmasks, convictions in the spiritual consciences of the poor and needy that he is a faithful steward, and a satisfaction in his own soul that he is not doing the work of the Lord deceitfully. The high-

\* Isaiah xxix. 8.

faith letter-hearers will say he is in bondage, that he does not preach the gospel, that he does not set forth the glories of Christ. The beggars and bankrupts will find his chains their liberty, his darkness their light, and his death their life; as Paul speaks: "We which live are alway delivered unto death," etc.; "So then death worketh in us, but life in you." The same blessed apostle tells us that many of the brethren waxed confident by his bonds (Phil. i. 14), alluding probably to his temporal chains; but the same thing is true spiritually. I am at a point here that all faith which does not act, move, stir, live, and breathe in a man's soul, is nominal and notional—not the faith of God's elect. I believe there are but two healthy states of soul; one hungering, and the other feeding; one mourning, and the other rejoicing; one sighing, groaning, and panting after testimonies, love favours, sprinkled blood, revealed righteousness, and eternal mercy, and the other banqueting on the same. But you find many towering professors who are neither in one state nor the other. They neither spiritually mourn, nor spiritually rejoice; they neither grieve for Christ's absence, nor are cheered by His presence. They are always the same; always confident, but never confiding; always cheerful, but never cheered; always at rest, but never experimentally resting on the bosom of Jesus. Now, I do not say that a child of God cannot be entangled in this snare. I believe he may and often is. But you will find he can never go all lengths with the all-head and no-heart man. It appears to me that Job was at one time somewhat entrapped here. "Then I said, I shall die in my nest." He was settling down in dead assurance; but there was always something which kept him from quite falling asleep. "I was not in safety, neither had I rest, neither was I quiet; yet trouble came." He had his fears whether this warm downy nest might not be pulled away, and therefore says, "The thing which I greatly feared is come upon me." The living work of God in the soul will never unite with dead faith and presumptuous confidence. There is in many living souls, especially if they fall into the hands of presumptuous men, a hasting to be rich; but such in the end will be convicted of not being innocent. They want to exchange their hobbling gait for eagles' wings. They are so eager for a living child, that

they will adopt the son of the bond-woman, sooner than be barren and wait God's time. "He that believeth shall not make haste." "Though it tarry, wait for it." But they are tired of waiting, and therefore offer up the burnt-offering before Samuel comes down. They out-run their heavenly Teacher, who is too slow with His line upon line for their nimble fancies. They take the highest room unbidden, instead of seating themselves at the bottom of the table. Thus presumption, under the name of faith, carries them along. But by and by, running so fast, they slip and fall, or darkness overtakes them, or temptation assails them, or doubts and fears seize them, or eternity on a sick bed stares them in the face. Then they find their faith all vanished, like the chaff that is driven with the whirlwind out of the floor, and the smoke out of the chimney. They must now retrace their steps with bitter lamentations, and take with shame the lowest room. I believe I can say from experience, that few sins cut into a living conscience deeper than presumption. "Keep back Thy servant from presumptuous sins; . . . so shall I be innocent from the *great* transgression." Surely this verse shows that a child of God has a proneness to presumption, and it is the great transgression from which he needs to be kept back. In my opinion very few are free from it. I feel its workings pretty well every day, and have to confess it again and again. But having this tender part, I know where to hit others, and I can at times drive my sword fearlessly up to the hilt into this abscess, and let out the gory matter.

Write to me, and tell me how you are going on. Are you satisfied that you have acted rightly in staying where you are? I hope you are. A soldier that leaves his post because the bullets are whistling about him, runs a risk of being tried for cowardice. And the bullet has never yet been moulded at Rochford that is to kill you. I was glad to see M. G.'s testimony in the *Standard*. I like your remark that there was reason to question a work where there had been no conflicts for some years. As I quote from memory, excuse if I quote incorrectly; I have, I believe, the substance of the remark. But I could by no means cut off the first work in her soul. "Evil communications corrupt good manners;" and, as I have endeavoured to trace it out, pre-

sumption may have come in under the name of faith. It will be a part of your wisdom to remember this, and to spare the children whilst you flog the bastards. And remember that the sword which glances off the seared conscience of a professor will often pierce a living child, as one of our ancient kings was shot by an arrow that glanced from a tree. May you fight the good fight of faith, and be blessed to the building up of the elect on their most holy faith.

Yours very sincerely, for truth's sake,

J. C. P.

( 50 )

TO A DYING YOUTH.\*

Stamford, February 1, 1840.

My dear Friend,—I promised your mother that I would write to you, and this promise I now endeavour to fulfil. May the Lord the Spirit guide my pen, without whose heavenly teaching I shall write, and you will read, in vain.

I said in my interview with you, that I was always desirous to trace out the workings and actings of faith in the soul. Faith we know is the good and perfect gift of the Father of lights, "with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning," and therefore the sure herald of salvation. But this faith, however good and perfect, is lodged in a vile tabernacle, and is daily and hourly thwarted and opposed by an evil heart of unbelief. Thus it lies often so smothered, buried, and oppressed under the dead carnal load of unbelief, infidelity, worldliness, filth, hardness, darkness and sensuality, that it seems utterly extinct and perished. Like the embers under the ashes, the wheat under the chaff, the tender blade under the snow, the pure gold under the scum of the melting-pot, the goodly pearl under the sand of the sea shore, and the lost piece of money under the dust and rubbish of the room, precious faith is at times lost and buried under the weight and mass of our most vile unbelieving nature. And

\* *Gospel Standard*, 1840, p. 226. The recipient of this letter lived at Bourn, Lincolnshire. He had been blessed under the ministry of William Tiptaft, and of the writer of the letter, who visited him and found him a living soul, though under a dark cloud of heaviness and gloom. He died, however, in the full enjoyment of that peace which passeth all understanding.

yet, under all this heavy weight and pressure, it lies not as a dead, inert, motionless thing. As Hart sweetly says,

“ It lives and labours under load.”

There are times when it heaves, and gasps, and pants, and breathes, and cries out from beneath its oppressive burden. Thus Jonah cried out of the belly of hell; Jeremiah out of the low dungeon (Lam. iii. 55); Hezekiah out of the sentence of death, when he turned his face to the wall. The first said, “ I am cast out of Thy sight;” the second, “ I am cut off;” the third, “ I shall not see the Lord, even the Lord in the land of the living.” But were there not the blessed actings of a living faith in their cries, their fears, their sorrows, their self-condemnation, their desperate, hopeless, helpless condition? And were they left to perish? Ah, no! Their cry came up into the presence, and entered into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth. Each and all were delivered, and praised their God and Saviour with joyful lips.

But the office and province of faith is to look out of self for help and deliverance. Unbelief and despair look wholly and solely to self, and when the utter ruin and bankruptcy of the creature are discovered, they sink with the creature into an unfathomable gulf. But faith, coming *from* the Lamb of God, looks up and out of self *unto* the Lamb of God. As Jonah looked out of the very belly of hell unto God’s holy temple, the type and figure of the Temple made without hands, i.e., the holy human nature of Jesus in which the Godhead dwelt, so does faith look out of guilt, and filth, and misery, and ruin, and helplessness, and hopelessness, unto the Son of God, once crucified, and now risen and glorified, and thus casts anchor within the veil. And though the eyes of faith be often dim, and its ears heavy and well-nigh closed, yet will the one anxiously look out of obscurity, and the other listen earnestly, to see the face, and hear the voice of the Son of God. As a fond wife, anxiously expecting her husband’s return, will open the cottage door, and strain her eyes through the dark night to descry his form, or listen with suppressed breath if she can hear his footsteps, and the longer he delays his coming, the higher will her anxiety rise; so will a believing, longing soul, in the exercise of living faith, look up till its eyes fail (Isa. xxxviii. 14), to see Jesus,

and listen with intense anxiety to hear His still small voice. And are not both these spiritual senses needful to living faith? Jesus says to His disciples, "Yet a little while, and the world seeth Me no more; *but ye see Me*: because I live, ye shall live also" (John xiv. 19). Again: "My sheep *hear My voice*," etc. The command is: "Bring forth the blind people that have eyes, and the deaf that have ears" (Isa. xliii. 8). "*Look* unto Me, and be ye saved." "Hear, and your soul shall live."

You have seen an end of the creature, that it is vanity; of your own righteousness, that it is filthy rags; of your strength, that it is utter weakness; of your natural religion, that it is a broken reed and a cobweb garment. You now want power, life, feeling, heavenly manifestations, precious promises applied with sweetness, visits from Jesus, tokens of distinguishing favour, a conscience sprinkled with atoning blood, and a glorious robe of spotless righteousness cast round your naked soul.

May the Lord speedily grant your desires, and visit your soul with looks of love, rays of mercy, and beams of tender kindness, so as to smile you into humility, resignation, patience, gratitude, contrition, love, and godly sorrow. A languishing body is a heavy cross. Sickness often depresses our spirits, shatters our nerves, and casts a gloom over our minds. But it is good thus to be weaned and detached, and gradually loosened from the strong ties that bind us to earth. I was ill once for many months, and many thought I should never recover. I found it a heavy trial, but I believe it was profitable to my soul. May the Lord make all your bed in your sickness, give you many testimonies of His special favour, and when He sees fit to take down your earthly tabernacle, remove you to that happy country where "the inhabitant shall not say, I am sick," where tears are wiped away from all faces, and sorrow and sighing flee away.

Yours affectionately in the bonds of the gospel,

J. C. P.

( 51 )

TO JOSEPH PARRY.

Stamford, February 6, 1840.

My dear Friend,—The cheapness of postage increasing my correspondence, my time scarcely admits of my writing so often or so long to my friends. In this, however, as in other cases, I feel a certain degree of self-denial and exertion necessary to prevent my friends thinking me guilty of neglect. We should all like the miserly plan of receiving letters without answering them. I call it miserly, for the essence of a miser is to receive as much and pay as little as he possibly can. In all friendship, forbearance, self-denial, and exertion are needful to keep it alive. He that will make no sacrifices, use no self-denial, and employ no effort in behalf of his friends, will soon find himself without them, and thus reap the just reward of his indolence and self-indulgence. A certain degree of communication and friendly intercourse is absolutely necessary to keep spiritual friendship and affection alive. Communication by bodily presence, or by letter, is the oil poured from time to time into the lamp which keeps it alive. I have generally found that, as I ceased to see or write to my friends, coolness arose, which increased with neglect, till at last I seemed to care as little about them as if I had never known them. These remarks, the truth of which you will, I believe, acknowledge, I trust will stir you up to put them into practice and use that small quantity of self-denial which is needful to pay as well as to receive.

Afflictions and trials are the appointed lot of all, elect and non-elect. Solomon observed this in his day (Eccles. ix. 2), and Job before him (v. 7; xiv. 1). So that crosses and losses are no distinguishing mark of divine favour, nor yet of divine wrath, though the elect and non-elect draw just opposite conclusions from them. The elect often fear they are tokens of wrath, and the non-elect hope they will be a satisfaction for their sins. The great question is, what do they for a man's soul? Is any humbling of heart, breaking down of pride, deadness to the world, earnest fleeing to a throne of of grace produced thereby? It is good to have a deep and



feeling acquaintance with the malady, to groan and sigh under a body of sin and death, to be cut down, cut up, and cut off—but why good? Is it good in itself? No, not at all. It is only good so far as the soul is led thereby to the cross of Jesus, to taste and feel His blood and love. Everything that brings us there in faith and feeling is good; everything that keeps us away is bad. Since I began this letter I have received one from our friend Dredge, in which he mentions the trial you had at Allington with S. Poor fellow! he must have been miserably shut up, not to be able to fulfil his engagements, and come all that way for nothing. I don't understand it; when God raises up a man to preach His word, I cannot understand his being totally shut up. Warburton speaks of it twice having happened to him, but one of those times was in early days when there was a special need of his being humbled. Such a thing has, I should imagine, never happened to him for these last twenty years. I never heard of such a thing occurring to Huntington, nor do we find it happening to Smart, Tiptaft, or others. Most complain of great deadness at times and shutting up in feeling, as though they could never preach again, but when the time has come they have been mercifully helped through. Friend Dredge, however, gives a right account of him, and speaks of many sweet marks of grace and godliness in him. I don't see that the Allington hearers and friends have any reason from this circumstance to write bitter things against themselves, as though they had shut him up, and that it is a mark of the Lord's displeasure and absence from them. Warburton and others have found liberty there, though he felt bondage; and we know not what secret need there was for him to be humbled thereby, or what spiritual profit to him or them is to spring out of it. "Judge not the Lord by feeble sense," etc.

Poor C. seemed to have had a roughish journey to Wincanton, and his fellow-traveller came in a storm and went away in one. Oh what trials the poor fellow must have had when he got home, and how the devil would set upon him that he was no minister, and only a deceiver and deceived! If it were bad for you, it was a great deal worse for him, and yet I most fully believe good will come out of it. Storms and roaring waves sometimes cast upon the shore valuable trea-

asures hid in the sands, and thus, spiritually, tempests and roaring seas often bring to light secret treasure. I have a strong suspicion that my Allington friends must tread the old track of reading and praying amongst themselves, as there is little prospect of their having a man to go in and out before them, and like many a labourer in these hard times they must satisfy themselves with long fasts and short commons.

I am sorry to find — is still such a trial to you in every respect. I expect for you nothing but sorrow and trouble till he is no more seen. Yet if spiritual profit arise from it to your soul; if it wean you from the world, give you an errand to a throne of grace, make you helpless and hopeless, and through all this a heavenly smile break through the cloud to ravish your heart, you will not think you have one trial too many. We are poor judges of our own conduct and, even if in the wrong, are ready to justify ourselves.

I was much pleased with friend Dredge's letter, and see him a very altered man from when I first knew him. I have seen him more softened and brought down, and less harsh in his speeches. Faithfulness is one thing; harshness is another. A man can't be too faithful, but he must speak the truth in love if he speaks aright. Paul, even of the enemies of the cross, speaks with weeping. But it is, indeed, a most narrow line, and most of us err through softness and compliance rather than severity and harshness, and, I believe, severe faithfulness is far better than compliant softness. Our friend's faithfulness makes him so hated, and sorry should I be to see him softened down to put bitter for sweet and sweet for bitter. But his enemies treasure up his hard speeches and turn them against him, and say, "Here is Dredge's religion." I like the way in which he talked to —, and it was more likely to find an entrance into his mind than if he had harshly cut him off.

I heard from Smart this morning. He wishes me to pass through Welwyn for their anniversary, but I scarcely think I shall be able. I would stretch a point, however, to please a friend.

I am more and more satisfied with my sister's religion, and believe it will swim when thousands will sink. She has been brought more into darkness and conflict lately, and says what

pleasure she found in reading my "Heir of Heaven." A lady who has been staying with them some time—a great professor—has been a wonderful trial to her. To save my hand, which is rather fatigued, I got my dear wife to copy a part of her last letter, which, I think, shows life and feeling:

"Mrs. — has been a terrible sore to me, and I believe if I had been a worm, and she could have put her foot upon me and crushed me, she would; she has goaded and worried my soul, as a bull-dog would do a sheep. Even now I dread her coming into the house, and my whole frame is in agitation when she speaks upon the precious Word, and what she takes to herself. She has no doubt of her salvation, and all Mr. Isbell preaches upon to the comfort of the Lord's dear ones she says she participates in. She has none of the doubtings and fears, no inward corruptions, no hidings of the Lord's face, no want of communion with Him, no lack of prayer does she say or appear to feel. And I am sure Mr. Isbell does cut down root and branch; so much so, that unless quite dead to the word, no one could hear him without being brought down into the dust. There could be no towering of the head, no watching or 'being constantly on the watch to detect errors in *others*' (as she unwittingly told me she did), were she brought to see her own nakedness before the Lord. Still her visit has been in love; it has taken me much from man's knowledge, made me look more entirely to the Lord for teaching and strength. Some of the Sabbaths have been, indeed, days of rest and peace to my soul, softened down quietness, a resting in the Lord, a peace and sweetness I would not part with for worlds (but without any rejoicing).

"I read, last week, your 'Heir of Heaven,' and it was a blessed sermon to me. My mind had been very wretched; no prayer, no understanding of the word; all was dark and miserable. I could not go up to the chapel on Sunday. Mr. Isbell came in in the afternoon. I had been poring over some chapter in Isaiah; all was a blank, and I said so to him. Very soon after Mrs. — came in and began to talk to him on various portions of Scripture, and he partly expounded two of the chapters in Isaiah I had longed to ask him. Thinks I, this is very singular: here is one with a vast deal of scriptural knowledge running from one part of the

Bible to another, grasping at the meaning, and here am I, a very fool, hardly knowing one text from another, sitting by without a word to say. Blessed Lord, how hast Thou dealt with me, a cobweb in Thy sight, and left Thy creature without a certain assurance of Thy love to her? Then Mr. Isbell spoke upon the chapter above named; in an instant a ray of light darted into my soul. I was sure I felt the rain of heavenly light was coming upon me, and as she rose, courteously thanking him for the pleasure she had had, and saying she would go home and *consult* her *Bible*, thinks I, you know not the instrument you have been in the Lord's hand of sweetness to my soul, and I never did enjoy a more blessed evening, quite alone in the house, if I can call it being alone. The 40th Psalm was deeply entered into, and I was again directed to the 14th of John; all entered into my inmost soul, and I did love the dear Redeemer and thank Him for His visible mercy to me. The same peace lasted several days, during which I read your sermon; but, alas! there was to be an end, and for several days I have been without a word to say to the Lord. Very miserable, no reading reached me, and I dare not kneel down lest I should mock the Lord. To-day I have had a little comfort, and been able to feel that the Lord is still my rock and my strength."

I need not apologise for the length of this quotation, as I think you will consider it the best part of my letter.

Give my Christian love to all the friends, and believe me to be,

Your affectionate Friend,

J. C. P.

( 52 )

To MISS PHILPOT.

Stamford, February 18, 1840.

My dear Fanny,—I am always pleased to hear of your spiritual state, and to find that He who hath begun a good work in you is still fulfilling it until the day of Jesus Christ. A life of faith in the Redeemer is not one of continued, nor indeed frequent enjoyment. There is an enduring hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ; and soldiers, you know,

have often to fight and receive painful wounds. Our carnal nature is not sanctified by grace, but remains in all its unmitigated venom, and in all that mass of depravity, filth and corruption, into which the fall of our first parents precipitated it. Satan is a powerful, as well as a most wily enemy, and is continually prowling about either to wound or ensnare. We are told "to fight the good fight of faith," and that "we wrestle not against flesh and blood (*i.e.*, not against flesh and blood *only*), but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness (or 'wicked spirits,' *margin*) in high places."

The strength of Christ is made perfect in weakness, His victory in defeat, His grace in subduing sin, His free payment in bankruptcy and insolvency. Here, then, is the life of faith, and a struggling, battling, wrestling, and sometimes despairing fight it is. We would fain have it otherwise, and be wise, and strong, and holy, and full of joy and triumph; and, could we gain our wish, we should take the crown from the Redeemer's head, and put it on our own.

Surely free grace is a sweet theme to all the ransomed family of God; but what makes it sweet but sheer necessity? If there were no sins to pardon, no backslidings to heal, no wounds to cleanse, no broken bones to restore, no aggravated iniquities freely to blot out, free grace would be but a name, a sound in the ears, a Bible word, the article of a sound creed; but not a felt, tasted, and enjoyed possession, sweeter than honey or the honeycomb in the soul. How long you heard the doctrines of grace at Eldad and Mount Zion chapels, but they only reached your outward ear as, perhaps, a pleasing sound, but without making heavenly melody in your heart, altering the current of your desires, thoughts and affections, making you a new creature, and setting up the kingdom of God in your soul.

Many hate and revile me for speaking and writing against "dry doctrines." By "dry doctrines" I mean the intellectual, speculative, notional, dead and dry knowledge of certain truths as they stand in the letter of God's Word. They are not dry in themselves, but rich, unctuous, savoury, and full of marrow; but as merely lodged in the speculative brains of natural men, they are dry to them as destitute of heavenly application.

I always suspected you overrated ——'s religion; but, not knowing her since her profession, I felt unwilling to hint anything to her disparagement, and wished to leave it more to your own discernment. You need not envy her her clear head, strong memory, inquisitive mind, and good understanding. One grain of divine teaching is more valuable a million times than the highest human attainments, though they weighed tons in the opposite scale. One smile from the Fountain of bliss, the God of all grace, and Father of mercies, is an earnest of an eternal inheritance, incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away. And what are the best and brightest of human attainments? Alas! they are linked to life's short span, and the stroke that snaps the thread of life crumbles all natural attainments into the. . . .

*[The remainder of this letter is torn off.]*

( 53 )

TO WILLIAM BROWN.

Stamford, February 19, 1840.

My dear Sir,—Hearing a good account of your experience and ministry, I feel desirous to invite you for three Lord's-days in August next, to preach among my people at Stamford and Oakham, where I stately labour. . . . I sincerely hope you may be induced to comply with our wishes. It is not every minister whom I would admit into my pulpit, nor the friends willingly hear. We look more to experience, feeling, unction, and power, than eloquence or abilities. An honest, sincere, God-fearing man, who knows divine things by divine teaching, and who will neither stretch himself above his measure nor crouch beneath it, but simply stand up as he is, will suit them better than a pasteboard giant or a lord mayor's show champion. . . . I shall say no more; you know the man and his communication.

I hope you may be induced to accept the invitation in the same spirit that it is given.

Wishing you every New Covenant blessing,

I am yours sincerely, for truth's sake,

J. C. P.

( 54 )

To WILLIAM BROWN.

Stamford, March 4, 1840.

My dear Sir,—I hope the Lord may incline your heart to accept my invitation to come and supply for me at Stamford and Oakham, and that He may come with you to bless you.

My people, especially at Stamford, are very young, and for the most part weak and feeble. They love, I believe, however, clean provender (or, as the margin reads, “savoury”), winnowed with the shovel and the fan. Experimental preaching alone suits them, and, indeed, I would not knowingly introduce any other than an experimental preacher into my pulpit. I am deeply conscious of my own baseness, ignorance, blindness, and folly; but my malady is too deeply rooted to be healed by dry doctrines and speculative opinions. The blood of the Lamb, spiritually and supernaturally sprinkled and applied, is, I am sure, the only healing balm for a sin-sick soul. “No man can call Jesus Lord, but by the Holy Ghost.” And all our knowledge that does not spring from the teachings of that holy and blessed Comforter I must cast aside as a thing of naught. A childlike spirit, a thinking meanly of ourselves, a panting after God, an insatiable desire after the waters of life, a conscience exercised upon good and evil, a love of the holy Lamb of God, and an abiding affection to His people, I look upon as more satisfactory evidences of grace than a sanctified countenance and a fluent tongue. We live in a day of great spiritual light, but it is to be feared of little spiritual life. I feel increasingly disposed to turn away from the opinions of men and seek spiritual knowledge at the fountain head. But, unless a man comes nowadays with a Shibboleth, he is almost set aside as a man of truth. He must use certain words, whether Scripture or not, must preach in a prescribed manner, as well as with prescribed matter. He must not vary from a certain mould, and if he dares to use his own way of setting forth truth, in his own simple language, and as he simply feels and has felt, many can hardly tell whether he is right or wrong, and the majority perhaps set him down as wrong

altogether. I dislike, amazingly, the artificial mode of setting forth truth by which, when you hear a text given out, you know all the divisions and mode of handling it before they are mentioned, and can tell the end of every sentence nearly as soon as you hear the beginning. It smells too strongly of Dr. Gill and premeditation to suit me, but some cannot eat the dish unless served up every day in a plate of the same pattern; and, like children, when a differently shaped or differently painted cup comes on the table, cannot drink, as being so occupied with the novelty. But God will bless His own truth and His own servants, and when He thrusts forth His own stewards, will not send them forth as apes and imitators either of Huntington, Gadsby, or Warburton. They shall have their own line of truth and their own method of setting it forth, and they shall be commended, sooner or later, to spiritual consciences as men taught of Him. My pen has run on, as it often does, according to the flow of my own thoughts.

Believe me, I shall be glad to hear from you your willingness to come. If I did not esteem you as a man of truth I should not ask you, as I feel responsible for the supplies. My love to the Brighton friends.

Yours sincerely, for truth's sake,

J. C. P.

( 55 )

To GEORGE S. B. ISBELL.

Stamford, Wednesday, Feb. 26, 1840.

My dear Friend,—I think in writing letters I sometimes feel as a self-justiciary does. Being sensible of my defects, imperfections, and shortcomings in them, I offer or promise to write again, hoping I may then send something better worth reading, yet I fail again like the character alluded to, and then I am almost sorry I ever promised to write. Some such feeling I am now sensible of, and, therefore, hope you will throw a mantle of love over all that you see foolish or deficient.

I felt much the savour in your last letter but one, I mean that containing Mrs. B.'s experience. I hope you will not



deny me what I am about to ask, viz., to insert it in the *Gospel Standard*. I would omit the name, and would leave out all personal allusions, and anything that might painfully particularise you or her. But I mean not only that part which contains her experience, but what you have said of yourself also; of course, omitting everything strictly personal. A free letter to a friend is often far more sweet and profitable than a set piece, however well written, and I believe the private letters of gracious men have been much blessed, as Huntington's, Romaine's, Newton's, etc. Some letters of Warburton's, Tiptaft's, and others have been blessed in the *Gospel Standard*.

I fear — is an unhumbled man, and mistakes what the world calls "spirit" for gospel boldness and faithfulness. Bunyan in the *Holy War* represents the ejected servants of Diabolus returning into the city of Mansoul, and hiring themselves as servants under assumed names. For instance, "Covetousness" hires himself under the name of "Prudent Thrifty"; "Lust" and "Licentiousness" under the names of "Gallantry" and "Good Breeding"; "Carnal Security" under the name of the "Assurance of Faith." I don't know that these are the exact names, but such is the idea of this deep observer and graphic delineator of nature and grace. So I think pride and self-importance have hired themselves to — under the names of "Gospel Boldness" and "Spiritual Faithfulness." I dislike exceedingly the bold, arrogant way in which he calls himself a minister of the gospel, knowing, as I do well, how in L. and N. he starved the living family, and amused or bolstered up dead Calvinists. I do not say he is not a good man; I do not say he is not a minister of Christ; but I see in him a spirit in my judgement very different from what I observe in those whom I love and honour as such.

You will find, I fear, your visit to Ireland a painful one. You know what enmity is in the heart against all light which forces the Cross into view. When persons breathed a word against the Establishment formerly, I felt the bitterest enmity rise up, and I wanted to put them down, stop their mouths, or keep them in any way from broaching a subject so painful to flesh. But still light would break in and work in my conscience. The burdens of a liturgy and the awful

lies which I was compelled to tell a heart-searching God pressed me sore. There was no use my fleeing to this or that explanation. I stood before a holy God, and told Him with lying lips a senseless babe was born of water and the Holy Ghost, when I knew the blessed Spirit had no more regenerated the child than He had regenerated the font. I thanked Him for taking a dear brother to Himself who I knew died under His eternal wrath. But some might say, "How did you know either the one or the other?" "How did I know there was a God at all but by faith in His Word?" and by the same faith that I believed in Him did I believe that His enemies were not His friends, nor carnal children living members of the true Vine. I twisted and turned every way, but I was here held fast. It is a lie, and the worst of lies, as being a lie unto God. "Thou hast not lied unto men, but unto God" (Acts v. 4); and, therefore, far more aggravated. Let this be laid spiritually on the conscience, and a living man whose heart has been made tender must leave, come what will. I saw a gloomy prospect before me. My health so weak that I could only preach once a day, with no other service or using my voice, and hardly recovering the effects till the following Wednesday. All my independence, which kept me comfortably, gone at a stroke, and I felt most unwilling to burden my mother, whose income is small. But I cast myself into the waters and found standing-ground. My health after a time so improved that I now stand two full services, rarely preaching each time under an hour, and often to a crowded congregation, with one and sometimes two services in the week, when I preach at least an hour. I found friends raised up, pulpits offered, my wants freely supplied; greater liberty of soul, and more utterance and power. Two years after I left (which was in March, 1835), my elder brother died, almost suddenly, which gave me a little present property and a prospect of more. See how the Lord has fulfilled to me His promise (Mark x. 29, 30). Oh, my unbelieving heart! which pictured a thousand gloomy things never yet realized, as sickness, poverty, and almost a parish workhouse! And here I am better, or certainly not worse, in worldly circumstances, with a free, unfettered conscience, improved health, kinder and more enduring friends, and a much larger field for my minis-

terial labours. I have been several times invited to settle in London, where I generally go to preach once a year, and should there have a congregation exceeding probably eight hundred persons, and many, if not most of those, not carnal, dead, bowing and curtseying Papo-Protestant parishioners, whose formality and ignorance made my heart ache, but a living, discerning people. Have I not made a good exchange? an easy conscience for a galled one, liberty for bondage, worship in the spirit for worship in the form, and a living people for dead formalists. Oh, how the Sacrament so-called used to gall me! At the head knelt my carnal Pharisaical squire, with his pleasure-loving, God-hating wife, who was so filled with enmity against me that she would never hear me preach. I was compelled to tell them individually and personally that Christ died for them and shed His blood for their sins (I believing all the while particular redemption), of which I put the elements into their hands, saying, "Take, eat this," etc. Lower down knelt a man generally suspected of having once committed murder, and near him the most hardened Pharisee I ever knew in my life, whose constant reply to my attempted warnings, etc., was, "I dare say it be as you says." I was so cut up and condemned that at last I could not do it, and employed my assistant to perform the whole, but then I had to kneel down with these characters, which was as bad; and so I found myself completely hedged in and driven from every refuge, till at last, like an animal hunted down to a rock by the seaside, I had only one escape, which was to leap into the water, which bore me up and afforded me a sweet deliverance from my persecutors.

Lying reports have been circulated that I wish to return, and some that I have actually gone back, but I have never repented leaving for five minutes since I came out of her walls. I am convinced she is corrupt, root and branch, head and tail. . . .

I was long held by the example of others, but what is that? Am I to commit adultery because David so fell; or deny Christ because Peter so acted? "Every man shall bear his own burden." I cannot in death or judgement hide myself under another's garments, as the Papists think of entering heaven in the habit of Dominic or Francis. I stand before

Him whose eyes are as flames of fire to search out the secrets of my heart. And what is this poor vain world, with all its gilded clay, painted touch-wood honours and respectability, and soap-bubble charms? What is all the wealth of the Church (falsely so-called), piled up in one heap, compared to a smile of a loving Saviour's countenance? And we must follow Him, not in respectability and honour, with maces and organs, and greetings in the market-place, and "Rabbi, Rabbi," but in contempt and shame, hated by the world, despised by professors, and condemned by well nigh all.

You will find poverty and wretchedness enough to break your heart in Ireland. What a pity that so rich and fertile a county as Meath should have a population well nigh famishing! Devonshire peasantry complain of poverty, but what is theirs to Irish misery? . . .

My pen has run on at a great length, and I have much to ask you to excuse. I generally write freely, and, therefore, often foolishly; but, I trust, as sincerely as a desperately deceitful heart permits. You will long to return to your own country and people. There seems in Ireland to be such a conflict between Popery and Protestantism that it nearly absorbs all other considerations. My recollection is, that the outworks were so vigilantly guarded that the citadel was neglected. The heavy blows the Establishment has since received have probably driven in her champions from attacking the Catholics to defend their own emoluments, and united, as in England of late years, parties once quite discordant, as the Evangelical and Orthodox. When parties thus unite to defend a system in the maintenance of which both are deeply interested, it usually detracts from the spirituality of the one without altering the carnality of the other. In my remembrance the Evangelical clergymen (so-called) in England were quite separate from the Orthodox (so-called equally falsely), but they have been united within these last ten years. I had but one pulpit besides my own open to me in the Establishment in my neighbourhood, and that was more as an accommodation for the person than love to the truth, as he preached it, and, I believe, knew it not. I and another clergyman, a notorious adulterer, almost a *taurus publicus* in his parish, were the only persons the bishop refused to bow to at his visitation. And did I mind his public slight? No.

I saw and felt he was dead before God, and that it was for Christ's sake I suffered reproach, being classed with a man known everywhere for the basest immorality. And now, through mercy, I am free from all their shackles, the iron of which entered into my soul.

Write to me as soon as you return, and give me a full account of your voyage, and how you got on with your host. I have not heard from my sister since I wrote to her. I like much of what you said in your last letter but one. It describes much of my feelings. I insist upon an experimental knowledge of Christ in the soul as the only relief for poverty, guilt, leprosy, bankruptcy, and damnation. This is, I believe, the true way of preaching Christ crucified, not the mere doctrine of the Cross, but a crucified Jesus experimentally known to the soul.

Your affectionate Friend,

J. C. P.

( 56 )

To MISS PHILPOT.

Stamford, March 31, 1840.

My dear Fanny,—Though you might feel your letter was written in a presumptuous spirit, I cannot say that I perceived any trace of it, but thought it, like your other letters, breathed a tone of sincerity and humility. It is well, however, to be of quick understanding in the fear of the Lord, and to condemn ourselves when we feel guilty, for if we judge ourselves, we shall not be judged.

I fully agree with Mr. Isbell that Hebrews x. and xi. refer not to the elect, but graceless professors; nor do I see any great difficulty in what is said of their attainments, though the language is very strong. I fully agree with you that the saints sin wilfully if by that expression is meant "deliberately." When David wrote to Joab to set Uriah in the fore-front of the hottest battle, and retire from him, that he might be smitten and die, he certainly acted in the most deliberate manner. Consider his writing the letter, signing, sealing, and sending it off to the camp. What room there was for conscience to work and check his meditated crime!

So when Aaron made the golden calf; what an interval of deliberation was there between breaking off the golden earrings, and fashioning it with a graving tool!

David's numbering of the people, in spite of the remonstrances of Joab, was clearly a deliberate sin; and so was Abraham's, in twice denying his wife. The conclusion, therefore, is inevitable, that as the saints sin wilfully, *i. e.*, deliberately, the Apostle in Hebrews vi. cannot mean such transgressions as all saints more or less fall into. My own conviction is that by "wilful sinning" the Apostle means wilful and deliberate apostasy; and that by falling away (Heb. vi. 6) he means falling into open apostasy. For he speaks of treading under foot the Son of God, and "counting the blood of the covenant an unholy thing," and "putting the Son of God to open shame." Now to sin is not "to tread under foot the Son of God," and still less "to count the blood of the covenant an unholy thing;" for when a saint falls into sin, even with his eyes open, when he awakes out of his delusive dream, he longs for nothing so much as to feel the atoning blood of the Saviour applied to his conscience. Nor in the greatest hardness of his heart does he ever tread under foot the dear Son of God, but shudders at the thought. And the Apostle adds even "wilfully" to apostasy, as Peter openly apostatised, but not wilfully, as Judas did. I acknowledge the words of the Apostle respecting the attainments of apostates are very strong, and that there is much difficulty in many of his expressions. But I think they all may be explained of such a natural work as counterfeits the operations of the Blessed Spirit. It says, for instance, that they were "once enlightened." Now, this may certainly signify light in the head as distinct from grace in the heart. In the times of the apostles there were gifts of tongues, etc., as pointed out in 1 Cor. xii. Now it seems probable that these outward gifts were bestowed upon characters devoid of grace for the benefit of the Church, and therefore Paul (1 Cor. xiii.) supposes he may have all these gifts and yet be nothing. I think, therefore, that such expressions as "tasting the heavenly gift," and "being made partakers of the Holy Ghost," refer not to inward regenerating grace, but to such outward gifts as were then common. That they "tasted the good word of God and the powers of the world to come," I think may be explained by their having

such an acquaintance with it as amounted to a taste only in the mouth, without an eating, feeding upon, or digesting it. We know there are natural joys in professors, as well as natural convictions, and the power of Satan working as an angel of light upon a deluded heart is wonderful indeed. All this may amount to a taste where there is no real feeding on the flesh of the Son of Man. You will also observe that faith, hope, and love are not once mentioned as existing in such characters, nor is anything said of repentance, regeneration, godly sorrow, filial fear, contrition, humility, or patience. Nay, the Apostle compares them to earth that bringeth forth thorns and briers, and is nigh unto cursing, whilst he expressly says that he is persuaded "*better things, and things which accompany salvation,*" of those to whom he was writing, plainly implying that such things as he had previously spoken of did not accompany salvation. These "*better things*" and "*things which accompany salvation*" are "*love*" (ver. 10), manifested by its work and labour; "*hope*" (ver. 11), as an anchor of the soul, sure and steadfast, entering within the veil (ver. 19); and "*faith*" (ver. 12), whereby the promises are inherited. These are graces in opposition to gifts. A man may fall from the latter, but not from the former.

Again, if you refer to the connection of Hebrews x. 26, I think it is plain the Apostle refers to apostasy. He says (ver. 23), "*Let us hold fast the profession of our faith without wavering;*" implying there was a danger of letting go even the profession of faith. And he adds (ver. 25), "*Not forsaking the assembling of ourselves together,*" etc., which it appears many then did, for fear of persecution; and then adds, "*For if we sin wilfully,*" etc., connecting the wilful sin for wilful apostasy with ceasing to hold fast a profession, and forsaking the assemblies of saints. He also adds the pangs of remorse in such (ver. 27), and styles them "*adversaries.*" Now, to fall into sin, or commit it in a measure wilfully, *i.e.*, deliberately, is a very different thing from being an adversary of Christ, despising His Gospel (as implied ver. 28), treading under foot the Son of God, counting His blood an unholy thing, and doing despite (literally, treating with insult and contempt) unto the Spirit of grace. The sin of the Corinthian (1 Cor. v. 1) was not so much as named among

the Gentiles, and was a complication of adultery and incest. Of course, his taking his father's wife was a deliberate act, and not what is commonly called "a fall." And yet, when he repented after his being put out of the Church, and manifested repentance, he was to be forgiven and comforted (2 Cor. ii. 6-8). Peter sinned wilfully when he withdrew himself from the Gentile converts for fear of the Jews (Gal. ii. 12), and therefore Paul withstood him to the face, and reproved him before them all. "There is," says John, "a sin unto death" (1 John. v. 16). This, I believe, is wilful apostasy, or the sin against the Holy Ghost; but he adds, "There is a sin not unto death;" such are the falls and backslidings of saints. I have here, according to your request, given you a mere sketch of my views on this subject, which cannot be fully entered into without considerable space, and, after all, there are great difficulties in the passages. I have thought, sometimes, there is a purposed ambiguity to stir up the souls of the saints who need continual warnings of this kind to preserve them from declensions. God preserves all His saints, but He does so by means of promises, precepts, warnings, exhortations, threatenings, awful examples, etc., which serve as hedges against their falling away. He does not keep them from falling as a man puts a plate on a shelf, but as a mother warns her child of a deep well in the garden, and not to go too near it. I fear you will not find my exposition very satisfactory, but it may be a clue to further thought on your part.

I have received both Mr. Isbell's letters, and was much interested in his account of his visit to Ireland. He found things much as I expected. The Evangelical clergy are a dark tribe as to any internal acquaintance with the things of God. The little they know is chiefly in the letter, and they are not sound even in that.

I have a high esteem for Triggs. What a revolution that the daughter, wife, and mother of a clergyman should like to hear a poor mason! I am sure, if we have satisfactory evidences that it is a real work of the Blessed Spirit, we may well say with Hart, "Then grace is grace indeed." Oh, who is beyond the reach of sovereign, matchless grace? What a sweet way of salvation! How safe and secure to the elect! If our mother feels her deep need of the Saviour's blood to



be sprinkled and applied to her conscience, she has every encouragement to cast herself at His feet. Who were farther from God than we in our affections and desires? But He is found of them that sought Him not. It will be a blessed link in the grand predestinated chain that you left Walmer, that barren and icy land, to settle at Stoke, should the Lord's grace and mercy be clearly manifested in the remnant of our family. You are certainly highly favoured in having Mr. Isbell at Stoke.

You do wisely I think, to mix but little with those who attend at the same place. To see occasionally a tried and exercised soul is profitable. "They that feared the Lord spake often one to another." "As iron sharpeneth iron, so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend." To visit the poor, also, of the flock, removes the imputation of pride which is easily affixed to too great seclusion.

You seem to begin to find the believer's path more rough and thorny than you at first anticipated. I have little opinion of those who find it a smooth and flowery road. As Berridge says:

"The strait and narrow road they missed  
That leads to Zion's hill."

There were little need of promises and such other encouragements as the Word of God is full of, if believers were not brought into such straits and difficulties as to continually need them. Our heart is full of unbelief, infidelity, worldliness, pride, presumption, hypocrisy, and every other hateful sin. Where these evils exist they will manifest themselves, and it is this warfare between flesh and spirit which makes true religion such a continual scene of changes. What deadness is often felt, what darkness of soul, what coldness and hardness of heart, what disinclination, yea, what aversion to the things which belong to our peace! Thus guilt comes in and the conscience becomes defiled therewith, and we cry out, "Woe is me! My leanness, my leanness! Woe unto me! My soul cleaveth to the dust; quicken Thou me according to Thy word. Wilt Thou not revive us again, that Thy people may trust in Thee?" Some of God's people are not exposed to gross temptations, but, as Newton says of himself, they suffer by sap and mine. The fortress of their

heart, that is, is not assailed by storm, but gradually undermined by the slower process of coldness, deadness, disinclination to spiritual things, and a miserable, careless, carnal, worldly, slothful state, which benumbs all the spiritual faculties.

I am very pleased to hear my brother-in-law\* is so affectionate to dear Mary Ann, and allows her to go to chapel; and I am very glad she has an inclination to go and hear the word of truth. May the Lord visit her soul with His own rich mercy and love, and that will abundantly satisfy her soul! You must expect to bear a cross if you are on the Lord's side. The carnal mind is enmity against God, and you know from personal experience what dislike and contempt the carnal mind has to dissent; and you well remember what a character was entertained of Mr. Isbell, even by yourself, before you knew the meaning and power of what he preached. You need not marvel, then, if you are despised and hated, as well as slandered and misrepresented. It is the usual lot of those who follow Jesus in the regeneration. Yea, He has promised a blessing on all such reviled and slandered followers of Himself (Matt. v. 11, 12; John xx. 18-21).

Sarah sends her love to our dear mother, yourself, and Mary Ann, in which I heartily join.

Your affectionate Brother,

J. C. P.

( 57 )

TO JAMES FOWLER, OF WOBURN.†

Stamford, April, 1840.

My dear Friend,—I consider it the part of a friend to act as you have done in asking me for an explanation of what you consider me to err in, instead of following the multitude to do evil in spreading my supposed errors behind my back and concealing them to my face.

\* Capt. Stephen Ross Watts, R.N.

† Mr. Fowler was a well-to-do brewer, one of whose sons, Sir James Fowler, became an eminent London physician.

I am glad you have asked me for an explanation of my meaning, as it allows me to clear up a point on which I think you misunderstand me. What were my words? "There are but two healthy states of the soul—hungering and feeding, etc. All other states are maladies and sicknesses." Is this new or strange doctrine? My friend, what are we by nature but one mass of malady and disease? But this malady and disease are not seen nor felt but by the entrance of divine light and life into the soul. The entrance of these heavenly blessings brings what I may call a principle of health into the soul, which, as Hart sweetly says, "lives and labours under load." And it is the working of this healthy principle, this new and heavenly nature, under the Blessed Spirit's operations, in which the greater part of experience exists. Darkness, deadness, aversion to all good, headlong proneness to all evil, pride, unbelief, infidelity, lust, covetousness, enmity to God and godliness, what are those but maladies and diseases? Sorrow of heart for sin, breathings after God, hatred of self, living desires towards the Lord of life and glory, separation of spirit from the things of time and sense, faith in exercise, hope casting forth its anchor, love drawing forth the affections; these, when felt, are states of health, that is, the healthy man of grace seems for a while (alas! for how short a while!) lifting up his head amidst diseases and sickness. Is this inconsistent with sound doctrine or sound experience? You and I would often much sooner read the *Examiner* than the Bible, and would sooner talk on indifferent subjects with our wives than seek the Lord's face. Is this deadness and coldness, and miserable aversion to all good, health or sickness? I feel it to be my malady, not my health. But again I feel what a base wretch I am; I hate myself for my base lusts; I sigh after the Lord to come down and visit my soul; I feel a little spirituality of mind, and taste a sweetness in the Word of God. Is this a sick or healthy state of soul? I call my soul sick when sin reigns and rules; I call it healthy when grace more or less predominates. I may use wrong expressions, but you are not one who would make a man an offender for a word.

Now let us come to experimental preaching. Does he preach experimentally who traces out the workings of corruption, or he who traces out the workings of grace in and under cor-

ruptions? I believe the latter. You know much of the workings of pride, lust, and covetousness; and you know something of godly fear, self-loathing, and contrition under them. Which am I to enter into? You are dead, cold, and lifeless. Am I to describe deadness, or trace out life working under deadness? Am I to describe pride, or the self-loathing of the soul when pride is discovered? Am I to say to my hearers, "You are cold, dead, hardened, unbelieving, proud, lustful, covetous. All these are marks and tokens of life"? Or am I to say, "Life struggling against death, godly fear leading to self-abhorrence, groans and sighs under a guilty conscience, cries for deliverance, pantings after God, and so on, are marks of life"? There is a precious experience, and there is a vile experience, and he that would be God's mouth must take the one from the other. I believe that to preach the corruptions of our nature apart from the workings of grace in them and under them is to build up bastards. One is preaching the remedy without ever entering into the malady, thus bolstering up hypocrites and making the heart of the righteous sad. The other is this: to set forth corruption in all its workings towards evil, and leave out the workings of godly fear, in and under corruption. If I feel dissatisfied, burdened, grieved for my wicked and wayward heart and life, the very feeling marks the existence of life. But is a minister to build me up in this, that I am to take deadness as an evidence? Let him tell me to feel and hate myself, for it is a mark of life, and I may get some encouragement. But to tell me that deadness (that is, deadness unfelt) is a mark of life, is a pulpit-lie fit only for the twice dead. You might write to me that you are quite tired of all religion, that you hate going to chapel, that you rarely pray, scarcely ever read the Scriptures, never feel a sigh or a groan, nor any pantings after Christ. Well, I should answer, I know what you mean, for I am too like you. But do you mean to bring this forward as Christian experience? If you do, you are deceived. For if it be experience, the more of it the better, for we can never have too much experience, and to find it in its perfection I must go to the dead Pharisee or the twice dead professor. But tell me of some revival, of some brokenness, of contrition, of some glimpses of mercy, of some workings of life within, and I will say this is experience, and

the more we have the better. I find the experience of the Scriptures that of mourning, complaint, sorrow of heart, pantings after God, hoping and trusting in His mercy. David in Psalm li. does not describe the workings of his lust towards Bath-sheba, but cries and groans, "Cast me not away from Thy presence," etc. If the experience of corruption be good, why should not the practice of it be good too? If to have eyes full of adultery be experience, that is Christian experience, why should not hands full of adultery be Christian practice? But, on the other hand, if to sigh and cry to be kept from evil is Christian experience, then to be kept from it is Christian practice. What I call experimental cant is this. Professors without life say, "I am so dead, I am so dark, I am so unbelieving." "Are you ever otherwise? Are you resting upon that as an evidence? Is that your state for months together?" I would answer, "Then it is to be feared that you are a bastard and not a son." I once heard a person give a long description of what a proud, covetous, lustful, slothful, rebellious heart he had. Among other things, he said that he never saw a farm, or a nice field, but he coveted it, or a carriage in the streets that he did not want to possess it. This, I suppose, he called experience. I do not; for if it be, Nabal and the rich fool are the most experimental saints in the Bible. Suppose I coveted Woburn Abbey, and the titles, estates, and power of the Duke of Bedford, would you call this Christian experience? If so, there must be a throng of experimental saints every day in the week that the Abbey is shown. But suppose I were to walk in the park, and feel that I would sooner have Christ in my heart than a thousand dukedoms; suppose under that feeling I panted after Christ as the hart after the water brooks, and suppose that I dropped a penitential tear over my proud, covetous heart that ever coveted such toys, I might call that Christian experience. If pride, lust, and covetousness are experience, then the greatest sinner is the greatest Christian. See, my friend, on what a shore error in this momentous matter leads. Had this person told us of his covetousness, and the checks, the sighs, the deliverances he experienced out of it, I should have called it experience; but to set forth corruption separated from the workings of grace under it, I call a mistake altogether. Who paints corruption

like Hart? But who paints more strongly the working of grace in corruption? I believe the malady is to be described, but never apart from the strivings of godly fear, faith, etc., under it. Why do we preach experimentally? To find out the feelings of living souls and cut off dead professors. But to trace out sin without godly sorrow, guilt, or condemnation under sin, is to preach the experience of the dead, not of the living.

I meant no more than this, and if you have understood me otherwise, it must arise from my want of expressing myself clearly. I believe I have advanced nothing here in which you will not agree. If there be, I shall be glad to explain myself more fully, either by word when we meet, or by letter. Remember me affectionately to Smart, who, I suppose, is with you. I hope he and you will not set me down as wavering from the truth.

Yours sincerely and affectionately,

J. C. P.

( 58 )

TO JOSEPH PARRY.

Stamford, May 12, 1840.

My dear Friend,— . . . I am sorry our dear and highly-esteemed friend Dredge should be so hurt at my piece on "Strict Communion."\* Did he not always know that I held and practised it? and what is to hinder my public defence of it when called upon to do so? I did not seek nor volunteer the controversy, but was called upon by name to defend it, nor could I shun it consistently with faithfulness. Will not friend Dredge defend and contend for his views of truth, and am I not at liberty to do the same? I love and esteem him far more than I do hundreds of Strict Baptists; but I am not to love and esteem his errors. And I say deliberately, that were the question ever to arise whether I am to part with a friend or truth, I would not hesitate to part with the former. For truth, hitherto, I have had to part with the kindest friends after the flesh, as well as all my prospects in life, an independent income, good name and respectability. I

\* *Gospel Standard*, May, 1840, p. 97.

hope I shall not now be left to swerve from it, even though to defend it wounds kindest and warmest friends. A living soul cannot long fight against truth; its keen edge must sooner or later enter the conscience, and be well assured if there be an abscess anywhere it will pierce it, and let out all the blood and matter.

I have felt myself of late very jealous of doctrinal errors, seeing to what consequences they lead, and that they usually are connected with delusion in experience and inconsistency in conduct. It is a mercy to be well guarded by having the loins girt about with truth. Friend Dredge will see by W. Tiptaft's letter that both he and John Kay are of the same mind with us. His opposition produces no unkind feeling in my mind, but it will not move me a jot to swerve from truth. Let him search the Scriptures, like the noble Bereans, whether these things are so. I was forced into the controversy, and being in it was bound to defend the side I believe to be true as well as I could. Nay, more, I feel disposed to go on with it if needful, and not to shrink from the combat.

I have had an attack of my old complaint, which has confined me to the house, and in great measure to bed, since Friday. I could not preach yesterday. The day being wet, the disappointment was not so great, though some had come fourteen miles. Mr. Morris read a sermon of Huntington's; I am very sure a hundred times better one than I could have preached, but you know reading is rarely relished like preaching.

I shall be glad to have a friendly chat, or rather a series of them, with you. An author is once said to have published a book with this title (*i.e.*, translated), "Upon everything in the world and something besides;" I think this might almost serve for a title to our conversation. I could very well wish to pass through London altogether and miss Zoar. It is a trying place to preach in, and I often feel I have no business in the pulpit at all. I was sorry to see the word "anniversary" used for the Welwyn preaching, as I have so often declined preaching at anniversaries, and this lays me open to the charge of inconsistency; neither can it be an anniversary, as it is on a different day from that of last year. Friend — will not find me making baptism a bone of contention,

publicly or privately. When attacked I defend myself, and when called upon for my reasons I give them; but I never wish to introduce strife or needless contention. Can friend Dredge say I ever cut him off because he was not a Baptist? Can he say I showed more favour to Mrs. Wild and others? Can he bring forward any sermon, or any speech, in the pulpit or out of it, wherein I condemned the non-Baptists? I believe if I have erred it has been more in the other way. He has, therefore, no reason to say I have cut them off. I have a firm conviction in the matter, one formed before I knew him, and for this belief I have my scriptural grounds. If he can, he is at liberty to overthrow them, but if he cannot, he will do well to follow the advice of Gamaliel (Acts v. 39). If I could go through the world nipping a piece of truth off here, and clipping a corner off there, how many arrows should I escape from without? A faithful man like him should not complain of faithfulness. If he or anyone can with meekness of wisdom show my arguments false, let them do so; but let them beware of opposing truth because it cuts them. I hope, however, he will have some of the mollifying ointment fall upon his eyes and into his heart, and that will set him all right. I am happy that our highly-esteemed friend, Mrs. Wild, is not angered by my remarks on strict communion; I am sure she is worth a thousand rotten Baptists.

Kay seems to have wielded the sword pretty freely and forcibly at Allington. But if he cuts off seeking and seekers, what becomes of his experience for a good many years? But, after all, his sword can never cut out that text from the mouth of the blessed Lord, which has been the support of thousands, "He that seeketh findeth." I believe the following verse is the key to his text (Luke xiii. 25): "When once the Master of the house is risen up, and shut to the door," etc. This is spoken of foolish virgins who find, too late, there is no oil in their lamps, of a deathbed natural repentance, and tallies with Prov. i. 24-32. But it was never meant to cut off spiritual seekers and groaners, who put their mouths in the dust, if so be there may be hope. For if so, it would cut off the whole family of God at one time or other of their experience, for all are seekers before finders of the pearl of great price, though in the first manifestation of the only true



God He is found of them that sought Him not. But the finding of guilt through the finding of the Book of the Law hid in the temple, makes the finder of a heart-searching God to become a seeker of a Saviour from the wrath to come, and thus these texts become reconciled. "What comfort can a Saviour bring?" etc., says our great experimental authority. "Oh! beware of trust ill-grounded," etc. Hart will not allow a man to be healed before he is wounded, to be saved before he is lost. What can wounded folks do but *seek* for healing, and what can lost souls do but *seek* salvation. To discourage such is to act differently from the great Shepherd, who came to seek and to save that which was lost. Yet to set them down safe as seekers before they find Him of whom the prophets have spoken, Jesus of Nazareth the Son of God, is certainly as great an error on the other side, and this Kay, perhaps, was anxious to avoid, and so, instead of hitting the narrow channel, ran aground on one of the sand-banks, where a buoy had been fixed, but escaped the eyes of the pilot, seeing breakers on the other side of the vessel. Well, all of you came safe to land whom God had quickened, though the steersman pulled the helm the wrong way and drenched all who were heavy laden with doubts and fears. I dare say the salt water made you all cry, "Lead me to the rock that is higher than I." The pilot, however, seems for the present to have lost his commission, and another hand has got hold of the helm. May the God of Israel guide his hand and show him the narrow channel, and may he remember he has a precious freight on board, even if one pew could hold all the living souls in the chapel, and I believe there are more than that there. I am glad to hear that the Lord is with him, and that he is so well heard. May the Lord make one heart and one mind to be in us that love His truth.

Your affectionate Friend,

J. C. P.

( 59 )

To WILLIAM BROWN.

Allington, July 27, 1840.

My dear Friend,—May the Lord go with you to Stamford and be your rearward. You know enough of the ministry to be deeply sensible that only in the Lord's light do we see light, and only in His life do we feel life. To be a daily pauper living on alms is humbling to proud nature that always is seeking to be something and to do something. "Though I be nothing," was Paul's highest attainment in the knowledge of self. Much pain in wounded pride and mortified self should we be spared were this self-nothingness wrought in us. "Venture to be naught," says Hart. But it is like a man casting himself into the sea from the fore-castle, that he may be buoyed up by an invisible arm. If you can venture to be naught in your meditated journey it will save you a world of anxiety and trouble. But proud, vain, conceited flesh wants to be something, to preach well, to cut a figure, and be admired as a preacher. With all this there is at times a hatred of such base feelings, and a willingness to be nothing that the Lord may be All in all. But doubts whether the Lord will be with us, whether He can condescend to bless such base wretches, and whether we have not presumption enough to damn thousands, will all at times work with earnest desires and breathings that He would bless us indeed, and that His hand might be with us, and that He would speak in us, and by us, and through us, to the hearts of His chosen.

Yours faithfully, for truth's sake, J. C. P.

( 60 )

To JOHN HARDS, WALWORTH.

Allington, August, 1840.

My dear Friend,—I have thought that some of those sermons that I preached at Zoar, which I should myself most wish to have been published, were not, whilst others, in delivering which I felt less favoured, have been printed in the *Penny Pulpit*. I certainly felt my soul opened and my tongue loosed to set forth the various wiles of the crafty

adulteress in hunting for the precious life, the last evening that I preached at Zoar\*; but as I cannot now call to mind what I delivered on that occasion, I fear it would be useless to attempt it. I might, indeed, were I so disposed, trace out the workings of this base adulteress; but I could not say it should resemble the discourse I then delivered, except in the general drift. Here the painstaking ministers, who lay out all their discourses by rule and plummet beforehand, have the advantage of us, who are compelled to trust to the Lord for His supplies of wisdom and utterance at the time. The text occurred to my mind as I was getting up on Tuesday morning, and I saw that there was a view of experience in it suited to the occasion, as well as to the daily feelings of living saints. I, therefore, was encouraged to take it with me into the pulpit, and the Lord, I trust, set before me an open door, for He shutteth and no man openeth, and He openeth and no man shutteth.

I was certainly gratified at seeing so large a congregation as was then gathered together, more especially as no notice had been given on the previous Thursday of the alteration of the evening to the Tuesday. Having so many discouragements from my own fearful heart and unbelieving nature, and so much opposition from the professing church, as well as the world, I need occasional liftings up, lest I should sink into utter despondency that the Lord had not called me to the work of the ministry; dark in soul, dead in desires, cold in affections, earthly in appetites, barren in heavenly fruits, and everything but what I wish to be, and I feel I should be; I need many tokens for good to persuade me that I am in the King's highway of holiness, where none but the redeemed walk. Many think that a minister is exempt from such coldness, deadness, and barrenness, as private Christians feel; and the hypocritical looks and words of many of Satan's ministers favour this delusion. Holiness is so much on their tongues, and on their faces, that their deluded hearers necessarily conclude that it is in their hearts; but, alas! nothing is easier or more common than an apostolic face and a Judas heart. Most pictures that I have seen of the "Last Supper" represent Judas Iscariot with a ferocious countenance. Had painters drawn a holy, meek-looking face, I believe they

\* On July 14, 1840; Proverbs vi. 26.

would have given a truer, if not so poetical, resemblance. Many pass for angels in the pulpit who are devils and beasts in heart, lips, and life, did all come abroad which is transacted at home. It is our mercy, if we only feel and groan under corruption inwardly, without it breaking forth outwardly, to wound our own souls, grieve the people of God, and gladden our enemies. Let God but take the cover off the boiling cauldron of our corrupt nature, and the filthy scum would turn over in the sight of all men.

I am glad you felt satisfied with my refusal to attend the anniversary, to which I was, through you, invited. I see no warrant for them in the Word, but rather to the contrary. "Ye observe *days*, and months, and times, and years, I am afraid of you," etc. (Gal. iv. 10, 11). They are generally money-getting contrivances, and more fit for apes to play their mimicry at in the pulpit than for ministers of truth to attend. Many places which hate me for the truth's sake are desirous to deal with me as the monkey did to the cat, when it made use of its paw to pull the hot chestnuts out of the fire. I may preach and bring down all the hatred of professors; but as long as I can get a few sovereigns for them they munch the chestnuts, and abuse the hand that procured them. So I am resolved not to attend such places and seasons unless I well know the people and am certain they are striving not only for the faith of the gospel, but also among themselves to support the cause and pay off their debt. This is the case at Welwyn, where I have preached these last two years. Mr. Huntington, I believe, found that many wished to use him as a means of getting money, who hated his preaching; he, therefore, declined such invitations.

I understand that Mr. W. has declared his renunciation of that abominable error which he held in denying backsliding, but as I have not read his letter to Mr. A., I cannot say how true this rumour is. We feel ourselves to backslide too constantly and too basely every day to deny it. We must give the lie to all our feelings, our sighs, our groans, and our tears, as well as to the Word of God, if we deny the backsliding of believers.

May the Lord smile graciously upon you, and be the light of your countenance. I am, my dear Friend,

Yours affectionately, for truth's sake, J. C. P.

( 61 )

1  
/ To WILLIAM GADSBY.

Stamford, September, 1840.

My dear Friend,—I am truly sorry to hear of your serious injury, and wish it were in my power to render you some assistance. Were we Arminians I could supply you with abundance of precepts and counsel to act faith, exercise patience, and cultivate resignation under your present affliction. But all such counsel you would value at its due worth; and I believe were all the property of Manchester of equal value with such advice, it would puzzle all its accountants to find how much it was worth less than O. My desire, then, for you is, that you may feel yourself the passive moistened clay in the hands of the heavenly Potter, and experience His blessed fingers moulding you to His divine will. If a sparrow cannot fall to the ground without Jehovah, much less the body which lodges the ransomed soul of William Gadsby. But what can old nature do under pain and confinement but murmur, rebel, argue, question, and find fault with the garden walk, and the slipping foot, and the fragile limb, and the splints, and the bandage, and the aching back, ay, and the Sovereign Ruler of all things Himself, who appointed this among the all things that are to work together for your spiritual good.

I have been long searching ineffectually for something good and holy in self, but after much investigation I have been obliged to come to Paul's conclusion: "I know that in me, that is, in my flesh, there dwelleth no good thing." But to be a pauper, and live all one's life upon alms, and they, too, to be rarely given, and usually not before the eyes fail with looking upward, how galling and mortifying to the proud spirit of a rebel! And then to have such long seasons of neither food nor famine, without either begging or receiving; but to be borne down by a heavy mass of carnality and death, well may the soul thus situated cry aloud:

"Needy, and naked, and unclean,  
Empty of good and full of ill;  
A lifeless lump of loathsome sin,  
Without the power to act or will."

Wishing you a speedy recovery from your present state, and that the Lord may favour your soul with many sweet visitations from Himself,

I am, my dear Friend,

Yours affectionately, for truth's sake,

J. C. P.

( 62 )

To JOSEPH PARRY.

Stamford, Sept. 28, 1840.

My dear Friend,—I was sorry that you should think I cut you off so short by sending only a note, but I wished you to write to Mr. Isbell without delay, and thought a few lines would be sufficient. But, indeed, it is now much with my writing, as Warburton sometimes says of his preaching, it seems “going spark out.”

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My wretched helplessness and beggary were never more painfully felt by me, and my most miserable impotency to all that is good seems to run through all I am and have, all I think, say, or do. I feel, too, more of a bankrupt in the pulpit than, I think, I ever before experienced, and seem to have nothing, and be nothing that is holy, heavenly, gracious, or spiritual. Were I not kept and held in I should feel disposed to run away from the work altogether, so burdensome do I at times feel it to be. But the Lord can and will keep us to the work, whether we will or not. I found this the case at Stadham. I could not leave it, though I wished to do so, and now only wonder how I stayed. I think were I then as rebellious and flesh-indulging as now, I should soon have bid farewell to the damp green, and the miry roads, and the unhealthy village; but, go where we will, we carry with us the body of sin and death. The load of our nature's evil is so unalterably fixed upon our shoulders that nothing but the icy hand of death can loosen it; and were we to sally forth in a fit of rebellion, and rush to the ends of the earth, the old man, with all his diseases, would still be part and parcel of us. We are continually praying to have the fear

of God in our hearts, and this very godly fear causes all our trouble. Had you no inward principle of godly fear you could soon slip your neck out of the collar by filling your pulpit with a parson. My daily and hourly idolatries, sins, and pollutions, my ignorance, folly, and blindness, my pride, presumption, and hypocrisy, my utter insolvency and impotency would give me no pain, and cause no sighs had I no internal principle, whatsoever it be, which discovers to me these evils, and causes me to feel pain under them. I was thinking this morning of Tiptaft's words, "Lord, grant that we may not sin cheap." If that prayer be answered it will cut us out abundance of trouble; for, as we sin every moment, we shall pay dear for it every moment. A dear bargain costs us sometimes, in earthly things, a good deal of pain and annoyance; but if we are never to sin cheap, our dear bargains, spiritually, will be always causing us pain and sorrow. . . .

Were you to get a minister whom neither you nor the people could hear, and you Allington folks are somewhat nice in your hearing, you would be worse off than you are now. The way to heaven is not to be lined out like a railroad, but traced through all its windings like a path through a wood. I don't know whether I would not sooner hear doctrine preached than a cut-and-dry experience, so regularly laid out as though the all-wise and wonder-working Jehovah must needs move in a line chalked out by a worm. He never made our natural faces alike, nor created two flowers, nor two leaves precisely similar; nor do I believe that we can find two vessels of mercy dealt with precisely in the same way. And yet there is a blessed family likeness running through all the quickened elect race, whereby all are brought spiritually and savingly to know the only true God and Jesus Christ, whom He hath sent. Were there not these family features, there would be no use in experimental preaching, and it would no longer be true that, as in water, face answereth to face, so the heart of man to man. I hope the Lord may bless Mr. Isbell's ministry to your soul and the souls of the people.

You have probably heard that Mr. Gadsby has broken his leg by falling down whilst walking in his garden. The church at Manchester has written to me to supply for a

month; but the friends here are unwilling to let me go, and therefore I have been obliged to decline. It is feared he will be laid aside three months.

I am sorry to find Mrs. Parry continues indisposed. The afflictions of our wives are our own, and must always be keenly felt by those who have any affection for their second selves. . . .

If farmers were now to have no reverses I hardly know what would become of them. They would ride over everybody's head. Ballast is a very painful thing to carry, but what vessel could sail safely without it? Not the farmers, when the gale of prosperity so swells their sails. But, I doubt not, that you find temporal prosperity is but a poor balm for an aching heart. Guilt and fears of perishing eternally, with the heavy load of a wicked heart, are not to be allayed by wheat selling at forty shillings a sack. But with all your ballast and heavy weight you have not an ounce too much; you would not walk steadily without it. What has kept us both, ever since we knew one another, steadfast to experimental religion, but having so many bruises, wounds, and putrefying sores, which need mollifying with gospel ointment. You would have been long ere this satisfied with dry doctrine, if your weights and burdens had not made you feel your need of divine power and heavenly manifestations. Probably you would have been shooting arrows at Huntington as an enthusiast, and at Hart's hymns as of too gloomy a cast, and have been despising Warburton as always muddling in corruption, unless you had had the top of the boiling pot of your own heart lifted off. Were we walking together by the side of your canal I could talk of many things more freely than I can write. Give Mr. Isbell my love and sincere desires that the Lord may be with him. My love to the friends, especially Mrs. Wild, E. Pope, and Mr. Dredge.

Your affectionate Friend,

J. C. P.



( 63 )

TO A FRIEND.\*

Oakham, October, 1840.

My dear Friend,—I fear if I delay writing much longer, that you will begin to think that I have forgotten my promise to do so altogether. But indeed I feel such a disinclination to put pen to paper, that I often drive off answering the letters of my correspondents till shame fairly compels me to write to them a few lines, and then, perhaps, when I have broken through my backwardness, I feel less difficulty in writing than I expected. Various causes make me slow to write. Sometimes slothfulness, sometimes inability to think, much more to write a good thought, sometimes darkness of soul, so that I can scarcely discern my right hand from my left, sometimes such deadness and iciness of spirit that I have no heart whatever toward one spiritual thing, and sometimes pressure of other business, as preaching, travelling, etc.—these and other causes hinder me continually from writing to my friends.

It seems a sad tale to be complaining continually to God and man of our deadness, unbelief, darkness, filth, and pollution. We would fain soar above these “miry places,” which cannot be healed with the waters of the river of life, but are “given to salt,” that is, perpetual barrenness (Ezek. xlvii. 11). We would fain mount upon eagles’ wings, and feast upon dying love and atoning blood. We are weary and tired of so much wintry weather, and, finding all the leaves, flowers, and fruit stripped from our trees, compelled by soul feeling, we cry out against ourselves as so perpetually base and vile, so idolatrous and adulterous, so backsliding and prone to err, so unbelieving and unable to do the things that we would. But how could grace be grace, how could it be manifested as grace abounding and superabounding over sin, unless we daily felt our vile body of sin and death? We should be conquerors without fighting, winners without running a race, at peace without ever having been at war, professors of religion without a possession of reality and power, were it not for having such a daily conflict. I can

\* *Gospel Standard*, 1842, p. 35.

fancy an ignorant person standing by the seaside, and seeing the sailors bringing ballast on board. "What are you doing," he would cry, "with all that dirty sand, and all those pebbles and gravel that you are putting into the ship? You will surely sink her. She is half-way down in the water already. The first storm will blow her over. She can never sail with all that heavy load on board." Such are the words a landsman would use. But a grey-haired, weather-beaten sailor would say, "Friend, I see you know nothing about the matter. All this ballast and these heavy loads which we put into the hold of our ship make her sail steadily. These very weights are her safety; and, were it not for them, our gallant ship would go to the bottom in the first gale of wind." So spiritually. What makes a Christian sail steadily? Weights and burdens. What makes him contend for life, and power, and feeling? A heavy load in his soul. What makes him separate from dead professors, notional Calvinists, whitewashed Pharisees, painted Arminians, and ungodly Antinomians? Plenty of inward trouble. Not that weights and burdens in themselves can have any gracious effect, any more than the ballast in the hold of a ship can drive her through the waves. But God the blessed Spirit works through and by means of these weights and burdens. They are tools in His divine hands, just as the carpenter handles the axe and the hammer, and so a work is done by them in your soul. What is the saw or the hammer without a skilful hand to use them? There they lie, motionless and useless, on the ground; but the joiner takes them up, and forthwith brings out a chair. So all our troubles, and doubts, and fears, and sorrows and afflictions do our soul no good, unless the Lord work in and by them, and then they become really and spiritually profitable. Thus guilt makes way for pardon, darkness for light, deadness for life, unbelief for faith, impatience for resignation, and despair for a hope both sure and steadfast, and that anchors within the veil. Salvation, with all its accompanying blessings, is sought for as a divine and revealed reality. Christ is desired, highly prized, and, when manifested, firmly believed on, because He is felt and found to be a Saviour so suitable to our deep necessities. The teachings, operations, leadings, visitations, consolations, and gracious anointings of

the Holy Ghost are sought after, earnestly desired, sighed and groaned for, because the needy and naked soul is utterly destitute without them. God the Father is worshipped and adored in spirit and in truth, and the soul is spiritually taught to serve Him with godly fear and holy reverence. The Bible is loved, because so full of suitable food and instruction; the true sent servants of the Lord are highly prized, as messengers of mercy and interpreters of our experience; the children of God are valued and loved, as travellers in the same path, and fellow-sufferers, as well as fellow-heirs of the grace of life; worldly people are shunned, because their hearts and lives are at enmity with the God of truth; carnal professors are departed from, because they savour not of the things of God, but the things of men; secret prayer is practised, because the soul is taught its deep need of spiritual blessings, and that they are the good and perfect gifts of the Father of lights, who seeth in secret.

And what follows all this secret work in the conscience, so far as it is outwardly manifested by the life and conversation? The scorn and hatred of the world, the slanders of false professors, the persecution, where possible, of worldly superiors, the malice of the devil, and the rebellion of our own vile and wicked heart. By these things, as by hard labour, is the heart brought down; and this opens a way for visits from the Lord of life and glory, sips, tastes, and drops of divine favour, and the dewy operations of the Holy Ghost in the soul. There is found to be a power in vital godliness. We feel that we have not followed cunningly-devised fables, and that there is a solemn and abiding reality in spiritual religion, which, when experienced, makes ample amends for all difficulties, risks, losses, crosses, and persecutions. Were the soul always here, we should think it would do well enough. But to go back to the old spot of doubt, and fear, and darkness, and inability, and soul poverty, this seems to damp all, and be like making ropes of sand, and drawing up water in a bucket with the bottom knocked out. But when, with all our exertions, we can neither twist the rope nor draw the water, we are compelled to cry to Him who has all power in heaven and in earth, who can let down a cord from above of His own blessed twining (the cord of love and the band of a man), and supply our parched lips

with a draught of living water. Our mercies we get by begging, and by begging hard too; and you know that hunger and nakedness make very importunate beggars.

Your cause seems still to stand, in spite of all enemies. I dare say it is often in your eyes, as well as in theirs, feeble enough; but the Lord has hitherto kept you together. May He lengthen your cords, and strengthen your stakes. Give my love to your minister and the friends.

Yours very sincerely, for truth's sake,

J. C. P.

( 64 )

To MISS PHILPOT.

Stamford, October 28, 1840.

My dear Fanny,—I should feel sorry if you thought that there was any cause in yourself which has made me neglectful of my promise to write to you a long letter. Believe me, that it is not so. The cause is in myself alone. Sometimes other occupations, sometimes preaching engagements, sometimes travelling backwards and forwards to Oakham have been hindrances; but frequent as well as more powerful obstacles have arisen from my own slothfulness, leanness, and spiritual helplessness and inability. The apostle says of himself, "The good that I would I do not, and the evil that I would not that I do;" and again, "When I would do good evil is present with me." Such were the complaints of this man of God, the highly-favoured vessel of mercy and ambassador of peace and salvation. He was not "a saint," in the Popish and Protestant-Popish sense of the word, that is, a man universally and perfectly holy, one elevated, as it were, on a pedestal above human passions and creature infirmities. But he was "a saint" in the only true and scriptural sense—*i.e.*, one sanctified by God the Father, and separated in His eternal decree, sanctified by God the Son when He bought him with His own precious blood, and sanctified by God the Holy Ghost when He regenerated him and made him a new creature in Christ Jesus. And one evidence of his being thus sanctified was that he groaned in the body, being burdened. Sin was, in him, an indwelling

principle, which continually put itself forth in thoughts, words, and actions, contrary to that new living and holy principle which the Blessed Spirit had implanted. So that, not absence of sin, but the groaning of the living soul under it is the evidence of saintship. Sin, in our carnal mind, is like the blood that circulates through the arteries and veins of our body. I cannot prick any part of my body with a pin where blood will not flow from the wound. Nor can I put my finger on any spot of my carnal mind where sin is not, and whence, if pressed by temptation, sin will not gush forth in a larger or smaller stream. And, to pursue the figure a step further, as blood is the element that nurtures our bodies, so sin is the nourishment of our carnal mind. Humbling thought! that what God hates, what made the Son of God bleed and die, what fills hell with miserable beings to all eternity, dwells in our carnal mind, and fills and occupies every part of it. But it will not destroy nor separate from the eternal love of God those whom Christ has redeemed by His blood. "Now, therefore," says Paul, "there is no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit." And he asks triumphantly, "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ Jesus?" Not even sin shall effect this separation, nor undo the finished work of Christ upon the cross.

I was sorry to hear of Mr. Isbell's temporal and spiritual troubles. I should think that the anger of the old members of his chapel had a deeper root than that of baptism and strict communion. His faithfulness in turning up the deep corruptions of the heart, and insisting so strongly on divine manifestations, is much more likely to have drawn forth their enmity, and have made baptism and strict communion merely a pretext. It is a tangible thing, and affords them some standing ground to accuse him of departing from their original church order, whilst to find fault with his faithfulness would be to accuse themselves.

You will, with the rest of his hearers that are attached to his ministry, be glad to welcome him home from Allington. I think it most probable that Mr. Isbell may meet my friend Tiptaft at Exeter, and I hope the interview may be pleasant and profitable. I have not seen Mr. Ireson since he returned from Plymouth, but I understand that he was gratified with

his visit. His usual manner is very reserved, and I should think his silence arose more from what he felt in himself than from anything he saw in you or others. When our own conscience points out anything as inconsistent, we easily believe that others see that which we so keenly see ourselves. But their eyes are fixed upon something which we do not ourselves perceive, and which, perhaps, they view as more objectionable and inconsistent than those things which we ourselves feel. A conscience made tender by grace is a blessed gift of God, but it produces daily and hourly matter of self-condemnation. "The fear of the Lord is a fountain of life to depart from the snares of death." Snares of death surround and beset our path. Some arise from the world, some from Satan, some from the people of God; but far, far most from ourselves. The fear of the Lord is a fountain of life which detects and manifests these hidden snares, and by its bubbling up as a living spring in the heart it brings the soul into the presence of God, and thus strength, wisdom, and grace are communicated to flee them when perceived before fallen into, or deliver our feet out of them when unhappily entangled.

I have read Mr. Isbell's sermon, which he preached at Saltash, and which you sent me. I think it is a very good one.

I am glad that Mr. Smart's sermon was made profitable to you. He has a deep insight into the corruptions of the heart, and of salvation through the glorious atonement of the Lord Christ.

I am sorry that any among you should be stumbled by my delay in baptizing and forming a church. I am waiting for materials before I begin. There are many here, I believe, quickened souls, but hardly advanced enough for baptism; and, as to myself, I believe I could not, with any safety, baptize, as the immersion in cold water for so long a time, and partial exposure of my body to that cold would probably be very injurious to me. But several have expressed a wish to be baptized. I expect Mr. Warburton next year, who will probably be requested to baptize, as he did when here before. To wait does not imply I mean to defer it altogether. A beginning has been made already, Mr. Warburton having baptized two of my hearers when here last year, who

would be members of the church when formed. The formation of a church will bring with it many troubles. Satan will blow the embers of pride and jealousy, envy, suspicion, and contention, and love will be hardly strong enough to endure the flame that will be created. I have found it so painfully wherever I have been. At Allington one of my warmest friends, and, apparently, attached hearers, seems now quite alienated from me on account of my defence of strict communion in the *Gospel Standard*. I hope never to give up truth, whosoever's friendship it may cost me, and to care neither for frowns or smiles in defence of the Gospel. You must expect many hard speeches and unkind words from professors of truth as well as from the world. This we are not at first always prepared to expect, or, indeed, well able to bear. Rebuffs we expect from the world and enemies of truth, but from those who profess to be people of God we as little anticipate unkindness as feel able to bear it. But all these things, however painful to the flesh, work together for spiritual good. They drive the soul more simply and more earnestly to the Lord, wean it from idols, and draw it off from leaning on Assyria or Egypt, finding that to do so is to lean on a broken reed, which runs into the hand and pierces it. You will find it, I believe, your wiser, safer, and happier course to keep clear of party spirit, and to turn a deaf ear to all the whisperings, surmises, and tales that too often form a large portion of the conversation of the Lord's people when they meet together. Were they to talk more about the Lord and what He has done and is doing in their souls, and less of religious tittle-tattle, they would leave each other's company more profited and edified. We read in Malachi that those who feared the Lord spake often one to another, and that the Lord hearkened and heard; but this implies that He heard with approbation. I fear, however, that He hears with similar approval few conversations now among those who profess to fear His great name. The exaltation of self seems more the object than the exaltation of the Lord of life and glory. . . . Our united love to our dear mother, Mary Ann and her children, and accept the same, my dear Fanny, from

Your affectionate Brother,

J. C. P.

( 65 )

To JOSEPH PARRY.

Stamford, February 26, 1841.

My dear Friend,—I desire deeply to sympathize with you in your present distress. I believe you will find it hereafter to contain in it the root and seed of the best of blessings. I know that it is useless to try to comfort you, that being the Lord's sole prerogative. He alone can bring your soul out of prison, and I believe He will do it to the glory of His holy Name. If the Lord had meant to have destroyed you, He would never have thus applied His holy Law to your conscience, but would have let you gone on in delusion and been in peace and quiet. I believe the soul is often quickened before the Law is experimentally known, and this, perhaps, is your case. Look at all the saints of God as Hart, Bunyan, Huntington, Barry. They have all passed under the bond of the Law before solid deliverance came. The Lord is able to deliver. He heareth the cry of the prisoner, and preserveth those that are appointed to die. Jesus is just such a Saviour as you want, mighty to save, able to save to the uttermost all that come to God by Him. You have never been in such deep waters before, but when the Lord shall bring you out, your joys will rise as high. My dear friend, can you not cast yourself at a throne of mercy and grace? Can you not confess how base you have been and are? Can you not groan forth your soul to the Lord, and seek salvation, mercy, and pardon from Him? You condemn yourself as a presumptuous wretch. Indeed, indeed, we have, all that know our own hearts, reason to cry and groan under the sin of presumption. But did you ever take up religion as a matter of gain, or ever were allowedly a hypocrite? I never heard you boast of things beyond your experience, or talk of liberty and assurance when it was not given you. I would fain encourage your poor drooping soul to wait at mercy's doorposts till light appear. Thousands have been saved out of as deep waters as you are now wading in; and why not you—oh, why not you?

I would advise you, my dear friend, in your present state to have nothing to do with the chapel service, as Satan is



sure to employ it as a weapon against you. Let Mr. Dredge and Mr. Tuckwell carry it on as well as they can.

I cannot suffer a post to elapse without dropping you a line, but hope to write again in a few days. I will not ask you to write, but shall be glad, and indeed very anxious, to hear from friend Tuckwell how you are in soul matters. My dear friend, is there any limit to the Lord's power and love? Oh, may He quickly appear!

Your affectionate Friend,

J. C. P.

( 66 )

TO JOSEPH PARRY.

Stamford, March 2, 1841.

My dear Friend,—As I wrote you so hasty a letter the other day, I feel disposed to drop you a few lines of sympathy again without waiting for an answer to my last.

I fully believe that you will one day, if not soon, see and feel that the present fiery trial through which you are passing contains wrapped up in it a spiritual and eternal blessing. "I will bring the third part through the fire;" "I counsel thee to buy of Me gold tried in the fire." Are not these the words of Him that cannot lie? The Lord has seen good for your profit and His own glory to plunge you into these waves of trouble; but He that has thrust you down can, and doubtless will, one day lift you up. What has produced your trouble? Not the commission of some outward sin to disgrace you before men; not any providential reverses; but the application of the Word of God with power to your conscience. But why should God apply His word to your soul unless He has a gracious purpose in it? The Law was never applied to the conscience of a reprobate. The Lord suffers such to glide smoothly on till they drop into hell. You have often sighed and panted after a divine deliverance into the light, life, liberty, joy, and peace of the Gospel. But, perhaps, you little thought that you should be plunged into such terrors, fears, and alarms as to be, as it were, without hope; and that this should be the way to know Christ and the power of His resurrection. But when the blessed

change shall come you will see and feel how needful all this work was to endear the blessing. I dare say you think that you are not a common sinner, but a gospel sinner, a presumptuous hypocrite that has rushed into religion of your own accord. I think, my dear friend, few know you better than I do. Our long and unreserved intimacy has, of course, made me well acquainted with you spiritually as well as temporally. I will not allow that you have been a presumptuous gospel sinner; I know better. I have never seen allowed, indulged presumption in you. Like myself, you have a vile, presumptuous, hypocritical heart, but it has been with you as with Paul, "That which I do I allow not." You have had more or less of a tender conscience. You have had at times some seasons of solemn prayer to a heart-searching God; you have felt a knitting of soul to the people of God; you have esteemed such as Mrs. Wild, Dorcas, Edith, etc., as the excellent of the earth. I will not say anything of outward sacrifices, as none can take such evidences that know themselves. But I would appeal to inward feelings and scriptural evidences. But you say, "They are all swept away, and I cannot find in myself one evidence." No; if you could, there would not be such a thorough sweeping of the house. But cannot you cast yourself as the vilest, the worst, the basest of wretches, at the feet of sovereign mercy? Oh, my friend, is your case, however seemingly desperate, beyond the reach of Jesus' arm, or the efficacy of His atoning blood? Is He not mighty to save; and has He not saved, pardoned, and blessed thousands as black, as guilty, as helpless, and as hopeless, as you feel yourself to be? I know that you cannot lay hold of any truth of this nature. But your fear, and guilt, and terror, and despair do not alter the case, nor render Him less able, less willing to save. He is able to save *to the uttermost* all that come unto God by Him. You are not beyond "the uttermost," nor ever will be. Many now in glory have sunk as low, many lower than you. Look at Barry, and Huntington, and Gibbs, and Wade; all have sunk below a hope in God's mercy, and all have been brought out to praise His glorious name.

A well-taught and well-exercised man, who could go in and out before the people, would be very desirable for you at the present juncture. I think you will find a suitable

letter in the *Standard*, which was written to me by "a Sinner Saved" (A. Charlwood, Norwich), in December number. You will see there what a state of despair he was in for five years, and what a deliverance he enjoyed. He now seems to live in the enjoyment of pardoning love. The first letter in this month's number, signed "G. M." (George Muskett), is from the young man whom he mentions as his minister, and who seems to be a well-taught man.

I will not weary you, my dear friend, with more now. May the Lord bring you out of prison, smile into your soul, and set you at happy liberty. Who can tell the boundless riches of His grace to the vilest of the vile?

Accept my affectionate sympathies and prayers for your deliverance.

Your affectionate Friend,

J. C. P.

( 67 )

To WILLIAM BROWN.

Stamford, April 26, 1841.

My dear Friend,—I am obliged to you for your kind letter—in which you point out what you consider an error in my sermon from Heb. iv. 12.\* I am not convinced that it is an

\* Mr. Brown's letter ran as follows :

April 24, 1841.

My dear Friend,—I received from Mr. — your sermon on Heb. iv. 12 yesterday. One thing in it struck me as wrong, and this is my apology for addressing you. The paragraph I allude to is this : "A natural man has but two things, a body and a soul; but a spiritual man has three things, the third being superadded in regeneration—body, soul, and spirit." You have omitted to mention the old man, as dwelling in the unregenerate, as also in the regenerate. If we admit the new man of grace was superadded in regeneration, must we not likewise admit the old man of sin was superadded at the fall? "The seat of natural religion is in the soul." But who occupies that seat? In the soul of a living man two armies are felt, as in a field of battle. The flesh and the spirit, lusting and striving against each other. The soul, like the earth spoken of in the Psalms, trembles, shakes, and melts when these conflicts are going on. Where there is no spiritual life the old man reigns unmolested; the strong man armed keeps his goods in peace. Thus I think it is evident the dead have three things: the body, the soul, and the flesh—or carnal mind, or old man, as I think it is thus variously termed in Scripture, while the living, of course, have four. I know there are many who would be glad to find Mr. Philpot in error, though in the most trifling degree, and I deem it the part of a true friend to mention what is thought to be wrong, instead of speaking of it to others.

error, and will give you my reasons why. I read that "God made man upright" (Eccles. vii. 29), "in His own image, after His own likeness" (Gen. i. 26; James iii. 9), which is declared to be "in righteousness and true holiness" (Eph. iv. 24). Man, therefore, as he came from the hands of his Maker, was perfect, upright and innocent, not indeed spiritual, but fully possessed of all natural perfection. In this state he had a perfect body and a perfect soul. But this perfect man had these two things, and these two only. So far, we are, doubtless, agreed. But we now come to the Fall, and the entrance of sin into this pure, perfect man. This was a principle foreign to his original state, and introduced into him by Satan, in the shape of a serpent. But can this be called a third constituent part of man? I think not, and illustrate the case thus: My hand, say, or my foot, is now free from disease, but I lean my hand on a wall, and a serpent bites it (Amos v. 19). By that bite venom is infused into my previously healthy hand, which is absorbed, and diseases first my hand, and then my whole body. All my bodily juices become depraved, and through the powerful effects of this venom I sicken and die, not one organ of my body escaping its destructive influence. I consider this an illustration of the entrance of sin into the soul and body of man. Sin I view as the disease of the soul. But would it be correct speech to say of a consumptive patient that he had lungs and tubercles? of one afflicted with blindness, that he had a lens and opacity? of a paralytic, that he had a brain and extravasation? And would it not be more correct to say "tuberculous lungs," an "opaque lens," and a "diseased brain"? The disease, and the part afflicted with it, are not two distinct things in the same way as the body is distinct from the soul, or even the brain from the liver. A diseased limb is still a limb, and the disease is a departure from original health. So I look upon sin as the disease of the soul, and not a thing distinct from the soul. If you say the new man of grace was superadded in regeneration, it does not thereby follow that the old man of sin was superadded at the Fall. If so, who superadded it? Surely not God, who cannot be the author of evil. Then it must be Satan, and what is this but to make Satan a creator? For if it be a distinct principle superadded and distinct from the soul,

it would seem as much created as the soul. Body, you must admit, was created, soul was created, and now your third superadded thing, called flesh, or old man, if it be so distinct from the soul that he is in error who says man is not made up of three things, must have been created likewise, and you make Satan, a creature, to be a creator. But take my view, Satan, as a crafty serpent, full of all venom, infused a sinful thought into Adam's mind. This venom coursed, as it were, through all its faculties, and he became dead in sins. His posterity being in his loins became infected in him, as a consumptive mother brings forth a consumptive child. Is this unscriptural? "You hath He quickened who were dead." What was dead? Was it not the soul dead Godward. "The whole head is sick, and the whole heart faint." "From the crown of the head," etc. Is not a totally diseased body here used figuratively of a totally diseased soul? "Their mind and conscience is defiled" (Titus i. 15). Are not mind and conscience faculties of the soul, and defilement a disease? "God gave them over to a reprobate mind," margin, "a mind void of judgement," perhaps more literally, "undiscerning" (Rom. i. 28). "Having the understanding darkened, being alienated from the life of God through the ignorance that is in them, because of the blindness of their heart" (Eph. iv. 18). The mind is here represented as undiscerning, the understanding darkened, the soul or affections alienated from the life of God through ignorance, and the heart blinded. Are not these diseases, or diseased states of the soul? The mind is void of judgement—it formerly possessed it; the understanding is darkened—it formerly had light; the affections alienated—they were formerly fixed on God so far as a creature could know Him, such as Adam; and the heart blinded—which formerly saw. Are not all these diseased, depraved, superinduced states, and so represented? But this language would not suit with the flesh as a superadded distinct creation. The flesh cannot be darkened, for it was never light; nor can it be *alienated*, for it came in as an alien; nor blinded, for it was born so. If I, an Englishman, settle in France, and become naturalized there, I am *alienated* from my native country; but he who comes, as a Frenchman, into this country, and remains such, is an *alien*, and cannot be said to be *alienated*. So if Adam's

natural affections were originally fixed upon God, and by the introduction of sin into them they became turned away from the Creator to the creature, they may be said to be *alienated*; but if these corrupt affections were superadded, as members of a distinctly created old man, they came in as aliens, and, therefore, cannot be said to be alienated. In natural religion, of which I consider the soul the seat, as distinct from the spirit (for they are often, as I have said, used synonymously) and the body, what fears, hopes, desires, believes, prays, and loves? Does not the soul do these things? Are they not the natural exercise of the faculties of the soul on divine objects? How do I believe there was such a man as Julius Cæsar? By my mind, or soul, or understanding, call it which you like. So natural men in the same way believe in Christ. A truant child fears to be punished. Where does he fear? Is not fear some expectation of evil, and pain, in other words, an exercise of the mind? So natural men fear God. Thus I conceive all natural religion, which I conceive the sword of the Spirit to separate between, is the exercise of the faculties of the mind naturally upon divine things. It is, therefore, called in the New Testament *ψυχικός*, which literally may be translated were there such a word, "soulish," *i.e.*, relating to the soul (1 Cor. ii. 14; James iii. 15; Jude 19), translated in these passages "natural" and "sensual."

Viewing sin, then, as a disease of the soul, I do not consider myself in error in saying a natural man has but two things. I do not say the Church of England is any authority, but she takes the same view in her IXth. Article, where she says of original sin that "it is the fault and corruption of the nature of every man"—"the infection of nature." And I consider that the Scriptures speak of the old man and flesh, and so on, distinctly, sometimes, as Eph. iv. 22, Gal. v. 17, as we speak of fevers and consumptions as certain distinct things from a consumptive or feverish patient, whereas they are certain states of the body. But spirit is clearly superadded, born of the Spirit, as flesh is born of flesh. If my views are wrong, I shall be glad to be shown so, as I wish not to be in error in any point.

I shall hope to see you when you come to L—, as Mr. — promised to bring you down to Stamford. We can

then, if agreeable, talk this matter over. My love to Mr. Gadsby.

I have felt this spring a trying time to my chest, and feel very unfit for my Norfolk journey.

My kind remembrances to Mrs. —.

Yours sincerely, for truth's sake,

J. C. P.

( 68 )

TO JOSEPH PARRY.

Oakham, October 4, 1841.

My dear Friend,— . . . I should rejoice should it please the Lord to bless Daniel Smart's ministry to your soul; to wait for a deliverance amid many sinking fears whether it will ever come is trying work. Fear, guilt, bondage, and self-pity are painful companions. Hope delayed makes the heart sick, but there is no doubt a needs-be for the delay. It says, "He brought down their heart with labour; they fell down, and there was none to help." But it is not a little labour that can bring the heart down. The word implies long-continued toil, and that they became faint and weary with perpetual exertion. Could you see matters from a right point of view, you would doubtless feel that your present state of soul trouble is far preferable to carelessness and carnality. In those wretched states of mind, deliverance is not desired nor sought after; but you feel that you must perish without it. It is a good thing to be crying for mercy, and sighing forth the desires of the soul, for the promise-keeping God has given many sweet promises to those who seek His face.

I trust that my late visit to Allington may be manifested to have been of the Lord. I felt more, I believe, of the power and presence of the Lord than I have often felt before during my former visits. I am much obliged to you and Mrs. Parry for your kind hospitality.

Your affectionate Friend,

J. C. P.

( 69 )

TO ISAAC HARRISON, LEICESTER.\*

Stamford, October 15, 1841.

My dear Friend,—Our letters crossed on the road, as you would probably perceive by the date of mine.

It will not be in my power to go to Leicester for a Lord's-day this year, as I have been absent so many already. Next Lord's-day at Godmanchester will be the sixteenth that I have been absent at different intervals since the spring, and as this already exceeds by three or four Sundays my usual times of absence, I must now stay at home for some time to come. I think, however, I can promise (D.v.) two week evenings next month, November 10th and 11th, as I feel a desire to give you a little assistance, though I cannot go on a Lord's-day. I have not yet spoken to the friends, but doubt not to obtain their consent.

It is well to be on our guard against crafty and designing professors of religion; and yet I believe, especially in the matter of pecuniary assistance, we may carry our caution too far. Our covetous heart is very ready to suggest reasons why we should not assist those who are in need, and we are glad to catch at the idea that they are hypocrites, to save our own selves. But we are to do good to *all men*, especially to those who are of the household of faith. A man in distress is a fit object for relief, and it becomes those whom God has blessed with abundance to be "ready to distribute." If he is a child of God, he has a greater claim upon our sympathy, and to him it should be given freely; but it seems to me that to say, "I will give to none but those who are commended to my conscience as living souls," has a strong tendency to shut up a man's bowels of compassion and foster a spirit of covetousness. Poor Morse, with his large family, is an object of compassion, even if he be not a minister of righteousness. Mr. Ireson gave him, I think, nearly a new suit of clothes when a little assistance was raised for him at Cliffe. The Lord has blessed you with abundance, and, in so doing, has made you a steward of His bounty for others. I trust you will excuse the freedom of these remarks, which

\* *Christian's Monthly Record*, 1884, p. 138.



have been drawn from me from a feeling I had in reading your letter.

I doubt not that you have your trials, and will have more. Standing as the head of a cause in a large professing town will bring with it plenty of trials, and your religion can only be proved to be genuine by being put into the furnace. An untried religion is no religion, and he that has no cross here will have no crown hereafter.

Remember me kindly to your sisters and Mrs. Hardy, and believe me,

Yours sincerely, for the truth's sake,

J. C. P.

( 70 )

To MISS RICHMOND.\*

Stamford, January 28, 1842.

My dear Friend,—I feel so unable to give wise and spiritual counsel that I hardly know what to write in answer to your letter. My carnal mind would advise one thing, and my better judgement another. I feel for you temporally and spiritually, and should be sorry to hear that you were obliged to give up your school, and leave Stadham; but I have usually found whatever perplexities and difficulties occur in our path, that they are such more from our own crookedness and waywardness, than from what they are in themselves. The path is straight enough, but our eyes look crookedly at it, and then the road appears to be crooked. Were our eye single, the path would be plain and clear; but the films of self-seeking and flesh-pleasing darken in our view the path itself. We often know not how to act, not because the right way is difficult to find, but because the road is too rough and thorny for our tender and ease-loving feet. But it is in this way, I think, that the Lord tries the strength and reality of faith. He brings the soul, as it were, to a certain point in the road, where He sets this question before it, "Wilt thou serve Me or thyself? Wilt thou act with a single eye to My glory, or please thy flesh?" All looks dark and gloomy; no possible way of deliverance appears, and there is nothing but the naked word of God,

\* Miss Richmond kept a school for young ladies.

lying with more or less weight upon the conscience. Now if the soul is secretly strengthened to stand on the Lord's side, and not hearken to the flesh, deliverance will sooner or later come. But if the flesh be pleased, bondage and the rod will follow. See this in the case of Abraham (Gen. xxii.), Moses (Heb. xi. 24-26), and the three children (Dan. iii.). These would not consult the flesh, but acted in faith, and to them all deliverance came.

Your present difficulties seem to be two: 1. Whether you should teach the Church catechism? 2. Whether you should have with the children what is termed "family prayer"? The first seems to be the more easy to answer. In the first place, your own convictions; and in the second, the word that you received, as you believe, from the Lord\* seem quite sufficient to decide that matter. You would be rebelling, not merely against light in your judgement, but also against the special word of promise in your soul, were you to draw back to consent to teach the children the catechism. You know that whatever they are in Covenant purposes, they are not manifestly "members of Christ, children of God, and the inheritors of the kingdom of heaven;" still less were they made such when sprinkled at the font. I cannot see how you can swerve here without positive sin.

As to the other point, I cannot speak so decidedly. Family prayer might be preserved, and yet not a form persevered in. You might offer up a few petitions in the presence of the children, in which you might keep your conscience clear of, at least, wilfully mocking God. Their inattention is not your sin, and I think a few simple words might be offered up by you which need not pain your conscience, and which would yet preserve you from the imputation of utterly neglecting any recognition of God in your family. I do not think that you could conscientiously teach them or hear them what is called "say their prayers" individually; but I do not see that you are called upon to prevent or forbid them doing so, if they had been taught so to do before they came to you. I cannot say how I should act under similar circumstances; but I seem at present to feel this, that if I had a

\* "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life," Rev. ii. 10.

pupil who had been taught to pray before he came under my care, I would not forbid him, though I would not hear him. I could not make the child understand why he should not say his prayers without leading him to believe that there was no such thing to be attended to as prayer, because I could not make him understand the difference between carnal and spiritual prayer. If I were to teach him, or hear him say prayers, I am so far mocking God, and sinning against light, but the child has not my knowledge, and does not at any rate wilfully mock God thereby.

But, indeed, it is a most difficult point, and one on which special light is needed for our individual guidance. I can only refer you to the "Wonderful Counsellor," out of whose mouth cometh knowledge and understanding. You need much wisdom, much grace, much faith, much strength, which the Lord only can supply you with. May you be much at the throne. "If any man lack wisdom," etc. (James i. 5). The Lord is able to deliver you, and amply provide for you temporally as well as spiritually. "It is better to suffer than to sin." The Lord can send you children from most unexpected quarters, or so turn the hearts of the parents that they shall disregard what in your mind is burdensome. A lady who keeps a school at Kensington, and is a member at Zoar, was very fearful of losing her school when she joined the church, but her school has never more flourished. So full of unbelief are our hearts, so able to deliver is the Lord.

I am sure that it is our wisdom, as well as our mercy, when we can act as conscience bids. None were ever eventually losers by making sacrifices for Christ. With all my unbelief, I must say that He has been faithful to His promise (Mark x. 29, 30).

I shall be glad to hear from you again, and hope that the Lord may direct you in all things.

I was very sorry to hear of poor Brookland's heavy affliction in the loss of his little girl. Give him my love and sincere sympathy in his heavy trial.

My love to the friends; greet them by name. My kind remembrances to your sisters.

Believe me to be, yours very sincerely,

J. C. P.

( 71 )

TO ARTHUR CHARLWOOD.\*

Stamford, March 14, 1842.

My dear Friend,—I take shame to myself that I have delayed so long to answer your kind and experimental letter. I was so much pleased with it that I intended to send it to the *Standard*, but I have somehow or other mislaid it and cannot put my hand upon it. Your poetry would have appeared in the *Standard*, but it was lost upon the road there. I sent it with something of my own, and it never reached its destination. I could not understand why J. Gadsby did not send me the proof; and when I wrote and asked the reason I received for an answer that he had never received anything of the kind. I therefore concluded it was the will of the Lord that my piece should not appear, and did not attempt to rewrite it. I am sorry, however, that it involved the loss of your piece too.

I have been far from well of late, having suffered from pain in my chest and cough. Sometimes I have thought it has been sent to bring me to my end. This has produced some searchings of heart, and I have, at times, felt a spirit of grace and supplication whereby I have been enabled, in a very close and urgent manner, to wrestle with the Lord for His blessing. I have, however, chiefly desired Himself, as knowing and feeling that all gifts fall short of the blessed Giver Himself. I can join in Paul's earnest breathing, "That I may know Him, and the power of His resurrection."

\* *Christian's Monthly Record*, 1885, p. 128.

At the date of this letter Arthur Charlwood, who had been a devoted friend of Henry Fowler, was a master-carpenter at Norwich, and, though he did not preach himself, was a great support to the friends who worshipped at Jireh Chapel in that city. The times were hard and he fell into debt. In 1848 he emigrated to Australia, shortly before the discovery of gold, but trouble still followed him. Eventually he went to the diggings and laid the foundation of his future temporal prosperity by constructing "cradles" for the diggers, so that he was soon in a position to pay off every penny of his English debts. He opened a little place of worship in Melbourne, and he and his friends remitted every year a liberal contribution to the Aged Pilgrims' Friend Society. I remember him sending my father the present of an enormous opossum rug. He died of heart disease, April 27, 1860, and a most interesting memoir appeared in the *Gospel Standard* (September, 1860, p. 277). My father had visited Norwich, May 15—18, 1841, and had preached three times in Jireh Chapel, and on a week evening at King's Lynn on his way home.—J. H. P.

O what treasures of wisdom and knowledge and grace are locked up in those few words: "That I may know Him!" The creatures we soon know, and, generally speaking, the more we know any man the worse we esteem him. But this glorious God-man cannot be known but by special revelation; and then how small a part do we understand; for who hath sought out the Almighty to perfection? All below the skies is uncertain and unsatisfactory. Day after day comes and goes, and finds as well as leaves us jaded and tired of the things of time and sense. What rest is there for a restless soul in this polluted world? We must die to it and die out of it before abiding peace and rest can be enjoyed. But here the flesh shrinks, reason fails, and nature stands aghast. To die in order to live, to put off the mortal to become immortal, to firmly believe this, and be willing to die to obtain it, what a triumph of faith is here! I cannot say I am in the spot. I shrink, and turn away from the gloomy portal. Jesus has abolished death and brought life and immortality to light; but I need the sweet application of that truth to my soul.

I hope the Lord still encourages you to go labouring on in the vineyard. Many are our disappointments and humbling lessons in it. I sometimes think I am the dullest, blindest, least able to speak to edification, of all the ministers of truth. I can find neither text nor matter, neither thoughts, feelings, words nor power. I seem to labour all in vain, to beat the air, to thresh chaff and merely stir up dust, to stupefy, blind, and suffocate myself and my hearers. I cry to God for dew, savour, and power; but feel dry, dead, and barren. And should I feel otherwise, and I have some little enlargement of heart and mouth, there is a cursed something in me which would rob God of all the glory and burn incense to my own drag, though my sighs and cries for help previously should seem sufficient to teach my doltish heart that in me dwelleth no such good thing as unction and power. We should not dare to serve our earthly benefactors so, and after receiving their liberality coolly button up our pockets and say we are indebted to them for nothing, for that they never gave us a penny. Truly the Lord must be stronger than I and prevail; truly He must overcome me and melt me into faith and love, by proving in me that His grace super-

abounds over all the aboundings of my iniquity. As the hymn says: "Thy mercy is more than a match for my heart." And I am sure that nothing but superabounding, victorious, overshadowing, and overpowering grace will subdue me to the feet of Jesus and slaughter my idols. God knows what is in man, which legal preachers and dead Calvinists do not. It is not a man's head that needs subduing, renewing, melting, and winning. The law works wrath, dry doctrine works presumption, pharisaism produces self-complacency, the letter genders strife of words, and a dead profession begets all manner of hypocrisy; whilst all the time sin, Satan, self, and the world reign and riot supreme in the carnal mind. The gates of the citadel are shut against God and godliness until the Prince of peace comes to take possession, and moves and melts the heart to realize, embrace, and submit to His blessed sceptre. "Lord," I sometimes say, "take my heart; subdue and melt it, and make it all that Thou wouldest have it to be." But, alas! idols too often lift up their heads in it, darkness covers it, the wild boar out of the wood wastes it, dogs bark, swine burrow and grunt, and vultures prowl about to pick up carrion in it; so that it may be said, "What aileth thee now, that thou art full of stirs, a tumultuous city?" The voice alone of the Prince of peace can still these stirs and make a great calm, wherein He is heard alone.

I am glad to hear that the Lord continues to smile upon the cause at Jireh. If room be really needed, an enlargement cannot be objected to, if done prudently and economically. I can hold out no expectation of paying a visit to Norwich this year, being obliged to diminish instead of increase my pulpit labours. I have even written to the friends in London to decline my annual visit this year. They have written, however, to say that, having been unsuccessful in procuring supplies instead of me, they intend to keep it open, hoping it may please the Lord to grant me better health in the summer. I want rest and quiet, and therefore must decline invitations until the Lord, if ever, may strengthen me.

My love to Mr. and Mrs. Charlwood and the friends. As I could not find your last letter I have sent another instead, though not so good, I think, to the *Standard*.

Yours affectionately, for the truth's sake, J. C. P.

( 72 )

TO JOSEPH PARRY.

Stamford, March 24, 1842.

My dear Friend,—I should be sorry if my delay in replying to your letter should seem on my part a mark of neglect or of coldness. Most of my hindrances in answering the letters of my friends arise not from them, but from myself. But were I to enumerate all the obstacles that daily and well-nigh hourly occur from that moving mass of carnality and helplessness which I carry about with me, and under the load of which I often groan, being burdened, my letter would be all preface, and, like some sermons that I have heard, consist almost wholly of introduction.

It seems scarcely possible for me to tell you how unlike I am to everything I wish to be, and how like to everything which I wish not to be. I would be spiritually minded, would read the Word of God with delight, would approach the mercy seat with freedom of access, would look back upon the past without sorrow, and to the future without apprehension. I would never throughout the day forget, "Thou, God, seest me;" I would not occupy nor interest my mind in anything earthly, sensual, or devilish; I would be continually fixing my eyes on the cross of Immanuel, and be living upon His grace as freely, sensibly, lovingly, and savingly revealed. This is *what I would wish to be*; and as to *what I would wish not to be*, I would not be a miserable idolater, raving and roaming after some dunghill god, nor a wild ass of the desert snuffing up the wind, nor a peevish rebel, nor a sullen self-seeker, nor a suspecting infidel. If not all these in open, daring, unchecked practice, I am it all in inward bent and wretched feeling. A friend of mine brought me word the other day that some of the Bedfordshire Calvinists had spread a report that I was turned Baxterian or Fullerite. Had I no other preservative, I think my daily and almost hourly sense of my miserable helplessness and thorough impotency to raise up my soul to one act of faith, hope, or love would keep me from assenting to Andrew Fuller's lies. Nothing suits my soul but sovereign, omnipotent, and superabounding grace. I am no common sinner, and must therefore have no common grace. No texts have been much sweeter to my

soul than Jer. xx. 7, "Thou art stronger than I, and hast prevailed;" and Rom. v. 20, 21, "Where sin abounded, grace did much more abound," etc. In truth I find religion to be a very different thing from what I once thought it. There was a time when, in all apparent sincerity, I was looking to my spirituality and heavenly mindedness as evidences of my standing, instead of being a poor needy suppliant and starving petitioner for a word or a smile from the Lord Himself. It seemed more as if my spirituality were to take me to Christ, than that my miserable poverty and nakedness were qualifications to bring Christ down to me; but all these idols have tumbled into ruins. I am now in that state that Immanuel, the God-man Mediator, must have all the glory, by stooping down to save, bless, and teach an undone wretch, who has neither spirituality, nor piety, nor religion, nor anything holy or heavenly in himself, and whose chief desire, when able to breathe it forth, is to be but the passive clay in the hands of the Divine Potter, and sensibly to feel the almighty, though gentle, fingers moulding him into a vessel of honour meet for the Master's use.

You speak of "going down 'Lumber Lane.'" I, alas! seem to live in it. When we go down a lane, we may hope to get to the bottom of it; but I seem to have my house there, and besides all the mud in winter, and all the dust in summer, there are tall thick hedges made of thorns which shut out the sun. But I am glad to have that in me which hates "Lumber Lane," and longs after green pastures, still waters, and the warm sun.

Yours affectionately, J. C. P.

( 73 )

To WILLIAM SCOTT, STAMFORD.\*

Stamford, June 17, 1842.

My dear Friend,—I was truly sorry to hear of the affliction that has befallen you, which I learnt on Wednesday on my

\* *Gospel Standard*, 1913, p. 508. Mr. Scott, at the time a comparatively young man in the Excise, I think, was a valued member, and eventually deacon of the church at Stamford. It was in a carriage accident when driving with a friend, near Grantham, on business, that his collar-bone and one of his *arms* (not his leg, as my father had been told) were broken. Mr. Scott removed to Reading with his wife and daughter in 1869, and died there on February 5, 1884, the 76th anniversary of his birthday.—J. H. P.



return from Oakham, but only heard the particulars this evening. I have felt my mind moved to write you a few lines, not only to sympathize with you in your affliction, but also to express my affection for you, and my sincere pleasure that the blessed Lord has been with you to bless your soul with some melting sense of His mercy and love. My dear friend, if you can view it by the eye of living faith, you will see your present state of pain and bodily suffering a million times preferable to all that the worldlings can covet. The things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal. It is incalculably better to be afflicted and have Jesus in the affliction than to have all the honours, pleasures, and riches that Satan can offer or the world bestow. But we do not voluntarily choose afflictions. The Lord takes care to choose them for us, and they are just such as are suitable to our condition and circumstances. You would not have chosen a broken leg and arm, but doubtless it was good for you to have them broken, or they would not have been so. It might have been your neck; and then how distressing would that have been to your wife and family and friends.

Now, though we feel for you, we can in a measure rejoice that the Lord has blessed your soul in this affliction; and this unspeakable mercy has knitted our hearts more to you than before. There is no curse in this affliction, no vindictive punishment. It is rather the voice of a kind Father, gently whispering to you, "My son, give Me thine heart." You are withdrawn from your wife, family, and friends, and thrown among strangers. All this may be that the Lord may have more of your thoughts and affections. There is a sweet hymn of Hart's in Gadsby's Selection, 707, which I hope you may sweetly experience.

My dear friend, it will be your wisdom and mercy to be often committing your way unto the Lord. You know how much I insist upon secret prayer and supplication. And it will be your wisdom, too, to read much of the Word of God during the time you are thus laid aside. Read Proverbs ii. and iii., and see the promise made to those who seek wisdom. You will find the Psalms sweet reading, and the Gospel of John, especially chapters xiv., xv., xvi., xvii. To read, meditate, pray over, and ask the Lord to bless what you read to

your soul, you will find sweet and profitable. I am not setting my friend a task to perform, a duty to be done in an Arminian, Pharisaical way, but pointing out a sweet path in which we both, I trust, have walked. Avoid unnecessary conversation with carnal people; they will make your soul lean and barren. They will want to amuse you, as they call it; but *sin* is all the amusement they know; and the guilt of that on your conscience will be far worse than the pain of a broken limb. Tell them you need quiet. The company of the Blessed Trinity will comfort you in solitude, and leave a sweet savour behind, which the company of the wicked will only mar and rob you of.

You will probably find a season of impatience after the season of patience that you have been favoured with. Satan may be allowed to try your mind, and cast a doubt over the Lord's manifested mercy. It will be your mercy if you can hold fast your confidence in spite of unbelief and Satan. Remember it hath great recompense of reward (Heb. x. 35), and is not to be cast away at the devil's bidding.

The Lord make your bed in your sickness, and sweetly overshadow your soul with His love that passeth knowledge.

Yours affectionately in the bonds of the gospel,

J. C. P.

( 74 )

To MISS RICHMOND.

Stoke, Devonport, July 19, 1842.

My dear Friend,—It will not be in my power to visit Stadhams for a Lord's-day on account of my other engagements; but I hope (D.V.) to be at Abingdon on Lord's-day, August 28, when I shall hope to see my friends from that place. As my time is so limited, I greatly fear that I shall not be able to visit it for a week evening, which I should like to do, did circumstances permit, feeling an interest in the place and in the cause of truth therein.

But what with weak bodily health, and what with similar or greater soul indisposition, I feel very unfit in every way to accept any engagement of a preaching nature. Many times I feel fit neither for the Church or for the world; being

too barren and unprofitable for the former, and having too much light and sense of the evil of sin to join the latter. My own evil heart is more or less my daily burden, and hinders me in everything which I would think, say, or do in the name of the Lord.

Sin, in some shape or other, is continually haunting me; and I find the truth of what Paul says, "When I would do good, evil is present with me." But by this I am taught to prize the atonement which the Son of God has made by shedding His own precious blood, that it might be a complete propitiation for sin; nor can I find the least relief from the guilt, filth, or dominion of indwelling sin, but by faith going out towards and laying hold of the blood and righteousness of Jesus. Here, sometimes, the poor and needy soul is enabled to cast anchor, and only, so far as it does this, can any true or solid peace be tasted. A child of God can never rest satisfied with the knowledge of sin. He cannot rest in a spiritual discovery of the disease. No; he must have some experimental acquaintance with the remedy, "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin." Sweet words, when any measure of their truth is experimentally felt. "*All sin*" is a very comprehensive word. The horrible abounding of iniquity in our carnal mind, the vain imaginations, polluting thoughts, presumptuous workings, vile lusts—what can cleanse our consciences from the filth, guilt, and power of those hourly abominations, but the precious blood of Christ as of a Lamb without blemish and without spot? Yet often in our feelings we are, as Berridge describes:—

"The fountain open stands,  
Yet on its brink I dwell."

We lack the power to wash therein and be clean. And this makes us add:

"Oh! put me in with Thine own hands,  
And that will make me well."

I am glad to hear that the Lord deals kindly with you in providential matters, and, in spite of all your unbelief and distrust, still brings you pupils. What a mercy it is that though we believe not, He continueth faithful. Did the blessed Lord change as we do, what would become of us?

but with Him there is no variableness, neither shadow of turning.

My love to the friends.

Yours very sincerely, for truth's sake,

J. C. P.

( 75 )

TO GEORGE S. B. ISBELL.

Stamford, November 24, 1842.

My dear Isbell,—You must not expect me to answer your letters with much regularity or expedition. I have many hindrances to regular correspondence with my friends, of which the chief perhaps is the want of what David felt when he penned Psalm xlv. Were I, like him, bubbling up some good matter, I should have more of the pen of a ready writer. One said of old, “Behold, my belly” (Hebraism for “heart”) “is as wine which hath no vent; it is ready to burst like new bottles.” His heart was all in a ferment with the things of God, and he would fain speak that he might be refreshed. Blessed speaking, preaching, and writing when such is the case. But oh, how rare with me to be thus alive in the things of God! How rarely do pen and tongue move with spiritual readiness and divine unction! Carnal fluency in the pulpit or in the parlour may and often does exist with much barrenness and leanness of soul. The liberty of the flesh in handling divine matters is very different from the liberty of the spirit. The latter may exist where the tongue is tied, and *vice versa*.

I am glad you desire to see your way made plain before you leave —. I think — might prove a much more trying spot. The old garment and the new patch never coalesce; and there you would have to take to an old church as at —. I consider myself favoured in having had new ground to till here and at Oakham. My best people are, like myself, seceders. I remember reading, I think in Anson's voyage, of the effects of a long calm at sea. Corruption and sickness were the consequence, and they gladly hailed the whitening surf at a distance as the herald of a breeze. So a calm in a church may not be the most desirable thing. If

it teach you patience and forbearance, meekness, gentleness and love, it will be a blessing eventually. — may be to you a Southsea Common to make you a soldier. I do not mean to say I understand the use of arms, but if I know anything of drill, I learned it in my seven years' exercise at Stadham. I was raw indeed when I went there, but had many trials and few friends or counsellors in them. I often acted very rashly and hastily, and frequently mistook my own spirit for the Spirit of the Lord. You will find it your wisdom never to allude to church or personal matters in the pulpit. Leave them all in the vestry with your hat and gloves. A pulpit battery is usually more destructive to the assailant than the assailed. . . .

Our love to Fanny and our relatives.

Yours affectionately and sincerely,

J. C. P.

( 76 )

To A FRIEND.\*

Stamford, December 19, 1842.

My dear Friend;—According to your wish, I attempt to reply to your friendly and experimental letter. You do not, I hope, measure my esteem and affection for you by the frequency of my letters; as, were you to judge of them by that standard, you might almost conclude that I had neither one nor the other for you. But I do assure you that such a conclusion would be most erroneous. I have very much writing on hand, which must be attended to, and many necessary engagements to occupy both my mind and my time. But I confess, after all, that had I more of what David felt when penning Psalm xlv., and were my heart, like his, "bubbling up with a good matter" (margin), my pen would be more that of a ready writer. And perhaps I feel this more sensibly in writing to those whom I esteem most. I feel my shallowness and ignorance, compared with their superior light and life; and perhaps my pride makes me loath to show them my barrenness and leanness. I am glad, how-

\* *Gospel Standard*, 1877, p. 313.

ever. to find so much in your heart that resembles mine—the same sense of helplessness and weakness, the same feeling of the beggary and bankruptcy of our fallen nature, and, through mercy, the same sighs and breathings at a throne of grace, the same restless dissatisfaction with the things of time and sense, and the same going out in desire and affection after the light of the Lord's countenance and the manifestations of His goodness and favour.

I find my religion more or less a daily work. Some trial or temptation, some doubt or fear, some seeking the Lord's face, some sighing forth my soul after Him, and, at rare seasons, some eating His Word and finding it precious, some relief and sweet sensations at a throne of grace, some life and liberty in preaching. Some of these things form more or less daily and weekly work with me. I am indeed very far from knowing what I desire to know, or being what I wish to be: and am often a puzzle to myself, seeing and feeling no more grace than the most carnal wretch that makes no profession; and yet having restraints and inward checks, breathings, and sighings of which I am persuaded such know nothing.

So you see, my dear friend, that I am at present very far from that strong confidence, so much spoken of in London, which speaks of sin as a nonentity, and as though there were nothing to apprehend or to suffer from the world or the flesh. As I feel on these matters, so I preach; and I find, every now and then, testimonies that power and dew have accompanied the word. My congregations continue large, especially at Stamford, and I have many proofs that I have a place in the affections of the people.

I am glad the friends among whom you are now ministering have made a separation on the grounds of truth. I am no friend to splits and divisions, where they can be avoided; but we had much better come out and be separate than live in error.

Yours affectionately, for truth's sake,

J. C. P.

( 77 )

TO A FRIEND.\*

Stamford, January 5, 1843.

My dear Friend,—You will doubtless have thought me very dilatory in answering your kind and experimental letter; but I am treating you only as I do others of my correspondents, and therefore you must not complain. Where there is a union from God, it will stand in the absence of communication, either personally or by letter; and where there is no such union, all the letter-writing in the world cannot create any lasting tie. Union with the members resembles union with the Head. There will be many things to try it, many hard tugs to snap it, many blasts from hell endeavouring to break it asunder. But, as union with Christ outlives every storm, so union with the people of Christ will stand amidst all the gusts and breezes that blow upon it.

Where there is the fear of the Lord in the soul, spiritual humility, simplicity, and godly sincerity, a measure of faith in the blessed Redeemer, and of love to the tried people of God, my soul is glad to unite with such. But I cannot do with vain confidence, dead assurance, and a reckless, careless walk and conversation. My path, indeed, lies more in the darkness than in the light, more in sighing and seeking after the Lord than in sweetly rejoicing in Him, more in the valley than on the mount. I have been led much of late from time to time to cry to the Lord to keep me from evil, that it may not grieve me. I see such sin in my wretched, fallen nature, and feel so much my weakness against temptation, and see at the same time what a horrible and dreadful thing sin is, that I am led from time to time earnestly to call upon the Lord to hold me up that I may be safe. I feel, too, my ignorance in divine things; how dark my mind is when not enlightened by the Blessed Spirit; how unable I am to realize any portion of God's Word, to feed upon any one truth, or taste the sweetness of any one promise. And thus I feel myself led to look up for divine teaching, and that the Lord Himself would make His blessed truth known to my soul. As I was taking my walk to-day, I seemed favoured

\* *Gospel Standard*, 1876, p. 34.

with a spirit of prayer, and was enabled to seek the Lord's face with some measure of sincere desire towards Him; when these words dropped into my mind, "In everything, by prayer and supplication, let your requests be made known unto God. And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus." What a sweet promise! And shall not the Lord fulfil it? Can He deny Himself? For not to perform His promises would be to deny Himself. And what better, what richer, what sweeter thing can we receive into our wavering and often warring hearts than "the peace of God, which passeth all understanding"? Peace through the blood of the Mediator, the slaughtered Immanuel, implies reconciliation to God, forgiveness of sin, blessed sensations of mercy and love here, and eternal bliss and glory hereafter.

But how short-lived are any divine sensations in the soul! If we find the Word of God sweet, if we are enabled to meditate on some blessed truth, if favoured to pray with some earnestness and feeling, or to preach with some liberty of soul, we soon have to return to our place, and again walk in darkness, carnality, and hardness of heart. But something heavenly is felt again, and this once more lifts up the soul Godward.

I fear you had not a very pleasant visit to L. I greatly fear that all is not right with the old gentleman, and that there is more crookedness and craft than I once imagined he could be capable of. But I should be glad, for the sake of the few who love experimental truth, that the chapel might be left open for the supplies who have hitherto gone there. In the course of things, his life cannot be very long; and it would seem a pity for the chapel to fall into the hands of the enemies of truth. I would counsel, therefore, the friends at L. to maintain peace as long as it can be done with a good conscience; not, indeed, to sacrifice the least portion of truth, nor wink at any evil, but in unimportant matters rather to give way than strive. I have a good opinion of N.'s firmness for truth, and yet quietness of spirit; and think much will depend upon him. Good, however, will be done where we little expect, and some casual hearer, whom neither we nor the church know, may carry off the blessing. One



would hope that in that large town truth has not been preached in vain.

I wrote this last evening, and have now no more to add than that, with my kind regards to your wife and friends,

I am,

Yours very sincerely, for truth's sake,

J. C. P.

( 78 )

TO A FRIEND.\*

Stamford, February 28, 1843.

My dear Friend,—I am exceedingly averse to controversy, more especially with friends, as I think it usually ends in each party being more rooted and confirmed in his own belief, and scarcely ever tends to soul profit or spiritual edification. I have had so little experience of dreams and visions, such as you speak of having lately had to illustrate your views of the Trinity, that I can say little about them; but I confess I do not place much dependence upon them. One "Thus saith the Lord" in the Scriptures of truth weighs more with me than any dream or vision. I believe, however, we are agreed on the main fundamental points of the glorious mystery of a Triune God, and abhor all Arianism, Sabellianism, or Tritheism. We believe that there are three distinct Persons in one undivided Godhead; that these three co-eternal and co-equal Persons are but one God; and that these three Persons are called in the Word of truth, Father, Son, and Holy Spirit. Our only point of difference is, whether the term *Son* be one of nature, or one of office. I believe that, primarily and essentially, Christ is a Son by nature; and that Sonship is, so to speak, the very nature and essence of His being.

We must bear in mind that, in discussing these sacred subjects, we must leave our natural reason at the foot of the mount with the servants and asses. Thus, in the sacred mystery of the Blessed Trinity, reason would say, "How can three be one, and one be three?" but you justly and wisely, in this matter, discard reason, and answer, "What is impos-

\* *Gospel Standard*, 1844, p. 36.

sible with man is possible with God." Now, apply this, which you admit in the case of the Trinity, to the eternal Sonship of Christ. You say, "Sonship by nature implies inferiority; therefore I cannot receive it." I admit that it does, according to natural and merely rational views. But we agree to discard nature and reason in the mystery of the Trinity; and why should we not equally discard them in the mystery of the mode of subsistence of the three separate Persons in the Godhead? All language is necessarily borrowed from human, natural, and temporal things. Words, therefore, borrowed from such limited and carnal subjects, cannot adequately set forth heavenly and supernatural mysteries. Remove, then, priority (and in eternity there can be neither prior nor posterior), and the term *Son* conveys no inferiority. Nay, rather it implies equality; for the very essence of the idea *Father and Son* is that They partake of one common nature. But in Deity there must be equality. The idea of inferiority in Godhead cannot be admitted. I believe, therefore, that the Son of God is and must be the brightness of His Father's glory, and the express image of His Person, because He is His Son, and, therefore, one with Him in nature, essence, and being. I have seen an idea upon this point, which I think much to the purpose, taken from the sun, and the ray that proceeds from the sun. These are of the same nature, and co-existed at the same moment. The sun generated the ray, and yet did not exist before it. Could we conceive the sun to be eternal, the ray would be eternal too; and thus we should have what some so much object to,—"eternal generation." And this is a scriptural figure; for the word (Heb. i. 3) rendered "brightness" literally signifies "the off-shining," or "off-ray," and contains an allusion to the sun. Generation, then, does not necessarily imply priority, or inferiority. Analyse your ideas of inferiority as attached to Sonship, and I believe you will find them all turn upon something merely natural and rational, something usually accompanying the idea of generation, but not necessarily or essentially belonging to it. I trust this may be a help to remove any stumbling-block derived from inferiority.

But it seems to me that there are many texts of Scripture which would lose much of, if not all, their force, were

Christ a Son only by office. For instance, look at the parable (Matt. xxi. 33-41). "Last of all he sent to them his son" (37th verse). Was this son the householder's own literal son, or a friend who had assumed the name? That he was his own, proper, true, and literal son, makes all the beauty and force of the parable. So, Matt. xxii. 2, we read of "a certain king which made a marriage for his son." Was not this his true, proper and real son? If Christ is not the true, proper and real Son of the Father, the meaning of the parable is lost.

So there are texts which speak of God's "own Son," as Rom. viii. 3: "God sending His own Son," etc. But if Christ is God's Son only in virtue of the covenant, what is meant by His *own* Son; i.e., His proper, peculiar Son? The expression, "His own Son," seems to me to convey that He is His Son by essence and nature. So the expression, "the only begotten Son of God" (John iii. 16, 18), seems to me to imply something more than Sonship by office. It is true that in His human nature He is sometimes called "the Son of God" (Luke i. 35), but, I think, never in this sense "the only begotten Son of God." Again, we read, "And we beheld His glory, the glory as of the Only-begotten of the Father," etc. (John i. 14). But this glory was not that of His human nature, which was without form or comeliness, and His visage more marred than any other. It must therefore be the glory of His divine nature, and that is called a begotten nature.

Again, what great stress is laid in the Scriptures upon believing that Jesus is the Son of God! (See John ix. 35; Acts viii. 37; 1 John v. 10, 13, etc.) And what is meant by this believing that Jesus is the Son of God? Does it not refer to His divine nature? The Jews understood it so. (See John xix. 7; v. 18.) It was for this that Christ was crucified. Now there surely must be some meaning in the word Son analogous to and agreeing with our ideas of the term Son, or the Holy Spirit would have misled us in the Scriptures. When Christ said, "I and My Father are one," if God is not really and truly His Father, we are deceived by the words employed. Has the Blessed Spirit ever explained them in your sense? Or has He ever cautioned us that the word "Son" does not mean "Son," nor the term

“Father” mean Father? I therefore believe that God the Father is really the Father of Christ, as He said, “I ascend to *My* Father and your Father;” and I confess I am very jealous of any departure from the express words of the Holy Ghost. And is it not far better, laying aside our own wisdom, to receive what God has said because He has said it, than wrest and misinterpret the plainest declarations of Scripture merely because we cannot make them square with our natural, rational views? There is something so endearing and affectionate, something which so heightens the love and enhances the sacrifice, something which so emboldens the soul to come to the Father through the Son of His love, in my view of the subject, that I cannot describe, but which I cannot see nor feel in yours. There seems a greater reality in the faith and confession, “Thou art the Son of God,” when His Sonship is viewed as a real and actual one, than were it merely assumed as a covenant title.

Besides, what confusion does your view introduce into the Trinity! If “Father,” “Son,” and “Spirit,” are merely covenant characters and names of office, and are not essential modes of existence, I see no reason why the Father might not have been “the Son,” and the Son “the Father,” and “the Spirit” either. I think I need not say how every spiritual feeling we have towards the Blessed Trinity revolts from such an idea. But when we view Their covenant characters flowing out of, and necessarily connected with, Their mode of existence, it sheds a beauty and glory upon them.

Your view, again, to my mind quite neutralizes what is so often said in the Scriptures of the peculiar love of God: “He that *spared not His own Son*” (Rom. viii. 32); “In this was manifested the love of God, because that God *sent His only begotten Son* into the world that we might live through Him. Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that He loved us, and *sent His Son* to be the propitiation for our sins” (1 John iv. 9, 10). The peculiar tenderness of Paternal love, and the sacrifice, if I may so speak, that it cost the Father to give up His own dear Son, is destroyed, or certainly very much weakened, if Christ be a Son merely by office.

When at Christ’s baptism there came a voice from heaven, “This is My beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased;” and again on the mount of transfiguration, “This is My beloved

Son; hear Him" (Luke ix. 35); if it were merely a covenant title, I see no reason why some other covenant office might not have been testified to, as, "This is the Saviour." But no; "This is My beloved Son—My own dear Son whom I have sent forth from My own bosom."

So in that divine prayer which Jesus offered up before He was betrayed, how tender and how touching is the way in which He speaks: "*Father*, the hour is come; glorify *Thy Son*, that *Thy Son* also may glorify Thee." "And now, *O Father*, glorify Thou Me." "*Holy Father*, keep through Thine own name," etc. "As Thou, *Father*, art in Me." "*Father*, I will," etc. "O righteous *Father*," etc. What sweet, filial confidence does the Lord here show! Does not He approach the Father as His own Father? A Son by office or mere name could not, would not approach the Father thus. There must be reality in His Sonship, or He could not thus have the feelings of a Son. How low, how poor, how forced is Sonship by office, compared with Sonship in reality! And to my feelings the real, true, and proper Sonship of Christ shines with such a ray of light through the New Testament, that I could no more give it up than I could His blood and righteousness. Nay, I consider the denial of it to be a serious and dangerous error, and not very far removed from that solemn passage, "Whosoever denieth the Son, the same hath not the Father" (1 John ii. 23).

All the saints, too, from Athanasius to Hawker (Romaine, I believe, excepted), have strongly contended for this doctrine of the actual and proper Sonship of Jesus. I do not indeed mean to say we should servilely adopt the creed of others, but I should greatly fear if on any one point of my creed I found the church of God against me.

The Lord, according to His gracious promise, guide us into all truth, and show us light in His own light.

Yours in Gospel bonds,

J. C. P.

( 79 )

TO A FRIEND.\*

Stamford, March 17, 1843.

My dear Friend,—Time and circumstances did not permit me on Tuesday evening, when I saw you at Barrowden, to do anything more than merely acknowledge the receipt of your letter. I take this opportunity, therefore, to write a few lines in answer to it. I am exceedingly sorry that this fresh root of bitterness has sprung up to trouble us; but I feel glad that it did not originate in me. H—— commenced the correspondence by complaining of my being prejudiced against him. I thought, therefore, as an honest man, I could not do otherwise than state my reasons for my unfavourable opinion. This seems much to have stirred up his indignation, and he wrote me a reply, of which I would much sooner be the receiver than the sender. I should like you to see it, that you may judge whether “the meekness and gentleness of Christ” are more visible in it, or the proud spirit of man’s heart. I confess, for my part, though I would by no means un-Christianize the man, that I see in his reply little of those blessed fruits which spring from the gracious operations of the Holy Ghost in the heart. At any rate, I most earnestly desire to be kept from such a spirit, and feel no union with it.

How contrary are all the preceptive parts of the New Testament, and all the words and all the example of the Blessed Lord to everything bitter, contentious, and self-exalting! Men, even good men, often err under the idea of boldness and faithfulness; and mistake the fire of their own spirit for the fire from heaven that came down upon the altar. I have had this spirit myself, and know from experience that there is no dew nor unction of the Spirit attending it. This carnal fire dries up all such heavenly dew. And I know from experience that a tender conscience cannot go into the sanctuary of the Lord’s presence with this unholy fire burning in the heart or carried in the hands. It is far better to be censured unjustly ourselves than to pass harsh and unfounded judgements on others; and it is, I believe, a

\* *Gospel Standard*, 1880, p. 308.

part of a Christian's cross, and one branch of his inward suffering with and conformity to Christ, to be misunderstood and misrepresented. Jesus was said to have a devil and to be mad, was called a glutton and a wine-bibber, and was crucified as a blasphemer. Thus He was misunderstood and misrepresented; and the servant is not greater than his Lord, but must fill up that which is behind of the afflictions of Christ. If you feel your conscience bearing you witness in the Holy Ghost that you desire not to have the pre-eminence, to be called a Diotrephes cannot injure you; and if you feel meekness and love in your heart, and that you dare not give a false testimony, such charges as "murder," etc., may pain, but cannot harm you. The curse causeless shall not come. I trust we may one day clearly see the needs-be for this painful affair, and in the meantime watch, wait, and pray.

I was very glad to see Mrs. Clementson's testimony, which was fully commended to my conscience as a divine work. I felt I could give her the right hand of fellowship, and should be glad to see her one with us in the church.

I do indeed sincerely desire that we may be at peace among ourselves, and walk in union and brotherly love; "for where envying and strife is, there is confusion and every evil work" (James iii. 16). The Lord clothe us with humility and fill our hearts with His dying love!

Yours affectionately, for Christ's sake,

J. C. P.

( 80 )

TO ISAAC HARRISON.\*

Stamford, March 31, 1843.

My dear Friend,—I sent you yesterday by Wade's waggon some cactuses, which we should feel obliged if you would put into your hothouse. They want forcing into growth, as most of them are three years old and more. I should say they should be watered sparingly at first, and then more copiously when they begin to push, giving occasionally a little compost water. But I have no doubt your gardener understands their management far better than I do. The

\* *Christian's Monthly Record*, 1882, p. 219,

object is not to make them bloom, but to forward them in growth, and lay up a stock of nutriment, so as to blow next year. I intended to have sent a small pot of the *salvia patens*, but the skip was packed up before it was got ready. I will endeavour to bring one when I come (D.V.) in May.

I am glad that I did not go to Leicester this last visit in vain. I felt encouraged by the good attendance all the times I preached, and the great attention shown by the people. I felt also some little liberty, and had ground to hope the Lord was with me of a truth. I believe I can say I delivered my conscience, whether men would hear or forbear, and did not use flattering words. The result must be left with God, who worketh all things after the counsel of His own will. He alone can bless His own word. In these God-dishonouring days, when "truth is fallen in the streets, and equity cannot enter" doors, hearts, or chapels, it is a mercy to have an ear to hear, a conscience to feel, and a heart to embrace and love God's simple saving truth. Too few in our day can move along without being flattered at every step. Remove from hundreds their carnal motives, which keep them moving on in a profession, and they would stop as certainly as a locomotive would were all supply of steam cut off. And this seems to me the miserable office of many ministers,—to keep their people moving along, by flattering them under various forms. Faithful and yet kind and affectionate dealing with their consciences is little thought of. So that when such people come to hear other ministers who speak to their consciences, they stand amazed at the novelty of the sound, and, if rotten at heart, kick and rebel against the unwelcome truth. As Job says, "They rebel against the light" (xxiv. 13). And the Lord says they hate the light (John iii. 20). I have been surprised so many should come to hear their death sentence read; but it was so in the time of the apostles (Acts xiii. 44). And I believe faithful preaching will draw a congregation where unfaithful will not. "Wisdom is justified of her children."

Kind remembrances to your sisters and the friends.

Yours sincerely, for truth's sake,

J. C. P.



( 81 )

TO ISAAC HARRISON, LEICESTER.\*

Oakham, June 24, 1843.

My dear Friend,—I purpose, if the Lord will, to leave Oakham for Leicester on Tuesday morning by the coach, and intend to bring my wife and little girl with me. We think of getting down at the turnpike at Belgrave, as I did before, but as I have to preach that evening we shall sleep at the chapel-house.

I have been but poorly since I came home, and was able to preach but once on Lord's-day, and that much shorter than usual.

We cannot always, nor indeed often, see how these trials work together for good. Here, however, is the more exercise of faith and patience. "Let patience," says James, "have her perfect work;" but if patience have no trials to bear, no dark and mysterious dispensations to endure, she can have no work at all, much less a perfect one.

I have had a letter from Mr. Brown, of Woburn, and greatly fear the breach is irreparable. I certainly think he has not been used well. But at present I have heard one side only, and therefore feel it premature to come to any decision on the subject.

I hope your sister at Belgrave will take care to have the bed well aired for my wife and daughter, as I shall feel anxious about them.

Yours very sincerely, for the truth's sake,

J. C. P.

( 82 )

TO ISAAC HARRISON.†

Stamford, March 25, 1844.

My dear Friend,—I am sorry that I shall not be able to be with you on Lord's-day, April 21st. I am sorry it should happen so; but I cannot leave my people here wholly unprovided for. You may expect me, however, (D.V.) for the

\* *Christian's Monthly Record*, 1890, p. 191. † *Ibid.*, 1881, p. 272.

14th; and it is my present intention to go on the Friday afternoon previous by Pettifer's coach.

I wish I could have had the pleasure of friend M'Kenzie's company here for a day or two. One of the friends (Mrs. Knight, Senr.) offered to pay a part of his expenses if he would come; and I am sure the friends generally would have been much pleased to hear him. I so rarely hear ministers myself that I feel it to be a treat to hear a man of truth; and have rarely heard such without some profit, though not always with comfort.

I am glad the friends at Alfred Street hear profitably. What a wonderful thing truth is; and how much more wonderful to have it applied to the soul! It is a mercy when the soul feels the word of God to be sweeter than honey and the honeycomb. My earnest desires accompany friend M'Kenzie's labours, that the Lord may abundantly bless him. My sincerest Christian affection to him. Remember me affectionately to your sisters and the friends.

Yours very sincerely,

J. C. P.

( 83 )

TO A FRIEND.

Stamford, April 24, 1846.

My dear Sir,—Few greater afflictions can befall the people of God than the removal of a faithful and beloved pastor. It generally happens, if he has been long going in and out before them, at his decease the candlestick is removed with him; I fear that this may prove to be the case at — with the spiritual hearers of the late Mr. —. Affection and respect cannot be transferred to a successor as easily as a pulpit, and even if truth be preached the ear is become so habituated to a certain mode of stating it that even a gracious man has to contend with difficulties and, I may almost add, prejudices, who succeeds to a much-esteemed minister.

I am sorry to hear of your trial. I feel so many evils daily, and sometimes hourly, working in my heart, and see so many traps and snares laid for my feet in every direction

that my wonder is, not that any fall, but that any stand; nay, I am confident that all must fall were it not for everlasting love and almighty power, "kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation."

Like yourself, I have been much puzzled by men and things in the professing world; but where I find a great assurance and unwavering confidence, unaccompanied by godly fear, and the other fruits and graces of the Spirit, I cannot receive it; I therefore set it down for presumption or delusion. The Blessed Spirit is not the author of confusion inwardly or outwardly; where He works faith He works sorrow for sin, deadness to the world, tenderness of conscience, brokenness of spirit, humility, simplicity, sincerity, meekness, patience, spiritual affections, holy and heavenly desires, hope and love toward the Lord and His people. Where we see, then, these fruits and graces of the Spirit lacking, or sadly deficient, there we must conclude that faith, the root from which they all grow, is lacking or deficient likewise. There is no monster in the kingdom of heaven. I mean such as have little hearts and large heads, active legs and withered hands, nimble tongues and crippled arms; such monsters are more fit for a travelling show than the Church of the living God. Little things, or rather such as are so called by dead professors, for nothing can truly be called little which God does for the soul, and what is wrought in the heart and conscience by a divine power, far excel all great and high speculative notions. To fear God, to tremble at His word, to be little and lowly in our own eyes, to hate sin and ourselves as sinners, to pour out our hearts before the Lord, to seek His face continually, and to lead a life of faith and prayer, to be dead to the world, to feel Jesus at times precious, to behold His glorious power, atoning blood, and justifying righteousness, and dying love by the eyes of living faith—these realities are almost despised and overlooked by many great professors in our day; but they will stand when pretensions to greater things utterly fall. It seems to me a day of small things generally in the Church of God. We may therefore usually suspect greater things, unless they are attended by strong evidences of their being of heavenly origin, as well as accompanied by the fruits and graces of the Blessed Spirit.

I fear with you that the gospel sun is set at —, it was so at Providence Chapel, London, when Mr. Huntington was removed. A minister whose years are prolonged generally buries his best people, and the others mostly follow him; the rest are often dispersed by providential dispensation, and their places are filled with those who knew not Joseph; then truth declines in purity and power, till place and people at last become like the salt which has lost its savour, fit only for the dunghill. I hope this may not prove to be the case at —, but it is the history of many places where truth was once preached in purity and power.

Remember me affectionately to the friends, and believe me,  
Yours sincerely, for truth's sake,

J. C. P.

( 84 )

To THOMAS GODWIN.

Allington, June 20, 1846.

My dear Friend,—I can only write a few lines to say that (D.V.) I will come to Pewsey on Friday. I wish much to see you, and should like to have a little more time with you than I fear I shall have.

I am, through mercy, pretty well, though somewhat fatigued with the heat, travelling, and pulpit work. I preached on Tuesday at Malmesbury, on Wednesday at Hawkesbury Upton, and last evening at Clack. I did not reach Allington last evening until a quarter to twelve o'clock. I have to preach (D.V.) three times this next week: at Calne, Tuesday; Devizes, Wednesday; and Pewsey, Friday. This would be nothing to a strong man, but it tries my weak frame, and sometimes I can hardly tell what it is all for, and why I should drag my poor body and often-tempted soul here and there. I felt much life and liberty in my soul last evening, but have generally been barren since I left home. We have often to labour in the dark, and sow the seed without knowing where it falls.

The friends here are pretty well. Mr. Parry seems weak in body; he says he had a sweet lift at Weston.

Yours very affectionately,

J. C. P.

( 85 )

To THOMAS GODWIN.

Stamford, November 27, 1846.

My dear Friend,—I am glad you did not stand upon ceremony with me, and wait till I answered your first letter. I seem slower at writing letters than ever. Unless the heart inditeth a good matter the tongue is not the pen of a ready writer; and my heart just now seems to be inditing (“boiling or bubbling up,” margin Psa. xlv. 1) anything and everything but a good matter. Everything vile and abominable I feel at work within me, and the more I sigh and cry the less help do I seem to find—

“how long  
Deliverance shall I seek,  
And find my foes so very strong,  
Myself so very weak?”

It much casts me down and burdens me to feel so much of the power of temptation and so little strength against it. But I must bear my own burdens and carry my own perplexing trials. You well know how powerless is an arm of flesh to relieve and deliver. Whatever I may suffer this must still be my feeling; “Hast thou not procured this to thyself?” I read part of Jer. ii. at Oakham chapel on Tuesday evening; what a picture is there of my heart, lips, and life!

I have been obliged to decline going to Zoar again. I have felt at times as I like to feel in that pulpit, and as I have not often felt except at Allington, sometimes at home, and more than once at Pewsey. My dear friend, you know the feeling I mean—not what is called liberty, that is, a flow of words, but a solemn, sweet, spiritual feeling, better experienced than described.

As editors of the *Gospel Standard*, we have erred often and shall, doubtless, err again. But are not our motives in the main sincere, and for the glory of God and the good of the Church? I am sure it has caused me little else but anxiety and labour; and I would gladly lay down my office to-morrow, if any one whom I could depend upon would take it off my hands. I have had many bullets shot at me, my dear friend, but am alive to this day, and can tell you

earnestly that I am more afraid of myself, my lusts and passions, and strong and horrible corruptions than of any body in the whole world. Self is and ever will be our greatest enemy; and all our enemies would be weak as water against us, were we not such vile wretches in ourselves.

You were exercised about your preaching when you were here the Lord's-day; but I believe it was blessed to the people. Our own feelings are not always to be the best judges whether the Lord has blessed the word or not.

Yours very affectionately,

J. C. P.

( 86 )

To THOMAS GODWIN.

Stamford, January 13, 1847.

My dear Friend,—I think sometimes that no one professing to fear the Lord can be more tempted, tried, and exercised, than I am with sin. Unbelief, infidelity, and blasphemy, obscenity, and powerful lusts, are continually worrying my poor soul. At times, I feel quite cut up and cut down with the power and prevalence of these monsters. When entangled and cast down by these sins I have cried to the Lord sometimes for an hour together with tears, groans, and sighs to pardon, pity, and deliver. But still the conflict continues; and if for a few days the wild beasts lie a little still they soon wake up as bad as ever. You and friend —, and a few more seem similarly exercised; but none seem so weak against sin, and so madly bent upon backsliding as I. It has done me good sometimes to have known a little of his and your inside. I must have often cut myself off had I found no travellers in the same path. And yet, perhaps, this knowledge of sin and self has enabled us to dig more deeply into men's hearts. At any rate, it seems to have stripped me pretty well of self-righteousness, and natural notional religion, and has made me try to strip others bare too.

I am glad to hear that the Lord should bless my poor labours to any of His children. I feel unworthy of the least of His tender mercies.

Yours very affectionately,

J. C. P.

( 87 )

To MR. BEECHER.

Oakham, April 26, 1847.

My dear Friend,—I was glad to read your experimental letter, as I have many trials and temptations, both as regards myself and the ministry; and a word of encouragement is now and then desirable.

No one can know the mighty power of sin and the horrible love that there is to it in our carnal mind unless he has been beset by some temptation, and that at times night and day.

In this school have I learnt to my shame and sorrow what I am as a fallen sinner. Nay more, our very slips and backslidings are mercifully overruled to show us what we are, to hide pride from our eyes, to make us loathe and abhor ourselves in our own sight, and to make us put our mouth into the dust and say, "I am vile." We have no stone to throw at the vilest and worst, and can feel for and sympathize with the tried and tempted of God's family. The Church said of old, "Thou hast showed Thy people hard things; Thou hast made us to drink of the wine of astonishment" (Psa. lx. 3, 4). And to know and feel painfully and experimentally what we are is, indeed, a draught of the wine of astonishment.

I am truly glad that what I was enabled to speak at Zoar when you heard me there, was blessed to your soul and made a word in season. It seems that I must travel through temptation in order to preach it; and thus some of the Lord's family derive profit and comfort from my services. May the Lord hold us up under our various trials, temptations, and besetments, for we have abundant proof that we cannot stand without Him. May His precious fear be manifestedly in our hearts as a fountain of life to depart from the snares of death. Grace, grace alone can suit and save such. Nature's strength, wisdom, comeliness, and righteousness, have received their death-blow, and we dare not glory in self any more.

I am glad my little productions have been blessed to your soul.

I am, yours affectionately,

J. C. P.

( 88 )

TO THE READERS OF THE "GOSPEL STANDARD."\*

It is with great reluctance that I bring forward any matters relating to myself; and yet to disarm (if possible) enemies, and to afford some explanation to friends, I have thought it best to publish the following correspondence.

It relates to the publication of my likeness—a circumstance most repugnant to my feelings, and a matter to me of unmixed annoyance and regret. J. C. PHILPOT.

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My dear Friend,—If I may judge by my own feelings, many of your sincere friends will be much grieved at the announcement on the wrapper of the *Standard*† of the publication of your portrait, as it tend much to sanction that flesh-pleasing and money-getting system which appears to me so contrary to the simplicity of the gospel. If my view of the subject be correct, ought you not, if you have the power, to prevent the publication? If it is without your consent, and you cannot prevent it, ought you not publicly to avow it? Oh! my friend, these are not times to desire or allow such vain carnal trafficking, more especially in this case, when very many false brethren, and some unfriendly brethren, are doing what they can to vilify you, and render your ministry unacceptable to the people of God. I hope the Lord will enable you to weigh the matter, and to consider whether any possible good (not to say harm) will result, either to yourself or the Lord's people, from your portrait being exposed to the carnal gaze of hundreds. Let not custom sway your judgement. You will possibly think that such a mean, empty mortal as I am, has taken a great liberty in writing thus to you, and that I am one of those who strain at a gnat and swallow a camel; but I can appeal to a heart-searching God, that, however wrong my judgement in the matter may be, the moving cause in my mind has been a love to you and to the church of God. Hoping you will excuse my writing, and that the Lord will bless all your trials and afflictions to your soul's prosperity, His church's good, and His own glory.

(Name and address withheld by request.)

REPLY.

Abingdon, August 2, 1847.

My dear Friend,—I am obliged to you for your kind and faithful letter. I can assure you that the publication of my likeness is very repugnant to my feelings; but I will just

\* *Gospel Standard*, Wrapper, October, 1847.

† *Gospel Standard*, Wrapper, August, 1847. "Expected to be ready the 1st of September, a Portrait of Mr. Philpot, engraved on steel, by Freeman. Proofs, 4s.; prints, 2s."



explain the circumstances under which it was done. Last year, when I was in London, an artist, professing to be a child of God, called upon me, and said how much obliged he should be if I would allow him to take my likeness, as he knew several who wished to have it, and he could make copies for them. I at first refused; but being taken somewhat by surprise, and being overcome by his importunity, as he had brought his drawing implements with him, I at last consented. Not a word was said about publishing it; and he now denies that he had such an idea. I certainly would have refused to sit, had such an idea entered my head. I gave him several sittings, for having given him the first sitting, and occupied his time, I felt that I could not now justly draw back. Soon after I reached home, he wrote to me, requesting my permission to publish it. I wrote back a decided refusal. When I came to London this year, he called upon me, stating that Mr. Gadsby had consented to buy the drawing; that he had bestowed much time and labour upon it, which was his bread; that his circumstances were low; that he had a wife and increasing family, and wished to change his residence. I felt there was great force in these arguments; and though they seemed hardly able to overcome my repugnance, still they swayed my mind, which, when he first came into the room, was determined to refuse him. In justice to Mr. Gadsby, I should mention that he would not close the agreement with the artist till my consent was obtained. This consent the artist called on me to procure. I refused it for a considerable time; but at last he so appealed to my feelings, appearing almost distracted at my refusal, that at last—after, I dare say, half-an-hour's resistance—I gave way, and said I would be neutral in the matter. I can assure you that nothing but my compassion for the poor man induced me to give way. But I have been sorry ever since that my feelings were wrought upon contrary to my better judgement.

I derive from the whole transaction nothing but annoyance, as I not only much dislike the circumstance itself, but have all along felt that my enemies would take occasion by it to wound and injure me. I was wrong in the first instance in sitting to the man at all, and one wrong step is almost sure to bring on another, as I have frequently found to my

cost. But I had not the remotest idea of publication, or should certainly have refused to sit to him.

Yours very sincerely,

J. C. PHILPOT.

This correspondence, but for a mistake at the office, would have appeared last month.

It is right to remark, that I have somewhat enlarged my original letter.

I am happy to say that Mr. Gadsby, in consideration of my repugnance to the publication of my likeness, has consented to waive bringing it out. I never had but one feeling about it as regards myself, nor should I have ever consented to its publication, but from compassion for the artist.

J. C. P.

( 89 )

To JOHN GRACE.

Great Malvern, August 19, 1847.

My dear Friend,—I am much obliged to you for your kind and affectionate letter, and for the unpublished letter by Huntington which it contained. It is a very acceptable gift for the *Standard*, and I will (D.V.) take an early opportunity of getting it inserted.

I feel with you that no man's writings (always excepting our favourite Hart's hymns) seem to possess the savour, unction, and power of Huntington's. I think I may say I scarcely ever take up his writings without some sensible feeling being communicated. I do not mean to say always, or often, deep and lasting; but something that is brought to my conscience, as of God speaking in the man. I might say, "Where is the man in England that can write a letter from a real divine experience, such as you have sent me of his?" If there be such a man, I have never yet heard him preach, nor seen his letters. He was, indeed, "beloved of God," and, therefore, "abhorred of men." In divine things I feel myself a fool by his side, and to know nothing as I ought to know. But it is our mercy that the fountain is still the same, and that Jesus says, "If any man thirst, let him come unto Me and drink."

The same blessed Teacher of the Church of God who instructed Huntington is able to instruct us, and make us useful in our day and generation. This is a poor wretched world, and it will be our mercy to get safely and honourably through it. Trials, temptations, exercises and afflictions we must expect ever to have; and, indeed, without them there is very little going on of a divine and spiritual nature in our own souls, or little profit attending our ministry.

The family of God are, for the most part, a tried and tempted people, and an unexercised minister is to them rather a plague than a profit.

We have both suffered much from the hands of friends. God grant it may prove a blessing to our souls.

I am here for the benefit of my health, which has suffered from too much preaching. My medical advisers recommend perfect rest for a time, and promise restoration with due care. I think I feel, through mercy, somewhat better.

Yours affectionately,

J. C. P.

( 90 )

TO THOMAS GODWIN.

Great Malvern, August 20, 1847.

My dear Friend,—I hope I may say I am, through mercy, mending somewhat under the treatment I am passing through here. The doctors give me encouragement to believe that I shall eventually recover; but they say it will be a work of time, and that I must give up all ideas of preaching for a considerable period. I think they consider me in a very critical state, and that I might soon go into a consumption if I go on preaching. They say that my lungs are not diseased, but would soon become so if irritated, and that, if not arrested now, irritation would pass on into disease. I need not say that it will be a trial to me to give up preaching for a time; and no doubt it will be a trial to the people at Oakham and Stamford also. How mysterious are all the Lord's dealings, and how unable are we at the time to fathom them! I have never, I think, yet been in a trial in which I could at the time see the hand of the Lord. When seen, it

has been afterwards. My enemies, no doubt, will rejoice and see judgements in it, but I hope the Lord will support me under, bless me in it, and bring me happily out of it.

I am here surrounded by the world, not a child of God to speak to. For nearly twenty years I have not seen so much of worldly people. But, through mercy, I feel at times a different spirit from them, and their presence and conversation, which I am almost obliged to listen to, is a weariness to me. I have a good bedroom fitted up as a sitting-room, and there I mostly pass my time when not walking or at meals. Sometimes I feel as carnal and as godless as any of the poor wretched creatures around me; but the Lord often favours me with a spirit of grace and supplications in my walks and on my bed, and I am often crying to Him, "Bring me near to Thyself," "Keep me from evil," and so on. But patients will stop and speak to me, and my mind often gets carnalized by their conversation, though it generally is upon our bodily ailments. I am not here by choice, and shall be glad to get away.

Yours very affectionately,

J. C. P.

( 91 )

To THOMAS GODWIN.

Stamford, October 18, 1847.

My dear Friend,—Knowing that I am poorly, you will not expect a long letter from me. Still I will (D.V.) try and write a few lines.

As regards my health, I am much the same; if anything, perhaps, a little better. But all serious affections of the lungs are in themselves so perilous, as well as uncertain, that I cannot say much about my health. My mind much fluctuates upon this point. Sometimes I feel as if my race were run, and at other times I think I may recover. The Lord has brought me through some severe illnesses, and can through this if it be His gracious will. I am very sure I deserve, as well as need, very heavy strokes. Gentle taps are not enough for me; nor, indeed, will heavy stripes do me any good unless in a special manner sanctified and blessed.

At present I can see but two fruits of my affliction: 1. Chastisement, and that deeply deserved; and 2. A deliverance thereby from a temptation which has long beset me, and caused me some groans and tears. When I say "a deliverance," I mean in a good measure, for the tail of the torch burns yet. I cannot say much about the dealings of the Lord with me during this illness, as I have felt generally stupid and hard; but the other day my heart was in some measure melted and softened toward the Lord in my walk, which is, you know, a sweet feeling while it lasts, makes all afflictions bearable, takes away the strong heart, fills the eyes with tears, and the heart with tenderness, meekness, patience, resignation and love.

I understand that some of ——'s hearers are rejoicing at my illness, and expressing their hopes that my mouth is forever stopped. This is no new thing. Psalm xli. 8 has been much in my mind, and I have sometimes breathed forth the cry, "Raise me up that I may requite them," not with anger and evil, but with what will grieve them more, declaring the goodness of the Lord to my soul. But is it not a horrid spirit, and one to be found almost only in professors? Who have slandered and persecuted me most, the world or professors? As a proof, the *Stamford Mercury* last week, mentioning my illness, spoke of me with kindness and respect, whilst those who profess so strict an adherence to the precepts of the gospel seem almost as if they thirsted for my blood.

I am glad you felt so at home at Allington. I believe it was mutual, for friend Parry mentioned how well you were heard, and what power and savour there was with the word. I have myself had most peculiar feelings in that pulpit, such as I have rarely had elsewhere, and much resembling what you describe—tender and soft, and a liberty of heart as well as of lip. I felt quite rejoiced there was such a mutual feeling at Allington, as I have a love and union to both, and I have thought sometimes I knew more of each and felt more towards each than they perhaps to one another. I mean more in a way of intimacy and friendship, for you were never brought much together.

Amid all the strife and confusion, what a mercy to feel a little real love and union to any of the Lord's family! I

feel convinced that there cannot be this without real soul humility. Pride, self-esteem, and self-righteousness are brothers and sisters with strife, jealousy, and enmity.

Yours very affectionately,

J. C. P.

( 92 )

To THOMAS GODWIN.

Stamford, November 5, 1847.

My dear Friend,—I hope I may say I am gradually mending. Still, it is very slow; indeed, scarcely perceptible, and the time of year is against me. The inflammation, I hope, is slowly subsiding, but until that is fully removed I cannot recover strength, nor can I preach without danger of bringing it on again.

It tries my mind to be thus laid aside in many ways. I hope I may one day see more clearly the hand of the Lord in it. My mind just now is very dark and confused, and I can scarcely trace one grain of grace in my soul. But I at times know something of what you say in your letter—of crying to the Lord to teach, lead, and guide me, for I am sure no one ever needed it more. Oh, how dark our mind is without His light, and how dead without His life! My religion is reduced to a very small compass, I can assure you, under these feelings.

Poor Dredge made a happy end, and was buried at Allington. My letter was read to him just before he died, and he sent me his dying blessing. . . .

Yours very affectionately,

J. C. P.

( 93 )

To THOMAS GODWIN.

Stamford, November 24, 1847.

My dear Friend,—I was truly sorry to learn that you had been so seriously ill; but at the same time was equally glad to hear you were better. . . . In the autumn of 1822 I had, when a youth at College, a most severe attack of inflammation of the lungs. Indeed, the physician said that few sur-

vived so severe an attack; but I soon got round again when the inflammation was subdued. You must expect to be very weak for some time; but I trust, through the Lord's mercy, we shall see you by-and-by in the vineyard again. You have long enjoyed that great blessing health, and will doubtless learn to prize it more than you have yet done.

As to myself, I believe I may say I am better, and feel stronger and healthier. Still the inflammation is not wholly gone, and till that is fully subdued I cannot regain much strength.

I hardly know what to say about my soul. I seem such a strange being. Some days I am so earnest after the Lord, so prayerful and tender and pleading with Him to appear, as if I would and could take no denial. I have lain awake half the night and been pleading with the blessed Majesty of heaven for His sweet visits to my soul; and yet have, perhaps, the next day, for hours together, dropped into such a stupid, careless, insensible state, that I seemed to have no more religion than a horse. To-day, for instance, had a person overheard me pleading with the Lord in the Park he might have thought how earnest I was, but this evening it seems as if there were not a desire in my soul after the Lord at all. To be taught, to be kept, to be blessed, to have the veil taken away, to have the Lord come into my soul to take full possession of me, how earnestly do I sometimes plead with the Lord for half an hour together. But it seems to pass away too much like the early cloud and morning dew. . . .

Yours very affectionately,

J. C. P.

( 94 )

To THOMAS GODWIN.

Stamford, December 23, 1847.

My dear Friend,—I have been very poorly with the influenza, and, indeed, kept my bed nearly four days. I am now, through mercy, better, but still tender against the cold. . . . In my illness I seemed to have little else but the workings of my most miserable self, with little power to read, or pray, or think upon anything spiritual or divine. Oh what a

poor, helpless, miserable wretch is man, especially when he has a burden to carry, which he can neither bear patiently, nor cast upon the only Burden-bearer! In these seasons the question with me is, not how much grace I have, but have I one grain? For I am very sure I can neither see nor feel one. Oh how my heart wanders, wanders, wanders from the Lord! and how unable and how unwilling to return! And if for a few moments brought to His feet, how hard, how impossible to keep it there! As Berridge, I think, says, "Just like an eel," how it slips, and twines, and twists away out of one's hands. I had just a little touch yesterday morning from reading the account of my old favourite Hannah (1 Sam. i.). I could see how long that tried creature mourned over her barrenness, and what a long row of fine children her rival had; and what taunting looks she could aim at poor Hannah, and how the poor barren wife felt it all; and how conscience gave her many a secret lash that her barrenness was a plain proof of the Lord's displeasure. But where did the poor thing go but where you and I, dear friend, for many years have been obliged to go—sometimes driven and sometimes drawn? To the mercy-seat, perhaps in her feelings for the very last time. And we know that she did not go in vain. I was glad her case was recorded in the Word of God; and have not thousands (dead and alive) felt communion with Hannah?

I am sorry to say that my younger sister, Mrs. Watts, is very poorly and in a very precarious state of health. I have great apprehensions about her. What a world of trial and sorrow we live in! I scarcely ever heard of greater grief than she felt at the loss of a child, about three years old, last year. She hardly had her senses for the first month. I fear it has ruined her constitution.

Yours very affectionately,

J. C. P.

( 95 )

TO JOHN GRACE.

Stamford, January 13, 1848.

My dear Friend,—I hope that by this time you are fully recovered from your fall, and have had additional proof that if a sparrow cannot fall to the ground without your heavenly



Father, much less the body of John Grace. How much better, my dear friend, to fall from a scaffold, and break a couple of ribs, than fall into sin and break all your bones.

There is no guilty conscience, nor hanging down of the head, heart, and hands before God, nor rejoicing in the Philistines' camp, when we have only broken a rib or a leg. The dreadful consequences of sin, external or internal, I need not tell you.

I am sorry to have cast any doubt upon the previous non-publication of the letter of Huntington, and have, I hope, set the matter right in the forthcoming *Standard*. The great similarity of thought and expression to what I have met with in his published letters led me to believe I had seen it before; and I was not willing to give occasion to those who seek occasion to bring charges against the *Standard*, in order to wound and injure its reputation and influence, and that of its editors.

I am glad you like the writings of John Rusk. I myself have the highest opinion of them, and think them most scriptural and experimental. Few writers, it appears to me, dive so deeply into the mysteries of nature and grace, and bring forward Scripture so closely and pertinently to clear up and prove every point and well-nigh sentence. He often describes the very feelings of my heart. He was, I believe, a poor sail-maker, and lived in Rotherhithe. He was a constant hearer, if not a member, at Mr. Huntington's chapel; and, after his decease, heard first, I believe, Mr. Robins, and then Mr. Henry Fowler. He died a few years ago; and, I think, there is some account of his death in the *Spiritual Magazine*, some years back. I know a person who knew him well. Mr. Gadsby bought all his MSS. two or three years ago, amounting to seven or eight good sized volumes, and we hope to insert them gradually in the *Standard*.

Send me, when you can, more of Huntington's letters.

Yours affectionately,

J. C. P.

( 96 )

TO THOMAS GODWIN.

Stamford, February 9, 1848.

My dear Friend,—If I delay much longer to write you will think I have fulfilled the old saying, “Out of sight out of mind,” or that something has occurred, as illness, to prevent me. I am glad, however, to say that neither of these causes has prevented; for, as regards the former, I can say, I never felt a better union with you since we first knew one another; and, as regards the latter, I am much as when you left Stamford.

I hope, my dear friend, your visit here was of the Lord. I am sure that our friends heard you with sweetness and power, much more than they ever did here before, and I hope we may one day see more clearly that you came with a message from God by the fruits and effects following. We sometimes do not hear for years, and perhaps never, of any blessing that may have rested on our ministry. We could not bear much of either—for or against. To hear too much, or to hear too little, of what God may condescend to do by us might not suit our pride or our despondency. I have sometimes thought myself a wonderfully great man, and sometimes felt myself one of the poorest noodles that ever stood up in a pulpit.

My dear friend, how much I feel as you describe; and it is, in my right mind, one of my greatest griefs and troubles that I am so earthly, sensual, and devilish. I remember, as I think I told you, somewhere about this time twenty-one years ago, when eternal things seemed first laid with weight and power upon my soul, that for many months two subjects only occupied my mind—a temporal trouble that I was passing through, which cost me almost rivers of tears and sighs, and the solemn things of eternity. I may one day open up a little of what I then passed through, when I have often wetted the pommel of my saddle with tears amid the lonely valleys of the Wicklow hills, or galloped half-distracted along the seashore, where no mortal eye could see or ear hear me cry and groan, sometimes from natural trouble, and sometimes in pouring out my soul before the Lord. I

did not then think I should ever be the carnal and careless wretch which I often now feel to be. I once told friend Parry, when I first went to Allington, that "I often had no more religion than a horse." Friend Parry could not then receive such a speech, though since he has often found himself in the same plight. Next to the cutting feelings of a guilty conscience I feel my own carnality my greatest burden. Oh, what a cumber-ground! Oh, what an unprofitable wretch! Oh, what a fruitless branch do I feel myself to be! with just enough feeling to sigh a little after the Lord as I lie awake in the dead and still night. As Hart says:

"Fickle fools, and false to Thee."

And again:

"Only wise by fits and starts."

I think I feel a little stronger these last few days. I get out and walk, which seems to do me more good than anything else. George Isbell and I walked to Tinwell to-day, and I felt all the better for it when I came home. The fresh air seemed to revive me. He is but middling, and much harassed with different things.

My poor sister, Mrs. Watts, is, I fear, very ill, and much tried both in mind and body. I hope the Lord may appear for her. . . . I wish you could drop in, that we might have a little talk as we had when you were here. I much enjoyed your visit and company. I have not had your depths nor heights, but I know scarcely another man that I can travel so well with in spiritual things. Your letters seem sometimes written out of my heart. I am, you know, a black man, and I must have an Ethiopian companion. I once made great attempts to be holy, and was going on pretty well, with, however, some terrible inward pull-backs sometimes, till the winter of 1830-31, when it all went to wreck and ruin. Death stared me in the face, and I used to count how many months I had to live. How I used then to roll about on my midnight bed, with scarcely a hope in my soul, and turned my face to the wall like good old Hezekiah! Some have said and thought that I stole my religion from books. But I preached experience before I knew there were such men as experimental preachers, or such writings as experimental books. I never stole a searching ministry from anyone, for I

did not know there were such ministers. But I was searched, and I searched others; and I actually thought when I left the Church of England that all the Baptist Calvinist ministers were in that line of things. And I believe, in my conscience, that at my Thursday evening lecture at Stadham, when I was in the Church of England, I used to preach at times more searchingly than I have done since. For why? Because I was being searched myself. But I must not run on any more like this, for if I do you will begin to say, "What is my friend J. C. P. about, praising himself so?"

My friend, I have sometimes gone into the pulpit full of confusion, and sometimes as guilty as a malefactor, begging mercy, cut up with guilt and shame. Where was my, 1st, doctrine, 2nd, experience, 3rd, practice, then? And after preaching at Zoar I have almost roared aloud in the cab with real sorrow of heart, and just stopped while the wooden pavement was passed over, lest the cabman should hear me. There was not much self-applause for a nicely divided sermon then. To my mind, what we read together in ——'s sermon cuts up experimental preaching root and branch. Where was your nicely divided doctrinal sermon, the first evening you preached here, when the friends heard you so well? I know for myself that when I preach doctrinally it is when my soul is not exercised; and when I am in that carnal state I sometimes hate myself for every word that I say, and hate and am condemned for my prating chatter. To preach what is called "a great sermon," condemns me inwardly as a presumptuous wretch; and my carnal liberty and great swelling words about Jesus Christ trouble me more than darkness and bondage. In my right mind I would rather stumble on with a little life and feeling in my soul than preach the greatest sermon in the world without it, and I know that my friend Thomas Godwin is of the same mind. How little godly fear can a man have to say inwardly, after preaching free grace, "Well done I." But I shall tire you with my chatter.

Yours very affectionately,

J. C. P.

( 97 )

TO A FRIEND.\*

Stamford, February 12, 1848.

Dear Friend,—I shall be very glad to have any or all of the late Mr. Gadsby's letters which you can furnish me with. They generally contain much of the fullness and sweetness of the gospel, and in most cases are well backed with such views of and glimpses at man's deeply and dreadfully fallen nature as prove him to have been well and experimentally acquainted with both sides of the question. It is this which gives sweetness and savour to his very scraps of notes and short letters—that he wrote them out of his heart, and that his knowledge of Christ and of himself was not notional, doctrinal, and theoretical, but spiritual and experimental. The Lord in mercy teach and lead us in a similar way; for I am very sure that no other knowledge will

“Stand every storm and live at last.”

I shall be very glad to insert them in the *Gospel Standard* as opportunity may offer, and will give directions to have the originals carefully preserved. Should an opportunity occur to forward them to London they may be sent to me, addressed to the care of Mr. Gadsby, (25½) Bouverie Street, Fleet Street. I am frequently receiving parcels from London, and they would reach me without expense. I am still laid aside from the ministry, and it seems at present uncertain when I shall be restored to labour in the vineyard. The winter and two successive attacks of influenza threw me back; but I trust I am gradually recovering from their effects, and slowly, very slowly, progressing onward. I laboured too hard during the last two years for my weak constitution, and did not take warning in time, continuing to preach when perhaps a little rest might (D.V.) have restored me. I was once before, about seventeen years ago, laid aside in an almost similar way, though weaker then than now, and did not recover for more than a year.

I would not have troubled you with these details about

\* *Christian's Monthly Record*, 1869, p. 22.

my poor clay tabernacle but for two reasons: 1. I was induced to think that my kind friends at — are interested about my bodily health; and, 2, so many false reports are in circulation that I thought it might be desirable to give a true statement as far as I can of my real state.

I hope you are being made and kept sensible of your utterly lost and undone state by nature, and that you cannot possibly deliver yourself from it, but at the same time are pressing after that experimental knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ which is eternal life. It is a great and inestimable mercy when our various trials and troubles are made a means of driving us to the Lord as our only hope and help. Those circumstances, outward or inward, temporal or spiritual, which stir up an earnest spirit of prayer and supplication, make us cease from the creature, beat us out of all false refuges, wean us from the world, show us the vileness and deceitfulness of our hearts, lead us up to Jesus, and make Him near, dear, and precious, must in our right mind be considered blessings. It is true, they rarely come to us as such, or *at the time* appear as such; nay, they usually appear as if they would utterly swallow us up. But we must judge of them by their fruits and effects. Hezekiah saw no blessing wrapped up in the sentence of death (Isa. xxxviii.), but he found one when it had made him turn his face to the wall. Job could not see the hand of God in his temptations and afflictions; but it was made plain after he was brought to abhor himself and repent in dust and ashes. The smiles of God in providence and the flatteries of his friends did not do him half the good that the frowns of the Lord and the cutting speeches of his old associates did. I am very sure, if we are in the right way we shall find it a rough way, and have many trials and temptations. I am obliged by the friends at — still bearing me in affectionate remembrance. It is nearly seven years since I saw them face to face. My kind love to them; greet them by name. Remember me affectionately to your wife and all that have any spiritual desire for the welfare of

Yours affectionately,

J. C. P.

( 98 )

TO THOMAS GODWIN.

Stamford, March 9, 1848.

My dear Friend,—When I tell you that my poor sister, Mrs. Watts, is dead, you will not be surprised at the paper on which I write. She departed on Lord's-day morning last about 8.30. She was a great sufferer both in body and mind, believing herself to be a reprobate and filled with condemnation and despair. We have, however, some hope that her poor soul is not lost, as three times on the night before she died she said, "I am going to God above," and, I believe, never spoke after, being insensible all the night. My sister, Mrs. Isbell, said that her convictions of sin were very deep; all her sins of childhood, etc., were laid on her conscience, and her distress of mind was very great, being fully persuaded hell was her portion for ever. She was a remarkably sincere and honest person naturally; and, I think, the most reserved character almost that I ever knew. So that, knowing her disposition, and what she passed through, we cannot but hope that a sense of mercy at last reached her soul, and that she felt she was going to God above. My poor mother is at present calm and resigned, though she was her favourite child, from whom she has scarcely been ever separated, and her life was almost bound up in hers. But I have often observed, and no doubt God has wisely ordained, that old age blunts and dulls the feelings, so that aged parents do not feel the loss of their children as younger ones do. . . .

Oh, my friend, what is all preaching or all the gifts in the world unless the power of God accompany it to the soul? I am at a point here. We want the mighty power of God to be felt in the soul, and without that all is nothing. What two sermons William Tiptaft preached here last Lord's-day! As regards gift what most professors would despise, and perhaps ridicule, but what weight there seemed to be in them to exercised souls!

I cannot say much about soul-matters just now. We want a little flowing in before there can be any flowing out; and where this is not the case the pen or tongue move in vain, or like Pharaoh's chariot wheels drive heavily.

Yours very affectionately, J. C. P.

( 99 )

TO GEORGE S. B. ISBELL.

Stamford, March 16, 1848.

My dear Isbell,—I am truly glad to learn that my dear mother and sister have been supported under this heavy trial and affliction; and I hope they may still find that as their day so is their strength. It is a great mercy to be supported in and under the first outbreak of trouble when the heart is too full to find relief in giving vent to its feelings. The grief afterwards may be more poignant, but is more endurable.

I think that we are warranted in indulging a good hope that our dear sister's poor soul is at rest. Having sunk so low and been so near despair, putting away all hope, I think she would hardly have uttered the words which her nurse and husband heard, had not some divine intimation of mercy and acceptance reached her soul. There at least I wish to rest; and, indeed, have found my mind to lean upon it as a support. We might, indeed, have wished for earlier and clearer tokens, but these are not always vouchsafed. We are apt to forget, or, rather, hard to believe, that salvation is all of grace from first to last; and that the Lord in all His dispensations is and will ever manifest Himself as a Sovereign. I have often thought of the dying thief. What a display of grace! One short prayer, one believing look, one act! Oh what a mighty act of living faith upon the crucified Son of God, and his soul was fit for paradise. What a death-blow to works and work-mongers! Simeon Stylites on his pillar for thirty-seven years, and the thief on the cross—how different their religion! Of the latter I would say with Hart:

“Be this religion mine.”

When I have sometimes felt my miserable carnality and earthly-mindedness, so that it has seemed impossible for me to be either going to or to be fit for heaven, I have, as it were, fallen back upon the dying thief. Where was his fitness, externally or internally? I have thus seen what grace can do by what grace has done; and I neither expect nor desire to be saved in any other way than the dying thief.

We may know, or think we know, a great deal, but really



and truly in what a narrow compass does all vital religion lie? I am tried because I am day after day the same carnal and earthly wretch. No better, no better; nay, never shall be in myself anything but a poor, filthy, fallen sinner. I have long believed the doctrine of the non-sanctification of the old nature; but am now compelled to believe it whether I would or no. I might as well doubt whether ink were black or snow white, as doubt that my fallen nature is incurably corrupt. I must, therefore, ever despair of salvation from self or from anything short of the blood of the Lamb; and all teaching or preaching, dreams or doctrines, that lay the least stress on creature doings or duties, piety, or holiness, I look upon as I should a zealous defence of perpetual motion, squaring the circle, or aerial navigation.

I have attempted to speak a little here on the Oakham Lord's-day, confining myself, however, at present to exposition and prayer. I do not think what little I have hitherto done has at all hurt me. Still I hope to move cautiously, and not to attempt too much at first. I find this cold, damp weather much against me, and I am anxiously expecting the advent of a warmer and drier season.

I wish you could get a little rest. I think when medical advisers of acknowledged skill recommend rest, it is desirable to attend to their directions. I know, indeed, that it is a trial to be silent, but you know the adage, "for want of a nail the shoe was lost." . . .

*[The remainder of this letter is missing.]*

( 100 )

TO THOMAS GODWIN.

Stamford, April 4, 1848.

My dear Friend,—I hope I may say I am better. I preached here last Lord's-day morning, and went up and prayed in the meeting in the afternoon, and did not seem much fatigued by the exertion. As all tell me how much better I am looking, I cannot help believing what they say. I think, too, that I am getting flesh on my bones, which is

perhaps more favourable than mere face-looks, which vary from day to day. . . . I would not have troubled you with all these details about my poor worthless body if I did not believe you wished really to know how matters stood with me.

I did not feel as I could wish on Lord's-day. William Tiptaft has been here, and other supplies, and they have quite daunted me as a preacher. I never heard William Tiptaft preach so well and with such weight and authority as this time. He was, indeed, most searching, and made such appeals to the conscience, that at times it seemed quite to thrill through me. Oh what a poor, ignorant, unprofitable, carnal wretch do I see and feel myself compared with some that I know! I see them growing in grace and in the knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ, and preaching with power and savour, whilst I feel a miserable cumber-ground, going back whilst they are going forward. I think once I had some life and feeling in my soul, and in the ministry; but now I seem to be destitute of all I value and esteem, as the only things that make and manifest a minister and a Christian.

But I can assure you, my dear friend, that I find it a much easier thing to get guilt on my conscience than to get it off again; and more easy to talk about and lament one's darkness and deadness than get life and light into the soul. I told the friends on Lord's-day why the Lord had afflicted me, though I could not enter into all the circumstances of the case. I can see mercy in it and mingled with it, and hope I shall one day see it more clearly. . . .

I have written to the friends at Eden Street to decline going there this year. I have two reasons for so doing.

1. My health, which is not sufficiently re-established for the exertion, anxiety, and excitement of London.

2. As I have been so long laid aside from my own people, I think it hardly right to leave them just as I am getting a little better. . . .

Still, I hope to pay my Allington friends a visit in August.

Since I wrote part of this I have been among some of the friends, and to my surprise learnt that I was very well heard on Lord's-day. I kept mumbling on with my own path, temptations, helps, and hindrances; and I suppose it suited some poor bewildered creatures. How different is preaching

from what I once thought it was! All my vapouring knocked into nothing; and poor J. C. P. mumbling and stumbling like a fool.

Yours very affectionately,

J. C. P.

( 101 )

To JOSEPH PARRY.

Stamford, April 15, 1848.

My dear Friend,—I hope I may say I am through mercy better in health. I have partially resumed the work of the ministry, having commenced to preach once on the Lord's-day. I seemed shut up and embarrassed the first Lord's-day that I spoke here; but had somewhat more life, liberty, and feeling at Oakham. I seemed favoured with a little of the spirit of prayer whilst going there by the coach, and also in the morning before preaching. It is a mercy to feel the heart sometimes a little softened and humbled, and life and power to accompany the word. I was in hopes that my long affliction would have done my soul more good, and produced more solid, spiritual, and visible fruit, internal and external, than I have yet experienced from it. It seems to be indeed a sad and lamentable thing to be continually chastened, and yet be after all an unfruitful branch and a vile cumber-ground! A sickly body and a dreadfully diseased soul make a daily cross, and one sometimes hard to be borne. I cannot throw aside my religion, and yet how hard it is to keep it. To think, speak, act, and live as a Christian; to be one inwardly and outwardly; to be a true follower of the Lamb whithersoever He goeth; to walk daily and hourly with godly fear in exercise; to conquer sin, master temptation, and live a life of faith in the Son of God—if this be true religion, how little I seem to have of it! I never could boast much of my exploits and attainments, or the great things I have done or mean to do; but now seem less disposed to do so than ever. Nothing short of an almighty miracle of mercy and grace can suit or save me. We often prate and prattle about sin and grace, faith and repentance, and Christ, and so on, when we really know scarcely what the words mean. Many painful

lessons and humbling cutting strokes are needed to teach us the A B C of vital godliness; and perhaps all that we may know in this life about eternal things may be no more than what a babe a few days old knows of this life. It breathes, and cries, and sucks, and sleeps; and as regards divine things we may never here do much more.

I hope that the Lord may own and bless Thomas Godwin's word among you this time as He did before. I am very sure that all preaching without the power and blessing of the Lord upon it will be but empty breath. I never saw the littleness of man so clearly, and my own littleness in particular. My friend will believe me when I say I never felt so much my miserable ignorance, unfitness and insufficiency for the ministry. Indeed, I am and have nothing.

I hope Mrs. Wild will be comfortable at Allington. You must not, however, expect too much from one another. Man is a poor fallen creature, a selfish wretch, a very monster of iniquity. At least, I am. Nor does grace always reign even where it dwells. I very much esteem and respect her, and perhaps think better of her than she does of herself. But there is truth in what William Tiptaft says, that Christians are like cabbage-plants which flourish best when not too near. I am afraid of everybody, and afraid of none so much as of myself. No one has ever so much tried me, so much plagued me, or so much frightened me, as J. C. P., and no one, I am sure, but myself knows what reason I have to be afraid of him. . . .

Yours very affectionately,

J. C. P.

( 102 )

To THOMAS GODWIN.

Stamford, May 12, 1848.

My dear Friend,— . . . I am much as I was in health, and do not seem to gain much strength at present. I still continue to preach once on the Lord's-day, and for the last three weeks have also spoken here on Thursday evenings. The friends at Oakham all seemed to hear well on Lord's-day. The day was fine, the congregation large, and I was enabled

a little to speak on some vital things. My dear friend, we must plough pretty deep, if we are to get at the heart and conscience. Skimming the ground over will not do; but to be learning every day how vile we are is trying work. My preaching seems shut up into a narrow compass—sin and grace. I can assure you that when I was laid aside I seemed to have lost completely the power of preaching, and felt as shut up spiritually from a door of utterance as I was naturally. This made me a better hearer, for so far from thinking I could preach better than the ministers who supplied for me, I actually felt that I could not preach at all; and according to my feelings had not ten words to say upon any text, good or bad. I cannot describe how entirely all preaching gifts, if I have any, were as much taken away as if I had never opened my mouth, and I felt that even were I better in health, I could not get into a pulpit. I think I can see now this was not a bad thing for me, for when I heard Thomas Godwin and others, I was not measuring my abilities with theirs, and thinking how the great “Mr. I” would handle the text, but I really felt I could not preach at all, even as to words and gifts, much more power and savour. But I think I may tell my friend that since I have been able to stand up a little in the Lord’s name I have not always been shut up, and have sometimes gone beyond the time when for my poor body’s sake I ought to stop. Last Lord’s-day morning I felt such a vile sinner that I could hardly help telling the Lord He would do right if He stopped my mouth. But it was not so, as I believe I may say without boasting (and how can such a vile sinner boast?), that I was well heard that day, and that the friends seemed melted and blessed. Oh that God’s mercy and goodness would constrain me to live to His glory, would overcome that raging love of sin that so ensnares and captivates me, and make me and manifest me a Christian indeed! I cannot, oh, I cannot subdue and mortify my pride, and lust, and unbelief, and infidelity, and a thousand other monsters that, like the beast in Daniel’s vision, are opening their mouths and saying, “Arise, devour much flesh.”

Yours very affectionately,

J. C. P.

( 103 )

TO THOMAS GODWIN.

Stamford, May 18, 1848.

My dear Friend,—I believe you have long found, by painful experience, that it is impossible to do anything according to the word and will of God without trouble before, in, or after. To serve God in any way is a bitter-sweet. Sometimes conscience, sometimes Satan, sometimes the world, sometimes an evil heart, sometimes foe, and sometimes friend cause trouble. If we are let alone to have our own way, and sup up the east wind, *that* brings trouble; and if the Lord exercises our souls, *that* brings trouble. I do not mean to say that my troubles are so wonderfully deep and many, but pretty well all day long there is something as it were nagging and gnawing within. Love of sin, my poor body, family cares and anxieties, and a wicked, unbelieving heart, keep me from much rest or peace. I cannot, like the ungodly, rest in the world, and I cannot often rest in the Lord. Oh, the amazing power of sin! I am sure that very few know its mighty power. I sometimes walk in the streets feeling and saying to myself, "Death in me, death in me;" and yet sin is active, strong, and lively as if I were to live a hundred years. It is really dreadful how eye, and ear, and tongue, and heart, are all alive after sin, like fishes after a May-fly. I keep preaching man's dreadful corruption, and that nothing but grace through the blood of the Son of God, made known to the soul by the power of the Holy Ghost, can save such miserable sinners. My dear friend, we must plough deep, or we shall never get at the heart of the living family. I find that the worse I make them out to be, the better it suits them; and the more I draw from my own likeness, the more I hit theirs. But I cannot bring all out, only a hint now and then to the wise. A frail tabernacle and a wicked heart will I believe be more or less my daily plague till they are both laid in the grave.

I hope the Lord's-day at Allington and Tuesday at Calne may be days of blessing to your soul and those of the people. I trust I have had good times at both places. I cannot at present preach more than once on the Lord's-day, and I am

afraid I can venture to do no more should I come to Allington in July. Preaching tries my chest almost more than anything, and a little extra exertion would soon, I think, make me as bad as ever. . . . We have to live and learn; sometimes more of ourselves, sometimes more of others. To be quiet and meek, to think little of ourselves, to prize grace in others, to think very highly of and to cleave close to the Lord Jesus for everything, is far better than striving who is to be the greatest. Give my love to Mr. Warburton and any enquiring friends of the seed-royal at Calne. I wish you a real good day there.

Yours very affectionately,

J. C. P.

( 104 )

To THOMAS GODWIN.

Stoke, Devonport, August 4, 1848.

My dear Friend,—We arrived here safely, through mercy, on Tuesday evening, and found my mother looking pretty well. Friend D. is supplying at the chapel, but is not very well attended. I was there last evening, but there were very few hearers. Truth is pretty much fallen in the streets, as regards these three towns, with a population more than eighty thousand. It seems strange that there should be so little concern about their never-dying souls, until we feel what careless hardened wretches we ourselves are, except at times and seasons when eternal things lie with weight and power on our consciences. When my poor soul gets a little revived out of its dark and dead state, I wonder at my own previous state of carnality and worldliness. I need not then go far to find the cause of all men's carnality and carelessness, for where should I not, and where, indeed, do I not get when the Lord does not revive my poor dark soul? If we had no gracious dealings from the Lord, either in judgement or mercy, we should soon be a great deal worse than the professors whom we are so loud to condemn. A sense of these things stops my mouth, and makes the stones drop out of my hands, which, in times past, I have been ready enough to throw at others. I cannot say what I should not do, or what I should not be,

were I left to myself; for I never hear of evil or error committed by professor or profane which I do not find working within my heart, and a great deal worse too; for no man ever did, or ever could, carry out in word and act what our imagination can breed and sit upon till hatched, like a hen upon its eggs. It is a mercy when our eggs prove addled, or are crushed before they are hatched, for, depend upon it, an adder would come out of every one of them. What a mercy it is to have our hard hearts softened and blessed at times, and to hate and abhor those vile things which at other times our fallen nature so lusts after! What a paradox are we! What a bundle of contradictions! We love what we hate, and hate what we love; we follow what we flee, and flee what we follow. Sin is our sweetest, and sin is our bitterest morsel; God is our greatest friend and most dreaded enemy. But I must not run on with my contradictions, or I shall fill up my sheet with them. You have got both the riddle and the key locked up in your heart.

As there was a very great attendance at Allington I was induced to preach twice on Lord's-day. I think I never saw the chapel so crowded. It was, I think on the whole, my best day; but I have not been much favoured at Allington this time. I had so many outer-court hearers that they seemed almost to stifle any soft or tender feeling; and I was several times led rather to hammer away at Wiltshire profession than feed the lambs.

I am much as I was in health. That great blessing, good health, I never expect to enjoy again. I only could wish that my various trials, exercises, and afflictions were more blessed to my soul, but I have lived to prove that nothing but almighty grace can do the soul good.

Yours very affectionately,

J. C. P.

( 105 )

To THOMAS GODWIN.

Stamford, February 23, 1849.

My dear Friend,—It is a mercy amidst all one's coldness, deadness, and hardness sometimes to feel a little revival, and to be blessed in speaking of the Lord's people. It encourages



us to go on in spite of all opposition within and without. I think more of the value and blessedness of the preached gospel than I once did. It often stirs up prayer, shows where we have been wandering, revives the soul, points to Jesus and His precious blood, and encourages us to believe that where sin did and does abound, there grace does much more abound. And, I believe, where the preached gospel is little valued, it arises from deadness and carnality. It is, I believe, a great mercy when the heart of the preacher is enlarged and his mouth opened to set forth the truth as it is in Jesus, and the ear and heart of the people enlarged and opened to receive and feel it. It will detect many snares, make the soul cry at times, "Search me, O Lord, and try me," and give now and then a little strength to fight against besetting sins and temptations, as well as lead the poor soul at times to the fountain once opened for all sin and uncleanness. I once thought I really should get better before I died; more holy and pure, and strong and spiritual. But I find that these things are only at times and seasons, as the Lord is pleased to work in the soul to will and to do of His good pleasure; and that left to ourselves we are, and ever shall be, sinners of the deepest and blackest dye.

But religion and experience, and all that regards the work of grace in the soul will ever be a mystery; and we not only can know only just as much as we are divinely taught, but seem only then to know it when under the feelings and influences. I can recollect having seen and felt such and such things, and may, perhaps, be able to describe them; but how different this is from being under their power and influence. Then they seem to be really known, and only really then. . . .

Yours very affectionately,

J. C. P.

( 106 )

To JOSEPH PARRY.

Stamford, March 8, 1849.

My dear Friend,—You will be very sorry to hear that our poor friend M'Kenzie is dangerously ill. He broke a blood-vessel on Saturday last, and brought up much blood, and had

a return of the same on Monday. The doctor says it is from the lungs, which makes it all the more dangerous. He may not be immediately removed; but I should greatly fear the ultimate event, as such attacks generally terminate in consumption even when not quickly fatal. The Lord, however, mercifully blessed his soul, after the first attack, with His presence, and that, after all, is everything. Our time here must at the very longest be short; and what is the longest or most prosperous life without the Lord's blessing? When we feel what vile sinners and dreadful backsliders we are, and have been, it almost makes us despair of a blessing. Indeed, we could not entertain the least hope of one were it not for free and sovereign grace; but that opens a door of hope for the vilest and worst. How valuable, how indispensable a blessing seems to be when sickness makes death stare us, as it were, in the face! How empty and worthless really are all human cares and anxieties, as well as all human hopes and pleasures, when viewed in the light of a vast and endless eternity!

I have not been very well of late, having suffered from my old complaint, cold on the chest. I generally suffer from it every spring, especially when the winds are cold and searching. It much confines me to the house at present; but I still go on preaching as usual. I never have been attended better since I was settled here, and especially since the weather has been dry and fine. We have many country hearers, and short days, bad weather, and dirty roads are hindrances to their attendance.

I do not see any probability of my being able to be at Allington more than the first three Lord's-days in May. Poor M'Kenzie's illness will make a sad gap in the supplies. He was to be at Leicester in April, and to follow me at Eden Street chapel in August. What they will do at the latter place I know not. I should not be surprised if they should wish me to stay another Lord's-day, and then it will be, perhaps, a question with me whether I ought not to stay in preference to coming down to Allington. When I dropped a hint of coming to Allington on my way to Abingdon for August 12, I, of course, could not contemplate such an event as M'Kenzie's illness. Ministers have to consider not merely their own feelings and wishes, but the good of the churches.

Mr. Harrison has already applied for me to help them at Leicester, and I should like to do so, if I could see my way, or procure an acceptable supply here. I find it more difficult now to leave home than ever, there being a greater unwillingness among the people that I should go from home. Churches, like individuals, are selfish, and rarely consider or consult each other's profit and convenience.

How our friends and acquaintances seem continually falling around us! R. Dredge lies in Allington graveyard, and J. M'Kenzie may soon be numbered among the departed. Such things have a voice, could we but hear it, and be stirred up by it. It seems to say, "Be ye also ready." But what can we do to prepare ourselves for the solemn hour? Nothing. The God of all grace can alone, then and there, by appearing to us, and for us, enable us to say, "Come, Lord Jesus!" But it is a mercy when deep and solemn considerations about death and eternity have some effect in loosening the strong bands of sin and the world, and lead on to that spiritual-mindedness which is life and peace.

I doubt not that the low price of corn, conjoined with the bad yield, sometimes tries your mind. But you will have enough of "the thick clay," doubtless, to carry you honourably through. And why need you covet more? We shall always have enough for wants, but never for covetousness.

Yours very affectionately,

J. C. P.

( 107 )

TO WILLIAM TIPTAFT.

Oakham, March 26, 1849.

My dear Tiptaft,—I consider poor Mrs. C.'s case a very trying one, and one very difficult indeed to pronounce any decided opinion upon. Say, for instance, that we gave it as our decided advice that she should stay away from chapel; *that* would seem shunning the cross. Say, that we advised her still to go, and she should lose her life in consequence, painful reflections might be cast upon us. Such dreadful brutality we rarely hear of—indeed, I might say, such murderous proceedings. I think, however, there is a decided difference between doing evil and forbearing to do well.

Thus, I think, she might resolutely deny to go to church, whatever the consequence. *There*, I think, my mind is pretty clear. But whether she might not abstain for a season, during his present dreadful madness, I might call it, from going to chapel, is another matter. Christians, when persecuted in one place, might flee to another. Here was an allowed declining persecution by flight; but, on the other hand, God, we know, can make a way of escape even by persons persevering to go. Look at D. C. of A——, how her husband stood with a knife at the door the morning she was to be baptized, to stab her, and how she crept out at the window, was baptized, and how all was overruled, as we hope, for his eventual good. A leaf which fell into my hands this morning gives an account of a poor woman much in Mrs. C.'s situation. I think much must depend on the state of her mind, what she feels led to do, what promises the Lord has applied to her soul, what faith and strength she has in exercise, how her own conscience is exercised in the matter. It is so hard to lay down rules of action in these matters, for what one can do another cannot. Peter, who once denied his Master, could afterwards be crucified with his head downwards. Nicodemus comes first by night, and afterwards goes boldly into Pilate's presence. Elijah flees before Jezebel, and then meets Ahab in Naboth's vineyard. David kills Goliath, and then flees before Absalom. Thus, good men act differently as faith is weak or strong; and we would not counsel any man to walk on the waves unless we knew he had Peter's Master near, and Peter's faith in exercise. Thus I feel slow to offer advice, or give counsel in this painful and difficult matter. We feel, however, encouraged to hope the Lord will appear for her from the promise He has given her.

We had a church meeting here yesterday. Two candidates were fully received, Miss B., from M——, and Mrs. L., from K——. They were both well received, but the latter particularly. Oh, with what sweetness and power did she speak! I never myself was so melted with hearing an experience, and I am sure there was not a dry eye amongst us. I did not know I had such a hearer. She has been, and is, a most deeply-tried woman; bodily pain, *tic douloureux*, till lately, deep poverty, and soul trouble have sunk her very low; but lately she has been so much blessed in her soul, especially

yesterday fortnight and the following Tuesday. Besides this lately, she was much blessed in her soul some years ago. I do not think we ever had a candidate before the church so much *in* the present savour of things. Others may have as good an experience, but they did not come before the church in the savour, blessedness, and power of it. It seemed quite to encourage me in the work; she could speak of what she had felt under this and that preaching, and how it abode with her and what it did for her, so clearly and sweetly. She has great trials about coming to chapel, having opposition at home, and an afflicted body. She has been a hearer eight or nine years.

R. S. has been blessed again in her soul. She thought she was dying, but had no fear. She has a great desire to see you. Some of the friends, I think J. C. among them, have seen, and think well of her.

Mrs. L.'s testimony has much encouraged us all. I felt I should not care for the speeches of a hundred enemies if the Lord would condescend so to bless the word.

If spared, I hope to baptize the three candidates (D.V.) April 8. Mrs. L. spoke of how she heard you on baptism. What a power there is in true religion, and what can be compared to it! but how it is got at only through trials and exercises! My heart cleaves more and more to the *power*. All without is worthless—a mere tithing of mint, anise, and cummin. Mrs. B., of K—, speaks highly of Mrs. L.'s consistency.

Yours very affectionately,

J. C. P.

( 108 )

To THOMAS GODWIN.

Oakham, April 24, 1849.

My dear Friend,—. . . We were well attended at Leicester. Many, I am told, could not get into the chapel in the evening. I hope it was a good day, as I had a spirit of prayer on the Saturday, and a text came with some sweetness to my mind; and I had some liberty and sweetness in speaking. There is quite a spirit of hearing there.

I baptized here the Lord's-day previous, and the candidates were, I hear, much blessed in their souls. One was so blessed in her soul that she could not sleep that night, and could do nothing but bless and praise God for two or three days. So that we have some little evidence that the Lord has not forsaken us, whatever men may say or surmise. Indeed, it matters little what men may say or think for or against us. If God be for us, it matters not who is against us; and if God be against us, it matters not who is for us. My mind is much more here than it used to be. Everything cries aloud, "Cease ye from man," who cannot make one of his own hairs, nor ours, black nor white. How much better is it, instead of seeking man's smile, or fearing man's frown, to be committing our way to the Lord, to be seeking His presence and smiles, to desire to know and do His will, and live and walk in His fear! What support under trial, deliverance from temptation, comfort in affliction, submission in sickness, or peace in death, can man give us? What blind unbelieving fools, then, to be looking so much to the creature and so little to the Creator!

We have a poor girl dying in this town, and it is, indeed, marvellous to see what a work God has done for her soul. I saw her in her trouble and distress, and have seen her since the Lord blessed her soul, which He has repeatedly done. All fear of death is gone, and her soul seems filled with peace. She has had convictions for years, and been a constant hearer, but nothing decided till lately. What a wonderful thing grace is, both in its Fountain and streams! Well may we contend for nothing else, for what else can save, suit, or bless a poor guilty, fallen sinner?

I am much as usual, sometimes feeling very poorly, and then again a little better. Our poor clay tabernacle, what a burden it is to us from sickness and sin!

Yours very affectionately,

J. C. P.

( 109 )

TO JOSEPH PARRY.

Stamford, June 2, 1849.

My dear Friend,—I reached home safely, through mercy, on the Friday, to dinner, and found my dear wife and little family pretty well.

I preached at Wellingborough Thursday evening, 24th ult. If "like priest like people," be a true saying, I should fear there was not much life, power, or feeling in the congregation; and I felt but little in my own soul. My words seemed to rebound upon me almost as if I were throwing balls against a brick wall. Good, however, might still be done, as our feelings are in these matters by no means infallible marks. I should be sorry to set up my feelings as a tribunal from which there is no appeal; though we cannot help being to a certain extent guided and influenced by them. I consider this a nice and difficult point. I have generally found that when I have gone contrary to my feelings as regards men and things, I have erred, and more or less suffered in consequence. We may be thus slighting the secret leadings and impressions of the Holy Spirit. But, again, we may be under wrong impressions which a subsequent experience may correct. In this, as in all other matters, wisdom is profitable to direct. In all our movements and actings we need grace to teach, guide and direct; and without it we are sure to err.

My visit to Allington seems now almost like a dream. I would hope, however, that all the effects have not so passed away. A minister should leave a sweet savour of heavenly things wherever he goes. If he do not he will make the people worse instead of better. When the Holy Ghost makes our bodies His temple He will cast forth some rays of His indwelling presence. Christians will either spiritualize or carnalize each other; will stir up one another to good or evil. When we are ourselves a little spiritual, we are grieved to see the children of God, and especially those whom we love, worldly and carnal. This makes us get away from them, and in solitude seek the Lord, feeling no pleasure nor rest out of Him. Time and experience correct many errors, and

especially in religion. I am daily more and more convinced that it is a secret work carried on in private between God and the soul. The conscience is the grand battlefield where the conflict is fought. Condemnation and justification in all their various branches and workings are there felt and known. And unless we live much alone, and are more or less continually engaged with this inward communion of heart, our religion withers away. "Commune with thy own heart on thy bed, and be still." I only wish I could live a more separate life, and have eyes, ears, and heart more separate from the world lying in wickedness. The friends here consider me looking better than when I left; and, indeed, I feel so myself. It always suits me best when I can get air and exercise. But I often find when I am, as it were, congratulating myself with being better, and so forgetting to die daily, I get a pull-back; and so now some of my old pains and sensations admonish me not to be high-minded, but fear. Like slipped greyhounds, how madly and eagerly we rush afield when the hand that checks seems a little to slacken its hold! But evening comes, and the old collar is slipped over our necks; and perhaps a rating or a beating is added for our wild roamings. A head-ache or a sinking market, or a sense of guilt and bondage, or a solemn view of eternity, or a remembrance of past backslidings and sins, or a slip with the tongue or feet, or some unaccountable depression of spirits—each or any or all put the feet in the stocks. I am well persuaded that without exercises the soul cannot be kept alive; that is, in a healthy or spiritual sense. He that began must carry on; He that kindled must keep alive; He who is the Author must also be the Finisher of faith. This we are well persuaded of in our judgement; but we have to learn it in daily experience. And, I believe, it is often to us a cause of inward condemnation that we are what we are; that we have not more life and feeling, more prayerfulness and watchfulness, more knowledge of and communion with the blessed Jesus. We condemn graceless professors, and would rather open our lips no more upon religion than speak like them; and yet how much we really resemble them. Indeed, we differ from them only as far as our souls are kept alive by exercises and gracious influences and operations. All things that we see and hear, the very necessary business of life, and



all our relationships in the world, only tend to deaden and harden. And though we can leave neither our families nor the world, and must continue in the calling where God has placed us, yet we shall ever find it our wisdom and mercy to live much alone as regards our souls. In this point you are much favoured. You have fields and downs, quiet meadows and lonely walks, where you may think, meditate, and pray. And as these fields have formerly witnessed your sighs and tears, so may they witness your blessings and praises till the green sod covers your body in that little spot which many gracious feet have trod, and where sleep our friends, R. Dredge, poor farmer Wild, and others, that we have been united to in life, and from whom we hope death will not separate us.

We may have worldly troubles and worldly mercies, and our hearts may be often depressed by the one, and carried away by the other; but, after all, there is nothing really enduring and satisfying but grace in its Fountain and in its streams.

Yours very affectionately,

J. C. P.

( 110 )

To THOMAS GODWIN.

Stamford, June 7, 1849.

My dear Friend,—It seems that troubles and trials still await me, and what is to be their end or issue I know not. . . . I was thinking the other day that either Satan must hate me very much, or that there must be something in me very wrong, for many seem to rise up against me. . . .

And having so much besides in me which causes condemnation and fear, and the Comforter who should relieve my soul being far from me, makes me wonder how the scene will end. What adds to the trial is my public situation as a minister and editor of the *Gospel Standard*. Were I obscure and unknown, like many private Christians whom I envy, how many trials should I be free from! But so many eyes are fixed upon me, some for good and some for evil. I have so many enemies as well as friends; and I find it so difficult,

either by pen or tongue, to express myself so as to be free from misunderstanding, misrepresentation, or cavil, that my way seems completely hedged up. But in the midst of all these trials I trust there are some mercies. The Lord has not withheld that spirit of prayer and supplication which I trust He first gave me more than twenty years ago, and to His throne of grace He from time to time draws me. And I have still encouraging testimonies that the work is going on at Oakham. A woman came to see me on Tuesday afternoon who has been a hearer ever since the chapel was opened. The Lord quickened and blessed her soul many years ago, but for the last seven or eight years she has been in a lukewarm profession, with only just enough life to keep her out of the world, and burdened with its cares and anxieties. But within these last few months the Lord has set to His hand the second time, and wrought very powerfully and blessedly in her soul, first bringing her to the deepest self-abasement and sorrow for her long state of backsliding, and then manifesting His mercy and love to her soul. She could hardly speak for tears and blessing the Lord for His mercies. It was not altogether under the word, though she said she has heard with new ears the last few months; but it seems that the work was helped on by the word. She will (D.V.) come before the church at our next meeting, when I doubt not she will be well received, and I hope to baptize her on my last Lord's-day at Oakham.

I am, you know, slow to receive what are called "blessings," especially when said to have been under my preaching; but these cases at Oakham have been so clear, and there has been that savour and power attending the testimony which the friends have given, that I could not but believe them, they have come with such weight to my conscience.

Amidst all this, when I look within I feel much to condemn me. My past backslidings rise up to my view, with many sins and temptations, besides my continual propensity to carnality and folly. And then, when these attacks come from without, it makes me sink, as if the Lord had a strong controversy with me, and that after all my enemies might be right and I might be fearfully and perhaps wholly wrong. Why have *I* so many opponents? Other ministers pass along untouched, but book after book comes out against me, as if

they would sink me outright. If this be the price paid for many hearers such as at Allington and elsewhere, methinks it is very dear. When, after hearing Mrs. L.'s testimony at the church-meeting at Oakham, I was walking from the upper vestry, I think, to the pulpit, I felt and said to myself, "If the Lord bless so my word to the people, let me go on preaching, I shall not mind a hundred ---s." But, alas! how soon the heart sinks again when trouble arises, and I could not help wishing I had lived and died in the Church of England. I thought I might have been quiet there, and need not have preached at all. I was struck last evening with Psalm xi. I cannot say that either was applied to my soul, or that I would or did call my adversaries wicked. But the drift of the Psalm struck me as peculiarly forcible. We must be tried if we are the Lord's, and when our trials bring us to His feet, we may hope they may do us good. I do not wish, however, to burden you with my trials, though I know and feel you are and always have been a kind and sympathizing friend.

I hope the Lord may be with you at Allington this time, and bless you in your own soul and in the ministry of the word to the hearts of the people.

I think (D.V.) of going to Lakenheath for Lord's-day, August 12. You know how desirous they have been for me to go there, and having that day to spare, I seemed led to spend it in that way.

I had a pleasant and I hope a profitable visit at Allington this time. But if I had my encouragements there, and many hearers and friends, I have had since and have now my ballast. . . .

Yours very affectionately,

J. C. P.

( 111 )

To THOMAS GODWIN.

Oakham, June 19, 1849.

My dear Friend, ---. . . We had a church-meeting here on Lord's-day, and received two candidates for baptism. They were both well received, being well known to the friends and hearers almost ever since I came to Oakham; but one gave

a blessed testimony, being now in the sweet enjoyment of the love of God, so that she could speak of the Lord having blessed her soul not once or twice, but again and again even to last Tuesday. She has been a backslider in heart many years, though a most consistent woman; but with what self-abhorrence does she now speak, and did, at the church-meeting, with the tears of sorrow and love mingled together.

I went to K—— yesterday, and saw both her and the woman whom I baptized last, who so melted us all at the church-meeting before I left home. I found also two other gracious persons there—constant hearers at the chapel—one a woman whose soul the Lord wonderfully blessed some years ago in a severe illness, but now much tried and harassed. Since the Lord has revived the work here I have seen more of the friends, and believe when you come here you do not preach to stocks and stones. Amidst all our darkness and bondage there is, I believe, life and feeling in the souls of some, and I am sure next to feeling life in his own soul, there is nothing so encouraging and so drawing, as it were, life out of a preacher, as seeing there is life in the hearers.

I certainly felt some life and power when in Wilts, but since then seem to have well-nigh lost it all. On Lord's-day morning I really could not find one grain of grace in my soul, and I think sometimes I am one of the greatest hypocrites that ever walked, and all I feel and talk about is but pretence. Sometimes my mind is filled with infidelity, as if the Bible and religion were all an invention; then again with unbelief as to my own state and standing, and then with all manner of hypocrisy and falsehood. So that when one's poor soul gets a little respite from the devil's snares in one way—lust and filthiness—there are snares and temptations on the other. There is either filthiness of the flesh, or filthiness of spirit, and we hardly know which is the worse.

But these things we must know experimentally, that we may dive into people's hearts and penetrate beneath that crust of self-righteousness and ignorance which hides so many from themselves. Men's motives, and thoughts, and feelings, are laid bare to us by knowing ourselves, and we are sure there is nothing really good in any but what God Himself puts there by His grace; and thus whilst we value at its due worth all human pretensions, we put a great price upon

everything commended to our conscience as really of grace; and thus by these exercises we can not only draw a clearer line between persons in a congregation, but also more sift and separate the hearts of God's people and speak more to their comfort and encouragement.

Yours very affectionately,

J. C. P.

( 112 )

TO THOMAS GODWIN.

Pentonville, July 17, 1849.

My dear Friend,—. . . I never came to London more unwillingly. I left Oakham very poorly, and weak in body and tried in mind, and called myself a thousand fools to have made the engagement. But hitherto the Lord hath helped me, and I hope the poor and the needy may have reaped some little benefit from my trials and exercises. I hope the Lord was with me on Lord's-day, and I was enabled to speak pretty plainly upon the difference between exercised and unexercised persons, whether ministers, deacons, or hearers. I see this, that we must give up all idea of being what is called generally useful. There are very few children of God anywhere, and of these very few who are really tried and exercised, and know what they hear. There are but few who are really panting after heavenly blessings, or know the difference between the letter and the power. A doctrinal sermon about Jesus Christ will suit them far better than a real experimental one fetched out of the furnace. However, all we can do is to deliver our conscience, and speak what we know and feel to be true, and leave it in the hands of the Lord, who has promised that His word shall not return to Him void. There may be a few poor needy souls to whom it may be blessed, and that is all our reward and comfort as regards the ministry.

I think I have not felt so strong in speaking for months, I might almost say years, as I felt on Lord's-day. Though the place was very full, my voice seemed to ring through it like a bell. The preceding Lord's-day it seemed like speaking through water. But I had some life and feeling on

Sunday; and that, you know, makes a wonderful difference even with our natural voice. What poor creatures we are without the Lord! and with Him we seem able to thresh the mountains. It seemed to raise up a little gratitude that the Lord had so far restored my health and enabled me to speak.

I hope you have found the Lord with you at Oakham and Stamford. I hope there is a work going on at Oakham, and that we shall have more come forward to declare what God has done for their souls; but it will be sure to make Satan rage, and stir up new trials and temptations.

Yours very affectionately,

J. C. P.

( 113 )

To THOMAS GODWIN.

Pentonville, July 24, 1849.

My dear Friend,—. . . I believe on the main points of experimental truth and vital godliness we see eye to eye, and feel heart to heart, and this makes us cleave to each other in affection and esteem. I am quite sick of the generality of Calvinistic professors, and I believe we may read their character in Ezekiel xxxiv., especially the ministers', 2-4, 17-22. But I leave them. Time and circumstances will make many things clear which now are dark and mysterious, and I wish neither their company, nor their standing, nor their spirit. When J. Osbourn's letter came out against me, these words were almost continually in my lips, "O Lord, fight my battles, and bring me off more than conqueror." All their strife and bitterness only give me more errands to a throne of grace and stir up my soul, which is so sadly prone to rest on its lees. J. Osbourn's scurrility, pride, and bitterness seem to excite general disgust. Are these the fruits of gospel liberty, and such manifestations as few have been favoured with since the times of the apostles? Judge such men by their fruits; and what is their religion really worth? The blessed Lord did not speak in vain, "By their fruits ye shall know them." Men may come in sheep's clothing, whilst inwardly they are ravening wolves. "Not every one who saith, Lord, Lord," etc.

I am glad you saw Mrs. —; she is a choice and well-taught woman, and I think I never call upon her without seeing the grace of God shining forth in her; and I think I could show you some who attend the chapel at Oakham who can give as good an account of themselves as she, particularly some who have joined the church lately.

It is a consolation and encouragement to me to believe and feel that the Lord has a people at Stamford and Oakham to whom, from time to time, He blesses the word. Men may rage and storm, and try to crush me as a worm under their feet, but if the Lord bless His word through me, what more, as a minister, can I desire?

I am well attended here. I think I never saw the chapel fuller than on Lord's-day evening. They were standing wherever they could, in the aisles and about the doors. But it was not a good day with me either time, and I seemed to have neither life and feeling in my soul, nor a door of utterance with my lips.

I believe your remarks about the real hearers are quite true. It is not the great body of seat-holders, but the unknown in holes and corners. Our hire, like Jacob's must be "the speckled and spotted," "the brown and the ring-straked;" all the snowy fleeced are Laban's.

Yours very affectionately,

J. C. P.

( 114 )

TO THOMAS GODWIN.

Stamford, August 31, 1849.

My dear Friend,—I was so poorly on Saturday night, and coughed so much during the night, that I almost despaired of being able to preach at all. I was sharply tried, for as I seemed to see the Lord's hand so plainly in my going to Lakenheath, it would have been very trying and mysterious if I could not preach, and I knew it would not only be a disappointment to the congregation, but would open the mouth of my enemies. I got up, however, and when soon after breakfast the gigs and vehicles came pouring in, I felt I must preach, or at least make the attempt, come what

would. I think if ever I looked to the Lord alone for strength and help, I did that morning. When I went up to the chapel it was so crowded I could scarcely get through to the pulpit. I read and prayed very short, and my cough kept interrupting me, so that I quite dreaded the sermon; but when I came to preach I found my voice strengthened, and I was mercifully helped through, beyond my expectation in every sense of the word.

There were persons there from twenty miles' distance, and the number of the vehicles very far exceeded that at Allington. I preached again in the afternoon, and my voice seemed clearer and stronger than in the morning. The people were standing back nearly as far as the trees, and yet my voice seemed able to reach them. On Tuesday evening I preached again to a full chapel. I came home on Wednesday. Tiptaft preached for me on Thursday, but I was so unwell I could not go out to hear him. I preached, however, on Lord's-day here twice, and had so good a congregation that I thought there was some mistake, and that there was an impression Tiptaft was to preach.

I hope I may one day see clearly why many painful things have been permitted. I think, indeed, I am getting more light upon them. The Lord has delivered me from some very trying temptations, and seems of late to be drawing me nearer to Himself. When we are under guilt and condemnation, all things seem against us, and there is a fleeing when none pursueth. All things in providence and in grace have a veil over them, and we see nothing clearly. But as the Lord draws us out of these feelings by drawing us nearer to Himself as the God of all grace, light begins to dawn upon the soul, and many perplexities are cleared up. It is a blessed thing to be drawn out of the world and things hateful and evil by tasting that the Lord is gracious. It is the power of sin which wants breaking, and this can be only by being brought under the power of grace. I have had many trials, afflictions, persecutions, and temptations; and I hope these have all worked together for my soul's profit. It is not often at the time that we see the good of our trials and afflictions. But what poor useless beings we should be without them—a burden and a nuisance to the children of God! I was thinking the other day that there were only two



things really worth living for; to be blessed ourselves, and be made a blessing to others. Without this, what is life? To eat so many pounds of bread and meat, drink so many tumblers of water, sleep so many hours—is this life? But to be blessed and made a blessing, to have the hope of immortality in one's breast, and for some of God's children to bless the Lord that we ever lived—this is worth living for, and dying for too. Let us live twenty years longer, it will only be the old scene over again, and we with less strength to bear it. The world, sin, and Satan will not change. But if by living we are made instruments in the Lord's hands of spiritual good to His people, this will be a blessing for eternity. This may reconcile us to our trials, if through them we are made a blessing to the heirs of glory.

Yours very affectionately,

J. C. P.

( 115 )

To T. BEECHER.

Stamford, September 18, 1849.

My dear Sir,—From various causes I have not been able to attend earlier to your kind and friendly letter.

I think sometimes that Satan, seeing the Lord has blessed my ministry, is doing all he can to overthrow it. The doctrine and the experience cannot be overthrown; and therefore attempts are being made to overthrow the author. And what more ready way than to say that he borrows what he preaches? But surely they ought to point out whence it is borrowed. I have not read nor, indeed, seen poor old Osbourn's book, but I am told it is a shameful production, and full of scurrility and abuse. But how little he can know of me, or of my experience. When he was at my house he seemed to have no inclination to talk upon experimental things, nor did he ask me one word about my experience. Nor do I believe he has read any of my writings. The poor old man was annoyed and disappointed because I would not praise up his writings, which I could not do when I found him so different a character from what I anticipated. And when the remarks in the *Standard* appeared, it incensed him

all the more. I believe, therefore, in my own mind, his letter to me was written altogether out of spite and revenge. It is not likely, therefore, that God will own and bless a book written from such motives and in such a spirit.

I cannot now sit down and write you an experience spread over more than twenty-two years. My experience is incorporated in my sermons. And if you cannot see nor feel that to be genuine and my own, it is not all I can write could do it. I have felt guilt and bondage; have had sweet and blessed views of Christ; have seen His glory by the eye of faith; have felt Him precious to my soul; and, did time and space permit, could tell you where, when, and how. But you will find my experience in my sermons, for I feel what I preach, and preach what I feel; and this makes them blessed to God's children, and stirs up the malice of Satan. If I were to be satisfied with a dry doctrinal religion, I should be let alone. But because I contend for the power, some seem almost as if they would pull me to pieces. And if I know nothing of experience, why do I contend for it? Why did I not stay in the Church of England, where I might, but for conscience' sake, have been this day, without let or molestation?

But I hope the Lord will bring me safely through all this strife of tongues. I mean to keep quiet (D.V.), and let them say what they will. All their attacks only give me fresh errands to the throne of grace.

Yours very sincerely,

J. C. P.

( 116 )

TO JOSEPH PARRY.

Stamford, September 20, 1849.

My dear Friend,—It is a mercy that where the Lord has begun a good work He will carry it on, and bring it to perfection.

If it were not so, what hope could there be for such poor, dark, dead wretches, who can no more revive than they can quicken their own souls? And when we have no trials or temptations, or at least not heavy ones, how soon we sink

down into carnality and death. I dare say you find that nothing past, either trials or mercies, can do for the present; and that you need the Lord to set to His hand as much as if you had never known and felt anything of a vital nature.

I am, through mercy, better than I was after my Abingdon visit, but not so well as I could wish. I was remarkably well this time last year, and I then thought I was almost as well as before my illness in 1847. But I fear this will never be the case, and that I shall never know good health again. I still, however, continue to preach as usual, and walk out most days when the weather is tolerably fine. At present we have been mercifully preserved from cholera, having had only one case in the town, and that caught passing, it is supposed, through London. At a village near Oakham it has been rather severe. I hope the Lord may mercifully preserve us and our families from that dreadful disease, which has already carried off so many thousands. It has been very bad at Plymouth and Devonport; but through mercy those dear to us have hitherto escaped at Stoke. I think our Government very culpable in not having a day of national humiliation. Ahab and the city of Nineveh are quite scriptural precedents. As we are afflicted naturally and nationally, why should we not repent naturally and nationally? Some of my friends do not see with me in this matter, but I think my views are scriptural.

Poor dear M'Kenzie is at rest. There will appear (D.V.) a short account of his last days in the next *Standard*. He is taken away in the prime of life and, we might say, usefulness. Truly may we say, "God's thoughts are not our thoughts," etc. His death throws more labour and responsibility upon me; but for some time before his death I had most of the *Standard* work to do, and I have long had to endure the chief responsibility. I hardly know where to look for help in his room; and must, I suppose, for the present, at least, bear the undivided burden. It is an office that requires some judgement and experience, as well as some degree of literary qualification, and it is hard to find all these in one individual.

My mind has of late been more settled. That matter troubles me but little now. I believe it is a legalized gospel such as the Galatians were bewitched with; and we see from

it similar fruits: "biting and devouring one another." I hope to go on in my own path not moved by what is said for me or against me. It is through "evil report," as well as "good report," that ministers must pass. It is a mercy when the former does not cast down and the latter does not puff up.

You have had most beautiful weather for the harvest, and I hope have had a good crop. But prices are ruinous to the grower, and I fear will continue so. All things seem out of course. Thousands cut off by cholera, illness generally prevalent, much distress everywhere. And abroad still greater calamities. What a mercy amidst all the turmoil and strife to have eternal things to look to—a kingdom that cannot be moved! In twenty years it will probably little signify to you whether wheat sold in 1849 for 20s. or 40s. a sack; but it will much matter whether your soul is in heaven or hell. When the cold winds off the downs are whistling over your grave, or the warm sun sleeping on it, what will it matter whether sheep sold badly or well at the fair? Could we realize eternal things more we should be less anxious about temporal things (2 Cor. iv. 18). It is only our unbelief and carnality which fetter us down to the poor things of time and sense. "Lord, increase our faith."

Through mercy we are all well, and this is a great mercy, for the town is full of sickness, chiefly small-pox, and many, especially children, have died. I consider ourselves favoured in having a healthy locality to dwell in.

Yours very affectionately,

J. C. P.

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## APPENDIX I.

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### WILLIAM GADSBY.

A Tribute of High Esteem and Love.

By J. C. PHILPOT.\*

WHEN the Lord called to Himself the soul of our dear friend, William Gadsby, with truth it might be said, "There is a great man fallen this day in Israel" (2 Sam. iii. 38). We believe we are but speaking in full unison with the feelings and sentiments of the living family of God in this country when we say that, taking him all in all, we have lost in Mr. Gadsby the greatest minister that God has raised up since the days of Huntington.

Our remarks we may conveniently throw under two heads—what he was viewed *naturally*—and what he was viewed *spiritually*.

1. *His natural intellect* seems to us to have been singularly clear, sound, penetrating, and sagacious. We have in our day met with men of more capacious mind, greater reasoning powers, and more varied and versatile talents, but with few or none so quick-sighted and ready-witted. He seemed at once intuitively to penetrate through the folds of delusion and error, and with a glance of his eye to look into the very heart of everything that he turned his attention to. We venture to say that few persons ever spoke to Mr. Gadsby without his knowing pretty well the end of the sentence before they had got halfway through it, or before his quick and humorous eye had not already deciphered the character of the speaker. His quick, ready-witted replies, embodying so much in a few words, will be long remembered by those who heard them from the pulpit or in the parlour. Though not possessed of much education (an advantage, by the way, much overrated), he was a man of much reflection, and may be said in this way to have educated his own mind far better than school or college could have done for him. His mind was of that class which rises according to the emergency. Some minds sink and fail when unwonted circumstances and pressing difficulties arise. . . . But there are other minds (and Mr. Gadsby's was one of that class) which rise with, and are called out by difficulties and emergencies, and shine most conspicuously when weaker minds give way. The Lord had appointed Mr. Gadsby to be a leader, and to stand for half a century in the front rank of His spiritual army. He therefore bestowed upon him a mind not to be daunted with difficulties and dangers, but to rise with and to be ready for every new emergency. He was to occupy a post also in keen-witted and en-

\* *Gospel Standard*, 1844, pp. 150—156.

ergetic Manchester, where, perhaps, of all places in the kingdom, strength, decision, and soundness of mind are most required; and to labour much in the North, where brains or the want of them are quickly perceived by its sagacious inhabitants. The Lord therefore gave him a mind eminently adapted for his post. Classics and mathematics, grammar and history, and all the lumber of academic learning were not needed; but an acute, sagacious, clear, and sound understanding was required for such a commanding post as Mr. Gadsby was to occupy. We only knew him when his mental faculties were guided by grace, and made to glorify God; but, viewed in that light, we consider that his mental endowments were admirably fitted for his post.

2. *Benevolence and sympathy* with suffering, in every shape and form, we believe to have been natural to Mr. Gadsby; and though it may be hard to define to what extent and in what direction grace enlarged and guided his natural disposition, we do not doubt that, even had he lived and died in a state of nature, the character of humanity, kindness and affection, would have been stamped upon his memory.

3. *A great love of liberty*, and hatred of real or supposed oppression, was another striking natural feature in his character. This, we have thought, sometimes drew him into scenes, and brought him into contact with politics more than becomes a minister of the gospel. But he had this excuse, which we willingly offer, that he never interfered with political subjects where he did not see, or where he was not fully persuaded he saw, some oppression inflicted upon, or intended for the poor and needy. . . .

But we pass on to view him *spiritually*, and here we freely confess our inability to do him justice. . . . We shall briefly mention first what strike us as the prominent features of his ministry, and then what we have observed in him as connected with his Christian profession.

*Thorough soundness in every point* seems to have been peculiarly stamped upon his ministry. Whether he handled doctrine, experience, or precept, his speech and his preaching were sound, clear and scriptural. We know no preacher who was so equally great in these three leading branches of the Christian ministry. Some may have excelled him in clearness and fulness of doctrinal statement; others may have entered more deeply and fully into a Christian's diversified experience; and others may have more powerfully enforced the precepts of the gospel. But we never heard anyone who was so uniformly great in all; and so clearly, ably and scripturally gave to each their place, and yet blended their distinct colours into one harmonious gospel tint. In doctrine he was not dry, in experience he was not visionary, and in precept he was not legal; but, in a way peculiarly his own, he so worked them up together that they were distinct and yet united, relieving each other without confusion, and like the three strands of a rope, strengthening each other without cumbrous knot or loose tangle.

In handling *doctrine* he showed "uncorruptness" (Titus ii. 7), and was singularly free from fanciful interpretations, strained and mystical views upon dark texts, and that false spiritualisation which passes with many for wondrous depth, but which he valued at its due worth. In reading his published sermons we have been much struck with the soundness, clearness, simplicity and sobriety of his interpretations. He saw too clearly that his doctrine was the doctrine of the Scriptures to wrest any part of the Word from its connexion, or to rest a truth upon a text which did not clearly declare it, when there were so many passages in which the Holy Ghost had plainly revealed it. His object was not that W. Gadsby should be admired for his ingenuity, subtlety, depth of eloquence, but that the God of all grace should be glorified. He did not dare to make the pulpit a stage for creature display, still less a platform from which he might keep up a perpetual excitement by some new view of a passage, some startling paradox, some dazzling array of figures and illustrations—the whole sermon being to illustrate this text, "Who so great a man as I?"

In *doctrine* his favourite topic was the union of the Church with her covenant Head, and all the spiritual blessings that spring out of that union. Nor did he ever keep back the grand truths which are usually denominated *Calvinistic*, but which should rather be called *Bible* truths.

*Election*, in particular, was a point he much dwelt upon, and it usually occupied a prominent place in all his discourses. No man was less afraid of the doctrine frightening and alarming people, or being a stumbling-block in the way of the enquirer. He had no idea of smuggling people into religion, and insinuating Calvinism so gently that they were made Calvinists almost before they knew it. He knew that the doctrine was of God; and, as the servant of God, he proclaimed it on the walls of Zion.

The doctrine of *the Trinity* too was a darling topic with him. He well knew that it was the grand foundation stone of revealed truth, and that out of a Triune God flowed all the mercies and blessings that are bestowed upon the Church of Christ.

In a word, he held "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth." No novelty in doctrine allured him from the old path. For nearly fifty years he stood upon the battlements of Zion, holding forth the word of life; and from the beginning to the end of his ministry maintained, with undeviating consistency, the same glorious truths, and sealed them at last with his dying breath.

"Among innumerable false, unmoved,  
Unshaken, unseduced, unterrified,  
His loyalty he kept, his love and zeal;  
Nor number, nor example, with him wrought,  
To swerve from truth, or change his constant mind,  
Though single."

In handling *experience*, into which he seemed more particularly led during the latter years of his life, he neither set up a very high nor a

very low standard. But he always insisted strongly upon such an experimental knowledge of the spirituality of God's law as should completely throw down and cut to pieces all creature righteousness, and always contended for such an experimental knowledge of Christ as should bring pardon and peace. No man ever, we believe, expressed himself more strongly upon the deep corruption of the heart, its deceitfulness, horrible filthiness, and thorough helplessness. One point we have often admired in his ministry; he would touch upon such spots as no other minister that we know ever dared approach. And this he did in a way peculiar to himself. He did not give glowing descriptions of human depravity; but sometimes in a way of warning, and sometimes with self-abhorrence, and sometimes as a word of encouragement to poor backsliders, he would touch upon sins which would make pious professors lift up their eyes with mock horror. But he hit the right nail on the head, as many of God's children know to their soul's joy. Of sin he never spoke but with the greatest abhorrence; but he was not one of those who are all holiness in the pulpit, and all filthiness out of it.

Another point which we have thought he handled in a way peculiarly his own, and with great sweetness and power, was, to use his favourite expression, "*the riches of matchless grace.*" Were we to mention a text which seems to sum up his preaching, it would be Rom. v. 20, 21, "Moreover the law entered that sin might abound"—(these were his views upon the law); "but where sin abounded" (what a field for opening up, as he would sometimes do, the aboundings of inward sin and filth!) "grace did much more abound"—here he was at home in tracing out the glories of sovereign, distinguishing grace. The glory of God's grace, from its first rise in the eternal covenant to its full consummation in future blessedness, was indeed his darling theme. When speaking of the heights of superangelic glory to which the blessed Redeemer had raised the Church, he was sometimes carried, as it were, beyond himself. A grandeur and dignity clothed his ideas, and he spoke with such power and authority, that it seemed almost as if he had been in the third heaven, and was come back to tell us what he had seen and heard there.

*Great originality*, all must admit, was stamped upon his ministry. His ideas and expressions were borrowed from none. His figures and comparisons were singularly original and apposite, and generally conveyed his meaning in a striking manner. Few men's reported sermons bear reading so well as his—that great test whether there is any sterling stuff in them. Very simple, and yet very clear, very full of matter, and that of the choicest kind, with the text thoroughly worked out, and that in the most experimental manner. . .

A friend of ours and his well characterised, we think, in one sentence Mr. Gadsby's ministry. "It contains," said he, "the cream of all the preachers I ever heard." We think this was a happy expression. His sermons were not skimmed milk, or London sky blue, but were rich in unction, savour, and power, and possessed a fulness and depth such as we find in no other reported sermons that we have seen.



But our limits remind us that we must not dwell too long upon his ministry, and therefore we proceed to drop a few hints on his Christian character, more especially as it came under our personal observation.

1. One feature we have often admired in Mr. Gadsby's character--*his singular humility*. Who ever heard him angle for praise? Who ever heard him boasting of, or even alluding to, his popularity as a preacher, his large congregation, his gifts for the ministry, his acceptance with the people of God, his numerous invitations to preach at different places, and the blessing that generally rested upon his pulpit labours? Who ever perceived him, in the most indirect manner, fishing to learn who had heard him well, and dabbling in that wretched love of flattery which, disgusting in all, is doubly so in the ministers of the gospel? We have seen him, after some of the grandest sermons we have ever heard in our lives, sitting with no self-approving smile upon his countenance, no mock-bashful looks as if waiting to receive the incense of flattery, no self-enthroned dignity of state as king of the pulpit and lord of the vestry, but like a little child, simple and humble, the chief of sinners, and less than the least of all saints. Great as he was as a minister, and deservedly esteemed and loved, there was nothing in him of the great Don. No man was ever more free from priestly dignity or fleshly holiness. It was not with him, "I am the great man to be listened to by my knot of admirers; what I say is law; and all you have to do is to approve." Such parlour priest-craft the honest soul of William Gadsby abhorred.

2. His conduct out of the pulpit, as far as our observation goes, was singularly consistent with all his profession in it. We do not speak here of mere outward consistency. And who in his ministry of fifty years, and what but a lying tongue, ever found a visible blemish there? But in the little observances of life, who ever entertained a more courteous visitor than he? Who of the numerous friends who at different places received him into their houses ever saw in him an overbearing, fretful, covetous, selfish, proud disposition? Kindness and friendship, and courtesy to all, sometimes even to a fault, shone forth in him.

3. And who ever heard him slander and backbite, or retail news from house to house? Admitted as he was into the bosom of so many families, who ever knew him to talk of what he must have seen and witnessed in so many places? Naturally disposed to humour, what a fund there would have been for his quick and ready-witted tongue! But who ever heard him make any allusion, except to the kindness of his entertainers, or who ever knew him carry tales from one end of England to the other?

4. How singularly free, too, was our departed friend from running down and depreciating brother ministers! We never once heard him drop an unkind allusion or say a disparaging word against a minister of truth. His hand never carried a secret dagger to stab his brethren with. On the contrary, we have thought him too open-hearted and long-armed, and too ready to receive as men of God

ministers whose only recommendation was a sound Calvinistic creed. If he erred, it was that he thought and spoke too well of some professing godliness from whom the mask has since dropped. But of this a minister might be sure, that if Mr. Gadsby received him as a brother, he treated him as such behind his back as well as before his face. He never sought to exalt himself by depreciating them, and was the last to say a word to their discredit, or which, if repeated, would wound their minds.

5. And to this we may add, that, as he was the last to depreciate, so was he the last to flatter. His kindness and brotherly love kept him from the one, and his sincerity preserved him from the other. He neither said rude things to wound, nor smooth things to please; he did not tyrannize with violent temper, nor fawn with canting servility; he neither took liberties nor allowed them; he knew his place and kept it; and whilst, by a calm, courteous demeanour, he preserved the respect due to him as a Christian man and minister, he was frank, free, and obliging. In fact, he rather erred, now and then, as we have hinted, on the side of courtesy. He was desirous of making himself agreeable, and sometimes this led him to repeat the thrice-told tale, and tell the well-known anecdote, sometimes humorous, but usually profitable in its intention, and almost always to depreciate himself.

But we feel we must stop. Our limits do not allow us to dwell upon his extensive labours in the ministry, his frequent and long journeyings to preach the gospel, his self-denying and temperate habits of life, his prudence in domestic and pecuniary matters, his kindness and liberality to the poor, the noble manliness of his character, and his entire freedom from cant, hypocrisy, and whine. We highly esteemed and loved him, and revere his memory with growing affection. We consider it a privilege to have known him, and would not be in the ranks of those who despised or slandered him for a thousand worlds.

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## APPENDIX II.

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### JOHN WARBURTON.

A Tribute of Affection and Regard.

BY J. C. PHILPOT.\*

WHO that knows anything of the wondrous doings and dealings of the Lord in providence and grace can say that miracles have ceased? It is true that the croaking raven no longer brings bread and flesh morning and evening to an Elijah by the brook Cherith; nor does the palsied leave his bed, or the dead come out of his grave, as in the days when Jesus walked here below; but wonders as great, though less visible to the eye of sense, are daily and hourly wrought by the same Jesus, now sitting at the right hand of God.

The life and death of our dear and esteemed friend, the late Mr. Warburton, proclaim this truth as with trumpet tongue to those who have ears to hear, and write it up, as with a ray of light, to those who have eyes to see how great are the signs of the Lord, and how mighty His wonders to those who fear and love His great Name among the children of men. He was indeed a special instance of those miracles of providence and grace which testify to the power and presence, the mercy and love of a Covenant Jehovah. But most Christians have a history of their own, a wondrous tale to tell of the providence of God, as displayed in their past life; dull, indeed, and trivial to carnal men, unimportant and uninteresting, if not a scoff and a jest, to such as would push God out of the government of His own world, but precious beyond all price to themselves, as affording them, through its intimate connection with the work of grace, blessed evidences of their present sonship and future inheritance. When faith is in living exercise, and can roll out and read the long, and, it may be, intricate scroll of bygone years, sweet is it to see the providence of God in well nigh every line. However long may be the chain, it is all linked together from beginning to end, nor can one link be severed without breaking asunder the connection of the whole.

Why born of such and such parents; why so, in earliest infancy, brought up; why so circumstanced in childhood; why so situated in this or that locality; why exposed at this or that period, to such trials and difficulties; why directed to such a spot as years grew on; why, in tender youth, cast into this or that deep trouble, and heart-breaking sorrow; why these fair prospects blighted, these

\* *Gospel Standard*, 1857, pp. 190—195.

warm affections withered, these airy castles shattered, when least expecting, and least able to bear the shock; why this sudden and unexpected turn of events, bringing on the hour when grace first visited their souls; all who have any living experience of the path of the just have their individual life-history in which they can at times trace the wonder-working hand of God, holding the marvellous chain, and winding out link by link all these varied circumstances.

All, it is true, cannot tell the moving history recorded in the "Mercies of a Covenant God." They have neither had the deep troubles nor the blessed deliverances of the Lancashire weaver. Their goods have not been marked for rent, nor they and their children trundled off to the workhouse. They have not had the heavy trials in their families, in their churches, or in their own souls, which Infinite Wisdom had assigned to our departed friend. Still less have they had his great blessings and powerful manifestations of the love and goodness of God in providence and grace; nor has their tongue, if ministers, been clothed with that rich savour and divine unction which so marked his words in the pulpit, and in the parlour.

God designed him for a great work in the Church of Christ, and therefore abundantly and eminently qualified him for it. However at the time hidden from his eyes, his heavy trials in providence; his deep and long poverty; the sinkings of his own desponding mind; the continual embarrassments into which he was plunged; his dismal and gloomy forebodings of a still worse future; his fears of bringing a reproach on the cause of God; the temptations of Satan with which he was assailed; the hidings of the Lord's face; his quakings and tremblings lest he had run unsent, and the whole series of anxiety and distress through which he was called to pass; all, connected as they were with the manifestations of God's love and mercy to his soul, were mysteriously tending to make him what he eventually was, a minister to the suffering Church of Christ, a feeder of the flock of slaughter, a feeling experimental man of God to the mourners in Zion, the broken in heart, and the contrite in spirit. As in Paul He chose an instrument wherein "to show forth all long-suffering to them which should hereafter believe on Him to everlasting life," so in John Warburton the Lord chose a vessel of mercy to show the power of His grace above all the wisdom of the creature.

But it has been well and wisely said that though God saves by "the foolishness of preaching," He does not send fools to preach. This is eminently true in the instance before us. Mr. Warburton was not a man of learning, or even much education; but he was naturally possessed of a sound, vigorous understanding, without which original gift mere school-cram is nearly useless. Great mistakes prevail on this head. Education is one of the grand idols of the present day, and is continually spoken of and cried up as the one thing needful, not only to root out of the land all immorality and vice, but to con-

vert the rising generation into a race of philosophers, lawyers, statesmen and divines. It is quietly assumed almost as a first principle, a mere matter of course, that the mind of man is naturally like a peach tree or a vine, which has only to be trained in a certain way and laid in to a certain length, and it is sure then to produce unceasing crops of fruit; or that it resembles a bale of Sea Island cotton, which may be scutched and carded, doubled and drawn, twisted and spun, woven and printed into any length, shape, size, and pattern that the manufacturer chooses. Just as if the original force, and feebleness of the mind, its natural quality and staple, were of no account; and just as if education could convert a weak intellect into a strong one, and schools and colleges turn out Miltons and Bacons by contract, at so much a gross. When the plane and French polish can make a mahogany table out of a deal board, and the willy and the spinning-jenny tear and twist London shoddy into Australian wool, then will the school and the academy turn a noodle into a Newton, and educate a blockhead into a genius. We do not deny that education will, according to the literal meaning of the word, *draw* out what is in the mind—but it must be *in* first. You may draw and draw, but your thread will never have any strength or length, unless there be at the bottom the needful staple and the requisite supply.

What Mr. Warburton might have been, had his naturally strong and vigorous intellect been cultivated by a sound education in early boyhood and youth, cannot now be said. But most probably, we might rather say most certainly, it would have spoiled him. We might have had Warburton the acute lawyer, or Warburton the learned divine; but we should not have had Warburton the preacher, Warburton the feeling and experimental minister, the tried and exercised man of God. That he might not be thus spoiled, God Himself took charge of his education, by placing him in early youth, not in an academy for young gentlemen, nor in a classical and commercial establishment, but in the school of Christ. Moses was made his schoolmaster, and first caught hold of him in Bolton Church, where, instead of charming his ears with the tones of the new organ, he sounded in them such a terrible peal of death, hell, and judgement to come, that his pupil dropped down half dead at his feet. Here he learnt his A B C in experimental religion; here Moses shook over him for the first time the rod; here the first lesson set him, amidst many sighs and tears, was to learn to spell the first letter of that dreadful sentence: "Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things written in the book of the law to do them." What school or college could have experimentally taught him what he first learned in Bolton Church—that he was a sinner, under the curse of God's righteous law? What laboured course of lectures, free library, or mechanics' institute could have made him cry out, "God be merciful to me a sinner," all the way home, till his breast bone was sore?

Education is admirable in its way, excellent for a time state; but no education, classical, theological, moral, or religious, could

have made, though it might have marred, a John Warburton, either as a Christian or a minister, or brought him with sighs and groans to the Redeemer's feet. And when peace and pardon first reached his heart, when rich, free, sovereign, and superabounding grace poured salvation into his soul, as he sat in Mr. Roby's chapel, he learned more in one moment what the love of God was, whence it came, and whither it led, what it could do, and what bliss and blessedness it could create, than all the doctors and proctors, pastors and masters, schoolmasters or scholars, lecturers or libraries, teachers or tutors, could have taught him in half a century. When fierce temptations assailed his soul, when hell rose up in arms, and Satan, enraged to see so apt a tool lost to his service and enlisted in God's, hurled his fiery darts thick and fast against him, he was still at school, still learning better and wiser lessons than the Academy or the University could have taught him.

When dark clouds rested upon him in providence, when poverty and want knocked hard at his door, when little work and scanty wages, hard times and an increasing family plunged him into a sea of embarrassment and distress, he was still learning deep and blessed lessons, never taught at Cheshunt or learnt at Bradford. When the clouds of darkness broke in showers upon his head, when the Sun of righteousness gleamed upon his path, in providence and grace, when he could set up an Ebenezer here and a hill Mizar there; when he could "look from the top of Shenir and Hermon, from the lions' dens, from the mountains of the leopards," and see the valley beneath all flowing with milk and wine, what books or book-makers could have taught him there was such a God in Israel, or have raised up in his heart such faith, hope, and love towards Him? So with all his long experience of the ups and downs, ins and outs, joys and sorrows, risings and sinkings, feasting and fastings, smiles and tears, songs and sighs, mercies and miseries, heavens and hells of a living experience, what substitute could be found in human genius, or human learning, for this course of heavenly instruction?

We are not setting up Mr. Warburton, but the grace of God in him. We are not daubing his memory with fulsome eulogy, extolling and idolising a worm of earth, or dressing out his poor cold remains with carnal flattery and empty praise. Could he speak out of the grave-yard, he would bid us be silent with that voice which has struck awe into whole congregations, and would admonish us in tones that would make us tremble, to ascribe the glory first and last to God. By the grace of God alone he was what he was. Grace began, grace carried on, and grace completed the whole work, from first to last, upon his soul. Great, especially in his early days, were his afflictions, and proportionately great were his consolations. But the Lord was with him in all his troubles and sorrows, temporal and spiritual, and brought him triumphant through them all. His debts which had lain so heavy a burden upon him for many years, he was enabled honourably and fully to discharge, mainly through

the blessing of the Lord resting on his little work, "The Mercies of a Covenant God." Thus his very providential trials proved providential blessings, and his debts were paid by his experience of their burden. Yet many were his mercies, if many his miseries. He was blessed with a large measure of health and strength for many years; was favoured with an affectionate wife and family, some of whom he had the happiness of seeing called by grace; was much loved and esteemed by the church of Christ, to which he was made so signal a blessing; was spared to a good old age, without many of its usual infirmities; was sweetly supported on his bed of sickness and languishing by the presence and love of his dear Lord; and, after many longings to be gone, yielded up his spirit into His bosom with "Hallelujah" upon his lips.

He was not, indeed, without his faults and failings; but these much sprang from, and were closely connected with, the warmth of his natural feelings. If at times he was irritable, it arose, not from moroseness and sullenness of temper, but from that same depth and warmth of feeling which, flowing in another channel, made him so fond of his wife, children and grandchildren, and so opened his heart to sympathise with their afflictions and trials, and take such a lively interest in all their concerns. He was also often considered arbitrary with his church and congregation; but Scripture and experience alike show that in a church, as in every other body, there must be order and government. If then the pastor do not exercise his legitimate influence and authority, there are those in every church who will rule the rest if they can; and as the other members will not quietly submit to this, the necessary consequence is strife and confusion. If Mr. Warburton held the reins with a firm hand, and sometimes sharply lashed the unruly, it was, in most cases, for the general good of the whole. He viewed himself as the father of the church and congregation, as indeed he was, for the former was chiefly made up of his spiritual children, and the latter was gathered and kept together by his gifts and grace. If then, as a father, he fed them, as a father he thought it right to govern them. His post was to lead, not to follow; to rule and govern, not to yield and obey. If sometimes he stretched his power beyond the usual limits of a pastor, and used the rod as well as the crook in ruling the church and congregation committed to his charge, it was not to exalt himself, make divisions, or introduce error, but for the good of the cause and the glory of God. He was naturally gifted with much sound good sense, knew the weakness and wickedness of the human heart, and seeing how soon divisions arise in a church, and what havoc they make of its prosperity and peace, he at once, with his broad, weighty foot, trampled upon the rising flame which other ministers, of weaker and less determined minds, would let smoulder on, lest, in putting it out, they should burn their own fingers. Want of order and discipline is a prevailing evil in our churches; and when a pastor uses the authority which the Lord has given him to rule as well as feed the church,

a cry is soon raised by those who are opposed to all order and discipline that he is tyrannical and arbitrary. He might sometimes, when thwarted and opposed, speak sharply, and look angry; and there was something in his fine, portly person, commanding look, and loud voice, that struck terror into the timid and silenced the talkative, but a tenderer heart never beat before the throne of grace and at the footstool of mercy. There indeed he was a little child, a babe, a humble, broken-hearted sinner. Much has been said of his temper and obstinacy, especially of late years, when painful divisions broke out in his church. But we challenge all his opponents and detractors to name a minister more broken and humble than he was before God. We have known many ministers, many good and gracious servants of God, but we never knew a man more tender in real soul feeling, more broken, and simple, and child-like, when the hand of God was upon him. His temper was naturally stubborn and obstinate, but this made the contrast all the greater to what he was by grace. Thousands can testify to what he was in the pulpit. No one who knows what spiritual tenderness, divine sensations, and heavenly blessings are, could hear him pray or preach, when the Lord was with him, without feeling there was a peculiar savour and power in his words. This dew and unction, with which he was favoured above any living minister, made him so acceptable to the tried and experienced family of God. It was not his gifts of eloquence, or powers of thought and expression; it was not the beauty of his language, or the force of his arguments, for in these external things he did not shine, that drew such crowds to hear him in London and the country, but the peculiar savour and sweetness that dropped from his lips. He was truly and peculiarly an experimental minister of God's truth. He preached what he knew in his own soul by the power of God; what he had tasted, felt, and handled of the word of life for himself; what had been wrought in his heart and conscience by the operations and influences of the Holy Ghost. For him it was eminently true, that "the heart of the wise teacheth his mouth and addeth learning to his lips" (Prov. xvi. 23). He was, therefore, "a minister of the spirit, not of the letter," "a workman that needed not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth." He honoured God, and God honoured him.

No minister in these last fifty years, excepting Mr. Huntington and Mr. Gadsby, has been so blessed to the church of God, or had so many seals to his ministry. Let those men or ministers who, for years, have been snarling at him and secretly whispering their slanders, produce as many witnesses on their behalf. Let them search and see whether God has blessed them as He blessed him. Can they preach with his savour and power? Can they describe the trials and afflictions of the people of God as he could? or the feelings of the soul under His smiles, as he was enabled to do?



## APPENDIX III.

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### "TO THE PRAISE OF THE GLORY OF HIS GRACE."\*

BY

JOHN M'KENZIE.†

. . . For a considerable time back I have had exceeding fears of the reality of my Christianity, because I could not feel my own interest in the work of Christ satisfactorily; nor could I feel the Spirit bearing testimony to my spirit, that I was one of the sons and heirs of God, in that decided manner which I knew the Word of God set forth. I knew exceeding little of the bright and pleasant side of the Christian's experience; the black and painful side I have felt much and long. A sense of sin, guilt, vileness, darkness, doubts and fears; the workings of rebellion and tribulation, were my general feelings. But I well knew this was only one side of the question, and that there was a more decided and satisfactory revelation of Jesus to the soul, and a more feeling and distinct testifying of the Spirit to the conscience of our sonship, and a plainer handling of the "earnest penny" than I had ever felt. Consequently, I found myself as one "weighed in the balance and found wanting;" and such passages as the following would hunt me and pierce me to the heart: "The Spirit Itself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God;" "He who hath sealed us is God;" "Ye were sealed with that Holy Spirit of promise;" "God hath sent forth the Spirit of His Son into your heart, crying, Abba, Father." I thought the Spirit never had thus borne witness to mine, and that I had never been stamped with the living seal of God, nor could I say, "Abba, Father." And Paul confidently saying, "Christ loved me, and gave Himself for me," cut me to pieces. My tongue stammered, and I could not say plainly, "He died for me." When such passages overtook me, I would take refuge in knowing I was the subject of doubts and fears, despondency, darkness of mind, weakness, blindness, and ignorance; hungering and thirsting after righteousness; tossed with tempests, and not comforted; seeking water, and finding none, and plagued with sin and Satan's temptations; for the Word of God has spoken of such feelings as being the feelings of the living family of God. Consequently, I concluded I must be a child of God, and would then rest and comfort myself from this indifference as much as I could;

\* Ephesians i. 6.

† From a Letter in the *Gospel Standard*, 1838, pp. 185—189. See above, p. 41.

but, time after time I was roused from this *refuge of lies*, by such scriptures as the above, and by the thought that a real experimental Christian, taught of God, like a ladder, had two sides, the dark and the bright side; sorrow and joy, weakness and power, captivity and deliverance, tribulation and peace, mourning and gladness, fears and confidences, despair and hope, the warring of sin and the reigning of grace. I saw, in the spiritual man, every distress and affliction of soul, from the hand of God, had a deliverance corresponding to that distress by the same hand. I could not, therefore, altogether rest, but was often very uneasy; but I was never brought up to the standard of truth, nailed to the spot and kept there, till the 2nd of March last (1838), when I met with Mr. Philpot's sermon, entitled, "Winter afore Harvest," etc., which the Lord made the means of sweeping away my refuges. The first words that apprehended me were these, "that a true beginning is a beginning felt." I thought I could not tell when I *felt* God *begin* with my soul, though I was satisfied I *felt* the very things he described; yet, I could not tell the time when I *first felt* them. This threw me into an extreme agony of soul, for I thought, sure enough, all my religion and experience were nothing but fleshly and counterfeit; and all my soul trouble and conviction of sin, were only skin deep, like the false lepers. (Lev. xiii. 4—6). As I read the sermon through, I perceived such clearness, decision, separation, and pointed deliverance from felt trouble, that I could not get away from under it. It held me to the standard of truth, and would not let me go. As usual, I endeavoured to keep my standing, but it was to no purpose; and my evidences in the dark side of my experience, in which I had formerly taken refuge, were not worth one farthing to me now.

Nothing could satisfy me but a more sensible manifestation of Christ to my soul than I had ever felt, a clearer witnessing of the Spirit to my spirit that I was a son and heir of God. Without experiencing this, I could not rest; this I had not, this I could not get. Then I fell into the soul-sinking jaws of despair and fear. Deeply distressed I sighed, and groaned and wrestled and cried, and prayed, and besought the Lord to reveal Himself to my soul, and give me the spirit of adoption. But, no; all my groaning and crying seemed to be in vain; and in the midst of my wrestlings with God, the devil in a moment would fill me with infidel doubts, telling me there was no God, and what a fool I was for praying and crying to nothing; thus, in a moment, sweeping all away, and leaving me in unutterable misery. Who knows the distracting misery and anguish a soul feels when pressed out of measure with sorrow, groaning, and sighing forth its complaint to God? The devil in a moment persuades it there is no such thing as a God. Day and night my heart was filled with sorrow and fretting, begging and beseeching God to let me know Christ died for me, and that He would show me His salvation. But the heavens seemed as brass, and the Lord seemed regardless of my prayers, and at an immense distance from me. Then I would faint, and sink, and despair; and, at other

times, I would kick and rebel, then sulk and pet; then, again, a fit of wrestling, sighing, and groaning. A spark of hope would spring up in an instant; would be swallowed up in despair; would think and ponder over my state in the day, and sigh and groan in the night. "My soul was filled with bitterness" (Lam. iii. 15); "my lamentation was grievous;" "I went mourning without the sun;" "with my face toward the wall, like a crane and swallow, so did I chatter;" "I mourned like a dove, mine eyes failed me with looking forward;" "I was of a sorrowful spirit," and "refused to be comforted;" "my soul abhorred all manner of meat" (Job xxxiii. 20; Psa. cvii. 18). I was sick of myself and others. So heavy did it lie upon me, that one night when I should have preached, I could not, and did not. Election and reprobation were horrible to me, and made me tremble. The promises and invitations sickened my soul; pointed deliverance out of troubles provoked and galled me; and I could see the Word of God, and John Warburton's book, full of them; nor could I muster one spark of faith to believe that God would deliver me. In this state, the language of Job entered into the very vitals of my heart, where he says, "O that my grief were thoroughly weighed, and my calamity laid in the balances together, for now it would be heavier than the sand of the sea; therefore, my words are swallowed up;" "If I say, I will forget my complaint, I will leave off my heaviness and comfort myself; I am afraid of all my sorrows, I know that Thou wilt not hold me innocent;" "My soul is weary of my life; I will leave my complaint upon myself, I will speak in the bitterness of my soul;" "Though I speak, my grief is not assuaged; and though I forbear, what am I eased? But, now He hath made me weary;" "He hath fenced up my way that I cannot pass, and He hath set darkness in my path;" "My hope hath He removed as a tree;" "The days of affliction have taken hold upon me;" "I cried unto Thee, and Thou didst not hear me; I stood up, and Thou regardest me not;" "He is in one mind, and who can turn Him?" "O that I knew where I might find Him: that I might come even to His seat! I would order my cause before Him, and fill my mouth with arguments;" "but it is not so with me." So full of bitterness was I, that I said to myself, "If I had called, and He answered me, yet would I not believe that He had hearkened unto my voice." (Job xxiii. and xxx.) Psa. lxx., lxxviii., lxxxviii., cii. 1-12, and cxxxvii., I could now enter into, and understand in a way I never did before. Hannah and Hezekiah's faces fit mine, like face to face in a glass. (See 1 Sam. i. and Isa. xxxviii.). Under this affliction of soul I continued for ten successive days, until June 15th, when the Lord, of His own free mercy, was pleased to turn my captivity.

I would just observe here, of all the lessons for stripping a man of his peacock feathers, and robbing him of his brain-religion, crumpling his soul into nothing, and bringing him into the "dust of death," such as these are the most effectual. A man knows nothing worth a pin of godly humility, childlike simplicity, gravity, sin-

cerity, uncorruptedness, and singleness of heart before God and man, without having been brought through some of these fires. But to state my deliverance.

On the 15th of June, as I was reading John viii. 31—36, the Comforter was pleased to shine on the words and in my heart, with such glorious light and power, that the very words sounded in my ears, as if spoken directly from Christ's own mouth. In them I saw and felt Jesus as the *law-fulfiller*, *sin-bearer*, and *absolute Saviour* of poor law- and sin-bondaged souls in such a clear and glorious light, that I stood amazed and astonished with wonder at the goodness, mercy, and rich grace of God to poor souls. The glorious and blessed freedom I beheld in Christ for His people, ravished my heart, broke it to pieces, and filled it to the brim with a glowing gladness and rejoicing, so that I could not refrain from blessing and praising His precious Name. The following passages were also made very sweet to my taste: 1 Cor. xv. 55—57; Rom. iii. 21—24; vii. 24, 25; Gal. iii. 13; iv. 1—7. I now felt as visible a change in my soul as there is betwixt light and darkness. I looked for my trouble, sorrow, and distress, but I could not find it; it was gone; the Lord had done it, and it could not be reversed; "When He giveth quietness, who can make trouble?" "The Lord killeth, and maketh alive; He woundeth, and His hands make whole." I could no more see any trouble now than I could rejoice and feel peace before. There was a complete change—"the oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness;" "Instead of the thorn came up the fir tree, and instead of the brier came up the myrtle tree;" "The desert rejoiced, and blossomed as the rose;" "In the wilderness waters broke forth, and streams in the desert;" "The thirsty land became springs of water;" in the dragon's den grew reeds and rushes. Jesus was exceedingly precious to my soul; "His fruit was sweet to my taste;" Himself "altogether lovely and chief among ten thousand;" "His left hand was under my head, and His right hand did embrace me." And what made it altogether so satisfying and dear to my soul was, that I felt as persuaded as I did of my own existence, that it was the blessed Comforter that was shining into my heart, and revealing Jesus so gloriously, and making the truth of God so sweet; the change in my feelings was so clear and sovereign, and the delight, pleasure, and gladness I felt so precious and supernatural-like. Like Abraham, I saw Christ's day and was glad, and like Moses, Deborah, Hannah, and Mary, "my soul magnified the Lord, and my spirit rejoiced in God my Saviour" (Luke i. 46, 47); for His "anger was turned away, and He comforted me, and did excellent things for me" (Isa. xii.). Since then, He has at times filled me with a sense of His power, rich grace, and good mercy so that I have felt my soul like "new bottles filled with wine, ready to burst" (Job xxxii. 19). I know something of the meaning of Samson's riddle, *without* ploughing with his heifer; and what Lazarus's sickness, death, grave-clothes, burial, stink-ing state, and resurrection mean; and some little of being "con-

formable to Christ's death and resurrection," and of coming "through fire and water into a wealthy place." I now feel as if I was living in a new element, breathing a new atmosphere, and moving from a new principle. Before, the Lord appeared as my *Baali* husband, and at an immense distance; now, He appears as my *Ishi* husband and near at hand.\* Now, what shall I say to these things in us, the humbling lessons of God? They speak forth His glorious honour and mighty majesty, in terrible, and mighty, and wondrous acts. (Psa. cxiv. 5, 6). They speak forth all, both in our behalf and in us, to be "to the praise of the glory of His grace." When a man is brought here, he learns to distinguish clearly the mighty difference between *living* and *dead* faith. What a blessed, mysterious, indescribable thing *spiritual faith*—the *living faith* of the Lord's living elect is, when put forth into exercise by the mighty power of God the Spirit! What heart-felt assurance, solid satisfaction, and heavenly peace it produces! How soul-cheering, heart-warming, and heart-gladdening it is! Well might Paul speak of its mighty acts, and great recompence or reward (Heb. x., xi.). And Peter calls it "precious faith." What a mighty contrast between it and the miserable little dead duty faith of presumptuous hypocrites and brazen-faced reprobates. The latter is of man, the former is from God; and each like its author.

In conclusion, I would say, no poor, distressed, mourning, law-tormented, sore-plagued soul need despair, after what God has done for me. In His own time, He will most assuredly "raise up the poor out of the dust, and lift up the beggar from the dunghill, to set them among princes, and to make them inherit the throne of glory" (1 Sam. ii. 8).

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\* Hosea ii. 16.

## APPENDIX IV.

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### GOD THE HOLY SPIRIT.\*

BY

JOHN KAY.

MANY professors will confess that the predestinating, electing love of God the Father, and the redeeming love of God the Son, are what the will and power of man have nothing to do with; but, the work of God the Holy Ghost they altogether, or in part, deny. Whereas, I believe the beginning, carrying on, and finishing of the work of redemption, manifested and built in each elect soul by the Holy Ghost alone, are as glorious, great, and good, as the work of the Father or the Son. The Holy Ghost is co-equal with the Father and the Son. Many will talk of the Father and the Son, but they will not say much about the Holy Ghost. So, it comes to pass that amongst many experimental Christians in this our day, there is ignorantly much of secret or manifest blasphemy against the Holy Ghost, which is the unpardonable sin. Ignorantly and in unbelief, some of the elect are somewhat guilty in this respect; but, no doubt, God the Spirit, as *their* MERCIFUL GOD, will bring them off such rotten and blasphemous ground, and will not let them walk on the varnished and dangerous tracks of free-will, as regards the Third Person in the Trinity, any more than they feel they can concerning predestinated election, or redemption, which are the glorious co-equal works of the Almighty Father and Son.

I insist upon it, that the Holy Ghost's quickening of an elect soul, and building Christ in the heart, are a work as vast as making a world, and are so extensive, loving, miraculous, and dreadful a work, as calling the whole world into existence.

The forbearance, the love, as well as the amazing greatness of the co-equal work of God the Holy Spirit, *every moment* (Isa. xxvii. 3) in an elect soul, are what I believe none, except the elect, have any more notion of than the dumb beasts have.

It is not merely the beginning, but it is the carrying on and finishing of the work, that makes the blessed God the Holy Spirit's work so wonderful to an elect soul's view and experience. The *beginning* is like calling a man out of his grave; but the *renewings* of the Holy Spirit, over and above His regeneration in the beginning of the work, are as wonderful. For God is provoked every day. The flesh

\* The *Gospel Standard*, 1827, pp. 87—90. See *The Seceders*, Vol. I., p. 52. See above, p. 63.

lusteth against the Spirit. To be renewed day by day, even unto the end, is as great a miracle *daily*, as regeneration was at the first. Was Lazarus dead, and by this time, said his sisters, he stinketh? So, if the new man of the heart is not continually fed, nourished, and cherished, from the hands of Almighty God Himself, the building and the husbandry of salvation in the soul would drop and come to nothing. "All Thy saints are in *Thy hand*," said the psalmist: "Thou givest them their meat in due season." And the marvellous renewings, as well as regeneration, make the work of God the Holy Spirit as great, astonishing, and almighty as the supreme predestinations of the Father, and the unfathomable love of the Son. I believe a regenerate elect person can no more renew his soul after it is regenerate, than he can make a world. The making of the world is the work of God, and so is the renewing of the Holy Ghost to a regenerate soul. It is a distinct, peculiar, and direct putting forth of the hand of God from time to time. No man can quicken his own soul. "Wilt *Thou* not revive us again?" says David. "All my *springs* are in Thee." The divine hand alone makes these springs to rise; when it is withdrawn, there is scarce anything but barrenness, darkness, condemnation, guilt, or death in the soul. In His light alone, we see light. "Wilt *Thou* not revive us again?" says the psalm-writer. Reviving means giving life afresh to a *regenerated* soul. Life is the gift of God: to Him belong the issues of life. If any one can create a world, then let him talk of renewing his own soul, or any other man's, after it is regenerated; but if he cannot create a world, then let him not ignorantly any more blaspheme against the Holy Ghost, by saying, or thinking, that the *co-equality* and glory of the Holy Spirit's quickenings and renewings, are not as much exalted beyond the reach of the will or power of man, as the solemn predestinations of the Father, or the transcendent love of God the ever-blessed Son and Redeemer.

Thus, the glory of the Holy Ghost shines out to the manifested elect, as illustriously, and exactly co-equal with the solemn and amazing realities of predestination and redemption. Oh! the tender and undeserved forbearance, yea, the unfathomable abyss of the mercy, kindness, and long-suffering of the Holy Spirit, in teaching, leading, and building, from first to last, in grace, such heavily tried, abominable, sin-intoxicated wretches, as the elect feel themselves to be! The Holy Spirit is *provoked* by them every day. They very often, alas! alas! are tempted to curse the blessed God to His face. Their carnal flesh, and mind, and nature, are *all against Him*. They have the plague of sin rioting in their heart. He manifestly saves every elect person contrary to the will of his carnal heart. The carnal heart hates salvation. It is all up-hill road that the Holy Spirit so condescendingly, lovingly, and gloriously leads every elect person by to the predestinated glory. The elect person's carnal nature fights like a lion against the Holy Spirit. Thus, as in the Shulamite, there is an army against him; and the condescending, divine, and *perfect* goodness of God the ever-blessed Holy Spirit,

as well as His amazing co-equal divinity with the Father and the Son is thus felt, known, and experienced in a continued certainty and manifestation, from time to time, by the elect. And they have no more communion than they have with Satan himself, with these empty professors of experimental religion, who talk as if they could pray when they liked, and as if God the Holy Ghost was some inferior God to the Father and Son.

The co-equality of the Holy Ghost, in the vastness of His work, *unhelped by man in the least*, is denied effectually, if not professedly, by most professors, in this awful day of false light and Bible knowledge. As for me, I have to be like David (Psa. lxxxv. 8): "I will hearken what the Lord God will say concerning me." I have to hearken, not to dictate; I have to wait for the moving of God the Holy Ghost on my soul. I have to wait for the dew, the power, the manifest feeling in my soul, by which God moves me to pray, and enables me to do so sensibly to my own internal apprehensions.

Divine prayer makes me *wait* for answers, makes me watch, observe, and ponder, how and in what way the Lord shapes His blessed answers to my groaning and roaring through the disquietness that is within me. And my praise is in the same manner. Nothing but *sensible* and *manifest* feelings will do for me now. And, oh! how my soul is cast down into the dust of self-hatred, and admiration at the condescension of God, that He in very deed will commune with me, a worm of hell, in and of myself, yea, even as a man communeth with his friend, face to face! For in and of myself, I believe there is not a greater fiend in hell than I am. I looked for hell, He brought me heaven.

This *undeserved*, discriminating love to me, of the electing and reprobating Sovereign, is too much for me to think of, much more to feel! that while He damns a vast part (Matt. vii. 13) of the human race, that I should be one of the elect! made to feel so at times, from extensive experience for many years, and to have the manifest and sensible bedewings, indulgences, and sacred comforts of the Holy Ghost day by day, in prayer and praise, in communion, in union, in ascending and descending to and from my most exalted and sacred heavenly Parent. It is too much for me! My soul is satiated, replenished, and filled to the brim, as it were, with adoring ecstasy, gratitude, and trembling joys! and my soul burns within me that I may be enabled in the greatest possible degree to be a credit to the gospel, by a holy and consistent life universally. "Oh, to grace how great a debtor!"

At one time, prayers of my own making, in *some* measure, were not abominable to me. But now, nothing but sensible dew, heaven-made communion, the *renewings* of the Spirit, and the *powerful* hand of God upon me, will satisfy or do good to my regenerate soul; so that the renewings of the Spirit are more to me than a mere word. The life, the breath, the food, the vital air of my soul consists *in them*.



Regeneration only sets eternal life a-going; but the renewings keep it on until the perfect day. Be this religion mine!

There is only one here or there that knows these things. But there are as many as God wishes there to be. A daily experience is only known under the renewings of the Spirit. A breathing cry, a feeling after God, prayer and its answers, praise and its transcendent joys, are parts of these divine incomings and outflowings of this unfading inheritance.

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## APPENDIX V.

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“UNITED IN ONE MIND AND ONE SPIRIT.”

A TOKEN OF REMEMBRANCE

BY

J. C. PHILPOT.\*

DEPARTED this life on Feb. 17, 1867, at 2 Maitland Park Villas, Haverstock Hill, Thomas Clowes, aged 78.

His afflicted widow has sent me a brief account of the closing scene of her beloved husband's last illness; and as a sweet and gracious testimony from the Lord to his everlasting salvation, it will, I believe, be read with pleasure and profit, not only by his Christian friends and fellow-members of the church in Gower Street, but by many of our readers who had not the pleasure or advantage of his personal acquaintance, but who will rejoice at another instance of the Lord's goodness and faithfulness to one of His redeemed people.

But as she has also kindly favoured me with a short narrative of his early experience, I shall first insert that, not only as an interesting introduction to her account of his last days on earth, but as confirming and establishing it as a blessed revival of the work of God upon his soul before He took him to be for ever with Himself.

“My late husband was born at Ormesby, in Norfolk, November 30th, 1788. He lost his mother when quite young, and grew up to manhood in all the vanities and so-called pleasures of the world. His first conviction of sin rose from a rebuke by his sister, after some jeering remark made by him on her return from taking the sacrament in the Church of England. This stroke of conviction never left him, embittering all his former pursuits and companionships. He soon after became acquainted with the late Dr. Alderson, a minister of great learning in the Church of England, as well as a partaker of the grace of God, to whom he was enabled to open up the workings of his mind, and in whom he found a sincere as well as a Christian friend. Dr. Alderson lent him many of Mr. Huntington's Works, observing at the same time that he considered him the greatest man since the days of the Apostles. He also advised him to go and hear Mr. Goymour, who preached the truth at a Baptist chapel at Yarmouth, and by whom he was subsequently baptized. Leaving Norfolk about the year 1818, he came into Oxford-

\* From the *Gospel Standard*, June, 1867, wrapper.

shire, first taking a farm at Park Corner, near Nettlebed, and afterwards at Long Wittenham, Berks, a village situated between Wallingford and Abingdon. He was at that time under such a deep law-work in his soul that he often feared to go to sleep, lest he should awake in hell. In this wretched state of mind he resolved to go to Trowbridge, accompanied by his friend Mr. Godfrey, to hear Mr. Warburton, who as well as Mr. Gadsby, used to stay at his house when he came to preach at Wallingford. Mr. Warburton took for his text in the morning, 'Call upon Me in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify Me' (Psa. l. 15). Under that sermon his soul was blessedly delivered, pardon sealed on his conscience, and the love of God shed abroad in his heart. I have heard him say that in that happy state of soul he walked in the enjoyment of the light of God's countenance for nearly twelve months.

MARIA CLOWES."

Here would naturally follow the account of his happy death from the same source, but as he was a most dear and valued friend of mine, one whom I had known for more than 33 years, and from whom I have received so many marks of Christian friendship and affection, I feel I could not be satisfied unless I prefaced the account of his last days with a few words from my own pen. And when I name that besides my long acquaintance with him, he has, for the last eleven years, always with the greatest kindness and hospitality entertained me under his own roof during my annual visits to Gower Street, I think I am not only bound by every tie of gratitude, as well as of esteem and affection, to render some little tribute to his memory, but shall be considered well qualified as an eyewitness to bear testimony to his Christian worth and value.

It was in the summer, I think, of 1833, that I first formed his acquaintance, through my dear friend, the late William Tiptaft, who gave me a letter of introduction to him. On calling with it, he received me most kindly, and after a little conversation, invited me to dine with him at Maida Hill, Middlesex, where he was then residing. This invitation I accepted, and spent the rest of the day with him. I was then on my way from Oxfordshire into Kent, where my widowed mother resided, and whom I generally visited every summer; and as I named this to him he invited me to come and see him again on my way back, which I did, and spent a few days at his house. At this time he sat under the late Mr. Henry Fowler at Gower Street, and though I was then in the Church of England, I gladly and willingly accompanied him to hear that faithful and experimental servant of God, little thinking that I should ever myself stand in the same pulpit. In the following summer he came down with his family to spend a little time at Wallingford; and there, as I was then residing at Stadhampton, Oxfordshire, about seven miles distant, our acquaintance was renewed, he coming over sometimes to hear me preach, and I visiting him in return. As I believe we

felt mutual Christian union, our acquaintance thus formed began now to ripen into some degree of friendship and intimacy.

Early in the next year he gave up his residence in London and went to live at Cholsey, near Wallingford, occupying a large farm there. This gave me fresh opportunity to see him, as about this time (March, 1835), I left the Church of England, and for some little time continued in that neighbourhood, preaching at Wallingford, Abingdon, etc., where he used to come and hear me at the chapels where I "supplied;" and I again visited him at Cholsey. I name these things to show that my acquaintance with him and knowledge of his Christian worth were not of recent date, or of slight character, for we were both free to converse on the things of God and were united in one mind and one spirit.

But as in the summer of 1835 I left that neighbourhood, and went to reside first at Allington in Wilts., and afterwards at Stamford, where for twenty-six years I took up my permanent abode, I saw but little of him for several years; for though I came continually to London, as he still lived in the country, we rarely met. But in the year 1847 he came again to reside permanently in London, and as he attended constantly at Eden Street chapel, our friendship became renewed from my annual visits to supply there. But during this period, through various causes, and perhaps among them the want of a profitable ministry, a great change had come over his spirit. He had lost much of that liveliness of soul which he had when I first knew him, and had dropped into a dull, barren state of mind, which made him shy of all Christian intercourse. He was always kept much in the fear of God, preserved from going into the world, from forsaking the truth, or falling into any evil; but through the power of temptation and soul-desertion, felt or feared that he had been deceived or deluded as to his personal experience of the power of God; and well knowing that all religion without walking in the light of divine realities was but a name to live, sank so low as almost to fall into despair. He never gave up reading the Scriptures, or attending the preached word; but it seemed, in his own feelings, as if for him there was no hope. But after long waiting in this sad place, it pleased the Lord to send upon him a very heavy temporal trial, and so borne down was he by it, that he felt that none but the Lord could help him under it and deliver him out of it. Whilst thus deeply exercised, he was one morning reading aloud Acts vii., and when he came to verse 9, "And the patriarchs, moved with envy, sold Joseph into Egypt; but God was with him," he was so overcome in his feelings that he instantly got up, went into the next room and fell on his knees before the Lord, telling Him that He could help and deliver him out of his temporal trial. He did not venture to ask Him for any spiritual deliverance, for his case there seemed hopeless, but he told the Lord that He could help him in his temporal trouble. As he was thus praying and supplicating, the Lord broke in upon his soul with the following promise: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these

things shall be added unto you;" and with it there came a sweet and blessed deliverance, not only from his temporal, but all his spiritual fears; for from that hour his captivity was turned, both in providence and in grace. Indeed from that time he became a new man, and as Elihu speaks, "returned to the days of his youth." Every grace and fruit of the Spirit seemed to spring up afresh, and grow in his soul, and his long dreary night of doubt and fear passed away. This surprising change opened his heart more to the preached word, and to the servants of God, of whom he had been somewhat shy, not from want of esteem for them, but fearing he had neither part nor lot in the matter. No one rejoiced more in this happy deliverance than Mr. Warburton, who had known him both in his joys and his troubles, and was well persuaded he would be brought out of his state of despondency; and when the Lord thus appeared for him, the dear old man often named it both publicly and privately.

In 1855, he most kindly invited me to stay at his house during my visit to Gower Street, and ever after entertained me in the same way up to last year. Of course, therefore, I had every opportunity of judging of his Christian character and conduct. And I must testify to his exemplary and Christian life, conduct, and conversation. He was one who feared God above many, but was, for the most part, kept on very low ground; for having been at different times signally blessed, he could not look to and live upon evidences, but needed what he used to call "dead lifts." Nothing he more dreaded than hypocrisy or presumption; and this fear often made him silent when he might well have spoken, for his was truly a feeling religion; and when his mouth was opened he could speak with life and savour on the things of God. He was also well established in the truth, and a personal experience of it, and had a good judgement, both of what he heard and whom he heard, for a more attentive hearer I never saw. He carried out also his profession into daily practice. During all my knowledge of him, and living on much terms of friendship and intimacy, I never heard him once say a harsh or unkind word to, or of, a single person; nor did I ever see him out of temper, or speak or act in any way unbecoming his Christian profession. He was of such tender feelings that it was painful sometimes to part, for I believe I never bade him farewell without his shedding many tears; and he would never suffer me to thank him for his kind hospitality, though I have stayed under his roof for six or eight weeks at a time.

In April, 1866, he and his dear wife, after much delay and deliberation, joined the church at Gower Street, and were most cordially received, some of the members expressing to have had quite a revival in hearing him relate his experience. Myself and most of his other friends in the ministry had long wished to see them both in church-fellowship, and I believe nothing kept him back so much as his own timidity, and the low views he had of himself as a Christian.

Though I had often seen him tried and exercised with doubts and

fears, I never saw him so low in his mind and dejected as during my visit to Gower Street last summer, when as usual I took up my abode at his house. He was evidently ill in body, as was shown by his altered appearance; but instead of being free to converse as before, I could scarcely get him to speak. I tried sometimes to cheer him by leading him back to his past experience of the Lord's delivering mercies; but he seemed almost as if he refused to be comforted. I have no doubt that his illness, a painful disease of the stomach, much helped to deject him, but the main cause was the Lord's hiding His face from him, and as he feared, turning a deaf ear to his cries and prayers. I had no doubt in my own mind of his safety; but I was grieved to see him so cast down and desponding. We parted in September, and I did not see him again, as during the winter months, I am rarely able to leave home; but he sent me word that he was not afraid of death. As his complaint increased, he got gradually weaker and weaker, until at last he was confined to his bed. His bodily sufferings were very great, but he bore all his pain with the greatest resignation, and not a murmur escaped his lips. But it was the sovereign will of God still to keep him very low in his soul, and to try his faith and patience almost to the last. But the Lord at last bowed down His ear and heard his cry, and blessed him with a sweet assurance of his eternal salvation before He took his spirit to Himself. His bereaved widow thus writes:

"I will now endeavour to give some account of my late husband's last days and illness. He was confined to his bed six weeks and two days. His sufferings were very great, which he bore without a murmur, and with uncomplaining patience; but you know this was his character in every trial. The Lord saw good to leave him on his bed of suffering in great darkness and gloom of mind; and often I heard him crying to the Lord in so solemn a way as I can never forget, to remove the cloud and grant him pardon and peace, through the precious blood of Christ. I asked him if he had a word of comfort to let me know it; but his speech at the last became so unintelligible that I could not even understand what he wanted. But about two hours before he was taken to glory he looked upwards, and in a perfectly clear and strong voice spoke, and said, 'Joy unspeakable and full of glory.' Then, raising both hands, he said, 'I am filled with wonder. Wonderful! Let me go, let me go—My sins, my sins are all forgiven, blotted out, to be remembered no more for ever—for *ever*, for *ever*.' Then he sank back, saying, 'Rock of Ages.' He then turned to me and said, 'Nothing earthly, nothing earthly.' That he could now give us up was the meaning of these words. After this he never moved or tried to speak till he entered into glory.

MARIA CLOWES."

To add anything to this sweet testimony would be but to weaken it.

J. C. PHILPOT.

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