

JAMES SMITH'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY

by James Smith

Smith's autobiographical account describing the remarkable mercy of God as displayed in his life and spiritual journey, demonstrating how God transforms sinners and establishes believers through divine grace.

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Marvelous Mercy, as Displayed in the Life and Experience of James Smith (An autobiography by James Smith, 1802-1862)

Author Note

James Smith (1802-1862) was a predecessor of Charles Spurgeon at New Park Street Chapel in London from 1841 until 1850. Early on, Smith's readings were even more popular than Spurgeon's! My object is to lead the mind . . . from SELF - to Jesus; from sin - to salvation; from the troubles of life - to the comforts of the gospel. My aim is . . . to humble the sinner - and exalt the Savior; to strip the creature - and place the crown on the head of God's free grace!

I cannot ascribe too much to Jesus - or too little to man!

Source Note and Special Thanks

God's servants at <http://www.gracegems.org/> updated, revised, and adapted this beautiful material to modern English. They adopted a 'flowing poetic form' for most of the quotes as an aid to reflection and comprehension. <http://www.gracegems.org/19/literature.htm> Grace Gems Copyright Policy: We frequently get requests asking for permission to use literature from Grace Gems. Since everything on our website is public domain, there is no need to ask permission. We encourage others to use our literature in any way they desire. Forward it to others - add it to your website - put it in your church bulletins - make it into books or booklets for distribution. Also, feel free to add a "link" to <http://www.gracegems.org/> on your website - there is no need to ask for permission. (Formatted for e-Sword by Tom Rightmer using e-Sword ToolTip v3.44) "By the grace of God I am what I am!" 1 Corinthians 15:10

INTRODUCTION

I am well aware that there are many objections to a man writing a memoir of himself - but as I have always loved to read the memoirs of good men, so I have enjoyed those most which were written by themselves. Some think a man cannot be impartial when writing of himself; but whenever do we find another man impartial when writing the biography of his friend? Indeed, the want of knowledge as to the experience of the soul: or the want of impartiality in making use of materials possessed, has spoiled many a memoir. However, I have well considered the subject, and have prayed over it, too; and being now near sixty years of age, and having written more than fifty small works, many of which have had a very large circulation - I doubt not but many of my readers would like to know something more of the author than they do. And, as it has for some time been laid upon my mind to do so, at length I venture.

I have always sympathized with the poor of the Lord's flock, and have generally kept them in view in all that I have written for the press. Therefore my object has been to write in a very plain style, and to publish at a very cheap rate. Sometimes, the memoirs of plain men are written in a style the poor do not sympathize with, and are published at a price the poor cannot reach. I wish in my own

instance to avoid both these evils. Whether anyone would ever think it worth while to write a memoir of me, I know not, or what use may be made of the somewhat voluminous materials I shall leave behind me, is more than I can tell: nor is it, perhaps, of much importance.

One thing weighs with me especially: my great object all through life, since converted myself, has been to win souls to Christ; and as I know that plain country people are fond of plain experimental memoirs, I hope that mine may be the means of bringing some to Jesus, when my head shall lie beneath the clods of the valley. If souls are saved by what I write, I shall be satisfied, let men say what they will.

I do not pretend to be above the opinions of my fellow-men, whether they censure or approve - but I never felt more desirous of commending myself to God - or less concerned respecting the opinions men may form of me or my productions, than I do at the present time. I expect to derive profit myself in going over my past history: much shall I meet with to humble me in the dust; and, how much! to lead me to extol and praise the free, sovereign, and distinguishing grace of God.

Others will also, I trust, be profited, and if I may judge from many letters received from different quarters, in reference to some things touched upon in my experience, they will be. However, I comfort myself with this consideration, no one need purchase my book unless he choose, and if he should not approve of it when he has, the loss will not be much. What may not please the parent, may interest the child. What may not suit the mistress, may edify the servant. What may not do for the mansion, may suit the cottage. Though the learned may find nothing to gratify, the illiterate may be both pleased and profited. Those who want fine writing, need go no further than this introduction; but those who love to read of God's work, in simple strains, may proceed, and may not regret either the time spent, or the price paid.

Much of this work is copied from memorandums made at the time referred to, and from my diary - so that I have not had to trust to a treacherous memory. The experience is by no means intended to be set up as a standard for others - but only to show how the writer has been taught, exercised, and led. It may be used to encourage, to caution, and to stimulate, some of the Lord's family. O that God may bless it, and make it of use to many, many souls!

Lord, I well know that everything is, just what you are pleased to make it; O make this labor of love a blessing! O you who works by weak things, and base things, and things that are not - condescend to work by this, to the praise of the glory of your grace! Let the prayers of your servant be answered, let the souls of your people be blessed, and let sinners be brought to Jesus by it. You know how I long to win souls to Jesus, and you have made me willing to be nothing, that souls may, through my instrumentality, be saved from eternal death. O how dreadful are the words, "Eternal Death!" May no reader of these pages ever experience what is contained in them! But, by what means You will, awaken, quicken, sanctify, and save every one that shall peruse this work. Convince the infidel of his folly, convert the gainsayer from his course, and melt every hardened sinner into contrition and holy love.

Blessed Jesus, send the Holy Spirit, to accompany this book, that your name may be highly exalted, and that great glory may redound to you from this simple volume!

(Editor's note: James Smith put together much of this book using excerpts from his memorandums and diary. He did not pay attention to the "flow of the narrative". For example, he will very often

start a new paragraph with totally new material - but makes no explanatory transition to let the reader know that he is moving into new material - or a new time in his life. This can be quite confusing - if the reader thinks that the book is meant to be a continuous narrative - which it is not. Therefore, the reader should not read it as a flowing narrative - but rather, he must understand that most of the paragraphs are disjointed from the previous material. One must keep this in mind - in order to make the most sense of this wonderful book!)

Marvelous Mercy Of my father, I know comparatively little, and of his family, literally nothing. When I was born, my parents were living in a street called the Half-acre, at Old Brentford, in Middlesex. They were moral and industrious, regularly attending the parish church, and paying about as much attention to religion as their neighbors around them.

November 19th, 1802, was my birthday. I was quite young my father died, leaving a widow and eight children behind him. My mother, whose business was dressmaking, had now to provide for herself, and her numerous family, which through the blessing of God, and the kindness of friends, she was enabled to do. Very early I was sent to a school, and was required regularly to attend the services of the church.

While quite a child, I experienced the delivering mercy of God in a remarkable way. Near our residence was a very deep well, which supplied all the inhabitants of the neighborhood with water. Going one day with my brother for water, while looking down into the well, my foot slipped, and I fell in head-first! An alarm was raised, and a man who was working at a smith's shop close by, ran and in his fright let himself down by the chain, and caught me by the clothes, just as I was about to sink the last time! The well being narrow at the bottom, he sustained himself by placing one foot on each side, while two ladders were tied together, and he then brought me up out of my perilous condition. My escape appeared to be almost miraculous, as the bucket was down the well when I fell, and the wonder was that I did not strike my head against it in falling. But I was comparatively uninjured, to the surprise of all who were aware of the accident. Surely the eye of the Lord was upon me for good, and my life was spared to . . . taste the sweetness of his grace, be useful to others, and glorify his great and holy name.

I have been informed, that there was always a singularity about my manners. Seldom did I take delight in the common amusements of childhood, or play with boys of my own age. I was religiously inclined from a very early period, and loved to be much alone, reading and talking with myself. My education was very limited, though a clergyman was willing to pay for my instruction; but as my mother found it a difficult task to support her family with her own hands, I was taken from school when about ten years of age, and sent to work at a soap manufactory. Being very quick at learning, I had made very considerable progress for my age - but then I gave up all attention to my studies, and so lost most that I had gained. In this situation I continued about three years, and was deeply corrupted by the example and instruction of my fellow-workmen, some of whom took pleasure in leading me into sin.

During part of this time, I was very religious, in my way. I read a good deal when I got a book which pleased me, set myself tasks to atone for my sins, and read a long prayer every night before going to bed. I made a list of all the texts I heard preached from at church, with the preacher's name, if I knew it. At times my convictions of sin were very powerful, and then I would bind myself by vows and promises, to live more correctly for the future - and by a double task of duties make

up for my defects. Of the way of salvation by our Lord Jesus Christ, I knew little more than a heathen - for the gospel was not preached in the churches where I attended. A blind ministry was leading poor blind sinners - and but for God's mercy, we would have all fallen into the ditch! When quite young, I had a very awful dream which for a time affected me very much, and filled me with terror and distress of mind. I dreamed that the end of the world was come, and there was a fearful storm and tempest. Filled with alarm, arising from a consciousness of my unfitness to appear before God, I ran into my mother's bedroom, crying out, "What shall we do? What shall we do?" I thought we kneeled down by the bed side to pray, while the house seemed to rock, and the elements were fearfully convulsed, and in great alarm and fear, I awoke! How glad I felt, when I found that it was but a dream! This led me to double my diligence in the performance of religious duties, and I bound myself to read through the New Testament as quickly as possible, looking upon this as a very meritorious deed. I now began to tire of attending always at the same church, where there was nothing either to interest or profit a lad in my situation; and thought if I could but have my liberty to attend the different churches in the neighborhood, how much more religious I would be. Vainly imagining that a change of place would do - what only a change of heart can effect. At another time a dreadful hailstorm, accompanied with terrific thunder and lightning aroused my conscience, and now I determined that I would not be confined - but would have my liberty to attend where I chose. I wandered about from church to church, Sunday after Sunday - but it was all in vain; for I at length found that there could be no real religion without the grace of God.

I was remarkably fond of imitating the clergyman, and have often collected around me, my sisters and others; and dressing myself in some garment as a substitute for a surplice and gown, have read prayers and a sermon to them. At this early period I had a great longing to be a minister, and so far did I carry my imitations, that the neighbors often said, that they thought I would be a parson before I died. I had a profound reverence for the building we called a church, and its priests, services, and its vestments, I would kneel down as soon as I entered it to pray, believing that prayers offered there had a peculiar sanctity in them; and when under conviction in the week, would long for Sunday to come, that I might go to church to pray, persuaded that God would hear me there, rather than anywhere else.

During this period, I one day met with Dr. Watts' hymns, and opening the book at the 136th Hymn, founded on John 4:24, I was much struck with it, and began to search and compare myself with it. The idea of a heart-searching God, requiring spiritual worship, had not struck me before - and I began to fear that with all my reading and saying of prayers - I had never in reality prayed, and therefore all my religion was vain!

I now began to try to pray in spirit and in truth - but the more I tried, the more my thoughts would wander, and I found that I might as well try to restrain the winds, or rule the waves of the sea - as keep my mind stayed and fixed while in prayer! This gave me considerable uneasiness. However, imagining that I could do at Church what I could do nowhere else - I longed for Sunday to come, persuaded that I could pray in spirit and in truth there.

Accordingly, as soon as I entered the sacred place, I devoutly kneeled down to make the attempt - but if possible my mind wandered more than ever! I then thought I would wait until the minister came in and began the service, hoping for better success; but the more I tried, the farther I

appeared to be off; the more I watched my heart - the more it appeared to wander. I now began to despair of ever praying as God required me to pray, and also to conclude, that other people no more prayed with the heart than I did. Now Satan suggested, that it was best to give up, and trouble no more about it.

Some time before this, I had read a book in which it was suggested, that religion was only a scheme devised to keep the poor in order, for without it there could be no governing the masses, and that our government acted very wisely in sanctioning it. This was now brought very forcibly to my mind, and I began to reason, "Well I dare say it really is so - and therefore it is folly for me to try to be religious." I now threw on one side all my religious rituals - and began to indulge in sins, which no one ever knew - but God and myself. Temptations were presented to me, and I fell into them, and but for the forbearance and long-suffering of God, I would have been ruined!

All this time, I bore an excellent character with my employers and others, for I felt ashamed to sin openly as some did, though I felt a pleasure in doing so privately, and have sometimes gone alone for the purpose, even to indulge in profane swearing. My conscience would often storm at me, and at times make me tremble - but I hardened myself in my iniquity. At times I would promise to reform, and start afresh; but as I considered I was acting like a man when I sinned, because all my fellow-workmen did so - I was no sooner in their company, than all my vows and promises vanished from my thoughts! As my employers were Unitarians, I sometimes heard them argue against the inspiration of certain parts of God's Word, speak against the divinity of Christ, and sneer at evangelical religion, which served to harden me more and more in my iniquity.

After this, I was again brought under some concern about my soul, and the thought of eternity became very dreadful. What if I should be lost forever? What if Hell should be my eternal portion? This was terrible to think of! I now began to talk with an old man employed on the premises, who was a very quiet man, and a stiff churchman - but our conversation generally turned to the different religious sects, and I soon found he was very much like myself. Poor blind creatures - we both hated the Methodists, were true churchmen - but knew nothing of faith in Christ, repentance toward God, or holiness of heart and life! For a considerable time I continued in this state, now sinning and then being sorry for it; now promising to repent, and then becoming more hardened than ever. At length, having a disagreement with my young master, I left my job and my home, and went off into Kent to visit my brother. I did not stay long with him - but returned to my home, and to such employment as I could obtain.

About this time, some friends of the Baptist denomination, having introduced the preaching of the gospel to our town, erected a small chapel - and an old woman who attended with them, came to invite my mother to accompany her, to hear a favorite preacher. My mother refused; when she invited me, I took this as a compliment, obtained permission and went. This was the first time I ever entered a true Christian place of worship, and I think the first time I ever heard a gospel sermon. I was somewhat pleased with the simplicity and earnestness of the service. I was all attention while there, made up my mind to go again, and henceforth attended regularly on the Lord's day evening.

I now felt an inclination to attend other places of worship besides this church, and went to the Quakers meeting, and the Unitarian chapel - but carefully avoided the Methodists. My mother was now married again to a profane man, and as I had no regular employment, he took me to work with

him - but from his violent temper, and love of strong drink, I had to suffer much. The work was very hard, and as I was not strong, I met with bad usage, which led me to leave my work and my home, to which at length I was compelled to return.

Just about this time, a Mr. Walker, a Wesleyan Methodist, an acquaintance of my father's, and who had been requested by him on his death-bed to keep an eye over me - heard how I was situated, and came and offered me employment, until he could find something better for me. He was a coal merchant, and I was to look after his horse, and accompany him in some of his journeys. He said he did not like to see boys unemployed, as they were sure to run into sin. Of all people, I disliked the Methodists most, and my present employer was a Methodist! On the first Lord's day morning after I entered his service, as I was cleaning the horse, before going to the early prayer-meeting, he came into the stable singing a hymn, and asked me if I could sing. I said "No." He said, "It is a great pity that lads are not taught to sing the praises of their Maker." After his return from the prayer-meeting, we sat down to breakfast, and he was longer than usual in asking the Lord's blessing. After breakfast he handed me the Bible to read a chapter - but between of a natural shyness, and the deep-seated prejudice that I felt - I did not read. He then took the Bible, read a chapter, and offered up for me a most fervent prayer, which, though it displeased me at the time, the Lord afterwards most graciously answered. When I left the house, I determined to go no more on Sunday morning - and I never did!

After being employed by him for some time, he told me one day he had obtained a situation for me, and he thought it would suit me. To this place I went, and found the men more degraded and depraved than they were at the soap-house. Drinking, singing lewd songs, swearing, and gambling, occupied much of their time. Being placed in such company - I threw off all show of religion, and gave way to swearing, lying, drinking, and other sins. So low did I sink, that the Lord's day was profaned, the Bible was neglected, prayer was given up, and I became hardened through the deceitfulness of sin.

O, how wondrous the patience, the forbearance, and long-suffering of my good and gracious God! Surely, if I felt properly in reference to the past, and the grace which God sovereignly exercised towards me - I would daily say with the Psalmist, "I will bless the Lord at all times, His praise shall continually be in my mouth. While I live, I will praise the Lord, I will sing praises unto God, while I have my being!"

One Lord's day morning, while I was in the midst of my sin and folly, the Baptist woman who first invited me to go to chapel, called and asked me if I would like to see the Lord's Supper administered. I said, I would very much. She said she would take me in the afternoon, as any person might go as a spectator. When the Church was assembled, the minister who presided, a venerable servant of God, commenced the service by giving out the hymn which commences - "And have I, Christ, no love for Thee, No passion for your charms? No wish my Savior's face to see, And dwell within his arms?" The words arrested my attention and occupied my thoughts, I mused on them, and said, "I have no love for him, not a spark - I have no wish to see his face" - and a kind of cold conviction, seized me. He proceeded, "Such base ingratitude as this, What heart but must detest;

Sure Christ deserves the noblest place, In every human breast!"

Again I thought, "Have I any gratitude in my heart to Jesus? Not any. Can I make mention of his name without any sweet emotion? Yes, I can. Do I detest this ingratitude? I do not feel that I do. Then I must be a very wretch!" A deep impression was made on my mind, which continued for a considerable time. But I could not understand how some people felt as that hymn stated; nor could I account for it that I could not. Mixing up with my old companions ultimately erased these impressions, and I plunged into sin again as deep as ever! Wondrous mercy, that God did not plunge me into Hell!

"But sovereign grace was underneath, And love eternal, strong as death."

Shortly after this, it was published at the chapel that Mr. U_____ would preach on Wednesday evening, and as I had never heard a sermon on a working day, I concluded to go. The text was Psalms 35:8. "Say unto my soul - I am your salvation." I listened attentively to the discourse, and as the preacher went on, I could see very clearly, that at present the Lord was not my salvation. This made some impression upon me, which in a few days wore off, as my former impressions had done. On the following Wednesday evening I went again, as the same minister was to preach. On this occasion he took as his text from Lamentations 3:24, "God is my portion, says my soul, therefore will I hope in him." This was to me a very convincing discourse, for while the minister was pointing out the happiness of the believer who had God for his portion - I felt a secret envy arise within me, because of the happiness which I conceived they must enjoy - but of which I knew nothing! I went from this service persuaded that God was not my portion, and that to all the joys of religion, I was a total stranger.

I now became more hardened than ever - and went on in sin from bad to worse; and in this state I continued until the beginning of the year, 1819. At this time a large room was opened for a Sunday School in Old Brentford, near to where I then resided; and shortly after, it was proposed to have the Gospel preached there as well. And now I draw near to the turning-point in my history, when God called me by his grace into the fellowship of his Son Jesus Christ.

Curiosity led me to this place to hear the preaching - but the first time I went, I was offended, and determined that I would go there any more. But as God had a purpose of mercy toward me in connection with that place, my mind changed, for here it was that, "Jesus sought me when a stranger, Wandering from the fold of God." On the last Sunday in February, an elderly man from town was the supply, in consequence of an eccentricity of manner, myself and another lad were laughing and amusing ourselves with the venerable servant of God. Full of levity, trifling with sacred things, and profaning the Lord's day - I left the place of meeting that morning. At Hammersmith that day, a plain country man, of the Independent denomination was staying with a friend unemployed, and was requested to come and preach at Brentford in the evening, to which he consented. It is rather remarkable that he had never preached there before, nor did he ever preach there again. His name was Tennant. I think he came out of Wiltshire.

Well, in the evening I took my place in the chapel, as I had done for some weeks. As hard, as carnal, and as indifferent about divine things as I ever had been. The minister was a plain, unlettered man. His manner was solemn - but there was nothing attractive in his voice, eloquent in his words, or winning in his composition. He gave out as his text, Mark 8:36-37. "What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" His manner was remarkably solemn and earnest, my attention became

riveted - the Word was accompanied with power and demonstration of the Spirit divine life was imparted, which evinced itself in a deep drawn sigh. I felt convinced that the world, if I could gain it, would be no compensation for the loss of my immortal soul.

Now the arrows of the Almighty were within me, and; I left that place in deep distress of mind. When I retired to bed, I could get no rest - but tossed and tumbled about until the dawning of the day. Ah, it is difficult for a person to sleep when he has a guilty conscience for his companion, and is awakened to a sense of his dreadful danger! At last, weary nature, worn out with terror, anxiety, and alarm - fell asleep; but it was not refreshing sleep. When I awoke in the morning, the burden of guilt was lying heavy on my conscience, and my great iniquity was compassing me about. My secret sins were set before me, and appeared to be placed in the light of God's countenance. The text was engraved on my memory, and like the writing on the wall of Belshazzar's palace, filled me with the most distressing fears. All my false confidence was gone - my forms of prayer would not meet my case - the way of salvation I knew not - and therefore could only sigh and cry, "God be merciful unto me a sinner!" For though I had now sat under the gospel for some time, I was altogether ignorant of God's way of salvation. The doctrines of the gospel, I understood not, especially that most precious doctrine, of free salvation through the slaughtered Lamb. When I went to my employment on the next morning, I was greeted with, "Here comes our hypocrite!" This startled and astounded me. I put on as cheerful a manner as I could, and said, "What do you mean?" The man replied, "You go sighing and groaning to chapel to make people think you are a saint - and then come down here cursing and swearing." As I was altogether unconscious that I did sigh, I denied it. "O," he said, "it is no use denying it, for Mrs. B. sat by you and heard you, and came home and told us, and said she thought there was something good in you. We told her she should come down here and hear you, and she would soon see what good was in you." Then they turned into ridicule, and I was taunted and tormented with it from day to day!

I was now in a sad case, a load of guilt on my conscience, the sentence of condemnation in my mind, and the wrath of God revealed from Heaven against me. With a fallen countenance and a dread of Hell; Satan tempting me, and my fellow-workmen laughing at me, ridiculing me, and casting my past sins in my teeth - I went mourning all the day long! But now I was led to act differently from what I had formerly done, for instead of replying or rendering railing for railing, every time I could get alone I was crying to the Lord for mercy; and even when among them, and hearing their opposition in silence, my secret prayers were ascending to Him who alone was able to save me. In these depths I was left to sink for some time, and my enemies perceiving that I was troubled in mind, and refused either to join them in sin, or reply to their taunts and jeers - grew worse and worse! At length, in answer to my many heartfelt and fervent prayers, the Lord spoke peace to my heart, and set my soul at liberty. How long I lay in bondage under the law, suffering the terrors of the Almighty, or by what means I was led into the liberty of the gospel - I cannot now remember. But I think that hope first sprang up in the mind, as I was enabled to rely on the Lord's word; faith then embraced Jesus and his finished work; this produced love to God and his people; then peace sweetly flowed in, and joy unspeakable was experienced.

I looked upon the Lord's people as always privileged to enjoy what I then did, and concluded that they must be the happiest people in the world. Every time I could now get by myself - I could pour out my heart unto the Lord, with freedom and holy pleasure, and prayer and praise produced a little Heaven upon earth. I had sweet fellowship with the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ.

Often have I looked back with longing eyes upon those blissful days, this foretaste of Heaven, this foretaste of divine enjoyment, those Christ-endearing pleasures. Then my soul seemed to melt in love and humility before the Lord, and persecution lost its edge, though it increased in its power. Satan appeared to be doubly enraged by the manifestations of the Lord's love to me, and endeavored to heat the furnace seven times hotter than it was accustomed to be heated.

Step-father, mother, and sisters were all opposed to me, and joined with my fellow-workmen to distress me. My sister had not long before given me a new Bible, which I read whenever I had a few moments at command, and my poor mother who looked upon the Bible as only a book for Sundays, was annoyed to see me with it at every meal, and was continually crying out that I would spoil my new Bible by using it so often, and sitting over the fire with it. My step-father would curse and swear, and speak against the Lord's people; and my sisters would ridicule me, calling me a Methodist. Thus at my work I had no peace - and at home but little quiet.

Very often I had no place for prayer, unless when I could steal up into one of the lofts unobserved; until I selected a spot under a large tree, in a field not far from the town. To this spot I regularly resorted, and at dinner-time, instead of going home, I would take my dinner with me, and my bible; and in the evenings, when the weather permitted, and there was no service at the chapel, here I would sit and read and pray, and enjoy free and uninterrupted communion with God. To this spot I have made my way through the snow at ten o'clock at night, regardless of the keen and piercing cold; and have enjoyed the sweetness of a warm heart - when the body has been chilled with cold. By five o'clock in the morning, when anything lay heavy on my mind, have I made my way to this spot - to me at that time, the most hallowed spot on earth. For some time I went on enjoying much comfort, unless when the extreme lightness of my natural disposition was not kept within proper bounds. Whenever led astray - my constant remedy was earnest, fervent prayer, in answer to which the Lord would send his word and heal me. Now, I did feel that it was an evil and bitter thing to sin against God, for my conscience was very tender; so that I continually prayed against it, felt godly sorrow on account of it, and obtained pardon, peace and experimental reconciliation to God.

Sometimes I was permitted to slip with my feet - to humble me, keep me sensible of my dependence on God, and lay me low at his throne. Yet I was not allowed to utterly fall, so as to disgrace my profession, or dishonor that holy name by which I was called.

O how sweet it is to look back on all the way which the Lord has led us; and to see the dangers we have escaped, and the difficulties we have overcome, notwithstanding the weakness we have felt! Truly, the Lord has led me about and instructed me, he has kept me as the apple of his eye. On every page of my past history I may well write, "kept by the power of God."

Now I come to the first spiritual night I was called to pass through, since my conversion to God. Hitherto, almost every ordinance had been a blessing, and the house of God had been the gate of Heaven. But now, gradually my comforts began to decline, my soul was covered with a cloud, and a deep gloom rested on my spirit. It was, I think, on a Friday, that I more especially felt dullness creeping over my soul, my love to the Savior waxing cold, and my fervor in prayer abating; I now sunk into misery and distress - but as the Lord's day was at hand, I looked forward expecting comfort and consolation then. O how I longed for that day! I went up into a loft to pray - but could not utter a word. I went under my old tree - but my soul was as dark as midnight, and my heart felt as hard as a stone! I groaned and cried - but I could not get free. At length, the Lord's day arrived,

and to my joy, one of my favorite preachers was to preach. I listened to every word he uttered, I "waited as for the rain, and opened my mouth wide as for the latter rain," but no blessing came. All appeared to be dead and cold. No unction attended the Word. I became disconsolate, looked dejected, and refused to walk along the street with the Lord's people. When I saw them smiling, and heard them speaking cheerfully to one another, I was filled with jealousy, and envy began to work within me. I said to myself, "Ah, you are happy enough, you are the Lord's people, you enjoy his love! As for me, I am miserable, no one cares for me, I am left to perish!"

Two Christians seeing me walking alone called to me - but I refused to hear, preferring to muse on my misery alone. I still secretly hoped that I would get a blessing in the evening - but, alas I all was as dry and as barren as the mountains of Gilboa - there was neither rain nor dew. When the service was concluded, the enmity of my heart began to work, and I was filled with rage, rebellion, and despondency. I became almost desperate. One of the friends came to speak with me, and said, "Smith, what is the matter with you, why, you hang down your head like a bulrush!" I pettishly answered, "Nothing!" - and pushed away as fast as I could, to indulge my grief.

I was now not only stripped of my comfort - but my hope was gone, and my expectation was cut off. The summer I looked for was ended, the harvest I expected was past - but I was not delivered! Indeed, my case was rather worse, than better. Of the doctrines of grace - I knew nothing. The mystery of living alone upon Christ - I did not understand. To look out of self - to Jesus, I had not been taught. I was looking into myself, and was allowing my feelings to rule me. The consequence was, my cable was snapped asunder, and I was like a vessel in the storm without an anchor. Miserable state! Gloomy experience! I was like a wild bull in a net. I had no Christian friend in whom I had confidence, or to whom I could open my mind. I needed a comforter - but I found none.

I now anticipated another week's persecution, this I could bear pretty well, when I enjoyed the presence of my Savior - but what could I do now he was away? I could heartily use the words of the poet, Life without Your love No relish can afford;

No, not a drop of real joy, Without your presence, Lord!

Satan now set in upon me, telling me I must give all up and go back into the world again. I sat down, and had almost made up my mind to give all up forever; when the thought darted into my mind, that I would like to speak with some experienced Christian first. I at once went to the house of one whom I judged to be an experienced believer - but my natural shyness overcame me, and I could not knock at the door. Satan also tried all he could to prevent me, telling me that my case was singular, and that no one was ever like me. I therefore felt ashamed and afraid to open my mouth to anyone. I paced the streets from eight o'clock until eleven, that gloomy Lord's day evening; stopping first at one Christian's door, and then at another - but afraid to knock at either. At length I went home with a tired body, and a distressed soul, only to be questioned and scolded for being out so late. In this state I went to bed - but could find no rest, my pillow was hard, and everything was uncomfortable - for Jesus was away. I mourned like a dove! I chattered like a crane or a swallow. I was weary with my groaning. At length, nature was exhausted, and I sunk in sleep. I awoke in the morning in the same wretched frame. I endeavored to conceal it from all about me - but it was hard work. My soul was filled with desires after the Lord Jesus, though it was night in my soul. With my whole soul did I cry out with Ryland, "Lover Eternal, come once more,

Again your presence I implore;

Return to tarry in my soul, These lusts that grieved you, Lord, control;

Come, and re-kindling love's fierce fire, Give me yourself, my soul's desire."

However, I went on crying to God, and wrestling at the throne of grace; for the thought, "I can be lost," seemed to fill me with determined energy and boldness, and I pleaded as one desperate!

About the middle of the day, the clouds began to disperse, and comfort was in a measure restored. The Savior paid me another visit, which, though it was not attended with that great joy which I had experienced before, yet it eased my mind, lifted the burden from my soul, and gave me peace. What love I felt for my gracious and condescending Lord! How I wondered that he could ever look upon, love, and visit a little worm like me. How true did I find the words of David when he says "His anger endures but for a moment, in his favor is life, heaviness may endure for a night - but joy comes in the morning."

About this time, I was sorely exercised in another way. I had heard the Lord's people speaking of how much they enjoyed reading the Word of God, and how precious they found that word to their souls. I tried my utmost to find the same pleasure - but could not. For though I persevered and read the Word, a portion of it every meal time - the only time I had; yet it was too often like performing a task, and reading just because I would read, and because I thought I ought to do so. I did formerly enjoy reading the word - but I did not now. I could see but little beauty, taste no sweetness, nor did I feel any power in the Word. Satan made use of this to perplex and trouble me - but what wounded me most was, I thought that the four gospels were peculiarly sacred, as containing the narrative of our Lord's life on earth, yet I could scarcely bring myself to read them at any rate. From reading and learning them as tasks at school, I seemed to know all about them, and therefore I had no relish for them. The book of Psalms, the prophecies of Isaiah, and the Epistles, I did sometimes read with a degree of understanding and comfort - but from the Gospels, I could seem to get nothing. This caused me much distress of soul, and often sent me groaning to the throne of grace, to cry for mercy, and to obtain grace to help me. My ignorance of divine things now appeared to me to be very great, for I seemed scarcely to know anything that I ought to know. Almost all my comfort sprung from the Word as preached, from private prayer, and from the sweet visits my Redeemer paid to my soul. These were often very sweet and precious, so much so, that a degree of familiarity was indulged in by me, the propriety of which, to some would be very questionable. I used then to go to the Lord, just as a child would do to its parent - telling him all that troubled me, and asking of him all I needed or desired. At these seasons I felt a very great love to immortal souls, and used to think, "O, if I could but be a minister of Christ! If I might only be employed to tell to others what a precious Savior I had found him to be! And sometimes I have gone so far, as to tell the Lord, that he could make me one if he chose, for all things were possible with him. I was often indulged with uncommon liberty when pleading with the Lord about it, though I could not at that time see the least probability of my being so favored. But in looking back I have often thought that the Holy Spirit gives the soul a secret desire for that which he knows the Lord intends to bestow; opens the mouth to speak of it before the Lord, who manifests his paternal love and fatherly kindness in listening to his children's cries. For "like as a father pities his children, so the Lord pities those who fear him; he knows our frame, and remembers that we are but dust."

O how wonderful does the kindness of my God appear to me, how he has indulged me to commune with him, open my mind before him, cast my cares upon him, find access to him, and receive constant supplies from him! All praise to his most holy, gracious, and glorious name!

Somewhere about this time I heard a sermon on Christian baptism, a subject which had not engaged my attention before. With this I was deeply interested, and solemnly impressed. I saw at once that baptism was intended for believers alone. I saw too, that baptism was a burial with Christ, representing our oneness with him, and our conformity to him. To me it appeared clear that the immersion of a believer in water, in the name of the Holy Trinity was New Testament baptism - and that alone. The conviction in my mind was so strong, and the evidence in the New Testament so clear - that I have never had a doubt upon the point from that time to this. My soul was wrought up into a state of holy fervor, and I felt as if I could agree to endure anything, if I might but be permitted to be baptized and join the Lord's people. I could scarcely keep my seat while the text was repeated, "And now, why tarry - arise and be baptized." I thought I could face an assembled world, and tell them what he had done for my soul. With what feelings I sang, In all my Lord's appointed ways, My journey I'll pursue;

Hinder me not, you much loved saints. For I MUST go with you.

I was in a solemn ecstasy of joy. I felt as if I could contain myself no longer - I must speak out. Such zeal for my God, such a desire to obey him, such love to the saints, and such a desire to be numbered with them - I scarcely ever felt. My soul seemed all on fire. Full of love and sweet desire, I was quite overcome - I sat down, laid my head on my arm, and wept. What mingled emotions inspired my breast, a desire to confess Jesus - and a fear that I was not properly qualified; burning love - and a sense of unworthiness; I could scarce bear up under it! As soon as the service was over, I ran to one of my old hiding places, and told all I thought, felt, desired, and enjoyed to my Savior, begging him to prepare me for the privilege, and permit me to confess him, and be numbered with his people. I enjoyed sweet fellowship with him, and the thought that I could not be deprived of that by anyone, cheered my mind, consoled my spirit, and I retired to rest that night, blessing the name of the Lord, who had dealt bountifully with me.

Shortly after this I heard that the friends had decided to form themselves into a Church of Christ, and that a number of others were to be baptized and unite with them. The chapel at Hammersmith was borrowed for the occasion. I had a great desire to be present, and asked this favor of the Lord. When the day arrived, I asked permission of my employer to go, he hesitated, and almost denied me. I stood before him silently pleading with God for the favor. At length, in a taunting tone, he said, "Are you going to be baptized?" I replied, "No." He then gave me a long lecture on what a Christian ought to be, until my soul sunk within me. He then said that I could go. At home, I met with another lecture, and was told that wasting my time in running after the Methodists, would bring me to the workhouse! On the road, I was taken up by the friends, and placed inside a coach where some of the most respectable of the friends were. This roused all my natural shyness, and I could not speak, of which Satan took advantage, and stirring up the corruption of my heart, turned my eye inward, and asked if I was fit company for such good and godly people. No, said I, and did they but know what is passing in my heart, they would not sit by me; but they are deceived in me, they think too well of me! If they did but know me - they would despise me! I then cried unto the Lord, beseeching him, if I was deceived, and was deceiving others, that he would graciously

undeceive both them and me.

We now arrived at the place of meeting, and the friends showed me "no little kindness," at which I was surprised, as I was but a poor lad, and they respectable people. I was even ready to cry out with Ruth, "Why have I found grace in your eyes, that you should take knowledge of me, seeing I am a stranger?" A very impressive sermon was preached from Matthew 28:19. The ordinance of baptism was administered in a very solemn and affecting manner. The friends were then formed into a Christian Church, giving each other the right hand of fellowship. After this a very pleasant and profitable tea meeting was held in the school-room, and a spirit of love and peace pervaded the whole. To me it was a profitable, instructive, and soul-searching day.

Soon after this, a pastor was settled over the newly formed church, under whose ministry I could not profit, and over whose after career it is best to throw a veil. But the lack of spiritual nourishment from the ministry drew me more to my knees. In public my comfort declined, my zeal abated, and I became dry and barren. But when alone with the Lord, I found comfort. To the people, I felt the strongest and fondest attachment; yet, with the minister I had no union. Under his ministry I was invited to join the Church, and at length consented. But coming to a decision, and openly putting on Christ by baptism, produced a great struggle. I knew it would greatly increase the persecution I was then suffering, I deeply felt my own unworthiness to share in such an honor, and I was much harassed with the thought that I would surely fall away and dishonor the Lord. A friend took me alone to talk with me, telling me that he believed the Lord had begun to work in my soul, and that he thought I ought to profess Christ. I confessed that I saw the scriptural character and propriety of baptism, and the value and importance of Church membership - but just then I did not feel myself in a fit state to join the Church. He asked me if I did not love the Lord's people, to this I could most heartily say, "Yes." Did I not think that the Lord's people should follow the example of the Savior? To this I replied, "Yes." But still, I did not think it would be well for me to do so at present. I had at that time a secret reason which I was ashamed to acknowledge.

Besides which, the thought of appearing before the Church, to give an account of the Lord's dealings with me, filled me with fear. My natural shyness was at this time a sore cross to me, and led me into several eccentricities. After spending one evening in conversation with a friend, on the subject of uniting with the church, I remember into what distress of mind I fell, lest I should "rebel against the light." I went to plead with God under the old tree, where he often met me, and held communion with me. But this evening I had no visit from Jesus, went home groaning in spirit, and most of the night was spent in prayer. I had until the next night to decide, as to what course I would take - and I did decide to follow the Lord, cost me what it may. I was proposed to the church, unanimously accepted for membership, and on Friday, March 31, 1820, at the age of 18, I was publicly baptized.

I expected to enjoy much comfort in attending to the ordinance - but I found none; for as my mind was fixed too much on enjoyment, and too little on Christ, it appeared necessary for the Lord, to withhold it. Besides which, unknown to me, I was preparing for a public situation in the Church of God, in which I would be required to sympathize with others, under similar circumstances.

Now the flames of persecution broke out with tenfold fury! At my work, I was tormented day after day, in every possible way, and was even mocked and taunted in the public streets. O how difficult I found it, to keep my mouth as it were with a bridle - but if I spoke, nothing was too bad to cast

upon me in reply.

Satan also set in upon me with his vile insinuations, and terrible accusations. However, I was enabled to carry all to Jesus - and now I seldom went to the throne of grace - but I enjoyed liberty, and obtained a blessing. O how precious was the throne of grace to me at this time, fellowship with Jesus filled me with joy and delight. Yes, I could truly say, that my fellowship was with the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ. Though forty years have rolled away since then, something of the sweet savor I enjoyed at that time, seems to come back to my mind. My fellow workmen were watching me as with an eagle's eye, and if I did but misplace a word, or attempt to laugh at any of their drollery - they would cast it in my teeth! And if a stranger was by, they would be sure to taunt me with my past misconduct, say I had been dipped, and reproach the Church for receiving such a vile person as me. This often wounded me to the quick, that the Lord's people should be reviled through me, for I esteemed them the very excellent of the earth, in whom was all my delight.

All this I carried to the Lord, and it furnished me with matter for prayer; and at these times sweet portions of the Word would flow into my soul, filling me with joy and gladness. It was, at times as if the Lord sweetly whispered in my soul, "I have loved you!" "I have redeemed you - you are mine!" "You are all fair!" "It is God who justifies, who is he who condemns?" I say not the very words - but what the words import.

Often did I enjoy the most sweet and blessed peace within - when all was confusion and opposition without; and sacred quietness - in the midst of tumult and noise. None can tell but those who have experienced it, what it is to be surrounded on every side by carnal people, and to be exposed to their degrading influences and efforts. And yet in these circumstances we are often safer, and enjoy more of the power of divine things - than we do when more pleasantly situated. Then I was frequently enabled to carry out the scriptural admonition, "Be anxious for nothing - but in everything by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God - and the peace of God, which passes all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus." On April 2, I was received into full communion with the Christian Church. But my soul was much cast down, for my employer, who was possessed of a considerable degree of religious light, had been lecturing me upon what he considered a member of a Church ought to be - almost perfect. He struck at the lightness of my natural disposition, and how it sometimes manifested itself; so that what with a deep sense of my own unworthiness, a realization of my great weakness, a deep rooted fear that I should some day be left to dishonor my profession, and bring disgrace on the cause I loved, and a ministry under which I could not profit - my soul was bowed down within me, and I went mourning all the day long. The prayer meetings had often been to me pleasant places, and I sometimes wished that it was my privilege to take part in them. I had in my mind several things which I imagined would be a great improvement in the prayers of some of the aged members, and determined when invited to engage myself, to introduce them. On the first meeting of the church after my reception into the fellowship, I was called upon to pray, I stood up, gave utterance to a few words, was filled with confusion, and could not proceed. What a terrible blow was this to my pride! I felt as if I could not look a Christian in the face again. I slipped out of the meeting the moment it closed without speaking to anyone, ran to my old hiding place, and there poured out my whole soul before the Lord. O how blessed to be alone with the Lord, and to be enabled to cast every burden upon him! In this way I generally got relief, and found a balm

for all my woes.

Legality in the pulpit, produced leanness in the soul, and rendered public ordinances unprofitable; but in private prayer I did enjoy communion with God, and found Jesus precious to my soul. When I could steal away from human society, and kneel before the Lord, I was happy. Nor was there a retired spot about the premises where I was then employed, from which my prayers and praises had not ascended to my God and Savior. Several times I was nearly detected in my devotions, and had to make the best excuse I could for being found in certain places. But the old tree in the field was after all the favorite place. This spot I have often visited early in the morning before my labor commenced, and late at night when it was finished. In heat and cold, in rain and sunshine, in frost and snow - I have gone there for communion with my beloved Savior, and have been richly repaid. Such seasons were too precious to be lost for trifles, or to be exchanged for carnal pleasure.

Reader, prize private prayer. Have a place for prayer somewhere, and make time for prayer; set your heart upon it, and you will be able to accomplish it.

Somewhere about this time, Satan set in upon me with his fiery darts; or horrid and blasphemous suggestions. These were suddenly darted into my mind in a powerful and alarming manner. If I heard the men swearing, which they often did fearfully, their words and oaths would seem to be repeated over and over again in my mind, until I felt bewildered and knew not what to do! Sometimes the most extraordinary, unnatural, and infernal thoughts would be suggested, and seem to march into the soul like troops - until at times I have been almost deranged. Every time I went to the throne of grace, or entered the house of prayer - but especially when sitting at the Lord's table, I was assaulted with such horrid blasphemies, as I had never heard uttered by anyone. These were sometimes directed against the person of the Lord Jesus, and at others against the Holy and ever blessed Spirit. O how the temptation pursued me to curse the Holy Spirit, with other horrid things which it is not lawful for a man to utter, or to write! Sometimes, I have been tempted to think that I had given utterance to some of the horrid things that at this time filled my mind; then I have been fearfully alarmed - but at other times I have felt so hardened, that I scarcely seemed to care whether I had or not.

Then the tempter would suggest, that thinking it, was equally as bad as doing it, and then the passage would flash into the mind, "He who speaks a word against the Holy Spirit - it shall never be forgiven, neither in this world, nor in that which is to come." Sometimes so sudden and powerful was the injection to curse the Holy Spirit, that I have shook my head, cried to the Lord to keep me from presumption, so that I may "be innocent, and free from the great transgression." With this awful exercise I was tried, harassed, and perplexed for months; which often caused me the deepest anguish, as I was not aware at the time that any of the Lord's people had been tried in the same way. I have since found that many have, and even to a greater extent than I have. When I found that this trial was not peculiar, Satan began to shift his quarters, though afterwards I was frequently tried for a time in the same way; especially after I became a minister of Christ, for at one time I seldom took the Bible to read and study it - but Satan would set in with such awful blasphemies, that I have at times shut up the book, left my study, and wandered in the fields crying to God, and scarcely knowing what to do! At length, I saw that this was in a measure giving place to the devil, who is to be resisted, and who when resisted by faith in Jesus, will flee from us. The

only way to overcome this foul spirit, is by the blood of the Lamb, and the word of our testimony.

O reader, if ever Satan besets you in this way, oppose to him the blood of Jesus, stand your ground and refuse to give way. Plead the blood against Satan, and present to him the shield of faith, which will quench all his fiery darts. Hold fast the faithful word, and as Jesus did, answer him out of God's book. If you flee, he will pursue you, and cast you down! But if you resist him, he will flee from you, and leave you master of the field. But very often the conflict is dreadful, and of long continuance. My thoughts continued to be exercised with the subject of preaching the gospel, and the desire to be one day engaged in that glorious work was almost constantly with me. And though there was not the most distant prospect of my desire ever being granted - yet my soul was led out in earnest fervent prayer, that it might be so. At other times, when I have had a vivid sense of my total unfitness for the work, I have begged and prayed of the Lord to take away every thought of it from my mind, that I may not be constantly exercised with a subject never likely to be realized. Yet there was generally some reference to it in all my prayers. As I could get nothing to profit me under the ministry which I attended - I was driven more to my knees. Not only so - but I acquired the habit of praying in the streets and lanes; and sometimes I have forgotten myself and spoken aloud, so that people passing by have heard me, and concluded that I was not quite right in my mind. But I often found it very blessed to be so engaged. The meetings for prayer also I enjoyed much, the Lord's people with whom I was united I tenderly loved - but as the ministry was barren, I began to wander to other churches in order to get a little food. I could not bring my mind to this without considerable exercise, and it grieved me much to leave my home church and attend elsewhere. I remember once being in a small place of worship, and as I sat ruminating upon this subject, and asking myself, "Can my present course be right? Am I justified in leaving my church thus?" When suddenly the words were brought forcibly to my mind, "Weak in myself, in him I'm strong His Spirit's voice I hear; The way I take cannot be wrong, If Jesus be but there!" As I often enjoyed the presence of the Lord there, I felt encouraged, and my mind was set at rest. It is certainly wrong for church members to give way to a rambling turn of mind - but if, as in my case, there is no food for the soul - then I think they are justified. At length, after some unpleasantness, our pastor was removed from us, and an entirely different class of preachers were introduced among us. From the ministry of some of them, I derived considerable profit - but they preached a kind of extreme Calvinism, dwelling almost exclusively on the doctrines of the gospel - and the experience of the Christian. The precepts and exhortations of the Word were not enforced on the believer - and the message of the gospel was not delivered to the lost sinner. Amidst the cry of, "The truth, The truth!" only part of the truth was preached, and my mind became warped and misdirected, so that it took much severe and painful exercise to bring me back again into the right way. As my attachment to the means of grace was always very strong, I never neglected an opportunity of attending them; and it was generally a subject of prayer with me nearly all the day, that I may be permitted to go in the evening. At this time I generally expected, and therefore looked for answers to prayer; for I not only looked on Jesus as my Savior and Friend - but as my Father and Master also. Therefore before attempting to ask permission of my employers, I always asked permission of Jesus, feeling assured that if he gave his consent, they must yield, for I realized the fact that all things are put under him. This encouraged me to carry all my concerns to him, cast all my cares on him, and make known all my desires in prayer at his throne. Very often did I obtain permission to go, when but for his intervention, there did not appear the least probability. I will mention one instance. At a time, when my mind was exercised to know if the glorious righteousness of Jesus

was imputed to me for my justification, I was exceedingly anxious to attend the weekly sermon. I besought the Lord to allow me the privilege; perhaps not less than fifty times had I asked this favor, and I was sure that I should prevail. But when the time arrived, I went to the foreman to obtain permission, when in a surly determined tone, he said, "No! you shall not go, you are always going, you shall stay here with the other workers." This was a sad disappointment, though I knew that there was much work that required to be done. But I had made up my mind that I should go, and the energy and fervor I had felt in prayer, confirmed me in the opinion. At the moment, the thought struck me, God is above the devil still; he can exert his power and change the old man's mind, I will at least go and ask him. I ran up into a loft, and kneeling down beside a pile of wool, I said, "Lord, you have the hearts of all men in your hands, and you can turn them as you please; you have promised to answer the prayers of your people, and have said, that whatever we ask in prayer believing - we shall receive. You know that I have asked you to let me go to your house tonight, and I have believed in my heart that you would do so, I have asked the foreman, and he says that I shall not go. Now, Lord, let your power be seen, let your faithfulness be made known, and let your love to me be displayed - in turning his heart, that he may let me go. I plead the blood of Jesus, and on his merits alone I rest. Amen."

I had scarcely risen from my knees, when I heard the foreman's voice calling to me, and looking out of the loft door, to hear what he had to say, he said, "You may go, I suppose you want to go to that meeting; and I dare say you'll be no good if you stay here." At this, my very soul seemed to dissolve in thankfulness before the Lord for his goodness, I blessed his holy name, and went off directly to his house. But this was not all, for another favor was to be shown to me that night, for in the sermon the preacher observed, "Sometimes the Lord's people are much exercised, to know whether the righteousness of Christ is imputed to them. Observe, the prophet says, "The work of righteousness is peace," now Christ by his life and death made peace. "The effect of righteousness, is quietness and assurance. Whenever then the righteousness of Christ is imputed by God, and has been received into the heart by faith, there is quietness of mind. There is a resting upon Christ - a founding all our salvation upon him, and from this, springs an assurance of interest in God's favor." This just met my case, it was attended with light and power to my soul, and satisfied me for the time being, that I was really and truly interested in the meritorious work of Jehovah Jesus. O how I did bless the Lord's name, admire his dealings, and feel gratitude working in my heart towards him for his undeserved favors! Thus my faith was tried, my patience was exercised, my perseverance was approved, my prayer was answered, the blessing desired was given, and the Lord's faithfulness to his word shone forth conspicuously! "Bless the Lord, my soul, and forget not all his benefits!" On another occasion, I had a great desire to attend the sermon, and once or twice I had asked the Lord to let me go - but as I presumed on going, my prayers were neither fervent nor importunate. One of my employers now was a godly man, and I had no idea that he would deny me, especially as there were plenty to do the work. I had lost sight of the admonition, "Trust not in a friend." When therefore I went to ask permission, I was surprised to hear him say, "No, you must stay and help with the work." This I took very hard, especially as he had told me he was going himself. I now began to murmur and complain - but it was of no use, I was an apprentice, and was bound to obey. But now my desire to go was stronger than ever - yet I felt ashamed to go to the Lord as on the former occasion, because I knew that I had slighted him.

Satan now set in upon me with extraordinary power, and as I was off my watch tower, he soon overcame me. He filled my heart with rebellion against God, and stirred up the most improper feelings toward my employer. The corruptions of my heart heaved and raged like the ocean in a storm, and I felt as if I cared for neither God nor man. Like Israel, I forgot his works, and waited not for his counsel; but lusted exceedingly, and tempted God. My proud heart said, "My master could have let me go, if he would - but he would not; and the Lord could have turned his heart to favor me, in a moment - but he would not, although he knew how much I wanted to go to his house."

Much more not fit to be recorded, I felt, and muttered to myself. I have often stood astonished at the wonderful forbearance of the Lord with me, a guilty worm; for I was ready to say, the Lord cared nothing for me, nor would I care for the Lord! Thus I forgot God was my Savior, who had done such great things for me. At length my heart became so hardened that I felt fit to commit any sin, nor was Jonah more peevish, fretful, and ill tempered than I was! Like him, I thought that I did well to be angry. My fellow workmen became very boisterous and noisy, and for a time I joined with them. My master returned and reproved me - but I only murmured at him in reply. Conscience began to lash me - but I resisted it. My fellow workmen were pleased, thinking I was becoming like one of them, and was going back to the world, as they had often predicted that I would. When I went home that night, I did not attempt to pray, nor did I feel the least desire to do so - but lay down, and being very weary, went off to sleep without any concern. When I awoke the next morning, conscience began to accuse and lash me again - but I resisted it, and went to my employment without ever saying, "Where is God my Maker?" I strove and struggled with my conscience, to stifle conviction and prevent remorse - endeavoring to throw all the blame and the guilt on my employer, and my God. But conscience, like Nathan of old, cried aloud, "You are the man!" This I resisted, and managed to maintain the warfare until my dinner hour. As I was going home for supper, one of my fellow Christians, aware of what had occurred - purposely met me, and in a gentle, loving, fatherly manner, began to inquire into the matter, and his soft words broke the bone. His smiting me was a kindness, and his reproof was an excellent oil - which did not break my head - but it softened my heart. I told him frankly the whole that had occurred, with true brotherly kindness he reproved me, and I found Solomon's words to be true, "As an earring of gold, and an ornament of fine gold, so is a wise reprover upon an obedient ear!" He sympathized with me when he saw me affected, and spoke words in season to me, which were like golden apples in silver baskets. But now I had dreadful work within. When I went back to my work - my soul was on the rack. In the evening I went home almost as miserable as I could be out of Hell. I began now to call on the Lord in my trouble - but my guilt lay so heavy on my conscience, and my faith was so weakened by my sin - that I could not believe that he would hear me. But there was no alternative, I must pray - or perish. I could eat nothing, for my appetite was gone. I went into my room - but I could find no rest either for my weary body or troubled mind. I now seemed to sink into the very "belly of Hell." Most true did I find the testimony, that those who "observe lying vanities, forsake their own mercies." The foundations seemed to be removed, and what could I do? My soul seemed to sink, sink, sink, and I could find no bottom, nor anything like rest, for the Lord appeared to shut out my prayer. However after a time, mind and body became exhausted, and I fell asleep. In the morning, when I awoke - all my distress returned. And as I went to my work, I felt like the thief when he is detected, and was ashamed to look anyone in the face. This was a most melancholy day to me. In the evening, I retired again to my room, and sat down in the greatest distress of mind, having a very Hell in my conscience. Truly I did find that it was an evil and bitter

thing to sin against God.

I continued to cry unto the Lord - but it appeared to be all in vain. At length, I took up my pen and wrote, as follows, "Let him who thinks he stands, take heed lest he fall." O my soul, if you had taken heed to this loving caution, you would not now have reason to complain as you have! You would have been singing from the heights of Zion, or shouting from the top of the mountains. But the crown is fallen from your head - woe be unto you, that you have sinned. Sinned against light, love, and mercy. O my soul, if you had been found in the study of God's Word, the Word of your loving and adorable Savior - you would have met with the loving admonition, directing you to be "praying always with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit, and watching thereunto with all perseverance." Then you would have said, "I will get up on my watchtower." But instead of that, lightness and vanity seized upon you - and you became their captive. Woe unto me, what shall I say, or how shall I answer the Lord? I must appear before his blessed face with shame and blushing, and confess with a broken heart - my vileness, depravity, and desperate wickedness. O thoughtless heart!

Happy is the man who is kept by the Lord! What a high privilege! What an inestimable blessing! He shall be safe and secure in the time of trouble - while I, wretch that I am - must hang down my head like a convicted felon. O foolish, heart! O vain mind! O depraved will! O guilty tongue - thus to dishonor him, who laid down his life to redeem you from all iniquity!

O wondrous love of Jesus! And yet I go on in sin, and sometimes feel a secret love to it, and a desire to be at liberty to indulge my lusts. How justly might I be cut down as a cumberer of the ground. How many kind promises, invitations, and cautions have been slighted by my guilty soul. Lord, I deserve the lowest place in the lowest hottest Hell! Enter not into judgment with me, Lord, for in your sight, considered in myself - I can never be justified!

I then retired to rest, worn out both in mind and body. All the next day, I was, if possible, worse! My time was spent in sighing, crying, and groaning before the Lord; though I concealed it as much as possible from all around me. I was now no mind-set to be with anyone; nor would I, if I could help it, be in any one's company. Thus I passed through another most miserable day. O if some knew what I endured, the distress of mind I passed through - they would not make so light of sin, or of slips in their daily walk as they do! In the evening, when I retired to my chamber, I was almost in despair; and sitting down, I caught hold of the paper on which I had written the previous night. I took my pen, and added to it, and while writing, the Lord broke in upon my soul, gave me a sweet sense of his pardoning love, and filled me with exquisite delight, as may be seen by what I wrote, as follows:

O most gracious Lord, look upon Christ my shield, and behold me in the face of your anointed One. You know, Lord, that I am lying under a threefold condemnation, your law condemns me, my own conscience condemns me, and even the everlasting gospel condemns me. What can deliver me? Nothing but a fresh application of the peace-speaking blood of the covenant, by the power of the Holy Spirit. Oh my covenant God, the God of my soul - enable me to take shame and confusion of face unto myself, and to put my mouth in the dust - so that there may be hope! Why should a living man complain - a man for the punishment of his sin? O cursed sin, which has separated between me and God. O horrid iniquity, which has hid the face of Jesus from me! The sweet whispers of his Spirit have ceased - O restore unto me the joys of your salvation, and

uphold me evermore! O that my conscience may be made more tender, that I may flee from sin as from a deadly serpent, and hate it with a perfect hatred! For this my sin, my heart is faint - and the eye of my faith is dim! Turn me, O Lord - and so shall I be turned; renew my days as of old. O let me again walk in the sweet sunshine of my Savior's presence, and bask in his glorious beams! I will call on the Lord out of my dungeon of guilt and distress of mind. I will look again toward his holy temple.

I know that the Lord does not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men. Even such a guilty wretch as I am, can witness to the truth of that assertion. How many times have I sinned and grieved the Holy Spirit - and yet you have been, and are, faithful to your promise, notwithstanding my faithlessness. Blessed be your holy name, my unfaithfulness can never alter the thing that is gone out of your mouth. In righteousness you have spoken, and will assuredly do as you have said, every Word of yours shall be fulfilled. My strength, and my hope in my own strength, is perished from the Lord; and may it continue to perish, until I am brought to stand in your strength, knowing, myself to be perfect weakness.

Blessed be your holy name, you have said, that if we forsake your law, and keep not your commandments - you will visit our transgressions with a rod, and our iniquities with stripes! Nevertheless, (O blessed nevertheless!) nevertheless, your loving-kindness you will not take from him, nor allow your faithfulness to fail. You have said (and all glory be to your name for it,) "In a little wrath have I hid my face from you for a moment - but with everlasting kindness I will have mercy on you, says the Lord your Redeemer." O precious promise, divinely sweet declaration, how it cheers my heart!

Lord, You have said, too, "I will cast all your sins into the depths of the sea." They shall be carried into a land of everlasting forgetfulness. Yes, and You have said too, "Though the righteous fall seven times a day - yet shall they arise." He shall not be utterly cast down, because you uphold him with your hand. And to confirm all, you have added, "I will never leave you nor forsake you!" Is this, can this - be for such a vile wretch like me? O wondrous mercy! O boundless sovereign, everlasting, unchangeable, love! "Wonders of grace to God belong!"

"Precious Jesus, I adore you, You have conquered death and Hell;

I with wonder fall before you, Your salvation suits he well."

Yes, it suits me, because it is all of grace, free grace, from first to last - without works, and without boasting. What shall I render unto the Lord, my covenant God - for his boundless mercy to such a guilty, Hell-deserving, sinner as I am? O Lord, I can do nothing without you, enable me to stand still, and see your salvation. May I gaze, admire, and adore! O gird me about at all times with that mighty weapon called "All prayer," and may I lay passive in your hands, knowing no will but yours.

"Keep, O keep me, Lord, from sinning, Guide me in the way of peace."

Weaken the power of the Tempter, teach me to resist him in the strength of Jesus, and always to triumph in Christ, for victory over sin, death, Hell, and the grave! Lord, fulfill your promise in my experience, that I may go from strength to strength, until I appear perfect before you, my God, in Zion.

O Lord, I do feel something of my own weakness, make me feel more of it, and may I know that my strength stands in the knowledge of my weakness and infirmities. I can scarcely refrain even now, from crying out, "How shall I come before the Lord, or bow myself before the most high God?" How can such a sinner as I am, stand before such a holy Lord God? I could not! I could not but for the fact that, "Jesus stands between, In garments dyed in blood;

'Tis he instead of me, is seen, When I approach to God.

What wondrous love, what mysteries, In this appointment shine; My breaches of the law, are His, And His obedience, mine!"

O how shall I sufficiently admire, bless, praise, and adore the grace "that buries all my sins" and rejoice in that glorious righteousness in which I can stand perfect before a holy God! Instead of complaining, I feel ready to cry out, "I will greatly rejoice in the Lord, my soul shall be joyful in God - for he has clothed, (vile, polluted, Hell-deserving me!) with the garments of salvation, he has covered me with the robe of righteousness!"

Why is this? O Lord, why is this - that I am made to hear your pardoning voice, while thousands are left to perish in their sins, who are better than I am? It is even so, Father, for so it seems good in your sight. O wondrous depth of sovereign grace, without either a shore or a bottom! Lord, lead me into it, and there let me bathe to all eternity! May I know the wondrous love of Christ, which surpasses knowledge! I now feel as if I was lost in an endless subject - the astonishing love of Christ! The sovereign, boundless, bottomless, free, and eternal love of Christ. O how wonderful that such a poor, vile, wretched, nothing creature, as I am - should be interested in it! Surely none but Jesus could, and none but Jesus would - so love one so vile as me; but he has done it all, all praise to his blessed name!

What a difference the light of the Lord's countenance makes in a sinner's experience. I sat down to write with a very Hell in my conscience, and I rose up with Heaven in my heart! A look from the loving eye of Jesus broke my heart, and opened the sluices of godly sorrow! The application of the Word by the Spirit, healed the wounded spirit, raised the soul in the exercise of precious faith, and afresh united it to Christ, in holy love. The oil of joy - softened and perfumed my hard heart; and the sun of righteousness with his warm reviving beams - raised and fired my affections; while my whole soul was led captive afresh by the grace, mercy, and love of God! The hardest thing my wounded spirit has now to do - is to forgive itself. The devil appeared to be dreadfully enraged, by this display of the condescending kindness of my God, and he stirred up my enemies to taunt and torment me more than ever, so that I had to bear the reproach of it long after I was absolved by my God. Nor do I believe that Satan would have been half so much enraged, if I had been left to lie under the guilt of my sin for months, and been caused to go on for a long time, before I was cleansed from it. But the wrath of man and the malice of Satan were sanctified to my good; for though it often covered my face with confusion, and filled my heart with pain, when reproached before strangers, lest the cause of God should suffer; yet, it . . . humbled me in the dust, checked my natural lightness, and at times produced such meekness of spirit, that I could pity and pray for my revilers - while I mourned over my own folly, and prayed the Savior to keep me in future, as the apple of his eye, and hide me under the shadow of his wings. And now, I felt such a strong desire to be useful in the Lord's vineyard, and such a love to poor sinners; such an earnest longing for their conversion, with such a spirit of prayer that the Lord would put me into the ministry - that at

times I have been in prayer on the subject nearly the whole day. When I have been working alone, I have prayed and cried unto the Lord on the subject, until my spirits have been exhausted - and I have been obliged to refrain, and only inwardly sigh out my desires unto the Lord. In more ways than one, the Lord made my stumble of use to me - but I have written enough on that point.

I now went on peacefully for some time - but having read, and heard the Lord's people speak of having the promises applied, and brought home to the soul with power - I was not satisfied simply to read God's Word - but I must have it applied. I therefore began to pray and cry unto the Lord for this privilege - but for a considerable time I obtained no reply, until I concluded to give up and pray for it no more. But as I was but a child, thinking as a child, and acting as a child - the Lord treated me as a child, and at length to my unspeakable joy, one morning just as I awoke from sleep, the words came with such light, power, and sweetness, into my soul, as I cannot describe, "They shall be Mine!" (Malachi 3:17) I knew not at the time, where to find them in the Bible - but I knew they were the Lord's words, and I took them as spoken unto me.

I went to my work feeding upon them, and as they rested on my mind, they diffused a sweet and pleasant savor over my spirit; and as I had nearly a mile to walk, I went enrapt up in holy meditation all the way, and seemed to hear the Lord whispering to me, "They shall be mine!" O how blessed, thought I, these people must be! They have been the Lord's from everlasting, they are the Lord's now, they will be acknowledged as his at the day of judgment, and they will be his forever! And am I among this blessed company? O what an incomparable favor! What an inestimable blessing! What an unspeakable benefit, more to be desired than gold, yes, than much fine gold! At another time I sunk into a gloomy state of mind, and yielded to despondency until I was truly wretched. I was then ready to cry out, "Will the Lord cast me off forever? Will he be favorable no more? Is his mercy clean gone forever? Has he in anger shut up his tender mercies? Has he forgotten to be gracious? Does his promise fail for evermore?" In this state of mind I continued for some time - but as I was at work one day feeling most miserable, the words were darted into my soul, "I will see you again!" Gentle power attended them, and sweet and holy liberty, was the result. Freedom of spirit was enjoyed, and I went forward rejoicing in this light for a season. My employers were very particular about our keeping correct time - but as I went to work early, and sometimes worked very late, it was not easy to do so. I remember one morning over-sleeping, and falling into a very bad temper in consequence - so that instead of blessing and praising the Lord for a refreshing night's rest, I began murmuring and complaining, until I felt anything but like a Christian. When all in a moment, as if a flash of lightning shot through my soul, came the words, "In your favor is life!" In a moment, the storm within was hushed into a calm, and I felt as if I would have fainted, at this rich display of the kindness of my God. I went to work blessing and praising the Savior's name, and was ready to cry out, "Is this the manner of men, Lord God? What more can I say unto you?"

I now saw that life, its blessings, its comforts, and all that is worth enjoying - flowed freely from the divine favor; and that without an interest in that favor, it mattered little what we possessed, for it was impossible to be truly happy. This greatly endeared the Savior to my soul, and gave me an occasion to bless and praise his precious name, who alone does wondrous things.

Once or twice Satan managed to gain the ascendancy over me, causing me to slide; but when I cried, "My foot slips!" the mercy of God caught me, and held me up!

I found that sin always wounded my conscience, and caused me much trouble of soul; nor could I again obtain peace, or enjoy comfort - but as I looked afresh to the blood of Jesus, and felt its cleansing efficacy within.

I have generally found that all my sins and slips began in the prayer-closet; when I grew cold or lukewarm there - Satan was allowed to attack me, and he generally in some degree, gained the ascendancy over me.

Never could I, never can I, be glad that I have sinned. Yet the grace of God, taking advantage of my weakness and folly - has wrought sweetly in my soul afterwards. And blessed, forever blessed, be the name of my Lord and Savior - He has sanctified my slips to me, for my real benefit:

1. They have made me fly unto Him afresh, as into a strong tower, in which the righteous are safe at all times.
2. They have brought me to feel my own weakness, and to see the desperate wickedness of my heart - in a way and manner which otherwise I could not.
3. They have revealed to me the fallacy and folly of trusting in my own heart at all.
4. They have made me more cautious, and kept me crying to Him for strength against temptation.
5. They have given me an opportunity sweetly and powerfully to prove the efficacy of the blood of Christ to cleanse from all pollution. Nor can I be surprised at these things happening unto me, when I look back and consider . . . the adverse situation in which I was placed; the temptations with which I was surrounded; the weakness I felt; the wicked heart I carried about within me; and the opposition of Satan which I had to endure.

I rather wonder, and find cause to bless the name of my God, who has kept me as he has, and desire to give all the praise to his most holy name. Not unto me, Lord, not unto me - but to your name give glory, for your mercy and for your truth's sake!

Upon one occasion, I was beset with the temptation that the work in my soul was not a genuine work of grace - because my convictions of sin were not attended with that horror, that some good men have experienced; nor had I sunk so deep as some, whose experience I had read. This followed me for some time, and I prayed to the Lord to give me deeper convictions - yes, to drag me through Hell, rather than let me be deceived, and miss of Heaven at last!

After thus praying for some time, in the beginning of the year 1823, having returned home from work one evening, while sitting in my room, I felt my mind begin to sink, my eyes were directed inward - and of all horrid sights, I had never seen one like it! I could sit no longer, I arose, and went out, without speaking to anyone; and now the very foundation of my hope seemed to be washed away, and the fountains of the great deep of my depraved nature to be broken up. I really thought that I would have been overwhelmed, and have sunk into black despair! I walked along side the canal, like one desperate, and I might truly be said to meditate terror.

Now Satan set in upon me afresh, suggesting that there could be no hope for me, and powerfully tempted me to cast myself into the canal and make an end of it. O the infernal reasoning he made use of, abusing the blessed doctrine of God's eternal election for the purpose. "If you are

elected," said he, "you know you must be saved, for none of the elect can by any means be lost; and if you are not elected - then you cannot be saved; therefore to leap into the canal would soon decide the matter! In a moment or two, you would get out of the miserable state as you are now in - and be safely landed in Heaven! And if you are not elected - you will not be damned long before the time, for you cannot live very long, and you would know the worst of it."

These thoughts, and others of the same kind exercised my mind, and at times I felt just at the point of jumping in, for I scarcely knew what I was thinking and doing. But at length the words came to my mind, "No murderer has eternal life abiding in him." And I thought that though all the elect shall assuredly be saved - yet none of the elect shall be left to commit that detestable act of suicide; therefore if I do away with myself - then I destroy all hope, and am lost forever! With this I wandered farther away from the water - but in a most wretched state of mind, which continued for two or three hours.

I am very sure of one thing, that I shall never pray for deep convictions again; but I imagined I saw something more of the meaning of the words of the Psalmist after this, "By awesome deeds in righteousness, You will answer us, O God of our salvation." My desire after this was: to be kept daily sensible of my dreadful state by nature, and by practice; to see just enough of my own heart to keep me humble, and to render Jesus precious to my soul; to daily to feel my need of him, and to be enabled by grace to make use of him; to live to him and glorify him, until called up on high to be forever with him!

I learned that sinful human nature is a poor judge of the sovereign acts of an infinite God. Grace leads us to receive what God says, and to acquiesce in what God does - but carnal reason is too proud to stoop so low, or to submit to what it cannot comprehend.

Since the above, when I have heard people carping and caviling at the doctrine of election, drawing false and unfounded inferences from it; and reasoning about it as Satan did with me in my distress. I imagine I can see very clearly, from whence these things come, and what they display. For some time, myself and a few Christian friends, had been in the habit of meeting at the house of a fellow Christians on the evening of the Lord's day, and at other times to read the Word, sing hymns, and engage in prayer. Here I first began to exercise my gift of prayer, and also to offer a few remarks on the Scriptures as I read them. As I had been made useful to the owner of the house, this part of the exercise generally devolved on me. Here I was enabled, in a measure, to surmount the fear of man, and most blessed seasons we enjoyed together; for the Lord would meet with us, and turn that cottage room into a little Heaven. Here we opened our hearts to each other, and told of the Lord's dealings with us in providence and in grace. At times my friends would intimate to me, that they thought I had gifts for the gospel ministry, which would strengthen the old flame which was still secretly burning in my bosom, and which increased as my knowledge of divine things increased. But as my views on this subject were not very correct, and as I dreaded the idea of being a hireling, I determined to move no further in the matter - but leave it entirely in the hand of the Lord, desiring only to know his will, and being determined to follow that. Yet I frequently felt extraordinary liberty in praying on the subject, and laying the matter before the Lord; though I saw not the slightest probability of my ever being employed in the gospel ministry.

Yet at times, the hope that I would be employed in this blessed work, would rise above every obstacle that lay in the way; but then the language of the Lord respecting the false prophets would

come with great force into my mind. "I sent them not, nor commended them, therefore they shall not profit this people at all, says the Lord." O with what vehemence have I at such times, pleaded with God, saying, "Lord, you know that I have no end in view in desiring to be engaged in the ministry of the gospel - but your glory, the good of poor sinners, and the exaltation of my precious Savior. If you have not designed me for it, or do not intend to bless me in it, let the desire die away out of my mind, and erase the thought of it from the minds of my friends. But, if you do intend to make me a minister of Christ, let it be a constant matter of prayer both with me and them. O my God, forbid that I should take one step, without your guidance and direction; prepare me for it, send me to at, and bless me in it - in your own time and way; so that all the glory may be yours, and your name be praised forever!"

Instead of the former part of this prayer being answered, the latter part was most manifestly so. I had soon after this time a very remarkable answer to prayer, which served to confirm my soul in a very important doctrine. I had been considerably harassed with doubts and temptations, on the subject of the divinity of Christ, though I never gave way to them to any extent. It so happened that one Saturday evening while at work, we had a large quantity of sheep skins come in from London, and the weather being warm, if they were not washed they would be spoiled. I saw therefore very clearly, that we had a whole night's work. Just at this time, we had several new hands set on, to whom the very appearance of religion was most offensive; therefore I was made the butt of their laughter and ridicule, and everything they could do to oppose and ridicule me - they did. They were full of joy at the prospect of so much work, and I was mourning at having to work on the Lord's day. I knew that toward morning when they were excited with drink, and we were quite left to ourselves - that they would be sure to fill my ears with vulgar songs, filthy jests, and profane oaths. O how I longed to escape, and enjoy a quiet Lord's day.

There was but one young man, who, according to the rules of the trade, could take my place; to him I went, and begged him as if I was asking the greatest favor, to take my place. But he positively refused, "You will have but a poor life of it tonight," said he. "I shall go home and be comfortable for once." I entreated him again - but all to no avail. My soul was bowed down within me, and I knew not what to do. To the work I was obliged to do, and I soon heard the men planning to torment me; they soon doused me with water - but my mind was made up to make no remark on anything they did, nor give any reply to any thing they said, if I could possibly avoid it, that they may not be able to twist my words. But it was quite impossible to carry this out, so I therefore remonstrated with them - but all to no avail. I then lifted my heart to God, and prayed and worked on in a most uncomfortable manner until between ten and eleven o'clock. Instead of getting better - they grew worse and worse - and all I could do was to cry unto God, and make the best of my miserably situation! The young man who could have been my substitute had gone home, and so were our employers, and every door of hope was closed. I had prayed for deliverance - but could obtain no answer, and I tried to reconcile my mind to my dreadful lot. Just at that minute, it was suddenly brought to my mind, that I had somewhere read in the life of a good man, who had been tried with doubts on the same subject, as I had recently been, something like this, "If my reader wants a proof of the divinity of Christ, go to him burdened, cast down, and distressed - and pray to him as a proof of his divinity - to remove your burden; and if he removes yours, as he did mine - you will have in your own soul a proof of his Deity, that all the Arians in the world cannot overturn." The thought struck me that I have now a favorable opportunity, for I felt

sure that no one but God could deliver me. But as soon as I began to think of putting the matter to this test, a whole host of objections rushed into my mind - as: it would be tempting God - it would be presumption, etc. So that I had much reasoning in my mind on the point. At length, the vile conduct of the men drove me almost to desperation; I made a trifling excuse, and left amidst a volley of abuse, and under a shed, behind a heap of sheep skins, addressing myself directly and personally to the Lord Jesus, I cried, "O Lord Jesus Christ, if you are really and truly God, one with the Father, over all, and blessed for evermore - then give me a proof of your divinity tonight, by sending me deliverance! I am satisfied, that none but the eternal God can now set me free; and if you are pleased to give me this proof of your Deity, I shall be assured beyond a doubt, that you Lord have the hearts of all men at your disposal. Send, send me deliverance, I beseech you." In this manner I continued to pray for some time, and the Holy Spirit helped my infirmities, with unutterable groanings, for my whole soul seemed to go forth with my words. I concluded, and returned to my work to watch the hand of the Lord - which way he would intervene. I had scarcely got into the water again to finish washing the sheep skins, when I heard a voice call out to me. I looked up, and it was the young man, who had so positively refused to release me, and who appeared to be so glad to get away himself. I went out to him, asking what he wanted. He replied, that he was come to take my place - if I liked to go home. I was so struck, that I could scarcely believe my own ears! I said, "How did you come to alter your mind?" He said, "I don't know, I was sitting at supper, and thinking about going to bed, and it came into my mind that I should come and take your place. I thought you would like to go home, and would want to go to chapel tomorrow, and it would make very little difference to me, as I would not go myself; and I thought that if I worked, the extra money would be useful."

I felt so overcome, that like the disciples, who "did not believe it because of joy and amazement" - but thought that I had seen a vision. O how precious, how very precious was the Lord Jesus to my soul at this moment! I felt as certain that he was Divine, as though I had seen him, and been assured of the fact from his own mouth! I could not help praising him, and as I passed along the street to my lodgings, I ceased not to bless and praise his blessed name. The passers-by heard me and looked round - but I could not refrain, for I felt that if I held my peace, the stones would immediately cry out! Thus the Lord fulfilled his Word, "I will be very gracious unto you at the voice of your cry; when I shall hear - I will answer you."

I had also an illustration of that promise, "Before they call, I will answer, and while they are yet speaking, I will hear." This must evidently have been the case, by the distance the young man had to come, the short time I was in prayer, and the brief time in which I received the answer. The Lord must have been working in his mind, while I was considering the propriety of putting him to the test; truly, I may well exclaim, "Who is a God like unto you?"

Soon after this, I married, at which time our business was brisk, and our wages very good. But very soon after, work was short, and wages low. Now we had an opportunity of looking to the Lord, and watching his hand. As my work failed, my wife found employment, as every one that becomes a helpmeet should. I was determined not to run into debt - and yet it was sometimes difficult to make both ends meet. I remember one evening, my wife was saying that we needed a certain article for home use - but we had not then the money to purchase it - and yet she could not tell how to do without it. I replied that we must pray, wait, and watch the hand of God - for I could not, nor would not, agree to go in debt for it. We did pray, and retired to rest, not having dropped a hint

to anyone. As we were sitting at breakfast the next morning, an old lady, a fellow member of the church who resided near us - but who knew nothing of our needs, visited us. She said, "I have such an article that I do not use, and I have been thinking perhaps that it may be useful to you - and if so - you are quite welcome to it, for I dare say I shall never need it - but if I do, I can come back and borrow it." It was the very thing we were needing, and did not know how to get. "Whoever is wise and will observe these things, even he shall understand, the loving-kindness of the Lord!" I mention this, and to me other similar circumstances, to encourage the poor of the flock to look to the Lord for temporals, as well as spirituals, and to wait upon God in prayer - instead of using, carnal contrivances, or running into debt. In consequence of the persecution I endured at work, especially from one man; the natural lightness of my disposition, which often led me astray; and the low wages we now received, while my family was increasing - I often longed for a change of employment, and made it a matter of prayer. At length a spirit of prayer came so powerfully upon me, that I cried almost day and night unto the Lord; and often did I slip away from my work-fellows, to pour out my soul unto the Lord. In addition to this, I felt such a vehement desire to be employed in the gospel ministry, and such a spirit of prayer on that account - so that I have been nearly whole days in prayer. At times, when working by myself, as I now often was, I have prayed from morning until night, even until I have felt quite exhausted. Frequently for two or three hours together, I have had uninterrupted communion with my dear Redeemer on these subjects; and the fellowship has been most close, familiar, and endearing - so that Christ has been unspeakably precious. Often since, would I have given much to be indulged in this manner - it was indeed living on high. At length, I heard that my employers had taken another business at Chertsey, and I fully expected, as the chief persecutor was a clever man, and a favorite with the masters - that he would be sent to superintend it. I therefore looked forward to a little respite, and to receive an answer to my prayers. But the Lord's ways are not our ways, for one evening in April, 1825, just as we were about to close the day with family prayer, one of my employers called, to say that I must go off to Chertsey in the morning, as the goods were spoiling for lack of attention, and he intended to send me and my wife there, to live in the house, and take care of the business, and that everything would be made comfortable for me.

I objected and remonstrated, as I could not bear the thought of leaving my native town, the Lord's people whom I so much loved, and all my friends. But it was of no use, he said it would be so much better for us, higher wages and a good house, rent free - and he must place a person there on whom he could depend. Accordingly the next morning I arose to walk to Chertsey with a very heavy heart, and was ready to murmur at almost every step. Here, all was strange. I had not one Christian friend to speak to, nor any means of grace that I could enjoy, so that I found it hard work to be content.

O how little do we know what bitter things we pray for, when we are most importunate with the Lord. We imagine that we are asking for what is sure to make us happy - but the reverse turns out to be the case! How different, I at first found my circumstances to be!

Before, I could go to the Lord's house at the close of the day, commune with the Lord's people, or enjoy my own homely fire side. Now I had to go into lodgings, dwell with carnal people, where the evenings were spent in playing cards, or other worldly amusements. When I refused to take any part in these things, I was looked upon as a fool - and was indeed a stranger in a strange place. I therefore spent my spare time in wandering in the fields, holding converse with God, between the

hedges, and in the lovely walks around the town. Here I found my Savior, and felt it truly precious to commune with him, when I had no one else to whom I could open my mind.

Just before I left Brentford, my oldest sister died, and contrary to my own mind, I was persuaded to contract a debt of five pounds for the funeral; which was not to be paid for at least six months. But no sooner had I left Brentford, than the money was sent for. Here I was in a strange place, with little money, my wife near her next childbirth, and for the first time in my life, I was unjustly, in point of time, required to pay a debt of five pounds. However, an old friend heard of my trouble, found the money, and told me to go and pay the debt, without saying one word about it, nor was I permitted to know where it came from; when I could repay it, I was to do so - but not to make myself at all uneasy, as I would never be asked for it!

Now my wages were raised, and I was soon able to repay the money, when I determined in the Lord's strength, never to owe another pound that I could not pay on demand - and I never have. When my wife was giving birth to her first child, she had a dreadful time, which lasted three days, so that her sufferings were very severe, and her life was despaired of. Nearly the whole of one Lord's day, I was required to be in the room with her, and it was one of the most miserable days of my life. Satan harassed my mind with the most horrid, atheistic, and blasphemous thoughts imaginable; working my mind up to a state of awful rebellion against God. There was my poor wife suffering - both of us praying - and the Lord appeared to take no notice.

"Look," said Satan, "is it possible for the Lord to be what the Bible declares him to be - a God of love, pity, compassion, and tenderness - and see your wife suffer thus, when one word could effect her deliverance? Could you, a sinful creature, see the greatest enemy you have suffer thus - when a single word would heal, and refuse to speak that word? You know you could not! And if the Lord had the pity you are taught to believe he has - then he could not."

These and many other blasphemous thoughts too base to write, filled my mind, thus the enemy would have gladly persuaded me, that if the Lord were not altogether such a one as myself, if he does not possess the same passions as I do - he cannot be God, nor can the Bible be true. What a day of conflict was this, how often did I think of the Lord's people meeting for his worship - while I was prevented; how they were enjoying his love - while I was harassed by the most awful temptations. But at length the Lord answered prayer, sent deliverance, and we were enabled to set up our Ebenezer, saying "Hitherto has the Lord helped us." By this day's experience, I gleaned where the infidels get their chief arguments; and saw that the infidel's heart is Satan's home, and the infidel's tongue is Satan's quiver, and the infidel's voice the echo of the prince of darkness. From the time the Lord gave me the enjoyment of his love, I was very eager to bring sinners to the Savior; but my natural shyness was a very great hindrance to me. I had lured one young man to walk with me in the fields at Brentford, and had spoken to him of Jesus. We had kneeled together under the old tree, and I had reason to believe that he was saved in the Lord.

Just after I went to Chertsey, I received a letter from my oldest brother informing me that a remark made to him in conversation had awakened serious thoughts in his mind, and led him to seek the Savior. This deepened and strengthened my desire to win more, which has increased from that day to this; and I now record it as my settled conviction, that no believer ever desired the salvation of souls, and made use of means in a prayerful spirit to that end - but was more or less successful. No one could be less likely than myself in the early days of my religious experience, for my natural

temperament, and some things in the creed I then held, were directly opposed to it - and yet the Lord gave souls to me then; and, blessed be his holy name, he has given me a troop since then! In providence, the Lord now favored me, and more so in grace, for the Scriptures were opened up to my mind, and I began to feel pleasure in writing letters, and composing verses on religious subjects, which I did with considerable proficiency, for the instruction and comfort of my friends. On one occasion, when I found a piece of paper in the road, on which I read, "Who his own self bore our sins in his own body on the tree, that we being dead to sins might live unto righteousness, by whose stripes you were healed . . ." the Lord so shone upon it, that my soul seemed to revel in delight, as I mused and meditated upon it. At another time, when the Lord had graciously appeared for me, the words of the prophet were like the fruits of the tree of life to me, "The Lord is good, a stronghold in the day of trouble, and he knows those who trust in him." At one time, I felt a great desire to meditate on the Lord's word - as at this time, meditation was the principal means of feeding my soul. But I felt that I could not. I therefore cried unto the Lord, to send something to fix and engage my attention, when the words sweetly glided into my soul: "And be thankful." I was at once led to think of the reasons I had to be thankful.

First, that the Lord should have called such a vile, base, insignificant creature, to know himself, and his blessed truth. That notwithstanding all my opposition to his will, and backsliding from his ways - he had by his almighty grace carried on his work in my soul. So that notwithstanding the desperate wickedness of my heart, and deeply imbedded corruptions of my nature - I do at this moment feel a love to my precious Savior, and have an earnest desire to love him more.

Second, I thought of God's eternal love to my soul, in choosing me to salvation, before the foundation of the world - of the love of Jesus, in becoming my Substitute and Surety - and of the love of the Holy Spirit, in engaging to call me by his grace, keep me by his power, and at length to bring me safe to glory.

Thirdly, I thought of the covenant of grace, entered into by the eternal three in ONE, in which all my life's history was planned and arranged, and provided for; and all things therewith connected were so settled as to secure my good, and God's eternal glory.

Fourthly, I was enabled to look forward to that eternal weight of glory, which is reserved in Heaven for me; and amidst all my selfishness and ingratitude of heart, I thought I could never be satisfied to receive so much from the Lord, if there was not given with the same, an eternity in which to praise, and bless, and adore his holy name!

I was led also, to trace all my mercies, which are not a few, both in providence and grace, as flowing to me through the channel of the doing and dying, of my most precious Lord and Savior. I could also trace his kindness to my soul, from his Suretyship engagements in eternity, to the full accomplishment of the same in time.

O that my thankfulness had been at all answerable to my obligation, or had kept pace with my thoughts, for I found it truly blessed, thus to review the causes I have for thankfulness, while the unction of the Holy Spirit attending the same softened my heart, and led me to dedicate myself afresh to the Lord and his glory. My pastor coming to visit me, and preach at Chertsey, took me out for a walk, and when alone, he asked me if I ever had any thoughts about entering the gospel ministry. Which gave me an opportunity of opening my mind to him on the subject, when he

encouraged me to nourish the idea, and continue to make it a matter of prayer. He informed me, that it was the opinion of himself, the deacons of the church, and many of the members - that the Lord designed me for the ministry of the Word. "Now," said he, "the Lord will clear the way for you, only act orderly, come and speak before the church first, for that is the scriptural plan," citing, Acts 13:2. Said he, "Your timidity will wear off after speaking a few times." With a little more advice on the subject, he left me, saying that he would take an opportunity of mentioning it to the church. This he did - but as the church had never called anyone to the ministry, the lawfulness of their doing so, and other matters were introduced at the meeting, and so the subject was postponed for a time. This stirred me up afresh, and I fell to self examination and prayer upon the subject: and now my ignorance, inability, and total unfitness for the work was revealed to me in a way which they never had been before. The work appeared to be so great, and the responsibility attached to it so solemn, that I was completely bowed down. Now my pastor wrote to me advising to take the opportunity of giving a word of exhortation at our meetings, as we had no pastor there - but I never could feel at liberty to do so, even when the friends requested me so to do. I never could open my mouth, and at length I determined that I never would, until I saw the hand of the Lord conspicuously clearing the way, for I had a perfect dread of running unsent by the Lord. As the ministry here continued to be unprofitable, so that I could seldom enjoy the preaching of the Word; though the meetings for prayer I did enjoy much, as also reading the Bible and private devotion - I determined to be a Bible Christian. I therefore read my Bible daily, and meditated on what I read continually, praying that I may ever live under its influence. I besought the Lord to give me a spirit of discernment, a sanctified memory, and a devoted heart - so that I may show forth the praises of him, who had called me out of darkness into his marvelous light, and had given me an inheritance among all those who are sanctified by faith in Christ Jesus.

About this time, the Lord gave me on one Lord's day morning, when praying alone in my workshop, one of the sweetest seasons in fellowship with himself which I had ever enjoyed. It was like bringing Heaven down to earth. The Savior seemed to open his heart, and show the wondrous depth of his tender love. But as I went out from the presence of the Lord, delighted and filled with joy through the manifestation, Satan prepared a trap for me, and before I was aware, I was as caught in it. I lost my temper, gave way to angry passion, contracted guilt, and brought a dense dark cloud over my soul. O how dreadful was this, after being so fondly indulged! My very soul sunk within me, Satan began to accuse me, I was most miserable, and felt ashamed to be seen. Instead of going to the service, I went into the fields, sighing, groaning, crying to the Lord, and begging him a thousand times to pardon my guilty soul. As I was wandering about, as wretched as I well could be, I saw a robin sitting on a style, "Ah," said I, "you have no wicked heart, no unruly temper, no impure desires, you may chant your maker's praises, and enjoy the bounties of his providence. But, I, wretch that I am, if I am indulged with his presence one hour, I fall into sin the next! O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me?"

Thus I went on mourning, lamenting, and crying unto the Lord. At length I took my Bible out of my pocket, begging the Lord to direct me to some portion of his Word which would meet my case. I opened on Job 37:5 and read, "Great things does he, which we cannot comprehend." Immediately on reading this, the words of our Lord came home to my mind, "What I do, you do not understand now; but you shall know hereafter." The thought then struck me, that the Lord was teaching me by these different exercises, some things that would be of use to me by and bye. This alleviated my

grief a little - but I had a most miserable day. In the morning the bright sun broke forth, and all was sweet, delightful and pleasing; but I had not long enjoyed his warm and reviving beams, before the clouds gathered, the storm arose, and like a poor unprotected traveler, I was impeded in my progress, and my cup of pleasure was dashed to the ground!

About a month after this, the Holy Spirit brought home with sweetness and power to my soul, this passage, "Yes, he is altogether lovely!" And the beauty, loveliness, excellency, and glory, which I saw in the Lord Jesus, I never can describe. For about two hours, I was as if I had been caught up into the third Heavens. My heart was ravished with his beauties and excellencies, for he appeared to me as the sum and substance, the center and circumference, of all that is lovely and desirable. All my desires met in him, my soul flowed out to him, and I could, and did, say with Luther, "I had rather be in Hell with Christ - than in Heaven without him!" It was too much for my poor body, which soon felt the effects of such a ravishing manifestation. I felt constrained to exclaim, "O what a condescending Lord, what boundless love he displays to an unworthy worm!" Heartily could I say with Berridge, "If I loved my Lord before, I would love him ten times more;

Drop into his sea outright, Lose myself in Jesus quite."

Shortly after this, I passed through some severe exercises on the subject of the ministry. The question to be decided was, "Has the Lord designed me for it - and will he allow me to be engaged in it?" How I cried, "Search me, God, and try me, and see if there be any wrong motives in my heart, and purge them from me." I could from my heart say, "I want simply to rely on my blessed Jesus, my fast and faithful friend; and the Lord knows that to glorify himself, to exalt his beloved Son, and to do good to immortal souls - is my ruling desire." And my prayer almost daily was, "O Lord, forbid that I should ever move one step - but as led by you. Go before me, and prepare my way, by your preventing mercy; be with me, if ever I go forth, giving me a door of utterance, and a heart warmed with a Savior's love; inflame my soul with zeal for your glory, and by blessing my poor labors - make me the instrument of doing much good to souls."

One Lord's day morning, in the next month, as soon as I awoke, the words of the Psalmist were brought home to my heart "He shall not be afraid of evil tidings, his heart is fixed, trusting in the Lord." I felt sure that this was to prepare me for something, by the effect it produced on my mind, though I knew not what. While I was pondering over it, another passage flowed in, "Trust in the Lord and do good, so shall you dwell in the land, and truly you shall be fed." I went to the early prayer meeting, and found liberty in pleading and wrestling with God, and had some enjoyment of his presence: but before the service was concluded, I was called out, to be informed that my employers had failed, and that a man was come to fetch the business books. Now I saw the design of the portions of the Word that had so seasonably occupied my thoughts, and also the kindness of the ever-blessed Spirit, in directing my attention to them.

I went off at once to Brentford, to know what was to be done, and on the road my mind was taken up, and my thoughts were sweetly engaged with the apostle's representation of the ability of our Heavenly Father, "Able to do exceeding abundantly, above all that we ask or think." I could not but observe, how very graciously the Lord dealt with me, in sending his holy Word to prepare and fortify my mind, for the trouble that was coming upon me; and giving me such a sweet view of himself, to solace and support me afterwards. A new scene of trials now opened up before me, for a man was put in charge of the business, who was a drunkard, a thief, and a great enemy to

religion. Satan acted my carnal nature, and I found it hard at times, to take a stand against his dishonest practices, which always brought down a shower of abuse upon me. At this time too, I sunk into a dull, lifeless, and prayerless frame; and felt that I was really nothing, yes, worse than nothing. All I could do was to sigh and groan, sin and rebel, murmur and complain, pine and fret - as though the Lord was dealing harshly with me. At one time, I was helped with a little help from the words, "The righteous is an everlasting foundation." And at another, from that, "Call upon me in the day of trouble, I will deliver you, and you shall glorify me." This dull and lifeless frame continued, except for brief intervals, for a considerable time, so that I felt the truth of the saying, "No man can keep alive his own soul." In respect to providence, I was now brought into a path, in which I could not see an inch before me; so that I was obliged to cast myself on the Lord, and endeavor to leave myself and family in his hands. The word of command now seemed to be, "Stand still, and see the salvation of the Lord."

Having been for some time tried with temptation, and severe exercises of soul, I was favored with the renewings of the Holy Spirit, and the blood of atonement again gave me peace and comfort. Now my faith was strengthened to rest upon the promises, and be satisfied with the sovereign appointments of my God and Savior, viewing him as influenced by holiness, justice, and love, in all that he designed or did. I could go forward rejoicing in hope of the glory that is to be revealed.

Satan now stirred up the enmity of the man in charge, and he did all that he possibly could to make us miserable. But the Lord directed my mind to portions of his holy word, and stirred up a spirit of grace and supplication within me, enabling me to watch as well as pray - or assuredly I should have been taken in some of the traps which were laid for me. My soul escaped like a bird out of the snare of the fowler, the snare was broken, and I was delivered. This was followed by a troop of doubts and fears, and distrustful forebodings, in reference to temporal things which made me sad and gloomy. What a weak and faithless creature I was proved to be! On the last day of this year, I wrote in my diary as follows, "Through the richest mercy, I am now brought to the close of another year, let me therefore ask you, my soul, what are your improvements this year? Is Christ more precious? Do his work, righteousness, and blood, appear inestimable? Do you see more of his suitability, and feel a stronger attachment to him? Is his glory dearer to you, and his honor more precious in your sight? Do you feel more devoted to him, and find greater pleasure in his service? Do you lie lower at the foot of the cross, and is Jesus more lovely in your eyes? Are you more humbled before God under a sight and sense of your sinfulness? Is your temper, disposition, and will - more subdued by grace? Does grace reign, and sway its scepter over all your powers? Is sin more hateful, death less fearful, and Heaven more desirable? Is the Bible more prized, and are you better acquainted with its contents, living under the influence of its holy precepts? Is holiness and entire devotedness to God more sought after? Are you seeking to live nearer to Jesus, to trust more unreservedly to him, and to leave all your concerns in his hands? Are you more earnest in your desires to be made useful to his flock and family? Are you more prayerful, more given to meditation? Is it your one grand desire and aim, to crown Jesus Lord of all? Speak, my soul - what answer can you give to these very important questions? Speak as in the sight of God, as though you were placed before the tribunal of the Most High God! Let the Holy Spirit, who searches all things, be your witness that you speak the truth, and nothing but the truth!"

Truly, I have much cause to be ashamed, that it is not more the case - yet from the depths of my soul I can say: I do desire, wish, long, and pray, for these things; and the cry of my heart at this

moment is - Lord Jesus, let your work appear more manifestly in me, and be more clearly evidenced in my daily walk, in the church, the family, and the world. Amen.

Now another storm arose, which lasted for some time, the man in charge did everything he could to annoy me, because I would not sanction his pilfering; and for a season the Lord seemed to leave me, to try me, that I might see what was in my heart. I could get no food from the pulpit; a dull, lifeless, and insipid frame came over me; earthly cares perplexed me; and misery seemed to be appointed as a companion for me. I was shut up, and could not come forth. My situation seemed to be the lion's den, and the mountains of the leopards, from which the Savior called his spouse, in the Song of Solomon. Sometimes my spirits failed me, and I felt as if I must give up all; then something would come to cheer me, and then another storm would burst over me, and seem to sweep away all before it; until I have cried out, "Lord, lead me to the city which has foundations, whose builder and maker you are!" My road was very rough, I seemed to lose all my comfort, and felt completely wretched. I was at length obliged to cry out, "Arise, Lord, let not man prevail, let not the enemy triumph over me!" The more I have to do with the world, the more I hate its spirit, and its ways! Blessed be God, that I am not of it. Often now did I cry out, "Half a wreck by tempests driven, Yet my feeble bark survives;

Dashed against the rocks, and riven, In the midst of death, it lives;

See it pressed on every side, See it still the storm outride!" My next entry is as follows. "O what a wretched life has mine been of late. My foe changed his manner, and came fawning upon me, and my carnal heart was pleased with the smooth words, and kind speeches of carnal people. Surely I must be very carnal to feel so. O how have I been tossed to and fro, and could get no comfort, I have been crying out, "O that I had wings like a dove, for then would I fly away, and be at rest! I would hasten my escape from the windy storm and tempest."

What a distressing time I have had, in the midst of hurry and bustle; what an enemy to vital godliness, is this confusion. I feel too low either to mourn over my state, or pray for a revival; my heart seems gone, and I know what the Psalmist meant when he said, "He broke their spirits with hard labor." The most I can do, is inwardly to sigh and look up. How unsettled, and unfixed have I been lately, doubting - and trusting; believing - and fearing; hoping - and foreboding!

O how little devoted to my God. When shall I come and appear before God, clad in gospel zeal, enjoying holy liberty, rejoicing in my Heavenly Father's love, in my Savior's presence, and enjoying the sweet anointing of the Holy Spirit! What passes before me at times, would, if sanctified, lead me to praise my God for making a difference between me and those around me; and set me earnestly to seek that grace which will dethrone sin, vanquish Satan, comfort and restore the soul. But alas! I too often feel heart-bound, tongue-tied, unfit for society - and yet wretched if I am alone. Jesus, give me faith to say with your apostle, "He loved me, and gave himself for me!"

'Tis Christ alone can heal my wounded soul, Can support and relieve, and make me whole; Can bid the shadows flee, and day arise, And with His glories, feast my longing eyes. The hour will soon arrive, the day draw near, When he, my God, and Savior, will appear; Will raise me up, and liberty impart, Speak peace and pardon to my longing heart."

I have lately felt renewed in the spirit on my mind, and enjoyed a little reviving if my bondage. The spirit of prayer is again realized, and I always look upon this as a good sign. This is like life from

the dead. I want now to live wholly out of self - and wholly on Christ, who is the bread of eternal life. I want daily to see what I am in Jesus, and what I am, consequently, in the eyes of the Father, who never beholds me but in him, nor deals with me but as in him. If I could do this, I would be more stable, more settled, and enjoy more satisfaction. How sensibly did I feel the need of divine help, and the privilege of being always welcome at the throne of grace - to go there often, that I may obtain mercy, and find grace to help me in time of need. My mind is again powerfully directed to the ministry by reading a piece, entitled, "The sovereignty of God displayed, in the calling and qualifying of such men, as are true ministers of the gospel." By this piece I tried myself, reading it with deep searchings of heart, especially the following remarks. "A call by God, is most certainly to have those gifts and qualifications imparted, that tend to profit, confirm, establish, and comfort others. An internal spring of life, feeling, and enjoyment, is insufficient to form a public character. But there must be an ability given, whereby thoughts, feelings, and conceptions, can be brought out in words before others, for their edification; also a heart richly constrained with love to the dear Redeemer, his truth, and people. This may be known by the following things: having a secret impression of the importance of the work; a fear of running before being sent; a great concern for Zion's welfare; a burning within the heart to be in it; a thousand fears of not being called of God; much secret prayer respecting it; a trying to give it up - and yet cannot; together with light and the enjoyment of texts before undiscovered; and also an application of many portions of the Word, suitable to such a situation. A soul thus exercised will find, that though Satan opposes him, and men revile him, and fears oppress him - yet in God's time, he will call him forth, to fill the station allotted him. A man's opinion of himself is not a criterion in this matter, for whoever the Lord fills - he is sure to empty. Again, a man called of God, will find that Satan, men, and his own heart will often question his being properly gifted and qualified, and he will find his own inability and unprofitableness stare him in the face every day."

After reading this with prayer and heart searching, I could say, the Holy Spirit being my witness, that all the internal signs mentioned by this author, I have found in my own experience. If I am deceived - may the Lord in his mercy undeceive me, and give me to be satisfied to enjoy the presence of my Savior in private life.

Shortly after I wrote thus: "I can say, that my soul is truly alive to God and godliness, the language of the psalmist, is the language of my soul, "You who have showed me great and sore troubles, shall quicken me again; and shall bring me up again from the depths of the earth!" My very soul seems to be crumbled in the dust before my God, for I have been deeply affected by reading the lives of some of the excellent of the earth. O what a poor, empty, barren, nothing creature do I appear! How slothful! How cold! How careless! Holy Spirit, quicken me, and lead me into the great mystery of godliness - into the height, and depth, and length, and breadth, of the love of Christ, which passes knowledge, that I may be filled with all the fullness of God!

O what an unspeakable mercy it is, that such a poor, insignificant sinner as I am, should be interested in the same precious Savior, should be saved by the same grace, should be clothed with the same robe of righteousness, should be fed at the same table, and by the same bountiful hand, and to think, (O amazing mystery!) that I lay as near to the heart of God's only begotten Son, as the brightest saint that ever lived, and that the same price was paid for my redemption - as for theirs! Yes, "His meanest on earth are as dear To him, as the greatest in Heaven."

Soon after this, Satan began to distress me with fears of death and judgment, representing the salvation of the soul as so great a favor, and such a wonderful work - that I could never expect to enjoy it. He also suggested that I had never felt enough of the bitterness of sin, nor enjoyed enough of the sweetness of grace, to warrant me to conclude that I should be saved. O how the suggestion would ring through my soul, "What if you should be wrong at last? What if you should be cast into Hell?" But blessed be God, the Holy Spirit enabled me to trace out his work in my soul, and comparing my experience with the Word of God, and following up the streams to the source whence they flowed - I obtained the victory.

About this time, looking into my Bible as soon as I awoke, my eyes rested on the words, "Can two walk together, unless they be agreed." Amos 3:3. I immediately fell into this train of thought. Bless the Lord, through free and sovereign grace, the Lord Jesus and my soul are agreed:

1. He is agreeable to save me by grace, and to have all the glory - and I am heartily willing to be saved by him, and therefore desire to bless his holy name.
2. He agreed to take on himself all my sin, curse, and condemnation, enduring the consequences of the same - and I am quite agreeable to take his righteousness, blessing, and salvation, which he freely presents to me.
3. He wishes me to come to Heaven where he is, and to be forever with him - and I have a great desire to go there, and dwell with him forever.
4. He leads me to understand, that he will not be satisfied without me - and I am sure, that I shall never be happy without him.
5. He desires me to be one with him - and the ruling desire of my soul is to be united to him, and to live and walk in the closest possible communion with him.

Blessed be his holy name, he has pledged his word, and he is faithfulness itself, that he will never leave me, nor forsake me; and when doubts and fears arise within me, he says, "I will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice!" And this is always the case, for his presence makes my Heaven. Nor do I believe that he ever leaves me for a moment - but when I turn away from him, look cool upon him, or cease to prize his company. Glory be to God, the time is coming, when I shall be always blessed with his presence, and shall see his lovely face forever! Blessed be God, I feel now, as if I could give up all for Christ - he is so precious and so lovely, and his presence is so sweet.

Now I hear a whisper, "Ah, you may deceive yourself, these feelings are all very fine - but you must be put to the test." Avaunt, Satan. Jesus has everlasting strength, and as "he is the strength of the poor, and the strength of the needy in his distress," so he will be my strength; and he will never call me to endure that which he will not enable me to go through, to the honor of his holy name. He is mine, and I am his; and he will get glory in me, and by me, for he dwells in me, and will not withhold any good thing from me. Satan, you are a liar, and were so from the beginning - but Jesus is "the truth," and never did, and never will, never can, deceive one poor soul who puts its trust in him. Did not my Heavenly Father so love me, that he spared not his own Son - but freely delivered him up for me; and will he not with him also, freely give me all things? Yes, has he not blessed me "with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places, in Christ Jesus, before the foundation

of the world - which are communicated to me by the Holy Comforter, just as I have need of them? God is on my side, and I need not fear what man, or devils, can do to me. What has God wrought for me! What has God conferred upon me! And all "according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus." He has strengthened me with might by his Spirit in the inner man, and now Christ dwells in my heart by faith.

About this time, I was favored with a sweet meditation on Israel's coming out of Egypt, and passing through the Red Sea; as emblematic of the saints coming out of the spiritual Egypt, and passing through that sea, which returning to its place, forever forbids their return to their original condition, however unpleasant and trying the wilderness may appear. Blessed be God for security in Jesus! My path in providence remained for a time hedged up with thorns, so that I could not tell what the Lord intended to do with me. Still I did not complain, nor could I murmur, for I dwelt much on the thought, that Jesus is light, and in him is no darkness at all, and he has said, "If any man follows me, he shall not walk in darkness - but shall have the light of life."

Many severe exercises I had to pass through, almost every day brought something to try my faith, or awaken my fears; the ordinances were barren, and Satan tried in every way to perplex and cast me down. My views of myself were very humbling, and I sometimes thought, that if Satan had as low a view of me, as I had of myself - he would not be at such pains to distress and destroy me. But I believe that he saw, that I would get the victory over him, through the blood of the Lamb, and was therefore determined to inflict as much misery on me as he could, to "worry me - if he could not devour me."

Frequently after my most severe conflicts, have I found Christ to be more precious than before, and I have longed and prayed for a sweeter enjoyment of his love, and to be blessed with more tenderness of conscience, more spirituality of mind, and more devotedness to him in my daily walk. O how I panted for more decision of character, and to be in the highest, in every sense, the Lord's! The man in charge, meanwhile grew worse and worse, and we set apart special seasons to pray for his removal - but the more we prayed, the more violent he became. This led me to think, that the Lord was about to answer me, according to the old adage, "When the bricks are doubled - then comes Moses!" And so it proved, for shortly after an order came from London, that he was to give up all into my possession and leave - how precious did this answer to prayer appear, and what encouragement did it give as always to pray, and not to faint! The 103rd Psalm, was now peculiarly precious, and I could say with David, "The Lord executes righteousness and judgment, for all who are oppressed."

About this time, I wrote:

I have lately felt guilt on my conscience and have been enabled to apply at once to the blood of Jesus, which cleanses from all sin, and have felt its efficacy in the removal of the guilt. O what a mercy to have an Advocate with the Father, even Jesus Christ the righteous! I feel my own weakness in a peculiar manner, so that from my heart I can say, "Weaker than a bruised reed, Help I every moment need!"

What virtue there is in the blood of Jesus, what peace it imparts, when sprinkled on the soul, and how sweetly it speaks of reconciliation with God. O to feel it daily! My crying sins cause me to need it hourly. What a thought - that a poor, sinful, rebellious worm, should be sprinkled with the blood

of the Son of God! Yet, it was shed for this very purpose, that having made peace, it should speak peace. O the amazing love of God! What ground is there for doubting? When this subject is clearly seen, there can be none - though there is plenty for self-loathing, and self-aborrence!

Surely of all sinners, I have most reason to crown Jesus, "Lord of all," and to admire and adore the riches of free mercy, and discriminating kindness, for fixing on such a poor worthless creature as I am, who can do nothing really good, nor will anything truly holy - but as the Holy Spirit works in me.

Surely, if I ever live to the Lord's glory, I must have a daily supply of special grace, for this express purpose, or it cannot be done. Thus I must run farther and farther into debt to God's unparalleled goodness, and it is utterly fallacious to think of ever getting out, seeing everything short of Hell, serves but to increase the same. Oh to be bound by the strongest ties of gratitude, and to be kept from ever uttering one murmuring or discontented word, against so good, so gracious, so merciful a God! And yet at this very moment while I am writing, and have these things before me - I feel a something within, objecting to the whole, and I perceive something very like ingratitude, that would call the whole in question, thus in me, as in the Shulamite, there is "the company of two armies." But, "I'll bear the unequal strife, And wage the war within;

Since death which puts an end to life, Will put an end to sin!"

I was now much pained, by the conduct of some professors, towards one of the Lord's ministers, and wrote, "May the Lord prepare me to endure hardness, and may I not expect to escape such treatment. But my principal cause of complaint, is this body of sin and death. The old man has not lost a limb in the battle - but appears to be as strong, as vigorous, and as likely to live as ever; while the new man appears to be weak and feeble. The warfare rages, and sometimes nature, at others grace, prevails. What contests do I experience within, the flesh lusts against the Spirit, and the Spirit against the flesh, and these two are contrary the one to the other, so that I, who have both within me, cannot do the things that I would. The old nature cannot sin as it would, for the Spirit hinders it; nor can the new nature serve God as it would, for the flesh hinders it.

What strange opposites I am the subject of: I feel love, joy, and peace within me; but I feel also pride, rebellion, and unbelief, working. The enemy of souls assaults me - but the Spirit directs me to look to Jesus, and when I can do so, all is well. Weakness and ignorance are the most prominent features of my character. I feel my instability, mourn over the sin that dwells in me, and pine for full deliverance; yet I rebel, murmur, and complain at the discomforts of my present situation. I look forward with a languishing hope and feel the workings of spiritual jealousy, which only makes the matter worse. O when will grace sway her scepter over every power of my mind!

Another entry runs thus,

What a light, trifling frame has taken possession of me, prayer is a task and a burden; now I feel overwhelmed with the solemn thoughts of eternity, and then I am carried away with the merest trifles. What guilt this brings on my conscience! It will not bear reflection! Can it be true that I do indeed love my Savior - and yet feel a disposition to give way to sin and Satan as I do? Can it be possible that I love him above all things - and yet spend my time in the foolish way I do? What confusion it brings into my soul! What darkness into my mind! I do hate it - and yet I foolishly give way to it. O that I could crucify the flesh with its affections and lusts! O how discreditable is my

conduct to a king's son? How dishonorable to that holy name by which I am called? Where is my self-denial? How does grace reign in me, subduing my corruptions? O how this trifling spirit destroys my comfort, and closes my mouth, so that I cannot speak of Jesus as I should. I wish to speak of the glorious honor of his majesty, and talk of his power - but my folly shuts my mouth! I feel exceedingly low, downcast, and burdened.

O how many bitter pains, how many heartaches - has my light and trifling disposition caused me! I groan under this load being burdened - but none but the Lord can remove it. O to be free from sin, for as one says, "This leprosy of sin defiles our houses, the very walls and floors, our food and drink, and all we touch. We are polluted when alone, and polluted in society; our meetings and conversations, being for the greatest part - but an interchange of sin and vanity!"

I seem almost to despair of ever being made useful, or called into the ministry. Not the most distant prospect of it appears. Still, I cannot rid my mind of it, nor cease from pleading with God about it. Surely the Lord would not continue to favor me with a spirit of prayer for that which he never intended to bestow upon me. Whenever, before, I have found the Spirit assisting me to pray for anything, the Lord has always bestowed it upon me, or given me something better. But I have comforted myself by thinking, that the Lord appoints his own messengers, and uses his own means to prepare them for their work. He fixes the place in which they are to labor, and the degree of usefulness that is to crown their efforts. O may I be kept from dictating to the Lord - but instead of repining that he does not call me out publicly to labor for him, or make me more useful - may I think of the greatness of the mercy, that he will employ me at all; remembering that when the Lord uses anyone to do anything for him, as his servant - it is something worth doing, and not like the trifling concerns of time and sense.

O what a miracle of grace, that such a sinner should be saved at all! What cause have I to wonder and adore, and be ashamed of all my evil ways, now the Lord is pacified towards me.

Easter Monday. This has been a blessed day to my soul. I had thought that Jesus could not have been more precious to me - but he has wonderfully endeared himself to my soul today. It is a sweet thought, that throughout eternity, Jesus will be increasingly precious to his redeemed ones. His loveliness will be constantly opening more and more to the mind, and his charms will be unfolding through endless ages; while the souls of his children will be constantly opening and expanding to take in deeper, sweeter, and more glorious views of him. O blessed, blessed state of overflowing grace! This love-visit has led me into very close and familiar communion with the Lord, on the subject of the ministry, and now I wait an answer. My Savior appears altogether lovely, and I feel persuaded that he will do right. I want to know him, love him, live upon him, and glorify him. Christ is precious, and now hope revives, faith is in full exercise, love works in my bosom, and the cause of God lies near to my heart. "The King is held in the galleries." I can say, if ever I knew what love was, if ever I loved any one, or anything - I now love Jesus. O for more of his presence, and the smiles of his sweet face!

Very soon after, I wrote,

I've had day of severe conflict, both internal and external. But as I am in an enemy's land, and traveling through his dominions to my Father's house, wearing a different garment, speaking a different language, and seeing things in a different light - I must expect no better treatment. The

citizens of this country are not my friends - but my avowed enemies! They hated and murdered my Lord, and are hostile to all who belong to His kingdom, and who favor His righteous cause. O to go forth to Him, outside the camp, bearing His reproach; being assured, that as they called the master of the house 'Beelzebub' - how much more the members of his household! But it is the enemies within that are the worst, and give me the greatest pain! The scene changes. What blessed liberty I have enjoyed at the throne of grace today. The Lord seemed to say, "Open your mouth wide - and I will fill it." Or, "What will you have me to do unto you?" The Sun of righteousness shone on my soul most sweetly, and I could say, "truly the light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is to behold this sun." How it fills my soul with life, joy, and peace. My heart aspires, and Heavenly things are my delight. Earthly things at present have a tendency to bear me down - but I desire to remember, that "he who believes shall not make haste," and "he who hastens with his feet sins." My Heavenly Father is bringing his poor blind child in a way that he knows not, and is leading him in paths that he has not known. I am remarkably indulged at the throne of grace - in private, at the family altar, and also in public; and Jesus is very dear and precious to my soul. I cannot but think, that this indulgence is to prepare me for some change - perhaps for some great trial. I am so very happy, though all things in providence appear to be so very dark. O for more faith and patience! Every time I pray, I seem to get a blessing, and have such ravishing views of Jesus, that I feel fully persuaded a change will soon come.

Notice now arrived that I was to leave Chertsey, and while going to Brentford to prepare for our relocation, I was indulged with a sweet meditation on Deuteronomy 32:4, "He is the Rock; his deeds are perfect. Everything he does is just and fair. He is a faithful God who does no wrong; how just and upright he is!" My thoughts were particularly led to notice the justice displayed in the Lord's ways; yet with all, I was ready to say with Paul, "within are fears." Hope appeared to be weak, my mind agitated, and my spirits were depressed.

Arriving at Brentford, I could find no house that would suit me, and so we stayed at my brother's for the present. Here we set up our 'Ebenezer,' exclaiming with grateful hearts, "Hitherto, the Lord has helped us!" I had long prayed for employment - but when I arrived in Brentford, all was dark, and I went to bed that night entirely ignorant of what would be my lot, or where I should be driven. But the Lord answered prayer, for before I was up in the morning, I was sent for, to work on the old premises, though for a different master. O how wisely the Lord ordered all things for me, he kept me at Chertsey until I was needed at Brentford, and brought me back the very evening before my services were required! In this situation I remained, until called out into the ministry of the Word. But now came a variety of fresh trials and troubles - all needed to teach me that I am nothing, and to lead me to depend simply on the Lord. How much it takes to bring me to this! I want to BE something - but to feel myself nothing, yes, worse than nothing - I must be brought. My heart was beating high for Jesus, and my restless mind was longing for the light of his countenance. My desires were ascending, hope was expecting, faith was looking forward, and my love was flowing forth to my dear Redeemer. How prone I am to murmur at the Lord's inscrutable ways, to call in question his wisdom, and to arraign his love at the bar of my reason! This is the height of folly, arrogance, and weakness - and yet I am guilty of it! "Oh, a wretched man I am! Who will free me from this life that is dominated by sin and death?" Romans 7:24

Again, my soul has been indulged with a sweet sense of my Savior's presence. How precious the Lord Jesus was. I felt that I loved him with all my renewed heart, mind, soul, and strength - and yet

I wanted to love him more, and to cherish the thought that he is always near to me, and that I am always dear to him. I found that I could not describe his loveliness, for it beggared all the powers of description. All I wanted, all I could wish - I saw was in Jesus, and in Jesus for me. But I want thus to see him more frequently, and to hold more constant fellowship with him. O to be enabled to speak of . . . his worth, value, and excellency; his dignity, work, and glory; his perfections, condescension, and precious blood!

O for a heart, a tongue, and opportunities, to show forth his most worthy praise! My brother was now moving from Brentford, and I had for some time been asking the Lord to give me my old habitation - but the sentence of death appeared to be now passed upon all my hopes of obtaining it. Yet, I the more confidently expected it, because the greater the unlikelihood - the more I was stirred up to pray for it. I knew that the Lord had the hearts of all men in his hand, and that he had said, "Whatever you ask in prayer believing - you shall receive." I did believe, and cried unto the Lord, to help my unbelief. In less than a month's time, I was settled in it! Almost to the last, there was not the least appearance of my having it - but all at once the occupier came to tell me that he was leaving, and to ask me to take it. This was another witness to the Lord's faithfulness, and a proof that in due season we shall reap if we faint not. I had been greatly exercised about it, for I asked the Lord for it, and expected it; then I met with a repulse, and there appeared to be no hope of it; I cried more earnestly - yet took another house, the weather was so wet that the paint would not dry, and before I could move - the one I so much desired was offered me!

During this time, my soul was passing through very severe exercises, and had to cry with the church, "They made me keeper of the vineyards - but my own vineyard have I not kept!" My frames were very changeable, up and down, high and low, comfortable and depressed; now singing the praises of the Lord, and then sighing and crying like a prisoner under sentence of death. One morning, I arose very dull and dejected, and was not well in health; but just as I opened the door to go to my labor, the sun shining full upon me, the following words came home with great sweetness and power.

"Yes, and before we rise, To that immortal state, The thoughts of such amazing bliss Should constant joys create!" At once my soul felt as if caught up into the third Heaven, and I rejoiced in the Lord, "with joy unspeakable and full of glory." In the exercise of holy, heartfelt, prayer and praise - I went to work, and while my body was employed in business, my mind was even more busily employed with my Savior. I saw that there was enough in Jesus, and in the happiness which I shall eternally enjoy: to comfort the most dejected saint, to soothe the sorrows of the most tried soul, to strengthen the weak, and to stimulate the feeble to press onward in the path of tribulation!

I was as happy as I could be. Jesus appeared. . . as an ocean of delights, as a sea of pleasure, as a fountain of bliss!

"Yes, He is altogether lovely! This is my Beloved, and this is my Friend!" Song of Solomon 5:16

O for more spirituality of soul, more conformity to his lovely likeness, more unreserved dedication to his holy service! I could then heartily say, "Begone all things opposed to him! Welcome all that will endear him - all that will bring me into closer communion with him. Depart from me all that Jesus hates! Welcome to my soul, all that Jesus loves! Bind me, my Savior, by ten thousand fetters to your lovely self - and hasten, hasten, the time, when I shall see you as you are - and

praise you as I ought. Then, then, shall I love, worship, and adore you forever!"

About this time, we were visited with a heavy thunder storm - and how happy was my soul while the lightnings were flashing before me, and the thunders were booming over head! I thought, when shall I meet my ransomed brethren, in that blissful climate, where storms are never known, nor thunders ever heard. O if this were a prelude to the coming of Jesus, could I now see him descend in the clouds of Heaven, I would heartily say, "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly!" My eyes, my ears, my heart seemed quickened by the thought of beholding Jesus in his glory. I felt willing, heartily willing that it should be so, for now I could give up all. Yet patience seemed to say, wait; and grace within led me to acquiesce. But my heart was warm with gratitude, for all the favors conferred upon me, which appeared as . . . the gifts of my Heavenly Father, the purchase of my Savior, and the communications of the ever blessed Comforter. This view of them, made them appear as ten-fold more precious to my soul. Spiritual conversation was at this time peculiarly sweet, and I could talk of eternal realities, with a feeling sense of my interest in them. Worldly pleasures are pains - when compared with such joys. My soul is looking out after Jesus, and desiring to walk with him.

Faith opens the window, desire flies out with a message for God, hope goes out to meet it returning, and expectation looks and waits for the blessing desired.

Faith says, "It shall come - for God has promised." And hope, with her sister patience, is willing quietly to wait, knowing from the Word, and from past experience, that the Lord cannot deny his Word, nor will he send the hungry soul empty away. He has said, "Ask and receive, that your joy may be full." A calm, settled frame of mind followed this, and I trust I was found living upon Jesus for some time. But soon after, I fell into a sad state of despondency in reference to the ministry of the Word; for my mind was incessantly exercised about it - yet no opening appeared, nor on this subject was any answer to my prayers given. I looked at the qualifications required, at the responsibility connected with it, and its solemn importance, until my soul was cast down within me. At times I felt glad that I was not engaged in it, and even at times secretly hoped that I never would be. Thus my mind was tossed to and fro like the leaf, and at times I was truly wretched.

O what a subtle enemy is Satan, in what various ways he works, and what means he uses to distress the soul, and bring it into bondage. But Jesus, precious thought, Jesus is greater than Satan, and all that can oppose or attempt to hinder us. No one shall ever pluck us out of his hands, nor finally overcome one that is in his keeping. At length I reached the apostle's center point, and had a little sweet meditation upon it. I mean, Colossians 3:11. "Christ is all, and in all." He is all in the purposes of Jehovah, that is to say, all the purposes of God have reference to Christ, and center in Christ; hence we read of "his eternal purpose, which he purposed in Christ Jesus our Lord." How sweet, to view Jesus, as the god-man, my brother, Savior, and friend; and to see that all God's purposes aim at his honor, happiness, and exaltation. His glory is God's chief end and object in all things, both in nature, providence, grace, and glory. O for an enlarged heart, to take in deeper, and sweeter views of this sublime subject! If I find it sweet to sip of the stream - then what must it be to drink full draughts at the fountain-head above! It is a subject calculated to comfort, strengthen, and establish the soul; and to keep it from being moved away from the hope of the gospel. May the glory of Jesus be constantly in my view - as it is in the view of his Father, who has set his glory above the Heavens.

How different to enjoy these breezes of the mountains, and gales from the everlasting hills - to being, where I often am, in the lowlands, where the genial warmth of the Sun of righteousness is seldom felt, and the gales of grace but seldom blow. But amidst all, whether on high or in the valley - my treasure is in Heaven, where neither moth nor rust corrupt, nor thieves break through and steal. I am bound for Heaven, and am steering in that direction - though often impeded by contrary winds, and conflicting storms. Sometimes, I am all life and enjoyment, and at others so dull and lifeless, that I even forget the throne of grace, neglect prayer, and so bring down God's rod upon my shoulders, and heavy distress into my soul! A dull, lifeless, powerless state of soul, characterized me now for some time - but a sermon by Dr. Hawker, from, Isaiah 9:19, "Your God - your glory!" aroused me from my lethargy, and fired my soul afresh. I could now cry out, "My soul thirsts for God, for the living God!" I was now all alive again to the best things. I was directed to the view which my Heavenly Father takes of me - in Jesus. How he loves me, and is everlastingly well pleased with me - in Jesus. O to be well pleased with all that he appoints for me in this valley of tears!

Soon after, Satan set on me afresh, in a most formidable way and manner, which cast me down for a season, and filled my soul with trembling. O how I cried to Jesus for another look - for I ever found his looks to be healing, cheering, reviving, and tranquilizing. They always enabled me to overcome the foe - as they imparted courage, strength, and boldness to my soul. O what a mercy at such time, to have an advocate with the Father, even Jesus Christ the righteous, who is the atoning sacrifice for our sins! This enables me to keep my face set toward the place of which my Heavenly Father has said, "I will surely give it to you for an inheritance forever." Through this it is, that I fight the good fight of faith, and lay hold on eternal life. The sweet savor of his precious name, and atoning sacrifice - animates and raises me above the gloom, which at times gathers over my mind, and I go on my way crying, "Lead me to the rock, that is higher than I!" Yes, higher than my sin, my grief, my troubles, and my foes, and proves a blessed refuge from them all!

Passing through the market to my employment, and seeing so many people full of life and activity at so early an hour, I felt reproved, and besought the Lord to let me be as busy at the market of free grace - that I may buy and eat, without money and without price; that receiving nourishment, refreshment, and strength thereby - I may glorify my God, and be prepared to join with my glorified brethren in singing, "Unto him who has loved me, and washed me from my sins in his blood - to him be glory forever. Amen."

I often try thus to praise his name - but am hindered . . . by this clog of clay, by an evil heart of unbelief, and by Satan presenting something to the mind to alarm, and draw me aside.

But, by and by - body, soul, and spirit; understanding, mind, will, and affections - will all be sweetly engaged and employed in ascribing, "Blessing and honor, thanksgiving and power, to him who sits upon the throne, and to the Lamb forever!" My heart leaps within me at the thought of thus giving perfect and perpetual praise, to my beloved Lord. I shall one day realize what I now believe, and be satisfied to the full.

Then shall I look back upon all the way in which the Lord has led me, both in providence and grace, and perceive that every circumstance which I have passed through was necessary, like so many links in a chain - not one could be done without, if the end was to be reached. Even the most painful adversity, I shall see was absolutely necessary. This will lead me to bless and praise the

name of my God and Savior with greater fervor - for studying my good, before my comfort.

O that my uneasy, unsettled, and dissatisfied temper was crucified, that my soul may be led to seek all her happiness in my precious Savior! Holy Spirit, it is your work to bring the soul to this; bring me to it, and so glorify my dear Redeemer. O carry on your work within me, despite all opposition, until I can from my heart habitually say, "Father, not my will - but yours be done."

Let me not be drawn on one side by the smiles of the world, for some worldlings appear just now to be pleased with me. O preserve me, for I can better withstand their frowns - than their smiles! I fear I am too much like them, or they would not love me!

I awoke this morning in a very sweet frame of mind, for I had been dreaming, that I was engaged with the Lord in very earnest fervent prayer, and had this verse on my mind when I awoke, "Saints, from the garden to the cross, Your suffering Lord pursue; Who dearly to redeem your loss, Groaned, bled, and died for you." A sweet and sacred calm reigned in my soul, I looked up and besought the Holy Spirit to lead me into fellowship with Christ in his sufferings, and to produce in me an insatiable "desire to be filled with the knowledge of his will, in all wisdom and spiritual understanding." The words of an old writer also were sweet to me, having often experienced their truth. "Prayer is the harbinger of mercy" - and, "When troubles send us to prayer - deliverance shall send us to praise." I was led to muse on my Savior, as set forth by John, "as he who is, and was, and is to come, the Almighty." And I found it very profitable to view Jesus - as Jehovah, the everlasting, self-existent, and independent God, without beginning of days or end of years.

I also heard a sermon read, and some important remarks made on ministerial qualifications, which led me to sit in judgment on myself, and after the strictest scrutiny, I could not but conclude, that I had some evidences, that the Lord had called me to that blessed work, of preaching among the Gentiles, the unsearchable riches of Christ. But I desire more than ever to leave it with Jesus - desiring to be resigned to his will, to call me when, where, and how he pleases. This was followed with a sweet spirit of wrestling prayer. O how often I was with the Lord now, to know whether I was intended for the ministry or not. I wanted to know his blessed mind upon the subject, and I was led to entreat this favor of the Lord in a very solemn manner. Upon which Satan, set in to harass and worry my mind, until I scarce knew where I was, or what I was. I do believe that Satan had an especial hatred to my pleading with the Lord upon this subject, as he so often tried to deter me. But I was now enabled to plead with God; pleading the blood-shedding, merit, and righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ, for an answer, for which I waited in hope. My dissatisfaction with myself increased, and I went on my knees again and again, beseeching the Lord if there was any false or hypocritical motive in my heart in thus approaching him, on this solemn subject, that he would root it out, baffle Satan, and endear the Savior to me yet more and more. And that if he had appointed me for the ministry, that he would give me to wrestle with him more earnestly, and more constantly, on the subject; but if not, that he would remove the thought of it from me, that I may not be tried and harassed with it day by day as I now was.

I cried unto the Lord and said, "Lord, you know that I feel a constraint laid upon my heart - and is not my soul desiring you to search me, and root out every false way? Can it be a delusion? O my Father, let me not be deceived! Remove the blindness from my mind, make me truly honest, sincere, conscientious, and upright - give me the inward witness of your Holy Spirit in my conscience if I am right - or let me feel his powerful convictions if I am wrong. Leave me not to fall

into the snares of the infernal fowler, and guide me by your counsel, that my heart deceive me not."

I have been very earnest with God again, that I may be led into the knowledge of Christ, and the power of his resurrection, that I may be made conformable unto his death. O what blessed moments have I enjoyed at the throne of grace, in fellowship with him, and in the enjoyment of his love? Yet, I am still in a state of warfare. Jesus, as you have conquered for me, deign to conquer in me by your grace and give me abiding peace. As the sun arose this morning, I could not but pray, that as the natural sun shone on me dazzling my eyes, so the Sun of Righteousness, may shine upon the eye of my faith, that I may be dazzled with his glory, and gain spiritual strength thereby. The rising of the sun brought the words to my mind, "The sun was risen upon the earth, when Lot entered into Zoar." And I was led to meditate on the rising of the spiritual sun on a sinner's soul, when he enters into gospel rest. O how little everything earthly then appears in his eyes, compared with Jesus; also on the rising of this blessed sun, when the ransomed soul enters into its glorious eternal rest. My Savior has indulged me with many sweet visits of late, and so endeared himself to me in an unusual degree; but I find the world and the things of the world - are great hindrances to me in my spiritual pilgrimage. For a considerable time my mind was now almost wholly taken up with the subject of the ministry, and it constantly formed the substance of my prayers. Under the old tree, I enjoyed much of God's presence while pleading with him, and seemed to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus. My soul panted so to live as to adorn the doctrine of God my Savior in all things. Satan very craftily laid a snare for me, in which my foot was almost taken - but the Lord my keeper, preserved me; and strengthened me with a strength in my soul. Jesus was now my object, subject, all in all. On one occasion about this time, as my Pastor was going to Petersham to preach, he requested me to go over and accompany him home, which I did. As we were returning, he asked me if I had given up all thought of the ministry. I told him I had tried to do so many times, and prayed the Lord to remove it from my mind - but I could not rid myself of it. He said, "No, nor do I believe you ever will, until the Lord brings you into it, for I believe you are designed for it." He then asked me, what was my present mind upon the subject. I told him my mind was fully made up, not to move or take any step, until I saw the hand of the Lord directing me in it. He then asked me, what I would call the hand of the Lord. I replied, that I could not tell until I saw it. He said, "Suppose a small church was destitute of a pastor, and was to hear of you, and was to send to you, requesting you to go and attempt to preach them two plain sermons, would that be the hand of the Lord?" I replied, "I did not know, certainly in such a case, my hand would not be in it."

He said, "No, and this is the case. A church at Alton in Hampshire is destitute of a minister, and finds it difficult to provide supplies, brother Lindley has been down there, and has told them of you, and they requested him to get you to go down; and I told him I would speak to you about it. Now what say you?"

I replied, "I did not know what to say, I must lay it before the Lord, and leave it with him. I was afraid my mouth would be closed before the people, and the thought of going so many miles to be confounded was dreadful." He then gave me some good advice, told me several encouraging anecdotes, and added, "Well, think about it." This conversation stirred up my mind more than ever, and my exercises were deep and painful. I felt now that I had no ability whatever for such a work, I had no knowledge, no education, not one thing necessary to qualify me for so great a work. I cried

unto the Lord in prayer and entreated his direction, passed nearly a sleepless night, and arose in the morning with my mind like the troubled sea; nor could I free my mind from the subject one hour, for a considerable time. Now I felt inclined to cast myself on the Lord and go, and then the thought of having my mouth closed before the people was terrible, and I feared to come to a determination. I was now almost constantly before the Lord on the subject, and O how deeply did I feel my own weakness and insufficiency! Never had I such a sense of weakness before - but I knew that Jesus was strong, and at the bottom there was still a desire to be found in the work, that through me the Savior may be glorified, and sinners saved. Every hour now witnessed my crying to the Lord, to guide, direct, and teach me. My prayer was, that the Holy Spirit would settle the matter in my conscience, to the satisfaction of my doubting, agitated soul. O it is hard work to ascertain whether I am called of God to the work or not. At length my mind became a little more calm, and I felt as if I could leave the matter with the Lord, watching his hand to see if he opened the way for me, and if he did that, I would attempt to walk therein. Yet I suffered much from the harassing temptations of Satan, and the working of my own unbelieving heart. At times, I very sensibly felt the Holy Spirit helping my infirmities, and giving me sweet access to God. My mouth was filled with arguments, and my soul with fervor; and I pleaded with Jesus, and my wrestlings were really violent. At such times, I felt Jesus to be precious, and realized the workings of true repentance, and felt deep heart sorrow on account of my sin and sinfulness. I could say, "I wait on the Lord, my soul does wait, and in his word do I hope, until that he have mercy upon me." The 27th Psalm was very precious to me. O what love and mercy appeared to shine through that portion of God's blessed word! How seasonable I found it. How suitable to my case.

Shortly after this, one Lord's day, on my way home from the evening service, brother Lindley overtook me, and said, "You are to preach at Alton on the third Lord's day in November." Taken by surprise, I said, "I preach, I have never agreed to preach." "No matter," he said, "I have received a letter from the church there, and have written back to say, that you will go and preach to them on that day." I could not but think it was exceedingly kind of him, and that the hand of the Lord was in it, as it began, went forward, and the very day was settled, without my knowledge of the matter. But as soon as I left him, I began to experience very severe exercises of mind again. I felt overwhelmed, and the deepest distress seized me. I felt afraid to go forward, lest I should run without being sent; and I was afraid to keep back, lest I should fight against God. What a mixture of fear and dread, ardent desiring and earnest longing - I now experienced, if I did but know the Lord's mind, then I thought I could go any where - or attempt anything. But we must walk by faith. I recollected now, that the third Lord's day in November would be my birthday, when I would be twenty-four years of age, and this rather added to my depression, as I imagined it would be rendered memorable by my confusion. Whenever I could, I stole away into some secret place to cry unto the Lord; and at every opportunity I wandered up and down the fields and lanes, crying out, "Lord, let me know your mind! Let me see your hand! Do, O do say unto my soul, Go, for I have sent you! O how unsearchable are your judgments, and your ways past finding out!"

Never did I feel so barren of good, so empty in myself - so totally unfit for such an office as that of the ministry of the Word. I seemed to have no knowledge, no gifts, no ability of any kind, for the work in which I was about to engage; and the little I once did possess, appeared now to be quite dried up, and withered - so that I imagined it impossible to be more unfit than I was. Under this exercise, I cried out with Jeremiah, "I cannot go, for I am a child!" O the pangs, the grief of mind I

felt, no mortal tongue can tell. Night nor day, could I enjoy any settled rest, or quiet in my soul. Often I almost decided to banish the subject from my mind, and give up all thoughts of it forever. But it would not leave me, nor could I free myself from it; it had too firm a hold of my heart to be easily rooted up. At times I thought that the Lord alone had given it such a hold, and he alone could set my trembling spirit free. No rest, no peace, no comfort could I find - but at the throne of grace; no, not for half an hour together, could I stay away from the mercy seat. This spirit of prayer, occasionally yielded me a little encouragement; and yet I often cried out in agony of soul, "O Ransomer of my soul, my dear Lord Jesus, look, look upon me, a poor worthless worm, a sinful polluted wretch - and send me deliverance. Never let me go to Alton, nor my feet ascend a pulpit, unless you have deposited a blessing in me for the people." The history of Israel gave me a little comfort for a season, whose tasks were doubled, and their souls made to groan, just before their deliverance came. Hence the Lord said, "I have heard the groanings of my people, and am come down to deliver them!" Now, as my burden was increased, and my soul went groaning all the day long, may I not soon hope for deliverance. However it may be with some, I found it hard work to make my call to the ministry sure, as hard as it was to make my calling and election sure. At this time every gleam of comfort made me more prayerful, and in prayer I was enabled in a measure to cast my burden on the Lord. I now felt a more than ordinary desire to read and meditate on God's most holy word, and often found it sweet in the midst of trouble. Many blessed seasons I enjoyed under the old tree, and my daily cry was, "If your blessing goes not with me, carry me not hence." Whenever I felt my soul sinking, I fled to the Lord, thought of his past mercies, of the many answers to prayer I had received, and then asked will the Lord deny me now, when I most need his presence. O no, that be far from the Lord to deal thus with a poor sinner, who is hanging upon him, trusting in him, and believing on his dear name.

Once while pleading with God, these lines sweetly cheered me: Can Jesus have taught me to trust in his name; To take me to Alton - to put me to shame?

O, thought I, he cannot, he will not do it! I do indeed trust in him in some measure. O to trust in him more!

Just now we had much work on hand, and it did not appear at all probable that I could be spared to take the journey proposed, I therefore at times comforted myself with the thought, that my work would prevent my going. One morning when walking in the fields as Isaac did, and holding communion with God, for the confirmation and comfort of my soul, I found it most sweet; and I afterwards enjoyed a glorious season at the prayer meeting especially while singing, "Dear dying Lamb, your precious blood Shall never lose its power, Until all the ransomed church of God Be saved, to sin no more!

E'er since by faith I saw the stream, Your flowing wounds supply, Redeeming love has been my theme, And shall he until I die."

But, while hearing Bro. Cox, then of Reading, preach, I had such a discovery of my own ignorance, unworthiness, and inability for the work of the ministry, as I think I never had before. I could scarcely sustain it, and went home truly miserable, with the thought that perhaps on the next Lord's day, I may have to engage in that noble work, for which none could be more unfit. This brought me again into a state of very painful suspense, and led me to offer up strong cries and tears unto him that was able to save. But that night I found no deliverance, fears ran high, doubts

beset me, and I was sorely exercised with unbelief, which now appeared to make sad headway against me. O with what a weight did the thought of the ministry lay on my mind! I groaned, cried, prayed, and entreated the Lord, to prevent my going to Alton, or at least to give me submission to his holy will. The word of Jesus gave me some relief, "Whatever you shall ask the Father in my name - he will give it to you." At the prayer meeting on the Monday evening, I enjoyed a blessed time. In prayer, I had freedom, feeling, and sweet enjoyment. I rejoiced in Jesus, and two lines in one of the hymns powerfully impressed my mind.

"Bid guilty fears farewell, And sing, 'tis all for me!"

Yes, I thought, all for me. All the love of God - all the grace, mercy, and merit of Jesus - and all that the Holy Spirit has to bestow. All that the intercession of Jesus can procure, all the blessings of time, and all the blessings of eternity - all mine, and mine forever. O how pleasant, how delightful, how reviving were these thoughts, they made my very heart dance for joy, being attended with a soothing softening power. My meditation was sweet. Now the way for my going to Alton was cleared. I obtained permission of my employer to go; although only a few days before, there was not the least probability of it. Now again I was all anxiety and perplexity, my spirits sunk - but there was no alternative - to Alton I must go, and in company with my brother Lindley, I arrived there in safety.

I learned that my pastor had been there during the week, had preached twice, and had published that I would preach three times on the Lord's day. The people knew not but that I was a regular preacher, and I was bound not to tell them, until after the services were over. O what a night was the first I spent in that place! I pleaded with God as one desperate, crying out, "Lord, you know that I have not thrust myself out into the ministry - but you have led me here. In your mercy therefore be with me, and in your faithfulness answer me."

It was long before I could get to sleep, and by three o'clock, I was awake again, and in great distress of mind, I arose for prayer; the night was wet, cold, and dark; and yet I could not lie in bed. I heard the rain fall almost in torrents, and in the deepest gloom I sat and wished for the day. At length the light began to dawn, and I have seldom found myself in a worse plight, than I was on that Lord's day morning. All things appeared to be against me, if my Pastor had not been there, if the people had been left without the ministry for some time, or if I had not been published to preach three times, it would not have been so bad. "O," said I, "that I had never ventured - had never come! I might now have been enjoying myself with my family, and been looking forward with pleasure to meeting with the Lord's people, in our own beloved sanctuary. Now I am in a strange place, among a strange people, in a dreadful state of mind - and yet must attempt to preach God's Word. O how could I be so foolish! Lord forgive me! Savior pardon me! Forgive me this once, and keep me from ever stepping out of my proper place again." My heart seemed ready to burst, and my eyes refused a tear, never did I feel so keenly as now. At length I sunk into a kind of daydream, from which I was aroused by a call to breakfast, for which I had not the least appetite.

Having led the devotions of the family, I immediately retired to my room again, where I remained until summoned to go to the chapel. Now if I could, I would have fled; but every way of escape was cut off. The chapel was small - but full. There sat my friend Lindley, who received me with a smile - but the very sight of him seemed to sink me lower, for I felt sure that I would be shut up, and as he had brought me there, it would be almost as bad for him as for me. At length I felt, it would not do

to give way to fears - and crying to the Lord for help, I entered the pulpit. After reading the Scriptures, and prayer, I took as a text, Psalms 9:18. "The needy shall not always be forgotten: the expectation of the poor shall not perish forever." In speaking, the Lord assisted me, and the time fled faster than I was aware of; and thus the Lord proved himself in my experience, "The faithful God." And I found the apostle's words to be true, "Though we believe not - yet he abides faithful, he cannot deny himself." In the afternoon I spoke from, Zechariah 9:10, "He shall speak peace to the heathen." The place was crowded, I lost my self possession, forgot all I had prepared, and was obliged to speak as it seemed to me, at random. Yet that afternoon, many testified that the Word was with power, and their souls were refreshed. They obtained a blessing and found it good to be there.

Before the time for the evening service, my spirits sunk very low - but I spoke from, Zechariah 13:1, "In that day there shall be a fountain opened to the House of David, and to the inhabitants of Jerusalem - for sin and for uncleanness!" In speaking the Lord gave me liberty. I spoke with freedom, and enjoyed the exercise. The people appeared to hear with profit, and many said, that they had found it to be a blessed day. Thus ended one of the most trying, and one of the most important days of my life. At its close, I rashly said, that I never would attempt to speak again, and that no man would induce me to do so - but what man cannot effect, 'God' can accomplish with ease; for it is not in man to direct his steps. My mind now became as much exercised as ever on the subject of the ministry, and I became low spirited and depressed. I was tempted to wish that I had never spoken in the Lord's name, and hoped I would never be asked to do so again. O how weak, how ignorant, and unfit for such a solemn work did I now appear to myself to be. Two portions of the divine word seemed to grind me as between the upper and nether millstone. The one was, "I sent them not neither commanded them - therefore they shall not profit this people at all." The other was "Therefore gird up your loins like a man, and speak unto them all that I command you; be not dismayed at their faces, lest I confound you before them." In this state of mind I went on, until one evening, speaking with my pastor on the subject of preaching, he said, I have only one passage to give you, and it is a ministerial text, "He who puts his hand to the plough, and looks back, is not fit for the kingdom of God." He added there is another like unto it, "If any man draws back, my soul shall have no pleasure in him." "Now," said he, "You have put your hand to the plough, and look back if you dare!" A few days after, he told me that I must preach for him at Petersham, and that he would come and hear me. I told him I could not. He said that I must preach. He added, "As to my coming, it shall be as you please - but if I come I will pray for you. I have a wish to hear you, and I promise you, if I see any reason to find fault, I will do so to no one but yourself. But go you must!" "Then," said I, "you had better come, for the fervent effectual prayer of a righteous man avails much." "Very well," said he, "then I will come."

Now I was as much troubled in mind as ever - but I cried unto the Lord, and the prayer of my soul was, "O that the Lord whom I seek, would control my fears, influence my zeal, and increase in me a more ardent desire for his glory. I wish to do just what the Lord would have me do, to go just where he pleases to send me, and where he will attend me with his blessing." My temptations and severe exercises continued, for I found it no easy work to make my calling to the ministry clear, and I could not rest without. I was afraid I would do wrong if I refused to speak - and yet I was afraid to venture. This drove me to the throne of grace at every opportunity I had. If the lanes, fields, and hedges around Brentford could speak, they would witness to the sighs, groans, and

tears, that I presented to the Lord among them, that I might know his will, be guided by his Spirit, and consecrate all my powers to his service.

One day, when employed alone, I was most sweetly indulged with nearness to the Lord, I enjoyed a little Heaven upon earth in the smiles of my God and Father. Then I felt willing to go forth and preach Jesus, let the difficulties be what they may. I thought I could now face a host, and speak of Jesus, and for Jesus, before them all. Fresh ideas flowed sweetly into my mind, and I longed to pour them out; the savor of them melted down my spirit, giving me joy and peace; all my fears about Petersham vanished, and my precious Christ was all in all. But soon after, all my fears returned upon me, and we had so much work, that it did not appear at all likely that I could go. So I begged of the Lord, if it was not his will that I should go, that he would keep the way barred up; if otherwise, that he would clear my path. Quite unexpectedly every difficulty vanished, and I went and preached to a full place, from Psalms 9:10, with some freedom and power. My pastor published that I would preach there alternately with himself - and from that time I left myself in his hands to make all my preaching engagements for me.

I now preached at Ewell, Sunbury, and other places. At length the church called upon me to preach before it, that I might go forth with its sanction and blessing. This was a great trial - but on the evening of January 22, 1827, I preached before it for the first time, on 1 Corinthians 2:2. I was then called upon to do so again in a two weeks, which I did from Psalms 4:3. In delivering this sermon, I felt the power and unction of the Holy Spirit, and some of my fellow members had a blessing. The two following weeks I preached before the church and congregation, instead of my pastor, who was away from home, from, Php 3:8, and John 10:9. The church appointed a special prayer meeting for me, and at length decided unanimously, that they believed the Lord had called me to the ministry of the Word, and I was accordingly set apart for the work. My pastor gave me a very affectionate and faithful address, and a letter was drawn up, signed by himself and the deacons, commending me to God, and recommending me to the churches, who may need help. For some time I preached twice a month at Milbend, and the Lord blessed the Word, so that an empty chapel became crowded, and the Lord converted sinners by his grace. It was here that the first person known to be called under my ministry, was presented to me, and the love I felt for that soul, and the gratitude I felt to God for so great an honor! Here the church would have invited me to the pastorate - but for several reasons, I told them that I could not accept an invitation. Two Lord's days in the month, I preached at a small place in London, so that my time was pretty well employed. I was now invited to go down to Devizes, in Wilts, to preach for two Lord's days; after which I agreed to go again for four Lord's days, if my way was made plain. Before my second visit to Devizes, my pastor called me into his house one evening, and asked me if I would have any objection to undertake another long journey into the country, when I had fulfilled my engagement there. I replied, that I was not sure that I could go, as that would depend on the state of my work - but if the Lord made way for me, I would have no objection. He said, "The season why I ask is, there will be an opening at Cheltenham, Mr. C_____ of London, is going down, and wishes me to follow him - but having been from home so much lately, I cannot. I therefore spoke to him of you, and he requested me to get you to go down for two Sabbaths; and I am to send to him in the morning and let him know, and it must be yes, or no." I replied, "I will make the same engagement as I always do, that I will not engage to go anywhere else; and if the Lord opens the way, as he has in every other instance hitherto - then I will go." He said, "Very well, then I will write a note to

say that, you will preach at Cheltenham, the two first Sabbaths in May." I replied, "Very well," and heard no more of it for some time. On my way to Devizes I preached at Marlborough, and during my stay at Devizes, in most of the towns and villages around. I preached three times on the Lord's day, and generally five evenings in the week. Here my ministry was greatly blessed and many were converted to God, the chapel became crowded, and believers were added to the Lord. These were my joy then, and will be my crown of rejoicing when my Master appears. When my time at Devizes was nearly filled up, I was requested to spend a Lord's day at Marlborough, and wrote home to know if I could be spared from my employment. My pastor wrote me to say that business was very slack, and my employer said that I might stay a month if I desired. He advised me to stay longer with the friends at Devizes if they wished me, and then added, "But you will say, What about Cheltenham? You will not be needed there as soon as was talked of - but you will go there just at the time the Lord appointed that you should go, and do just that work there which he has appointed there by you to be done." I therefore engaged to stay three more Sabbaths with the friends at Devizes. At Marlborough I had a very severe conflict, and passed one sleepless miserable night, and was sorely tempted to run away from the work. I can never forget the night of April, 27, 1828. The next evening at Avebury, I had a glorious time, and one poor woman who had long been in bondage, was brought into the liberty of the gospel, and was made to sing for joy. The next morning at five o'clock, the house where I was staying was filled with people, who came together to ask me to pray with them, before they went to their labor. On my way back to Devizes, the Lord condescended to manifest himself sweetly to my soul, which produced a sacred familiarity between me and my God, so that I could not refrain from singing his praises aloud, as I crossed the spacious plain. Such a manifestation, without the previous distress, would very probably have filled me with spiritual pride - but now I walked softly before the Lord.

Before the time promised to Devizes was spent, I received a letter from Cheltenham, inquiring the reason why I had not been there, and requesting me to go there as soon as possible. All I knew of the matter was that I was told I was not needed at the time, and all I could do was to promise to visit Cheltenham for one month when my present engagement had expired. The church at Devizes gave me a unanimous invitation for two months, which I accepted, to commence on my returning from Cheltenham. My first visit to Cheltenham was on the evening of May 15, 1828. On the following morning I received a letter respecting some people connected with the cause, which almost decided me to leave the place without preaching at all. Only the fear of offending God prevented me. My first sermon here was from, 1 Corinthians 2:2. A remarkable circumstance occurred under this sermon, a man and his wife came to hear me, the woman was converted to God, and the man went and hanged himself - so the Word was a savor of life unto life unto the one, and a savor of death unto death, unto the other. At the expiration of my month, I was invited to return and preach for twelve months, with an understanding that at the end of nine months, we would come to a decision, whether I would become the pastor of the church or not. A reply was requested before I left the town, as the people were very anxious - but this I refused until I had taken time to lay the matter before the Lord, and consult my friends. The fact was, my heart was at Devizes - and there I wished to go; but the Lord had appointed me for Cheltenham - and there I must go.

After my return to Devizes, I saw clearly that the finger of divine providence pointed to Cheltenham, and therefore I consented to go. But to leave the friends at Devizes was a great trial,

for my ministry had been accompanied with much of the power of God, and many were called by his grace. The chapel was often crowded, even the pulpit stairs, and the vestry was filled. When I preached my last sermon there, the scene was most affecting - dear old Mr. Cadby could not proceed in giving out the last hymn for he wept and trembled exceedingly; the people formed a lane for me to pass through from the chapel - and nearly all were in tears.

I then left Devizes, and though more than thirty years have passed away, I have never visited the place since, though I have often felt a great wish to do so. I have often heard of my spiritual children there, that they continued in the grace of God. I shall meet them at my Father's right hand, if I never see them before. Perhaps no four months of my ministry was ever more signalized by the number of conversions, than the four months I spent at the Old Chapel at Devizes, in 1828. When I returned to Cheltenham with my family, I found that some who were very hot for my coming, had become cool and distant, so that I soon perceived that my path would not be very smooth. Many things were done calculated to make me very uncomfortable, and to hinder the work of God. This ended in a secession, when a number were separated from the church. I endeavored to commit my way unto the Lord, and to trust simply and alone in him. I went on preaching the truth as I believed that God had taught me, and found that my troubles were as ballast to my soul, to keep me steady, and preserve the bark from foundering on the rocks of presumption.

Many misrepresentations were afloat, and they laid to my charge things that I knew not; but I felt persuaded that the Lord would bring forth my judgment as the light, and my righteousness as the noonday. I once thought of going after some of the wanderers, and endeavor to induce them to return - but while I thought on these things, the words of the Lord to Jeremiah, were brought very forcibly to my mind. "Let this people return to you - but you must not return to them. I will make you a wall to this people, a fortified wall of bronze; they will fight against you but will not overcome you, for I am with you to rescue and save you! declares the Lord."

I therefore left them to themselves, and afterwards saw cause to bless God that I did so. As many who left us, were the most wealthy in the congregation, it was very widely circulated that we would never be able to keep on the cause for lack of funds - but our first collection after they left us, was just one penny more than the previous month. The next collection was on a pouring wet day - but I besought the Lord, to whom the gold and the silver belongs, to appear for us, and went to preach assured that he would, and when some of the friends said, "We have got the collection on the wrong day, we should have had it last Sunday, when it was a fine day," I answered, "It is the right day, wait and see!" And in the evening our collections exceeded our previous ones by upwards of two pounds. "Be still before the Lord and wait patiently for him; do not fret when men succeed in their ways, when they carry out their wicked schemes." What comes to us thus in answer to prayer, and contrary to our natural expectation, is doubly sweet.

I had now to wade through considerable opposition - and anything but a loving spirit was displayed. All my circumstances were new - but blessed be God, I found the throne of grace to be a precious place, and the Bible to be a precious book. Many portions of it were brought home to instruct and cheer my heart. When my opponents were displaying a bad spirit, I saw clearly that they were in the wrong. Then that Scripture came to me, "But the people who know their God, shall be strong and do exploits." Which taught me that it was not a host - but people who were taught of God, and who were strong in the strength of Jesus, who would prevail. That portion also

was very profitable, "That your trust may be in the Lord, I have made known to you this day, even to you." Which led me to see the end designed by these things, that I may cease from man whose breath is in his nostrils, and trust wholly and alone in my God, and gracious Father. Another passage also did me good in this trial, it was, "All the churches shall know that I am he who searches the thoughts and the hearts." This led me to leave all my opposers in the hands of God, to do with them as seemed good in his sight. And if at any time I was tempted to murmur, or to think my lot hard, in having to suffer from men whom I had never in any way injured, the words of Luke would reprove and silence me, where he records the treatment, and conduct of the apostles, "They departed from the presence of the council, rejoicing that they were counted worthy to suffer shame for his name! And daily in the temple, and from house to house, they ceased not to teach and to preach Jesus Christ." On one occasion when I had sunk very low, in consequence of the circulation of slanders, and being annoyed with anonymous letters, I felt ready like the children of Ephraim, to turn back in the day of battle; I sat in my study thinking over these things until my heart sickened, and my faith staggered. Just then four passages of the Word were applied with light and power to my mind, all appearing to bear upon my circumstances, as follows, "The wrath of man, works not the righteousness of God." "Surely the wrath of man shall praise you, the remainder of wrath shall you restrain." "I will give you the valley of Achor - for a door of hope." "What shall we then say to these things? If God is for us - then who can be against us?" And the whole was backed with, "The Lord Almighty is with us, and the God of Jacob is our refuge!" These with other portions of the Word cheered me, and I was helped with a little help.

All this while, the Lord was working by me, and many souls were converted and brought to God, the congregation increased, and financial difficulties vanished. In December, I was dismissed from the church at Brentford, to the church in Cheltenham, and was solemnly ordained over it as its pastor on Tuesday, May 26, 1829. After my ordination, I went on preaching the Word in the town and villages around, many were converted to God, and others were built up and edified. Many of the people among whom I labored were Hyper-Calvinists, and therefore, higher than the New Testament - I did not give satisfaction to all, and was at times charged with preaching Arminianism. This was no small annoyance, as I rather prided myself on the soundness of my creed; my mind therefore became gloomy - but the Lord gave me that word, to stimulate and comfort me, "This also shall turn to my salvation, through your prayers and the supply of the Spirit of Jesus Christ." I therefore begged the prayers of the brethren, and looked for the supply of the Spirit, which gave me joy, peace, and holy satisfaction; and in answer to prayer, the Lord soon removed the principal complainer from us. For about twelve months, I now went on enjoying peace in the church, the congregation increasing, and sinners being brought to Christ. My own inward experience was seldom the same long together, I was sometimes rejoicing, and sometimes mourning; sometimes very bold, and sometimes very fearful. I had much cause to bless the Lord, who made his work to prosper in my hands, and for constantly furnishing me with fresh matter for the pulpit.

Then came a trial with two of my deacons, who for a time were as thorns in my side. But this drove me nearer to the Lord. I found encouragement by reading over part of my diary, which had been long neglected, and then wrote: "I can say, that not one good thing has failed. Never have I in one instance been allowed to pray in vain. My answers to prayer have been many. My mercies have been innumerable. Jesus has at times been so exceedingly precious, that I could count an things

but loss and dung for him! My enemies have been many and cruel, my temptations have been great and strong, my doubts and fears have been numberless, my foolishness and inherent corruption still remains within me. But Jesus is faithful, his promises are true, his mercy is everlasting, and his kindness is constantly displayed. Having obtained help of God, I continue until this day. Praise the Lord." My next entry runs thus: I have this day been much in prayer, and have committed unto the Lord whatever concerns me. My enemies, my friends, my trials, and all that exercises my patience, or tries my faith - I can say from my heart, that I wish him to manage all for me, as shall be most for his glory, the good of his church, and the profit of my soul. These I see are closely connected together.

It has just occurred to me, that the reason why the Lord has of late allowed me to be so severely tried - is that I have been very little at His throne of grace. Nor have the promises appeared so precious, pleadable, and suited to my case.

Jesus is determined to have me often at His throne, and if the invitations and promises of His Word will not draw me there - then He will send trials to drive me there! Blessed Jesus, are you not saying to me by every trial, "Call upon Me! Make use of Me! See what I will do for you!"

What a proof of the deep depravity and base ingratitude of my heart is this - that You are obliged to send trials and troubles to bring me to Your feet! Yet it is so! For unless drawn by the cords of Your loving-kindness, or driven by painful trials - I seldom come to You with earnestness, fervor, and life!

Blessed Jesus! pardon me, correct me - but never leave me to myself! Draw me - or drive me; but never allow me to live long at a distance from You! May I daily see that all things are put under you, that everything is controlled by you, and will be directed by your wisdom, in answer to the prayers of believers, to do them real service. Lord, prevent me from looking at men - but as instruments in your hands, to effect your purposes and accomplish your will. May I daily see everything in God - and God in everything. May I view everything in the hands of Jesus, as Mediator. What a proof of the loving-kindness of Jesus to my soul is this - that He will not allow me to be comfortable or happy, while living at distance from Him! It is my backslidings which correct me, though appearing in the shape of men.

"O bring me to Your sacred feet, And let me rove no more!"

I have been looking at Jesus, with the key of the house of David laid upon his shoulder, opening and shutting at his pleasure. He has opened my heart to receive him, and enjoy his sweet and sacred presence; how precious is Jesus to me at the close of this day, just as I am retiring to rest. Gracious Lord Jesus, keep me near You, looking to You, living for You, leaning on You, believing in You, and expecting from You, all that I need!

Surely this is a sweet life - living on Jesus alone, making Him all in all!

Trouble having driven me often to my knees - Satan came in charging me with hypocrisy, insinuating that the Lord would not have heard from me so often - but for my troubles. That I did not visit him from love - but because I could not do without him. I knew there was some truth in this, and therefore could not but fall under the accusation. I looked back and remembered when I have sat reading the whole morning, without once going upon my knees after family prayer - and

this filled me with dejection. O how base my heart is, to despise so glorious a privilege, and to neglect so choice a duty!

O Jesus, cleanse it by Your precious blood!

O Holy Spirit, purify it by Your sacred operations, and keep it by Your power!

O Righteous Father, devote it only and wholly to Yourself!

I long to be entirely and unreservedly given up to the Lord. My soul feels humbled before God, and I abhor myself because I am vile. Savior! when shall I be wholly like you, always walking with you, and eternally employed for you? Lord, hasten to me, or take me to you! for this I long, pray, and wait. Give me submission - help me patiently to carry my cross after Jesus, though it is rough, heavy, and galling.

It is my duty, especially now, to pray, wait, and watch. The closet and the watch-tower, ought to be constantly occupied. O to be kept in a prayerful, watchful frame of soul! But it takes much discipline to keep me in this state. I am so prone to wander, to be light and trifling - troubled by shadows, and excited by mere trifles. Lord, make and keep me solid, cheerful, holy, and resigned to your will. You know, that from my heart I desire to be yours, and yours alone. O take me, keep me, watch over me, correct me, defend me, protect me, lead me, and everlastingly save me!

"O may all your dealings prove, Fruits of your paternal love!" Had I not a God to go to - had I not a Savior to sympathize with me - I could not bear up under what I have now to pass through. At times I long to fly away and be at rest! Thorns and briers surround me, and wound me on every side. What with the corruptions of my heart, the duties of the ministry, the temptations of Satan, the misconduct of professors, and the depression of spirits which I now feel - I seem at times almost beside myself. This is sharp discipline - a severe school for a young man. My Savior, do stand by me. Do as you will with me, only do not allow me to dishonor your name, injure your cause, or hinder the progress of your work. From the depths of my heart I can say, "A sinful, weak, and helpless worm; On Your kind arms I fall;

O be my strength and righteousness, My Jesus, and my all." The Lord is calling unto me very loudly, "Stop trusting in men! They are as frail as breath. What good are they?" O Lord what is man? A bubble at the best! A mass of inconsistency! O to be kept free from the curse pronounced on those who trust in men, and make flesh their arm, whose heart departs from the Lord! The Lord seems determined that I shall have all my happiness in himself; and that I shall find nothing but emptiness and vanity elsewhere. O to be like-minded with the Lord! But I am so foolish, that I am not fit to be left to choose for myself, for I would be sure to choose wrong.

I trust amidst all, that I do make some progress in my journey Heavenward. I want always to act, as though I really believed that I am but a stranger and a pilgrim here on earth. One very important petition that I have been presenting to the throne of grace of late is, "That I may enjoy peace through Christ, peace in Christ, and peace with Christ." Then I shall have peace with God, peace in the church, and peace in my own soul. O how important does this appear to me at this moment! "Lord, all my desire is before you, and my groaning is not hidden from you." A letter from my brother informs me that the Lord has called him out into the ministry of the Word, for which I bless His holy name. I do feel love and gratitude toward God working in my heart, for his kindness to my

brother. O what grace, that two out of our family, should be called to preach the Word of life! Surely our lives ought to be crowned with gratitude and praise! We ought indeed to be living epistles of Christ, known and read of all men. May we be enabled to honor him, who has chosen us to be his soldiers, and may we fight manfully under his blood-stained banner, and be instrumental in shaking the kingdom of Satan, spoiling him of his prey. Lord, light us up, that we may give light to all around us, and so attract many poor dark sinners to the light of life!

How much unhappiness may one person cause! How much mischief may one person do. One restless, uneasy, mischievous person, especially if in office in a church - may spoil a minister's comfort, and greatly impede his usefulness. How true I have found this to be of late. But in the midst of all, though deeply tried by him, God is with me, and my soul is kept alive toward God. Under such circumstances, I penned the following meditation, "O my Savior, you did grant me much of your presence on the Lord's day, especially when I least expected it. For when I began to speak of your wondrous love with a cold heart, and a disordered mind - how sweetly did you break in upon me, and feed me with that love, of which I was speaking. Let that love evermore constrain me, to devote myself entirely to you, and to view myself as your chosen property. May I be enabled habitually to say, My beloved is mine, and I am his! May I view myself, though sinful, vile, and undeserving of your notice - as the object of your love, chosen to be your delight, and separated to enjoy the closest union with yourself! May I enjoy you as the object of my love and delight, as my chosen Savior and Lord, as my fear and glory.

O sweet words, 'I am my Beloved's!' His, by the gift of his Father; his, by freely delivering myself up unto him; and his, by the purchase of his precious blood. I am his property, his possession, his portion.

'And my Beloved is mine!' Mine, as the deliberate choice of my soul; mine, in answer to my earnest request; mine, by the free gift of himself to me. He is, (wonder, O Heavens!) he is my property, my possession, and my portion forever! This I can say without presumption, or fear of deception, for his holy word, the teachings of his Holy Spirit, and his daily conduct towards me, join to prove and confirm the wondrous fact. My soul and all its powers, my body and all its senses, are given up to him, to be used for him, and to be his forever!"

I am still tried by the misconduct of this man, in addition to which my infant is sorely afflicted, and these two things have kept me almost continually pleading with God. From the depths of my soul I cried, "Lord, when will you deliver me from this man. O my Savior, enable me to act toward him, as directed by your word! Preserve me from feeling or speaking contrary to your holy gospel. Save me from a spirit of prejudice, pride, or revenge. May I be enabled to seek his good, while he is with us, though I cannot but pray for his removal. Lord, let me know your design, and view him as an instrument in your hand, in some way to do me good. Allow me to see that everything that happens, will be overruled for your glory and my good, and as forming a part of your own wondrous and all-perfect plan. O my God, work in me submission and resignation to your will." A precious word of comfort has been given me, it came as if God did whisper into my soul, "He is faithful who promised" Hebrews 10:23. Yes, Lord, you are faithful. You have promised me enemies - and I have them! You have assured me that they shall not hurt really me, nor shall any weapon formed against me prosper. You have told me that I shall have trouble - but you have said, "I will be with him in trouble" and I have ever found you, "a refuge in times of trouble." You

have promised to hear my prayer, and attend unto my cry; and I have found you to be true to your word. You have promised to forgive my sin, and have said, "I will forgive their iniquities, and will remember their sins no more," and I have found you faithful. You have promised to guide me, and you have led me by the right way. You have promised to strengthen me - and I have ever found my strength equal to my day. You have promised to bruise Satan under my feet, to carry on your work within me, and finally to take me to yourself, to be forever with you, and I believe you will. The faithfulness of God, to his exceeding great and precious promises cheers, supports, and encourages me in the rugged path I am traveling; and lays me under the greatest obligation to praise, bless, and adore his most holy name.

Sharp and severe have been my trials, since I last wrote, for my dear babe has been lying in a most distressing state - its sufferings have been agonizing. O how it distressed my mind, and disordered my frame, to see my little Mercy suffer, and hear her heart-piercing cries! But at length in answer to prayer, the Lord relieved her pains, and gave me as my subject for the Lord's day, Psalms 145:17, "The Lord is righteous in all his ways, and holy in all his works." Several things in this afflictive dispensation were very perplexing - but the words of Jesus silenced my carnal reasoning, "You do not understand now what I am doing - but someday you will."

I feel more than ever, the importance of building on a good foundation for eternity. The thought, "What if I should be deceived! - what if I should be wrong! - what if I should be a cast-away at last!" will come into my mind, and leads to deep searchings of heart. I know that God would be justified in my eternal destruction. I feel it. But, oh, how dreadful the idea! Deepen, Lord, deepen your work in my heart, until I am entirely brought into subjection to your most blessed will!

O for more humility, love and holiness! O to be meek, condescending, and kind! O to be spiritual, upright, and devoted to God! Lord, give me a very tender conscience, and deeply implant your fear in my heart. May I find more delight in prayer, and enjoy communion with yourself more and more.

Yesterday, the Lord was pleased to take my dear little Mercy unto himself, after sixteen days severe suffering. Sharply as I felt the stroke, I was grateful for her removal. I have now one child in Heaven. One dear babe is gone before me to the bosom of Jesus. Blessed be God, for giving us reason to believe from his holy word, that our departed little ones are saved. Her struggles, her convulsions, her heart-rending cries are over - and over forever. She sweetly sleeps in Jesus. She is housed from every storm, screened from every bitter blast, and saved from every foe. She shall know no more pain, neither sorrow, nor crying. All was easy at the last, she seemed to slip away from us - and is forever with the Lord. There must be love in this painful dispensation, perhaps I may live to see it, and to bless God for it. At present I have to mourn, now I have sorrow - may it prove to be godly sorrow. I deserve chastening - and my sins, call for stripes. What can I expect - but God's fatherly displeasure. Correct me, Lord - but with judgment, not in your anger, lest you bring me to nothing. My time is short, my days are few - but my mercies are many. O for grace to improve them! My dear babe is no more! I shall soon follow her. She is no longer mine - but yours. You had an interest in her, and a right unto her, and you have done right in taking her to yourself.

I have committed the remains of my Mercy to the grave, there to rest until the trumpet of the archangel shall rouse the sleeping dust. Farewell, dear departed one, I shall no more see your sweet smiles, nor hear your distressing groans. These are over, and over forever. May I be led to quicken my pace, that I may soon meet you in the upper skies. I shall come to you - but you will

not return to me. You have outran me, and have reached the rest - while I am left to labor, and combat with the foe. I almost imagine I can hear your sweet voice, singing the praises of Jesus! I seem to see you look down upon me and say, "Weep not for me - but weep for yourself, and your children." But I must not indulge my feelings, though I still feel a father's love, lest I should murmur, or charge God foolishly. But Lord, may I not turn to you, and beg of you to sanctify this painful, and solemn event to me? O that it may separate me more than ever from the world, and stir me up more earnestly to seek the kingdom of God, and his righteousness. Everything around me is fading, Jesus alone, and his salvation remains the same. O to prize it, to love it, to adorn my profession of an interest in it! O to follow on to know the Lord, and wait upon my God continually, "For the Lord is good to those who wait for him, to the soul that seeks him."

Everything seems to chide me, to warn me, and to reprove me - and yet I remain dull, stupid, and insensible! O when shall I be spiritual - when shall I be holy - when shall I be entirely devoted to my God? Nothing but grace can quicken and keep me, nothing but mercy can cheer me, only the blood and righteousness of Jesus can save me. O to prize, enjoy, and live upon these things! O Lord, enlighten, enliven, and comfort my soul, and lead me forth in the holy exercises of prayer, praise, and meditation. I feel that I am so backward in these things, I grieve over it - only you can make me what I ought to be!

I have lately been in an unenviable state of mind, for I have had little life, or liveliness in prayer, and have been ready to call the truth of almost everything in question: not only what I have experienced myself - but also what I have heard others relate, and even what good men have written. Nay, I have been ready to question the truth of Scripture itself, and whether Jehovah is what I have been led to believe him to be.

O how dreadfully fallen is my nature! I feel the working of atheism, infidelity, and blasphemy within me; and were it not for God's restraining grace - they would break forth to the dishonor of God, the disgrace of religion, and the ruin of my own soul! I cannot describe what a wretch I feel myself to be! Well may I say with Job, "Behold, I am vile!" How amazing it is, that the Lord will have anything to do with me; but grace is free, sovereign and eternal. Here I rest. Here I find a suitable foundation for my polluted spirit to rest upon. If this gives way - then I am certainly lost. If this stands - I am safe! The thoughts of my child's death are very painful - may I be enabled to improve it. Her death preaches God's sovereignty - he takes one, and leaves the rest! He takes one in infancy and leaves the rest to grow up to drink of the cup of sorrow. He takes one to his bosom, and allows the others to remain on earth to endure many a bitter blast! And why? Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in your sight. This is all I can say, the only reply I dare to make. It calls me to prayer - for myself, that I may profit by it; for my wife, that it may be sanctified to her; and for my other children, that they may be early brought to know the Savior, and so be prepared to dwell with their sister forever. Her death demands a thankful acknowledgment - as it is a proof of the goodness of God. It was an answer to many petitions, put up from an aching heart. It was for my darling's good. It was for the Lord's glory! Let me look at it which way I will, it calls for grateful praise. But my heart is very backward, to pay this just and equitable debt. It calls me to be diligent in the Lord's ways - and to be ready for the Lord's coming. The voice that speaks from her coffin and her grave says, "You also be ready, for in such an hour as you think not - the Son of man comes." It bids me consider the Lord's forbearance. He has borne with my sins, and has not cast me down - may his goodness lead me to repentance. The Lord leads in the way of righteousness,

in the midst of the paths of judgment. Nor does grace in the heart, or an interest in God's covenant, exempt us from the common trials of life. "Many are the afflictions of the righteous!" Her death cries aloud - you too must die! Yes, Lord, and when my faith is strong, when my evidences are bright, and when your presence is enjoyed - I feel glad that I must, for then I can say from my heart, "I would not live always." And then I have "a desire to depart and to be with Christ, which is far better."

Today, my mind has been taken up with the words of David, and they seem to describe my experience, "You have shown Your people hard things; You have made us drink the wine of confusion." Psalms 60:3. I seemed to feel all the effects of this wine - for my head was disordered, my judgment confused, and my legs trembled under me. My wisdom was baffled, my graces were tried, and my spirits were roused. I could not conceive how the present affliction could consist with everlasting love, the precious promises, the relation in which I stand to God, the tenderness of Jesus, the teaching and leading of the Holy Spirit, and what some portions of the Word - lead me to expect. I seemed to be wading in the depths of divine sovereignty, looking for Jehovah's righteousness, and inquiring how can these things work together for my good? So foolish was I and ignorant, I was as a beast before God. It did appear that the Lord was showing me hard things, for an my best intentions were frustrated or diverted. My prayers were denied, my enemies were encouraged and emboldened.

Only one thing cheered me, it was that only the most carnal of the professors finally appeared opposed to me. These the Lord often used as His rod, to correct his children for their folly, and to drive them nearer to himself, and make them more obedient. However, the Lord has been shining upon me in providence, as he generally does when I am distressed and disturbed as I have been of late. So that if I attempt to complain - my mouth is shut, and if I were to do so, I would sin against providence, truth, and conscience. How wonderful are his works toward the children of men! His ways are past finding out.

However the end of such a painful discipline generally is - God appears faithful, I am humbled in the dust, and the loving-kindness of the Lord is seen. Grace reigns, the creature sinks, and time clears up all. I must be nothing - this, my proud nature does not like. The flesh must be mortified, and this, the old man cannot tolerate. I must sensibly feel my entire dependence on the Lord - and this my poor selfish heart cannot relish.

O my God, lay me low at your feet - and keep me there. I do now afresh put myself into your hands to be disciplined by you; my whole heart agrees to this, only pleading for one exception, let me not be allowed to sin, so as to disgrace your cause. Lord, do anything with me, only prevent this - for I dread it more than Hell; and I trust that I dread it from a pure principle of love to your name, your ways, your word, and your people!

O Lord, I would not object to suffer, if it is for my good, for the benefit of your church, and for your own glory. Spirit of the living God, search me, and see if I do not from my inmost soul, resign myself to God - and help me to leave myself in your hands!

November 19, 1830. This is my twenty-eighth birthday, and I feel deeply impressed with a sense of the Lord's goodness to me. I cannot look back upon what he has done for me, conferred upon me, and brought me through both in providence and grace - without thankfulness, gratitude, and praise

to my covenant God, and propitious Father. O what mercy has been manifested to me, what goodness has passed before me, and what grace has been displayed in me! Who would have thought, who saw me a few years ago, that I would be raised up to preach the gospel, that so many poor sinners would be converted under my ministry, and that so many believers would be edified, through my feeble instrumentality!

God, nothing is too hard for you! What may I not expect now from you, after having done for me so much! You have given me yourself, your gospel, and many seals to my ministry; and shall I repine at troubles, or be disheartened by difficulties? Shall I tremble like a coward, or sit down disheartened, or more basely - quit the field? God, you know my weakness and folly, and you know too, what sins I am likely enough to commit, unless you hold me fast. "Hold up my goings in your paths, that my footsteps slip not." Teach me to look for less in creatures, and for more in your blessed self! May I expect nothing but trouble, vexation, and disappointment in the creatures; and for pleasures, prosperity, and satisfaction in you! What a mercy that I have been preserved so long! How many thousands that have been born since myself, have been chopped down by the scythe of death - and where are they? What is become of them? Are not many of them suffering the wrath of God, as the due desert of their sins? No doubt but they are! And what am I, that I should be distinguished from them! What was there in me, that a difference should be made between us! Lord, you know that there was nothing - but that it is all of your rich, free, and sovereign grace - that there is the least difference between me, and the vilest wretch in Hell.

I saw something of this last night in a dream. The depravity of my heart, and the violence of my natural temper, were wrought up into a fury; and such would be the case when I am awake - but for the fear of the Lord, and his restraining grace.

I think I see something of the meaning of that portion of the Word in reference to myself, "How much more abominable and filthy is man - who drinks iniquity like water!" O what efficacy must there be in the blood of Jesus, to make such a sinner as I am - clean in the sight of a holy God! O what a vile creature I am - to be proud and to value myself - because I feel my depravity, and realize that I am full of that abominable thing which God hates! I feel disgusted with that odious thing - myself!

Another sharp stroke, for my little daughter Ann was in good health on Monday - and on Thursday she was a corpse! She died just two months after her sister Mercy. But the words of the Patriarch came to silence and humble me, "If He snatches one in death - who can stop Him? Who dares to ask: What are You doing?" "The Lord gave - and the Lord has taken away; may the name of the Lord be praised." Job 1:21

I fear I loved her too much, for she was a beautiful child. The Lord dealt very gently with her in removing her, for she suffered but little. Well, she is gone - and I must follow her, nor can I tell how soon. But for my remaining family, if I am really in Christ, it appears to me to be of small consequence how soon. But this is the important matter, to be really in Christ. If I am in him, I am saved, I cannot really die, I must be happy. O blessed state! "Happy are the people that are in such a case, yes, blessed are the people whose God is Jehovah." And this happiness, this blessedness, is the portion and privilege of all the Lord's people. O what a blessed region is that, in which all true Christians are ordained to meet - no sorrow, no death; and best of all, there is no sin there! There is no night, no darkness, no weariness there - no enemies, no storms, no doubts,

no fears there - no bereavements, no tears, nor any afflictions there.

Ah! Jesus is all and in all there! We shall be with Him, like Him, and enjoy Him without interruption forever! If a glimpse of Him below is so sweet - then what must it be to be forever with Him! But we must die to know it! May I be always ready, always willing, always waiting to go!

"Lord, submissive make me go, Gladly leaving all below." For seven months I have been daily praying the Lord to remove one from us, who has been a pricking brier, and a wounding thorn, to me - and now blessed be God, he is gone. I was led to pray for this under peculiar circumstances, when there was not the least probability that he would remove; for some time there was no answer - but a spirit of prayer continued; then I was informed that he was likely to go, this stirred me up afresh; after that, the matter seemed quite forgotten again - yet I prayed, depended on a faithful God, and at length the promise is fulfilled. I would be grateful - but not proud. I would praise - but not boast. I would be thankful - but not vain-glorious, I would not be high-minded but fear - knowing that if I need a rod, my Father can and will find plenty, without going far for them!

O for humbling grace! Lord Jesus, go with those whom you have removed - bless them and make them a blessing where they are gone; for I do believe that they are yours, though the man has sorely tried me. May I meet them around your throne, then we shall be rid of all those evil dispositions, which now makes us wish to be at a distance from each other.

O my God, preserve me from all unchristian tempers, and all improper actions - and make me just like Jesus! I would be meek, humble, and resigned. I want to be more spiritual, lively, and useful; more dependant on grace, more prayerful in ordinances, and more watchful against all sin. O to give greater proof than ever, by my disposition, in my preaching, and by the whole of my conduct - that I am a devoted, decided, follower of the Lamb! Enable me to watch for souls, to win souls for Christ, and may a multitude be given me for my hire, by my good and gracious God. Amen.

Since I last wrote, the Lord has visited me with bodily sickness for a week, and I was obliged to give up one of my Lord's day services. While my body was suffering - my mind was unusually dark, uncomfortable, and gloomy; yet, I had no doubts, fears, or misgivings. My confidence was firm, though my comfort was entirely gone. I was at times peevish, fretful, and dissatisfied; and felt unfit for any company. What a mercy that our frames and feelings do not alter our state, nor affect our safety! I was then unfitted for reading, meditation, and prayer - and every privilege was now a task. I see daily more and more, the necessity of the operations of the Holy Spirit, in order to attend to any duty with profit. The depravity of my heart is awful - and I had very affecting view of it in my late illness. I lacked nothing, I abounded with blessings; yet I could not appreciate or enjoy them, without the presence of Jesus to sweeten them to my soul. I hate, detest, and abhor what I feel that I am the subject of - and yet I cannot get rid of it. I see that all I want is in Jesus - but I desire to feel and enjoy it. The world is to me more than ever a wilderness - but I am only a pilgrim and a stranger here, and I shall soon reach home, and then all will be well.

I have been favored with a sweet view of Jesus, as bearing the iniquity of our holy things - as represented by the priest of old, in Exodus 28.

O what a mercy that all my coldness, deadness, and wanderings in prayer - that all my sinful, vain, and foolish thoughts, while reading God's holy Word - and that all roving imaginations, sinful propensities, and base inclinations in ordinances, along with all my omissions of the same - are

transferred to Jesus, are borne by Him, and that He has made an atonement for them all!

How sweet the thought, that all that ascends from me to God - passes through His precious nail-pierced hands! That he separates between the duty - and its sinfulness; and that both my services and myself are accepted - through His infinite merit!

O to view Jesus thus, under all my backwardness to pray, when I feel my heart cold, dead, and straitened in prayer, and where I cannot look at my prayers without being thoroughly ashamed of them! Surely such views of Jesus, must endear Him sevenfold more to my soul, and make Him unspeakably precious!

Like Israel, of late my soul has been much discouraged because of the hardness of the way, especially in consequence of trials in the church. Thinking of this passage, I wrote:

O how many discouragements do I meet with: From Satanic injections, temptations, and snares! From the daring and presumptuous conduct of false professors. From the disunion and bickerings of real Christians. From the awful and delusive errors so plentifully propagated in the present day. From the discoveries I have of the corruption of my own heart, and the sinfulness of my own nature. From the powerful working of unbelief, envy, and various other evils within. From the self-denying duties I have to perform, my natural dislike to them, and the lack of love and power to perform them aright. From the opposition of the world, and even apart of the church!

These things being thickly strewed in my path, often discourages my soul, and makes me long to fly away and be at rest. But I have also many encouragements, for I have . . . the fullness of Jesus, the grace and strength which he has promised me, the throne of grace which is at all times accessible to me, the experience of saints who have gone the same way before me, the lessons to be learned by me, and the eternal weight of glory in reserve for me!

Lord, make me an overcomer, enable me to strive lawfully, that I may be crowned right gloriously. In looking back upon the past, I see that I have acted from principle, according to the light given me, with a view to God's glory, and the good of his church. I can see failings in my conduct, even when my motives were pure, my design good, and my intentions scriptural. Lord, scatter the people that delight in contention and war! Give me peace always, by all means, for Jesus' sake. My experience today is, "I will look up!" Psalms 5:3. Jesus is my all. I love him, believe in him, enjoy him - I want no more! What a blessed book the Bible is. I seem to see more of its glory, beauty, and simplicity than ever I did. I wonder I am not entirely taken up with it. But, my wretched heart leads me astray. Yet will look again, and again search my inestimable treasury. I want more faith. I often lose sight of what faith is, and mistake feelings for believing. I put comforts in the place of Christ - and my own thoughts in the place of God's Word. What an unspeakable favor it is, to have God's pure word, to guide, instruct, and comfort me - and yet I often turn aside to something else - my feelings, my hopes, my faith - anything and everything besides God's Word! And yet to this I must come, on this I must rest, with this I must be satisfied, if I ever enjoy solid and settled peace. My troubles in the church were now great, for Hyper-Calvinism has ripened into Antimonianism, and all scriptural rule and authority were set aside. The chapel was full, the Lord was converting souls - and yet a party in the church would let me have no peace; but set decency, order, and decorum at defiance. I now began to write, print, and circulate tracts; hoping to save souls, and at the same time to divert my mind from my trials, which almost overwhelmed me. I

insert a meditation written at this time, on "Trouble arising from false friends, and open enemies" -

I am greatly disturbed in my mind by the wicked conduct, and cruel opposition of men. Their falseness, deceit, and inconsistencies perplex me. Their malice, enmity, and evil speeches afflict me. Their weakness, vileness, and changeability of conduct toward me, I esteem a calamity. In many and various ways - they molest me, and are an obstruction to me. I deplore it as vexations., I desire its removal as an inconvenience, and I long to be delivered from it, for it makes me uneasy. It is a burden to my mind, a clog to my soul, and a great hindrance to me in my work! I am beset with envy, with lying lips, and deceitful tongues. I am charged with what never entered into my thoughts, I am misrepresented in what I have said and done, and I am opposed without any regard to reason or fact. But my soul, consider the cause of it! If not a sparrow can fall to the ground without my Father - if not a hair of my head can perish - if I am as dear to Jesus as the apple of the eye - then my God must have a hand in it! He must have said to Shimei, "Curse David!" For what does my God chastise me? For some sin committed - or to prevent your falling into sin? Is it to prove my sonship, to manifest his love, or to illustrate the truth that "all things work together for good, to those who love God?"

Sometimes sin in me calls for stripes - and sometimes sin in others sets them to work. Sin is Satan's instrument, and he is the great leader in confusion, strife, and every evil work. It may be to discover and make manifest evil men - or to prevent some greater evil. But what fruits should it produce in me? Assuredly it should lead to self-examination, penitence, prayer, confession, humiliation, watchfulness, and ceasing to trust in men. This, if the Lord is pleased to sanctify it, will be the end of this fiery trial - for a fiery trial it is.

It cries aloud, "Cease from men!" It says, "Therefore, shall a man look unto the Lord." It requires me to, "Search and try my ways, and turn again unto the Lord." It bids me, "Commit my way unto the Lord, trust also in him - and he shall bring it to pass." It invites me to "Look unto Jesus, to press forward, and to rejoice that there remains a rest for the people of God."

O my soul, remember where your trials are, here in an enemy's land, in a waste howling wilderness, in the place where Satan's seat is! You have not yet come unto your rest - the land that flows with milk and honey is in the distance ahead of you. Jesus has told you, that in the world you shall have tribulation; and the saints, martyrs, and apostles, have all passed through the same fiery trials before you. They came out of great tribulation. Moreover, the sufferings of this present time, are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us. Your present afflictions are painful, distressing, and perplexing - but they are not penal, there is no curse in them; for Jesus has borne your sorrows, carried your sickness, and removed your sins! God is not an angry judge - though he may be a displeased Father. He loves - though he chides. He smites for the fault - because he loves the person. His design is not to harm you - but to benefit you. He says, "This is all the fruit to take away his sin." He may flog you along the way to Heaven - but he will never drive you to Hell. This should ease, soothe, and solace your spirit.

How many hypocrites, empty professors, and wicked men, are allowed to go on in sin - and are not chastised! This is fearful, for if we are without chastisement, then are we bastards and not sons. Better be a tried, chastened, weeping son - than a prosperous, merry, self-willed bastard. If my correction is now - then their punishment will be shortly, for it is written, "The wicked shall not go unpunished." The dead fish may glide easily down the stream - but the living ones will swim

against it. And what are my trials? A furnace to purge my dross, a rod to correct my folly, a burden to roll on my Lord, a whip to drive me from man, a medicine to cure me of sin, a bridle to check my pride, a knife to probe my wounds, and a mirror to give me a faint view of my deserts.

These things are called tribulation, chastisement, reproofs, the rod, and several other things by God. "If I suffer - I shall also reign!" "For our light and momentary troubles are achieving for us an eternal glory that far outweighs them all!" 2 Corinthians 4:17 But I want to be reconciled to my lot. I want to acknowledge the love, justice, and compassion of my God in these things. I want . . . to take honey out of the carcass of this lion, to suck honey from the end of this rod, and to find oil flowing out of this apparently flinty rock!

But, alas! I often rebel, murmur, and repine at the rebukes of the Lord. I too often look at man working, instead of looking to the Lord over-ruling. I am apt . . . to quarrel with the human instrument - and forget the divine agent; to bite the stone - instead of looking for the hand which threw it! My Heavenly Father, I commend myself to you in my present trouble - rescue, deliver, and bless me. I thank you for all your undeserved mercies, I praise you for all I enjoy, and beseech you to give me silence, contentment, and much grace. The Lord has graciously granted me a revival in my own soul, and has given me what I have much longed for - even a greater love to the Bible. I do trust that the Lord will bring me away from every human system - and teach me himself alone, and from the Bible only. I find there are many portions of it, which I have too much overlooked and neglected.

Never was my soul more desirous of being like an empty vessel before the Lord, than now. I would be nothing. I would lie low to be taught of God. I earnestly long, and constantly pray, that the Lord would be my teacher - preserving me from error, and enabling me to receive and embrace his truth, cost me what it may.

Blessed be the holy name of my God, that his work goes on among us, and sinners are called by his grace; my heart rejoices to see so many young people apparently under divine teaching. O may they all seek, and find, the Lord Jesus to be their precious, powerful, and loving Savior! I am exposed to much persecution from professors of religion. Lord, and unto me many more spiritual children; and preserve me from withering gifts, decaying graces, and deceitful men.

Satan appears to be greatly enraged against me, and some professors appear to be ripe for anything. That enemy does indeed appear to have filled their hearts. But my witness is in Heaven, and my record is on high. Alas! alas! the precepts, warnings, and invitations of God's Word, seem to be almost invariably despised by them. O may my God and Savior, fill me with his Spirit, that I may be meek and lowly of heart - to consider him who endured such contradiction of sinners against himself, that I may not grow weary, or faint in my mind! O how sad it is, to see men pretending to know more than others, and being overly precise in reference to doctrinal sentiments - who are so careless, indifferent, and unscriptural in their conduct! Lord, enable me to discharge my conscience, by preaching the whole truth, though I know there are some among my people who do not like this plain teaching. O Lord, make me humble, watchful, and patient; and keep me faithful, useful, and persevering. Enable me to believe your promises, and leave all my foes in your hand for management and correction - and may I profit by their conduct, and your church be a gainer by all I suffer.

I am still in the furnace - but the flames have not consumed me. My path is rough, my foes are many, and my sinful passions are strong. I often wonder why I am so tried - but sometimes I look at my usefulness - and my proneness to be proud; at my sins - and the holiness of my Savior's nature; at the low state of things in the churches - and the power that Satan possesses; and then I am not so much surprised. Still I am far from being reconciled to such a state of things, and there is no end to the thoughts that pass through my mind.

I am often so distressed - that I cannot sleep, read, study, converse, write, or even enjoy my food. Alas! what does sin do! How are believers and ministers of Christ tried! When I look back, I see such a lack of conformity to the perceptive will of God, in my heart and conduct, that I am cast down and dispirited. O that I was free from sin! O that I was wholly sanctified to God! O that I could rest on God's Word, care, and kindness! But, alas! I reason, fear, forebode - and in a variety of ways dishonor God. At this moment, I have a burdened heart, I must pray to be relieved, for my painful feelings urge me to cry to God. For this I must value them, though they are distressing, for I had rather bear them all than be prayerless and indifferent, as I am at some times. O that I was just what I should be! I want to be humble, resigned, and useful. Oh, to be useful - it is this I want, for this I pray! To be useless in God's church, and in a world like this, the few days allotted me on earth - appears to me to be dreadful. Lord, use me, and if in order to this I must be tried - then try me, even to the quick - only give patience, fortitude, and a sense of your love. My enemies now took to writing and printing tracts against me, to endeavor to injure me; and one large placard full of misrepresentations was printed - but the Lord interfered and prevented its circulation. But none of these things affected my congregation - for the chapel was full; nor my usefulness - for souls were being continually brought to God. My daily cry was, "Lord, teach me how to preach to sinners, that they may be brought to believe!" On this subject I often feel perplexed, and I must condemn myself, that I feel so little for them. You know, my God, that I would preach just as the holy apostles did, keeping back nothing however offensive, nor introducing anything that is wrong, however pleasing. I do from my heart desire to be a scriptural, holy, and useful preacher. O that I was more like Jesus! I want to manifest the Spirit of Christ, and to act just as I think my dear Lord would act - if he was in my circumstances. I would not be revenged on my enemies, or indulge in any wrong feeling toward them - but I would be Christlike.

I am at this time visited with a deep and painful sense of my own soul-poverty; and my spirit sinks under the discovery I have of the baseness of my gifts, the smallness of my grace, the greatness of my sin, and the little I do for God's glory. O how I long for more vital active religion in my soul! I want to enjoy fellowship with God, as my friend, to walk in the light of his countenance, and to feel his divine power working within me. The Lord has given me some sweet glimpses, and comfortable manifestations of himself - but I want to taste and enjoy more and more. O to be like Jesus - to live, speak, and act only for him. I feel that I shall never be happy until this is the case. Lord, forbid that I should!

I have felt so very weary of being at a distance from my God, that I am now willing to be, or to do anything in order to enjoy his presence and his love. But Jesus must be all. It must be what Jesus is, and not what Jesus gives - Jesus, and not comforts. I want to receive all as immediately from God, and especially to receive truth as from God; because I conceive that when truth comes from God, and is attended with his light and power - it has a sanctifying effect.

Whatever comes from God, convinces me more and more of my lack of internal and external conformity to the will of God. It produces self-loathing, self-abhorrence, and self-surrender to the Lord - to be his, to work in, and to work by.

Whatever comes from God, lays the soul low before God, in humility, and leads me to justify God, to condemn self, to reverence his written Word, cautiously to walk in his ways; and to pity, pray for, and love others, rather than condemn, despise, or look above them.

Whatever comes from God, generates a fear of God - a fear of misunderstanding him, when he speaks in his written Word, of dishonoring him in heart or life, and a fear lest he should leave us to ourselves, to Satan, our enemies, or our friends. It meekens the spirit, so that it bows to Jehovah's sovereign will, and produces a satisfaction with what pleases God.

Whatever comes from God, sometimes seems to stir up the evil principles that are in our nature, it opposes and condemns all sin within us, and sets us a mark for Satan's arrows - for against such favored individuals, he will use all his artillery, and endeavor by fraud or force, to lead them astray.

Whatever comes from God in a way of grace, does in a word, make us humble, prayerful, thankful, diligent, loving, believing, and zealous for our God.

Another severe trial! My son Charles is taken from me, after a long and very painful affliction; but it is not all trial, for the Lord has revived my soul, and blessed the preaching of his Word. The congregation is very large, indeed the place is literally crammed on Lord's day evenings, a spirit of prayer for the conversion of souls is kept up within me, and I believe that the good, kind, and gracious Lord - does, and will, work by me. O for gratitude, humility, love! My soul is frequently bowed down, and I am at times tempted to despond, for I find upon examination, that I am as fond of myself as ever - only not in the same form. Now it is religious self, diligent self, zealous self, preaching self, and useful self! SELF in one or more of these forms, is often very pleasant in my eyes - and then I get the rod, and my soul sinks down in gloom!

Eternity, and the things of it, have appeared to me in a very solemn light of late. O that I may so review them, as to correct that levity of my disposition, and the forgetfulness of my mind - for these are evils under which I often groan. On my thirty-first birthday: My birthday. A day of mercy, a day which calls for gratitude, humiliation, and self-abasement. Thirty-one years ago today, I was born; and seven years ago today, I began to preach the gospel. Blessed be God, that I ever knew the gospel, and especially that I ever preached it. Many souls have been given me for my hire, and I trust many more will. Never did I feel more deeply the value and importance of the salvation of sinners, never did I more ardently long for the conversion of souls. The Lord has blessed me much in this way of late, and many have come forward to testify, that the Lord has called them to the knowledge of himself through my instrumentality. What shall I render unto the Lord, for such great mercies!

Still I fear, that trials are not far off. I cannot help anticipating them, and I dread church troubles, above all other external troubles; for in them there is so much sin committed, the gospel is so much dishonored, and the Spirit of God, who is a Spirit of love and peace - is so grieved. Lord, preserve me from sin - and then lay on me what you will. I feel this morning, willing to be, to do, and to suffer, just what the Lord pleases - just so that I may be kept from sin!

I now come to a very important point in my history as a preacher of the gospel. Often had the conviction flashed across my mind, that I did not deliver the message of the gospel to every creature, as Christ had commanded me. This led me to search the Scriptures on the point more carefully, and to examine my own heart, as in the sight of God. I well knew that a change on this point, would bring me into great trouble, and sever me from all my earthly connections and associations. It was a long, a severe, a desperate struggle which I had - but being once convinced, I determined to obey God, rather than man, cost me what it may. As in the presence of God, and for my own use alone, at that time I wrote:

I have lately been led, I trust by the Lord, to see differently to what I have done, in reference to addressing lost sinners. I have hitherto confined myself to warning them, and setting before them the way of escape from the wrath to come. But it does now appear to me, to be scriptural, to expostulate with them, to invite them to Jesus, and to call upon them to repent and believe the gospel. My views of human weakness and wickedness, remain just the same as before; but what Jesus practiced, and the apostles did, must be right - and I am convinced now, that they thus addressed unconverted sinners. I expect that the production of these sentiments will involve me in many difficulties and troubles; I expect to find friends turn foes; and the weight of the cross, for a time, greatly to increase. But I hope I value the truth, and pleasing God - more than anything beside. O with what weight does that text rest upon my mind, "We speak as men approved by God to be entrusted with the gospel. We are not trying to please men but God, who tests our hearts" 1 Thessalonians 2:4. May the Lord make me more scriptural, honest, humble, and useful: and enable me at whatever cost, to discharge my conscience, and preach the whole counsel of God.

I have already suffered much from Hyper-Calvinists, and now I expect I shall suffer more; may the Lord give me courage, fortitude, patience, perseverance, and love, for all these I do, and shall need. If I know my own heart - my aim is pure, the fear of God is before me, and to glorify God, and save sinners is the ruling desire of my soul. I have long prayed, and do still pray, to be led into the truth, the whole truth; the system I was led to embrace when young, has kept me in the dark in reference to this subject hitherto. But, I cannot satisfactorily explain the passages of Scripture which refer to this subject, nor have I ever met with any Hyper-Calvinist, who can; neither can I preach from them, and I now feel sure, that system must be wrong, which will not allow a man to walk in the steps of the apostles, or preach as Jesus preached. Lord, keep me from error, darkness, and every sin! My soul has been much exercised of late, and my experience has been very gloomy, for I have been accused very unjustly, and slandered by professors of religion. I do find the seeds of every sin within me - but I am not conscious that any sin is indulged by me. The Lord is witness, that my heart's desire and prayer is, that all sin may be mortified by me, and that true holiness may rule within me. I have had deep searchings of heart. My soul is much distressed, for I do want to be holy, consistent, and elevated to the Lord's praise; and I do feel willing to be or to do just what the Lord pleases, so that I may but be useful, and glorify him. The language of my soul this morning is, "Come, and let me be joined to the Lord, in a perpetual covenant, that shall not be forgotten."

O Lord, I do this day, afresh surrender myself, and all that I have to you - I will be for you, and not for another. O take me as I am, and make me what I should be! O take me and use me, as your servant to your glory! See, Lord, with all my heart and soul - I give myself to you. Help me in future, evermore to view myself as your covenant servant, to be, to do, and to suffer your will. O keep up

in the thoughts of my mind, the transactions of this morning! My cause is your cause, and your cause is mine. Help me to leave mine entirely with you, and to cleave to your while I live. I dare not append my condition, not that I am unwilling to obey, for my heart's desire is to be obedient to you in all things; but knowing the weakness and wickedness of my nature, the power of temptation, and the many alluring snares that will be used against me - I fear. But, I take you, the heart-searching God, to witness, and the Lord Jesus Christ, before whom I must appear to be judged, and by whom perhaps this document may be cited, that I do give myself entirely away to you, and pray you to use me as you will, and take to yourself all the glory of all I do. Help me to look to you for all I shall need, and believing that as a covenant God, you will grant it - I confidently expect to receive it.

Give me grace to commit all to you, and leave all cares with you. Keep down the pride of my nature, and the numerous corruptions of my heart, and grant me grace that I may show more than ever whose servant I am, and for what I am employed. O my Lord and my Master, do give me a greater measure of grace, and the fullness of your Holy Spirit, that I may walk in love, live in peace, abhor covetousness, be the means of the conversion of many sinners, and of edifying the body of Christ. And now, whatever trouble may come upon me, or into whatever trial I may be brought - help me to look to you as my Master, and on myself as your servant, and expect you to appear for me, and bring me through. Give me an extensive knowledge of your holy Word, and grant that with boldness, fearlessness and affection, I may preach it - the whole of it, regardless of consequences. May I never seek to please men - but you, who tries my heart. I do now deliberately heartily, and solemnly, deliver up to you, my body, soul and spirit - let them be yours to inhabit, fill, and use for your glory! My time, talents, and health - enable me to consecrate to you, and use for you alone. My family, my temporal concerns, and future prospects - take them all into your hands, and may I evermore use them as yours. And now, I desire as last and dearest, to give up your church to you - may I look upon it differently to what I have done, even as yours, and myself as your servant to seek its good. And if there be anything not included in the above, which should be given up - Lord take it, and make me, however my carnal mind may object, to live up to this solemn engagement. Give me faith to believe that it is ratified in Heaven, and will appear as my record on high. To all this, I heartily agree, and fervently and solemnly desire to live up to this covenant, as I believe it to be in accordance with your covenant, made in Christ for the welfare of my soul. May I never presume, because I am thus yours; nor despond, since I have thus given myself up to you; but may I live as on the borders of eternity, in the full prospect of death and judgment. May I never be allowed to think anything hard, which I undertake for you or your people; nor that anything is either too good or too great for me, which you have promised. May this covenant be to me "a covering of the eyes" when in the world, the family, or your church! Never allow me to take a step - but at your bidding and in your way. And now, my gracious God, and loving Master - give, O give me a spirit of humility, watchfulness, forbearance, patience, perseverance, caution, love, zeal, and unselfishness - that I may, as I heartily desire, live alone for your glory. O bring down, and keep down - my proud, depraved, carnal self; and set up in my soul and affections, the Lord Jesus. O Holy Spirit - glorious Savior - eternal Father - and angels of my God, who now surround me - witness for me, witness with me, and witness to me, that I am the Lord's, in life, in death, and forever. Signed on the twenty-first day of November, 1833, and several times since. The Lord is still good, very good to me - but I am very dissatisfied with myself, and with all that I am or do. I have been favored with a prayerful spirit, and some measure of nearness

to God of late, for which I bless the Lord; but I want to get nearer still, and to be more prayerful - until all will be praise. When I reflect, it appears to me that I should be always at prayer - but it is so difficult to reduce the most excellent wishes to practice. There is nothing that I can fix the eye of my mind upon - but it calls aloud for prayerfulness - the joys of Heaven, or the pains of Hell - the kindness of friends, or the opposition of foes - joyful prospects, or painful disappointments - the church, or the world - Satan, or sin - holiness, or corruption - relations, or strangers - past, or present - at home, or abroad - all shows me the importance of much prayer, and furnishes with materials for it! O for wisdom to use the materials which are always at hand, that I may "pray without ceasing!"

How striking are the apostle's words, "Live wisely among those who are not believers, redeeming the time." I feel deeply impressed, convinced, and condemned by them. But for Christ saving me - how wretched I must be - when I compare myself with the precepts of God's holy gospel. I fly to my Redeemer's precious blood for comfort - but not in any way to sanction my sin. God forbid! What a dreadful state I was in once, without God - without hope - without Christ - without salvation - and in this fearful case are thousands all around me. To walk in wisdom - is to walk in character. If a prince walks in wisdom, he must consider his character, position, connection, and destiny - so must a poor man, and so must a Christian. But in order to fulfill this precept, we must walk honestly, proving our profession by our practice. We must walk humbly, as befits those who are saved by grace, and kept by the power of God. Covetousness must be destroyed - and benevolence must be manifested. A good understanding must be possessed - and true charity must be our characteristic.

Alas! how is my time squandered, trifled with, and lost - instead of redeemed. Lord, pardon me, and give me more grace! In the church, things got worse and worse, for a party set all order at defiance, and having lost all sense of propriety, were determined to stick by the place for the sake of the endowments. The aisles of the chapel were full, even on Lord's day mornings, and souls were still converted. The church had increased, nearly seven-fold in the seven years, a majority of three fourths of the members could be obtained - and yet such was the turbulent, despotic, and violent spirit displayed by a few, that to maintain peace and order was impossible. No one can tell what I endured, at length I felt my nerves were shaken, and my health began to be affected, and I determined, let the consequences be what they may, I would resign my connection with the church. I did so, and preached my farewell sermon to a crowd which filled not only the chapel - but the greater part of the church-yard, from John 14-31, "Arise, let us go hence!" For the next three months I preached at Clarence gallery, to crowded congregations, and a good number were converted there. Our friends bought a building, and fitted it up to seat about six hundred people, which was opened on January 1, 1836, and was soon crowded. Here I formed a church of one hundred and eleven members - but as we renounced strict communion, and decided to admit to the Lord's table, all who gave evidence that they were the Lord's people - of course our strict communion friends could not unite with us, these, with others who were attached to the old place, thinned our numbers - but still we had enough left to make a good beginning. I took for my new year's motto, "God is faithful," and I have always proved him so. A tide of prosperity now set in, for the Lord smiled upon us, and "the people had a mind to work." Yet, I still had my trials, and in June I wrote: In reviewing the past five months, I see enough to fill me with gratitude, joy, and love. A church has been formed, 26 people have been baptized, we have 160 members in communion,

the chapel is full, often crowded, and hitherto the debt has been no difficulty. I have met with four who were converted while we were at the gallery, and the Lord is carrying on his work even now.

But, Oh, what a wretched creature I am! I imagined not long ago, that there was an amendment, even in my old nature - but again I have been mistaken. I am vile! I have still trials, painful and distressing trials! I feel my soul is at a distance from God in private, though I often feel very near to him in public ministry. I am humbled, delighted, thankful, and mourn most sincerely, often in public - but when I come before God in private I seem like another man! I am indeed a riddle! O how I pant for holiness, for power against sin, for love to souls, and for usefulness in my ministry - but the desire seems to end in parting. O wretched man that I am! I would give a world to be holy. I seem to be a better minister - than I am a Christian. O God, revive me, sanctify me, and save me with a present salvation!

About three months after, I wrote: The Lord has, I trust, poured out upon me a spirit of prayer, and I have been wrestling with him for his blessing. I was very earnest in pleading for some peculiar comfort - but while pleading, I imagined the question was proposed to me, "Which would you rather have: peculiar comforts for yourself - or that some sinners should be converted under your ministry?" O, with all my heart, I said, that souls should be converted! The cause goes on well at present - but my foreboding heart sometimes says, "Too well to continue so." But the Lord forbid, that anything should arise to disturb our peace or distress our souls. I am still very dissatisfied with myself, I am so far below what I should be in spirituality and nearness to God. O that I was more holy! O that I could but live near to the Lord!

Mercy still reigns, and blessings surround me. I have trials from many quarters - but I trust they are sanctified - and I am preserved. I am enabled to be active in the Lord's vineyard; and he condescends to bless my feeble efforts. I prove the faithfulness of God - and discover a world of sin in my heart! Only an infinite atonement, and such a Savior as the gospel reveals - could give me hope. I have enough sin to make a thousand people humble - and yet I do not feel that lowliness and self-loathing which I imagine I should. The church continues in peace, and increases, and the congregation is large and attentive.

1838. Twelve months have rolled away since I wrote a line in my diary - but not a day has passed without my God writing many mercies on the pages of my history! We have enlarged the chapel to hold 1,200 people, and it is filled, sinners are converted, and the church enjoys peace and increase. All glory to free grace! My soul is thirsting for God - for richer displays of his grace, for a deeper experience of his love. I am surrounded with mercies, and have calls on every hand, to work for my beloved Master, whose service is my delight. I preach and print constantly - hoping to do good by both. I still ardently long, and earnestly pray - to be made a useful and devoted minister, a holy and exemplary Christian. My God is daily manifesting his goodness to me, and never was I surrounded with more mercies than now. Still I have my trials, and my depraved nature kicks against the cross as much as ever. My corruptions are very powerful, and my soul is at times much cast down on account of the same. But grace reigns, and God is mine! But I want to feel daily a spirit of wrestling prayer, and then to expect to receive the very blessings I ask of God, in the name of his beloved Son, my beloved Savior. My birthday. How many mercies does this day bring to my remembrance! I am now thirty-six years of age. Who can number my sins? Yet I have reason to believe that they are all forgiven. Twelve years ago, this day, I began to preach the

gospel, and since then, have preached more than 3,000 sermons - some 5 sermons each week. I have passed through many trials - but am now more comfortably settled than ever I was before.

I have a church of nearly 250 members, a congregation of at least 1,200 people, and enjoy good health to preach to them. I have a family of six children - besides three in Heaven. I hope those on earth are designed to glorify my God and Savior. I often have much enjoyment in preaching the Word, and some success attends my labors; but I want to see sinners flock in crowds to the Savior - to see the Spirit poured out as on the day of Pentecost. O that God would speak! That he would put forth his power with the Word, and cause the dead to hear. My motto this year is, "I am Jehovah - I do not change!" - and I prove the truth of it. My God has never changed, and he never will. I do again, this day, solemnly give myself up to the Lord, to be his child - his servant: "teach me to do your will, for you are my God." I consecrate all my powers, talents, and opportunities to your service. I wish to be employed for your glory, and to be devoted entirely to your praise. Holy Spirit, fill my body, soul, and spirit, with your presence, influence, and grace; enable me to glorify Jesus, and to adorn the doctrines of the gospel always, and in all things; and to approve myself unto God, as one who needs not to be ashamed.

O to be holy, useful, and spiritual! May I live more to Christ, more like Christ, and more for Christ - than I have ever done. I have much to lament and grieve over, few, very few have more to be grateful for. I only want to receive more from God, to enjoy more of God, and live more to God - than I have hitherto done. Lord, I am yours - use me, honor me, and fill me full of joy with your countenance. Keep me humble, prayerful, watchful, and diligent; and to Father, Son, and Spirit, will I ascribe all the praise!

February 1839. Hitherto, the present year has been a happy one. My motto is, "My God shall supply all your needs according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus." The New Year's prayer-meeting was very large, and many are coming forward to join the church, who have been called by grace in Salem. It bids fair to be the birth-place of many souls. The Lord grant that it may be so. I have much encouragement, and if I had but more personal religion, which is made up of power, purity, and peace - I would lack for nothing.

June. My soul has been the subject of many deep and trying exercises. My personal religion is not as deep, pervading, and transforming as it should be. My corruptions appear stronger than ever, so that I am sometimes tempted to doubt, that after all, the work in me is but superficial. I do not feel that power, pleasure, and satisfaction in prayer which I wish, I enjoy preaching, and the Word is made a blessing, we have peace and prosperity in the church; but I want to be Heavenly-minded, and to live in the presence, and under the constant influence of God.

Real religion appears to spread - but I fear that the waters are but shallow, for I can see but little of the power of godliness. So much self, so much carnality, so much cleaving to the world; yet, I dare not condemn others, for I feel it very deeply in myself: but I do, I must, I will condemn myself for it. The dealings of God with me, have been marvelous, and I ought to be entirely, and always devoted to him. From this day, I propose to pray especially for five things.

1. That the Lord will entirely remove the debt from the chapel.
2. That the power of God may attend the Word preached, in a more eminent degree than heretofore, that sinners may be savingly converted, believers edified, and the place be crowded

with hearers.

3. That every one of my children may be called by grace, and that soon.

4. That I may enjoy much more of the power of religion, especially in fellowship and communion with God.

5. That a divine influence may spread through the whole church over which I preside - producing love, zeal, humility, faith, and wrestling prayer. Jesus I then have said, "Whatever you ask in my name, you shall receive;" help me so to ask, that I may receive! My birthday - an introduction to ten thousand mercies. O what a debtor to grace I am! Kept through 37 years, 13 of which have been employed in preaching Christ. My church increases, my congregation keeps up, and the debt on the chapel is melting away. We have now removed the debt from the galleries, and reduced the original debt to 500 pounds, having paid of 2,200 pounds in four years. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name! I will sing of mercy and of judgment, unto you, O Lord, will I sing. O to be entirely and forever the Lord's!

1840. Nearly twelve months have passed since I made an entry in my book. A year of great mercy, and of some usefulness. The good work never appeared to go on with us, as it has this year. I have added 97 members to the church in ten months, many of them the converts which the Lord has graciously given me. We are now holding special services for a week, for the third time; they appear to be made a blessing, and will I hope do good. The chapel is filled, and we have peace and union. My own soul is alive to divine things - I think seldom more so. My yearly motto is, "He will yet deliver!" I have proved it true, and believe I ever shall. I have had several direct answers to prayer of late. O that I had more of the Spirit of prayer! The simple gospel is very sweet to me now! The first principles are most important, and most precious. I daily prove two things, that I am nothing, and that Christ is all. My salvation is of grace, free grace, the very sound of the Word is sweet to me, and the finished work of Jesus is all my joy.

November 19. My thirty-eighth birthday; for fourteen years I have been preaching the gospel. I love my Master and his work - never more so. I feel happy in it, and the Lord makes me useful. Christ is precious to me. I only want to know more of him, to exercise faith in him, and to glorify him more than I have ever done. Our special services were a special blessing, I never enjoyed a series of services so much. I expect that much good will result from them. Many prayers were offered - suitable, scriptural, fervent prayers - and our God, is the God that answers prayer. I am now saying with the Psalmist, "My soul, wait only upon God, for my expectation is from Him."

I want a simple, direct, and steady faith; a faith always in exercise on the promises of God. No one can have greater reason to believe than I have. The Lord has done great things for me, whereof I am glad. Goodness and mercy have followed me all my days, and the mercy of my God is to everlasting, as well as from everlasting. He will never fail me nor forsake me. I believe his word, only I want to feel more of the realizing power of faith. My God, draw me nearer to yourself, and keep me as near as any creature is permitted to be in this valley of tears. I want to be near and like my God. I desire to exhibit his moral excellencies in my conduct, and daily to preach his free and glorious grace. I would breathe no spirit but His, seek to please no one but Him, aim to excel no one but Him. O to feel and manifest "I live - yet not I; but Christ lives in me." O to be able to cry, "To me to live is Christ!" O that self were so destroyed! O that holiness were so perfected! My

heart's desire, and prayer to God is, that I may be holy. I want to walk closely with God; to maintain a tender, honest, and enlightened conscience; to fear sin, all sin; to watch against temptation; to overcome Satan, and to crucify the flesh with its affections and lusts. No one perhaps has more calls to holiness, to entire consecration to God; and I heartily desire to be only, and altogether the Lord's. O to be the habitation of God! I cannot be satisfied with ordinary degrees of grace. I do not think I should be. My nature, my office, my situation in the church and in the world, seem to call for much grace. Unless I receive much grace from my God - he will not receive much glory from me; and this is what I heartily desire and pray for.

1841. Another merciful New-Years day - a large company came out to prayer-meeting. My motto this year is, "The Lord is my keeper!" What a mercy to begin the year with such a helper! Who can tell what lies before me? The times appear portentous. Every day calls for faith, prayer, and activity. May I be prepared for every trial, and for every duty. May I be drawn near to God, and be kept near to God. O to live in sweet fellowship with the Father of mercies! O to be more useful this year, than any preceding one! I long to be instrumental in bringing sinners to repentance, and in glorifying my gracious God.

April. For some time I have been much depressed, the changeableness of professors, and the little life I feel in private prayer, are the principal causes. How many are ready to run after something new, and to embrace error - may the Lord be my keeper. I think if I did but enjoy a spirit of ferment, constant, wrestling prayer, I could endure anything; but a comparatively prayerless frame of mind, betokens an unhealthy state of soul - and it appears to gnaw upon me. O for Jacob's spirit. O for Paul's perseverance! O to be like Jesus! To this my heart adds a loud, Amen. But I am too apt to be satisfied with unproductive wishes with unfruitful desires. I urge others to walk closely with God - and yet live at a distance myself. I exhort others to abide at the throne of grace - but only visit it occasionally myself: and yet, I suppose I never spend a waking hour without sending forth a sigh, a groan, or a short petition: but I want to take delight in approaching to God. I want to feel that God is my Father, and to plead with him in confidence, for all that he has promised.

I often fear that my ministry will become barren and unfruitful, and wonder that it has not done so before. I am sure that there is an intimate connection between the closet and the pulpit; therefore if I was more alive with God in secret - I would be more profitable to the Lord's people, and more useful to sinners, in public. I aim to be faithful - but fear I am not sufficiently affectionate; I love my people - but I do not manifest it in the most acceptable way. O that my God would thoroughly sanctify me, filling me with the Holy Spirit and with power. May the prayers of the Lord's people be answered for me, and may my poor petitions be answered for them. Being constantly engaged in preaching the Word, writing for the press, and carrying on rather an extensive correspondence - I have made but few entries in my diary, during my ministry at Salem. Trouble generally drove me to my knees, and my desk. A variety of things now united to unsettle me again, and right or wrong, I decided to relocate. The last two entries while at Cheltenham, I insert.

November 9. For some time, my mind has been in a very unsettled state, and I begin to imagine that my work in Salem is almost done. The place is full, some souls are still called by grace - yet I think I may be more useful elsewhere. Having received an invitation from the church at New Park Street, London, after much prayer and searching of heart, I have this night, resigned my office as pastor of the church in Salem. This is a painful crisis in my history - I feel it - I feel it deeply - but I

trust I am acting in accordance with the will of God. I have carefully observed the Lord's hand, I have endeavored to ascertain what is the will of God. I trust I am aiming at his glory. If the Lord takes me to Park Street, I hope to be more devoted to him, to be more diligent in his service, more useful to his people, and a greater blessing to sinners. I have been used to gather in many in Cheltenham, and I trust that he will send a holy devoted man to feed them. Lord, I commit myself, and all my concerns to you, direct all for your glory, and my good.

November 19. My birthday. I am now thirty-nine years of age. I have decided to leave Cheltenham - my labors here close with the present year. It is a mysterious providence - but I believe it is of the Lord. I trust he will be greatly glorified thereby. The poor church here is in mourning, and for many of the flock I feel deeply. May I be more useful, and more holy in London, than I have been here. My concern now is that the church should have a suitable pastor, and I am doing all I can to obtain them one. The tears of the saints touch me to the quick, especially of those who are my own children in the faith. But I am the Lord's - he has a right to use me as he will. I have put myself into his hands for this very purpose. He shall guide me with his counsel, and afterward receive me to glory.

How little I expected this charge on my last birthday, and who can tell what changes will take place before another? Perhaps my last great change! O may I be quite ready!

1842. April 10. When I left Cheltenham, and came to reside in London, I found the church in a very low state, and the congregation very small. I trust the Lord brought me here. Many more attend the Word, and the people profess to profit; some are impressed - but the place does not fill as Salem did. O for a revival! My path has been outwardly prosperous - but inwardly painful. I never was tried with a small congregation before - but I am now. O Lord, how long! When I look back, a thousand things grieve and pain me - but nothing more than the lack of sincerity among some of my former flock. When I look around me - I see a beautiful chapel, a dense population - but no spirit of hearing! When I look within - I see more and more of the depravity of my own heart, and the filthiness of my polluted nature. At times, I feel depressed and sorrowful - yet I have some bright gleams, some sweet enjoyments, and at times I rise above all that is painful within and without me. When I look forward - there appears to be a mist before my eyes, and I cannot see my way. The people are greatly encouraged - but I often feel perplexed, I will therefore wait upon my God.

August 8. I have been passing through a series of trials, which I trust the Lord will sanctify to my soul's good. I have had domestic affliction, and through incessant preaching, my throat has become disordered, yet in the midst of all, I have many mercies, the place is filling fast, some are converted to God, and we are adding to the church. I baptized my eldest son, on the day he was seventeen years of age, and yesterday he was received into the church. It was a solemn, and I trust a profitable day. The Lord has tried me, may I now come forth as gold. I have reason to believe that my two next oldest sons are seeking the Lord - this I esteem an unspeakable mercy. I have often felt that the Lord would hear my fervent importunate prayers for my family; and yet fear would arise, so that I could not feel confident.

October. I have been suffering much from the affliction in my throat, and once feared I should be quite laid aside. For days the words of the Psalmist followed me, "I am like a broken vessel!" and I was deeply depressed, fearing that the Lord might throw me on one side, as he had others. I knew

he could do without me, and that he would be justified in refusing to use such a vile creature as I am. But I am now better, though I feel it necessary to confine myself principally to house duties. The Lord still blesses my labors, and the church and congregation continue to increase. But when I take a view of the depravity of my heart, and my guilty neglect of private duties - I wonder that he can bless me at all. Deeply do I grieve over my want of close and intimate fellowship with God in private - and yet it seems to end here - with mere grieving. I have been trying to realize that I am in the Lord's hands, and to leave myself and all my concerns there, without anxiety or fear. But I find that to will is present with me - and yet how to perform, I find not. O for deep personal holiness! O for extensive usefulness. May the Lord crown me with his loving-kindness and tender mercy!

November 19. My fortieth birthday. If I look back, what mercies have followed me! If I look around, what mercies surround me! If I look forward, I believe that mercies as great, or even greater, are in reserve for me. Tomorrow, being the Lord's day - I intend to commemorate the Lord's goodness to me, by preaching from Deuteronomy 8:2, "Remember how the Lord your God led you all the way in the desert these forty years, to humble you and to test you in order to know what was in your heart, whether or not you would keep his commands." I trust that I shall be privileged to profit the Lord's people, while I bear witness to his faithfulness and love.

Surely no one could have borne with me, who had a thorough knowledge of me - but my God! His long-suffering, like his nature, appears to be infinite. He is slow to anger, plenteous in mercy, and that mercy endures forever. May my future life, correspond more with the example of my blessed Savior, and may my usefulness abound yet more and more. In the church we are at peace, and the affection of the people appears to increase, I hope their spirituality grows also. The good work goes on, though not so rapidly as I could wish. But if God is with us, if we simply aim to please him, he will bless us, and crown us with success. It is God's cause, and his work; may he work mightily among us - for his own glory, and his people's comfort! He must have the praise of all the good that is done by such fickle, feeble, and impure instruments.

Time flies fast, eternity approaches, and the night when no man can work, will soon be here! O to work while it is called today! May I work: by a scriptural rule, from a holy motive, to a worthy end; and then I must be blessed in my deed, and so find a reward in my work. Lord, again I lay myself at your footstool, again I say from my inmost soul, use me to your glory and praise!

February 1843. During the past year, sixty-six members were added to the church, and the congregation increased three-fold. The Lord's people say they are much profited, and they appear to be much attached to my person and ministry. The prayer-meeting is crowded, and some souls are converted. But I want to see greater things, I am by no means satisfied. The illness in my throat continues, though it is better. My New Year's text and motto is, "The Lord will give grace and glory!" Psalms 84:11. He has given me grace hitherto, and his promise still stands good. Grace includes all that I really need, and all that I ought to desire.

I have been very seriously looking at death lately, and do not feel that readiness and longing to depart - which I could wish; yes, there was something like a lurking fear at the bottom. The Lord will, I hope, make me quite ready, and heartily willing before he calls me. I see it will not do to look at death - but through Christ; nor can a sinner profitably study this subject - but at the cross! There death was abolished, and life and immortality is now placed in the clearest light by the gospel.

February 28, 1943. Twenty-four years ago today, the Lord began a good work in my heart, and hitherto He has carried it on. This day, I am the Lord's - entirely, eternally His. How wonderful have been His gracious dealings with me!

Then I was a poor, fatherless, ignorant lad - exposed to privations, and powerful temptations. But the Lord tried me, taught me, and sent me to preach His Word; and He has blessed my labors to the conversion of many souls - and is still blessing them! I have been used to revive one church; to entirely raise another, which is at this day large and respectable; and I am now being used to revive and enlarge a third church. Who could have thought this, twenty-four years ago? My preaching feeds many - my writings more. Poor, illiterate, untrained; without any external advantages - I am now called to preside over a church, all whose pastors have been learned men. What has God wrought! How wonderful are His dealings with me! And, I hope to be yet more useful - for the Lord still tries me, and I have always found that trials precede usefulness.

I feel my own nothingness, and my absolute dependence on God - more than I ever did. I am indeed absolutely at His disposal - a mere instrument in His hand. He may throw me on one side - and yet easily accomplish His work. May I never live a useless day, or be detained in the field after my work is done, or be dismissed and sent 'home' with a frown. May I be used while I live, and when my work is accomplished - be called home by my Heavenly Father's voice, and so be forever in His presence, kingdom, and glory!

March, 1943. This day my convictions of sin are deep - and my discovery of my follies are painful. It is in reference to prayer and watchfulness, that I principally fail. I have not yet learned thoroughly to govern my feelings and my tongue; therefore I suffer, for I would not purposely dishonor God, injure his cause, or mar my usefulness for the world. I feel the importance of the words of the poet - "The tongue, that most unruly power, Requires a strong restraint;

We should be watchful every hour, And pray - but never faint."

How much I require to humble me, empty me, and keep me in my proper place! How often do I perceive that but for the Lord's keeping - I would be undone! I cannot be trusted for one moment! I see it, I feel it, I confess it before God; and yet if others were to say so of me, or to me - how would my pride be hurt! What a mercy have I found the throne of grace, yesterday and today! I know not when I visited it so often. O that I was as powerfully drawn to it by love, as I am driven to it by trouble! I think I feel more like a child as to wisdom, prudence, strength, and courage - than I ever did, for I seem to have none! O that I felt as much like a child - in reference to confidence, dependence, and love to my Heavenly Father! O that I was thoroughly holy, truly wise, really prudent - then I think I would be happy, and make others happy! It grieves me, that I not only procure trouble to myself - but that I trouble others; and if God were to withhold his grace, I would do but little else! However, God has promised grace, and grace will pardon what it does not prevent. But the pardon is often preceded by bitter experience, arising from conviction, self-reproach, fear, darkness, bondage, and distance from God. O for preventing grace, as well as pardoning grace!

April, 1943. I have of late much enjoyed in preaching the word - but I cannot engage in this delightful work as often as I wish, on account of the affliction in my throat. This is a cross, a very painful cross; but I believe it to be the Lord's cross, and desire to bear it after Jesus. Nothing

touches me in so tender a place - as that which would hinder me from preaching the Lord's Word. I do love to speak of Jesus, to lift him up, to extol him, and to endear him to his people. May I never be laid aside from my beloved work - until I am laid in my grave. The Lord is now blessing his word, both to sinners and saints - and on some backsliders, he is exerting his power. O to see a glorious work! I feel more ready . . . to yield myself passively to God, to lie at his feet, to acquiesce in his will, and to be entirely at his disposal. But I daily feel and manifest, the sin that dwells in me. If sinless perfection were attainable - I think I would agonize for it; and yet, though I believe that much more is attainable than ever I have experienced, I do not strive for it as I should. Certainly I shall live and die using the publican's prayer. It just suits me - "God, have mercy on me, a sinner!" My whole soul is conveyed by it into the presence of God.

I have had a blessed time while preaching from Luke 12:32, "Do not be afraid, little flock, for your Father has been pleased to give you the kingdom!" How clearly I saw the privileges of the sheep of Jesus - and yet no sooner does a trouble come, than I feel and act as though I never heard of my privileges in Jesus. I ought not to be anxious. I should not fear. My God has given me the kingdom. Jesus is my kind, careful, and constant Shepherd - so what can I lack? If God has given me the kingdom, and has given me into the hand of his dear Son - will he then withhold any good thing from me? Impossible! Why then am I so anxious, or fearful? Simply, because I do not believe.

November 19, 1943. This day I pass another mile-stone on my way to Heaven. I read on it on the calendar, Forty-one! But it does not tell me how many more I have to pass: but I see written on it the monitory words, "Be ready!" May I be ready to do and suffer all the will of God - and then be ready to go 'home' with a light heart, a quick step, and a cheerful countenance. The Lord is working, seven who profess to be called under my ministry are joining the church, and many more appear to be under a gracious work. O to see the arm of the Lord made bare, and multitudes flock to the Redeemer's standard! I do pant and pray to be made useful. Surely the Lord will hear my prayers, as he has done in times past.

I have been speaking from Joshua 17:14, "Forasmuch as the Lord has blessed me hitherto!" I have already received the past: the Lord blessed me before I was, for he blessed me in Jesus before the foundation of the world. He blessed me when I was his foe, and he has blessed me ever since I was reconciled unto him. I have also borne my personal testimony, the Lord has blessed me notwithstanding my forgetfulness of him, my weakness, ingratitude, rebellion, lukewarmness, and folly! He has blessed me like a God: fulfilling his promises, confirming his word, displaying his faithfulness, and proving his love.

I may then expect for the future, that he who has blessed - will bless, for he is and ever will be in the same mind. He stands in the same relation to me, he has the same power and fullness, and he is ever true to his character and word. I would therefore gratefully acknowledge the blessings bestowed on me for forty and one years. I would prayerfully ask for more. I would hopefully expect what is promised; and I should be faithful, believing what he has said, and doing what he has commanded.

January 2, 1844. I ended the last year by baptizing sixteen believers, the last of whom was my son, Joseph. The place was thronged. The text was, "Who then is willing to consecrate his service this day unto the Lord?" The season was very solemn and impressive, and I hope that much good was done. My New-year's motto is, "Father, glorify your name," John 12:28. I hope it will be my

prayer every day of my future life.

Last evening I sat down at the Lord's table, with about 1800 of the Lord's people in Surrey Chapel, members of different denominations; the Lord was there, and it was a solemn and profitable time. I have been looking over what additions I have been the means of making to the church of Christ, and I find that I have no perfect list of all I added to the church in Bethel - yet I baptized about 250. In Salem I added 474. In Park Street I have added 110 in two years: so that I have not labored in vain, nor spent my strength for nothing. Souls are still being called by my ministry, and I feel at times in an agony when pleading for the conversion of sinners.

November 19, 1844. Another birthday! Still in the land of the living. Still in good health. Still in the church of Christ. Still in the ministry of the gospel. Still useful both to sinners and to saints. My success in London this year is greater than in either of the past. Still I am tried, and have much to depress my spirits; but what Christian, especially what Christian parent; particularly if that parent is a gospel minister - has not? Yet it comforts me, that my concern for souls is as strong, if not stronger than ever; and my preaching and books are made a blessing - I often hear of this. Still, my heart cries out, as heretofore, "Greater things - greater things than these!"

I have really a multitude of mercies - but I often find, that one trial embitters them all. But I seldom have but one trial - for they generally come in troops. Still mercy sweetens trials, and together they work for my good. As it is, my desire to depart and to be with Christ is by no means strong - and if I had no trials, I suppose I would scarcely have any such desire left. May the year upon which I shall soon enter be more fruitful than the one just closing - may my spirituality increase, my usefulness abound, and may happiness deepen day by day. The church now increases faster than it has done since I have been its pastor - but not so fast as I wish to see it. I try a variety of means, and feel determined to leave no stone unturned for its welfare and advantage. I am surrounded by a great many young people, very hopeful characters, this encourages me, and I continue to plead with God for many of them by name, and I preach to them monthly. O to have many of them given unto me as my joy, and crown of rejoicing in the day of the Lord!

January 1845. The last year went out under a cloud, arising from domestic affliction, and other circumstances of a painful nature: still there was a rainbow in the cloud, for on the last Lord's day, I baptized 15, one of whom was my son William, so that now three of my sons are in the church. May the Lord make them blessings. My New Year's motto is, "I will look unto the Lord!" Micah 7:7. May I be enabled to carry out this purpose through the year! It is sure to be a year of trial - may it also be a year of mercy. I added 67 members to the church last year, may they all wear well, honor their profession, and be useful in the world. I have received information of my books being made a blessing in many places, and have published several new tracts and small works during the past year. May the Lord make what I write a blessing, when my lips are silent in death!

November 19, 1845. My forty-third birthday! A day crowned with many mercies. The Lord is still my strength and my song. Since I last wrote the Lord has favored me with a revival in the church, and his work is still going on. My son James is under training for the ministry, William speaks of Jesus occasionally, and I have dismissed Joseph to assist in forming a new church at High-Wycombe, where he is very active. So that as far as my family is concerned, all is going on well at present. But the state of my health and other circumstances had led me early in the year to think of a relocation - but at present, it must be left wholly with the Lord.

November 19, 1846. For twelve months I have not written a line in my diary. How swiftly time flies! But I have written two more books for the press, and have begun a third. The Lord blesses my publications, and they circulate by thousands! I frequently hear of their usefulness, which encourages me to go on. We have had many converted to God under the preaching of the Word, and the church now numbers 450, To God alone be all the praise! My soul is not in that state of entire devotedness to God which I could wish. I want to feel and act always, as entirely and altogether the Lord's. The worst sign is a backwardness to fix and keep set times for special prayer in private. I do ardently desire to live and move in a devotional atmosphere. I have been unusually humbled at times with the fear of sudden death - and yet there appears to be no ground for this fear. The Lord make me what I should be, and give me grace to be willing to leave myself, and all my concerns entirely at his disposal. May he make me useful while I live, bless me with his presence when I die, and take charge of my family, and bless my publications when I am gone, and I ask no more.

November 19, 1847. Today I am forty-five years of age - in good health, in comfortable circumstances - and the work of God is going on. Goodness and mercy have followed me through another year. I have been preserved from open sin from embracing any dangerous errors-and from relaxing in my efforts to spread the truth, and bring sinners to the Savior. The church increases, the congregation is larger than it has been since I have been in London, and my ministry is blessed to the conversion of sinners, especially my monthly sermons to the young. I bless God that I ever began this practice in Salem, and that I have persevered in it until now. The one principal thing that I lack is personal religion - more spirituality of mind. If I was but more holy, I imagine I would be satisfied. But why do I say this? There is no perfect satisfaction here below. Every day brings its trials - and the gratification of one desire, only introduces another and a larger one. O to have my will swallowed up in the will of God!

February 1848. I have been unwell - but am now better. I am still working for the Lord, both with tongue and pen. One work is just published, another is in the press, and a third is half written. I have one or two more in my mind, if the Lord will spare me, and allow me to bring them out. My brother William has lately been taken home. I saw him a short time before he died, and perceiving that he could not be long with us, I said, "Have you any doubts or fears?" He said, "No." "Have you any fear of death?" Again he said, "No." I added, "What a mercy it is to have a good hope now?" He replied, "Indeed it is!" I believe he is gone safely to a better world. May I, and all mine follow him there. My new year's motto is, "The Lord is my keeper!" Psalms 112:5. I wish to leave myself in his hands, and feel safe in his protection. He is my God, or I have no God. He is my hope, or I have no hope. It is my delight to praise his word, to benefit his people, and to see his enemies converted by his grace. But I do not enjoy that nearness to him, that steady confidence in him, that abiding sense of his presence and his love, which I wish. I want to experience deep and daily repentance for sin, to exercise a steady faith in Jesus, and to live and move in the exercise of habitual fellowship with God. I desire to consecrate every moment, and every talent to his service, for the furtherance of his cause. I want to be, almost the opposite of what I am - but then perhaps I would fall in love with my experience, and glory in that, instead of glorying in Christ alone. O that Jesus would fill me, use me, and make me just like his blessed, blessed self!

March, 1848. I have experienced some sharp exercises of late - doubts, fears, and many painful cogitations. The fear of sudden death, has a good deal depressed me, nor could I feel quite sure,

as to what would follow death. These things have driven me to prayer - but even in prayer I have not that sensible communion with God, which I so ardently desire. It is as if the Lord said to me, "You have my word, believe that. Walk by faith. Give me credit. Trust me." But I seem to be more anxious for sensible comfort than usual. I cannot realize the glory of Heaven, or the desirableness of departing to be with Christ.

Trials multiply without, and we live in strange times. Thrones totter. Monarchs fall. All Europe appears convulsed. Trade is in a very sad state. The poorer classes have very little employment. The churches are in a low condition. But if I could but realize the presence of God, my union to Christ, and feel perfectly satisfied with the divine arrangements - I would rejoice. But it is not so with me. I am doing a little good for my fellow-man, both with the tongue and pen. The Lord does condescend to use me, and I esteem it a great mercy that he does.

I have lately been assaulted with powerful temptations even to gross sins. The Lord has in his great goodness preserved me - but I have not felt the evil of those things as I ought. Sin has not appeared, as exceeding sinful. I have felt at times, that if it were not for the consequences - I could commit it. My heart is most desperately depraved! I seem to have wickedness enough in my nature to set fire to the universe, and then laugh at the mischief I had done. I am such a strange mixture of good and evil, that I cannot understand myself at all!

I can be sensitive - and yet often unfeeling; panting for holiness - and yet thinking lightly of sin; striving to live for God - and yet self mixes with all I do.

If ever repentance appeared necessary or desirable to me, it is now. O that I had a broken heart! O that I could daily weep over my sin, and the dishonor I do to God, and His cause! May I never be a whited-sepulcher, or hear Jesus say to me at last, "Depart from me, for I never approved of you!"

Blessed be God, I have some peace in believing, and if ever I longed for the conversion of sinners - it is now. An enemy is stirred up to try to injure me, and that enemy is a man that owes me much, in more ways than one. I have done him good and not evil, and I would have done him more good, if he would have allowed me. Foolish man, I pity him. I pray for him. I am exceedingly sorry for his family, I fear he will bring them to absolute poverty. I thank God, that I feel nothing toward him but pity and sorrow. Satan will be beaten.

I think the Holy Spirit has been breathing on my soul this morning, and I feel a soft, sympathetic, and prayerful frame, especially for my church and congregation, particularly for the conversion of sinners. O to witness a mighty revival of religion! I long for a glorious outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon the congregation and neighborhood. But I fear I do not lie low enough at the feet of Jesus for this yet. Man must be nothing - if God is to work gloriously by him. O to be so broken down before God, to be so purified as a vessel of honor, sanctified and fit for the Master's use. May the spirit of prayer which I feel continue, and then I feel assured that something must be done. The Lord's hand is not shortened. The Spirit of the Lord is not straitened. The ear of the Lord is not heavy. But the church is is not awake, or lively in earnest wrestlings with God. O to see the church thoroughly wakened up! O to witness sighs, groans, and tears in her prayer-meetings, that God would make bare his holy arm, and bring down thousands of sinners at his feet! Then we would find, that the seed of Jacob did not seek in vain. That prayer is really mighty. That it wrestles with God and prevails. I do hope, at least for myself, that the Lord will keep up a spirit of prayer in me, and then

though he tries me - he will use me, and using me, will glorify himself by me.

April, 1848. I have lately felt my spirit much softened, and have felt more like what I think a Christian should feel. My mind has been submissive, and I feel it easy to forgive a foe; though one whom I had befriended was trying all he could to injure me. While he was publicly speaking against me - I was privately praying for him. I did also plead with the Lord to render me useful, and to revive his work. My mind has been dwelling on the fellowship of the Holy Spirit, and this is what I desire to enjoy. O that I may receive his influences to render me holy - his gifts to render me useful - his witness to render me happy - and his sealing to render me safe. I would sympathize with him in his views of Jesus - in his love to the saints - in his pity for sinners, and in his joy in the conversion of rebels to God. May I live under the sense of his presence, honor him in all my ministrations, and be honored by him both in preaching and writing.

I feel my absolute dependence on him more than ever, and I love to preach on his glorious operations, and tender love. May I feel more of his presence, realize that he is shedding abroad the love of Jesus in my heart, and prove that he is making my ministry - life and power to thousands of souls. O to be sealed by him unto the day of redemption! May I walk in the Spirit, live in the Spirit, and mind the things of the Spirit. to be truly and evidently spiritually-minded, and to be daily looking for the appearing of the Lord Jesus Christ! Of late, I have suffered a good deal from temptations in the pulpit, while reading the Word of God. Little do my people think what is passing through my mind at times, just when I am standing before them, in the service of the Lord - and it is well both for them and myself, that they do not! The pulpit is frequently a solemn place, in more senses than one; and while pulpit comforts are very sweet, pulpit temptations are at times very terrible, and are always very painful. How strange it is, that with such exercises, and such discoveries of my vile self - that I should ever be proud! But pride is a most unreasonable thing; yes of all unreasonable things - pride is the most unreasonable! It is often enthroned on a dunghill, and makes corruption its palace! I fear I shall never be deeply humble, and if I am not, I am sure I shall never be really happy; for it is only as I sink - that my joys arise and grow. Envy sometimes knows me - but pride almost daily misleads and beguiles me!

May, 1848. I find that I do not pay sufficient attention to the workings of my own heart. My nature is indeed filthy, and loves at times to revel in mental uncleanness. I do not hate mental filthiness as I ought. My soul does not hate it, except under certain aspects. I clearly see the need of the apostolic exhortation, "Let us cleanse ourselves from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit, perfecting holiness in the fear of the Lord." O for grace, to make this my daily and hourly business! I see the beauty of perfect holiness, and in general I ardently desire it; but yet at times I feel a desire for, and love to - what is filthy and defiling. That there are two natures or principles in a believer, is as clear to me, as that the sun is now shining; and that these are contrary the one to the other, so that he cannot do the things that he would. Yet, I sometimes forget this, and almost pass sentence on myself, because I feel that the old man is alive and lively. I feel that I cannot be reconciled to it, for I want to be quite free from his opposition and annoyance; not only to enjoy rest in Christ - but rest from all sin, and sinful cogitations. No trial is like this inward conflict, it is so constant, and then it is for life. However, I am obliged to come to this conclusion at times, when harassed with doubts and fears - if I am not right, then I know not how to get right. If I have not the one thing needful - then I know not what it is, nor how to obtain it.

Here I am obliged to leave the point, when under some temptations, only crying to the Lord to shine on me again, and give me joy and peace in believing. One thing I will do, while I can, I will warn sinners of their danger, and endeavor to lead them to the Lord Jesus Christ, for life and peace. May the Lord crown my poor imperfect efforts with his blessing.

July, 1848. We have many removals of late, and not so many additions, so that I begin to feel sad, and somewhat unsettled, for I feel as if I could not live, much less be happy - if souls are not constantly brought to God. I have spoken to the church on the subject, from Psalms 74:9, "We see not our signs" After noticing God's condescension in granting signs and tokens under the former dispensation, and the design of them - I endeavored to set forth the signs we desire to witness. As the signs of life imparted, to those who are dead in trespasses and sins - the signs of liveliness, in the saints - and the signs of a revival of religion in the church and congregation. Observing, "we see not our signs," for few are added to the church - few are found deciding for God - few are inquiring the way to Zion - few are found properly affected with the state of the world, and the church. Our prayer-meetings are not thronged. The spirit of wrestling prayer does not appear. The Lord's arm is not made bare. The language of my soul must now be, "I will wait for the Lord, who hides himself from the house of Israel, and I will look for him." O that he would soon appear, and put forth his power with the Word!

I must go on ploughing in hope, and sowing in hope, until the Lord makes me a partaker of my hope. I have no hope but in God's power put forth, for I am sure that nothing else will do; but this will, for there is nothing too hard for the Lord. O to exercise faith in his word, and so to plead his promises, as to bring his power down. An anonymous letter has just been received, laying to my charge what is not true. It grieved me - but I think it did me good. It led me to self-examination. It made me pray. I felt that I could pray for the writer, as well as for myself. It made me thankful - for I might have been all the evil that he said I was; yes, I certainly would have been - but for the grace of God! I have been in a much more prayerful frame of mind since. I have also seen and felt that I ought to praise God more. How many mercies I receive, which I never acknowledge? How many favors I ask of God, for which I never return him thanks! This is decidedly wrong. The Lord has hitherto preserved my reputation - but for this mercy, I have never been half so grateful as I ought.

Suppose the tongue of slander were permitted to injure my character - my usefulness would be almost at an end! Who would read my books? Who would attend my ministry? What would become of my family? How much I need divine keeping! Not only to be kept from sin - but from the tongues and pens of men! May I feel more than ever my dependence upon, and my obligations to the Lord in this respect.

Perhaps Satan directed the letter I received - but the Lord sent it, and I trust he has, and will bless it to me by it. The writer may be a good - but a mistaken man; he may mean well - but method be adopted, or the language he employed, can never be justified. However, I have not to do with the writer - but with what he wrote. It says to me, "Watch and pray, lest you should become what he says you are! Bless God that he is mistaken, and pray for grace to keep you as far from what he charges you with, as possible."

We frequently need admonition, and we sometimes listen to an enemy, when we would scarcely do so to a friend. I will not admit the charge - for it is not true; but I will receive the caution - for it may do me good. I cannot cry, "Guilty, guilty," but I will cry, "keep my soul, and deliver me - for I

trust in you!"

October, 1848. I think I have recently felt in my own experience, an illustration of that text, "I will put my fear in their hearts, and they shall not depart from me." Being placed in circumstances of temptation, I felt every now and then distinctly a fear working within me lest I should be led astray, and either dishonor the Lord's cause, or stumble any in the company. I saw clearly how it was that so many had fallen - but that there was not a present sense of weakness, an apprehension of danger, or a fear lest any injury should be done to the cause of God. May the good Lord, ever keep his fear alive, and working in my heart.

I have also had an opportunity of testing afresh, the unsatisfactory nature of earthly enjoyments, and worldly pleasures. One five minutes communion with God, is worth whole years spent in them. I do wonder at the desires of some of the Lord's people, on this point, and how some professors can spend so much thought, time, and property, on worldly conformity. These things will not bear reflection - but if we visit and cheer the sick, relieve the Lord's poor, or put gospel truth into circulation - we can look back and reflect with unmixed pleasures upon our conduct. Everywhere, and in all things we may be instructed.

November, 1848. I very frequently detect myself indulging improper feelings toward people, because they do not see as I do, or act as I would in reference to certain subjects; and also reasoning, and protesting against certain things over which I can exert no influence. This I know to be wrong - but I do not always strive against it as I should. It makes me very uncomfortable, and if I had the opportunity of saying to others, what I say to myself - it would do much mischief. The Lord be praised, that in this way, he often keeps me back from evil. The question proposed in the book of Job, may very well be proposed to me. "Should it be according to your mind?" Are you so wise, so prudent, of such importance, that you should be consulted, and everything be arrayed according to your judgment and decision? My judgment says, "No" - but my feelings and natural pride, would, if it were not for shame, say, "Yes."

I have just been struck anew with the fact, that if the Lord's people act improperly toward each other, and the matter is referred to him, he will correct for it; and that consequently we ought not to resent it. Two of my members acted very proudly, haughtily, and improperly toward a third; the matter was left with the Lord, and in a short time, the hand of the Lord was laid upon both who so acted. May I ever leave punishment with the Lord. Children should not quarrel and fight in the street - but should go home and tell their father, and leave him to settle the matter. Just so should Christians, for God has said, "Avenge not yourselves, vengeance is mine, I will repay, says the Lord."

I still find my mind too much affected with, and my temper ruffled by, things over which I have no control. I appear to have a world in myself, and I am, or would be, absolute monarch. I speak, write, argue, threaten, decide, and dare; but no one sees, hears, cares, or is affected by it - but myself! This is great folly - but I frequently fall into it, especially when anything annoys, or troubles me. I seem to know very little practically of what our Lord meant when he said, "By your patience possess your souls." I have very little soul possession. I am tossed to and fro like the locust. My mind is seldom at rest, it is generally on the work for good or evil. I want to lie down in green pastures, to feed, ruminate, and fatten on God's most holy word - to rest on his promises, trust in his providence, and delight myself with his glorious perfections.

November 19, 1848. Another birthday. I am this day forty-six years of age. What sins I have committed! What mercies I have received! What privileges I have enjoyed! Here I am, to attest that God is good, that his word is true, that his service is pleasant, and that there is nothing hateful but sin! When I look back - I am surprised at the Lord's goodness; when I look within - I am astonished at my own depravity; and when I look forward - I am filled with hope, that the worst is all behind me.

I have been a good deal affected, with some very serious thoughts about Satanic agency - the power of Satan is astonishing, his instruments are innumerable, and his designs are diabolical! May the Lord keep me!

I want to realize, that Christ is head over all things, for the benefit of his church - for the benefit of every Christian. That he is supreme, and rules all physical agencies, all mental agencies, and all spiritual agencies. That every creature is his servant, and must serve his purpose, accomplish his pleasure, and do his will. That I move about, surrounded by the servants of my Savior; that every creature, and my every need is regulated by him who died for me, and who now bears my name on his heart.

O to see Jesus in every place, and his hand in every event! I want . . . to live in God's world, as God's child, to treat the truths of God as realities - to be influenced by them, and conformed to them, to seek God's glory in everything - as the only thing worth seeking, to hallow God's name, and fear him alone. No one ever had more cause - but there is such a fountain of evil within me. I really wonder at myself! Mental impurity seems so congenial to me. I can, and do, sometimes indulge in things in my mind, that I would shudder at the idea of doing openly! Yet in the midst of all - I do long, pray, and strive to be holy!

December, 1848. I have been unwell, and my mind has been much exercised on the subject of death. I want to realize it as a blessing, to feel certain that all is right beyond it. I am not right, I know not what would make me so. All my hope is in Jesus. I rest on his finished work alone. I desire nothing so much as to be like him, and to be forever with him. This is the only Heaven I desire. But I want to live always in prospect of eternity, to have my heart, affections, and desires in Heaven. I want to be like melted wax in the Lord's hand. To feel ready to be, to do, or to suffer - just what the Lord pleases. May I live for God, and for God alone; and then may I live with God, and enjoy his unclouded presence forever!

January, 1849. My motto for this year is, "He cares for you!" I must endeavor to act in faith on this, every day of this year, and then I shall be free from anxiety. It seems laid on my mind, that my work at Park Street will soon be finished - the Lord only knows. May I be prepared for his will, be it what it may.

What a trying world is this! How little solid happiness is to be found in it! I have very much to enjoy - and yet I seem to enjoy but little of it. No matter what we have, unless the Lord gives us grace to enjoy it - it is not turned to any good account. I perceive clearly, that the means of enjoyment, and true happiness are really difficult things. The Lord's presence will make us happy with very little - but it does not much matter what I have; without it, I am not, I cannot be happy. I rejoice when the Lord's work goes on well - when sinners are converted and brought to Jesus, when backsliders return with weeping and supplication, when saints increase in spirituality, and abound in brotherly

love, and when the Lord shines on my soul. But without one, or more of these, I have not much real comfort. The Lord grant me a meek and quiet spirit, which is of great price in his sight. At the beginning of this year, my solemn purpose is, to do what I can to spread God's truth, and to benefit my fellow sinners to the utmost of my power.

February, 1849. Still tried - but still supported. I cannot see one inch before me, nor ascertain at all what may be the will of God concerning me. I try to wait patiently as before God - but cannot help being anxious. I want to be more lively and more useful - but everything around me has a deadening tendency. I feel quite inclined for a change, if anything suitable offers - but every door is closed at present.

What a mercy I feel it to be, that God is unchangeable - in a changeable state like this. He is in the same mind, and none can turn him. His plans are perfect. His purposes are wise. His promises are sure. "He will not call back his words." O that I could rest in his love, feel persuaded that he is working for me, and leave everything in his hands! But I still find it very difficult to walk by faith. I want to see, and to feel, that everything is just as it should be. I suppose I never shall enjoy settled rest, until I rest in Heaven. I am too anxious, and too often invade the Master's prerogative. I do not feel satisfied just to go on, and leave events with the Lord. O my God, direct, control, and lead me; do not allow me not to go wrong, or even move at all - without the cloudy pillar going before me, to guide me in the way!

August, 1849. The cholera is raging, and death rides in triumph. I have lost one of my deacons, and four members of the church by it. Amidst all, my own mind is kept calm, and my general health is good. May the Lord be praised. I am in a waiting posture, not knowing what the Lord intends to do with me - but I feel willing that the Lord should do just as he pleases. O that my will, was in everything, conformed to the will of God! It is a sweet state of mind. There is something very pleasant, in feeling that one's will corresponds with God's will upon any point; what must it be, sensibly to acquiesce in his will on all points! Well, this happiness will be mine, I trust, by and bye.

If I was more devout - I would be more resigned; and if I was more resigned - I certainly would be more happy. But my will is stubborn, and it requires much grace to bring it into subjection to the will of God. I want my own way, and the Lord sees good to say, "You shall not have it!" This tries me, and I fret, complain, murmur, and rebel. Then I see my folly, and pray the Lord to pardon my inconsistencies, and sanctify me more thoroughly.

I am busily employed, using both the pulpit and the press for the Lord; whether I shall do much good - remains yet to be seen. I bless God, that I ever wrote for the press, for I often hear of good done by these labors; this encourages me to go on, may the Lord work in me, by me, and for me; and may I greatly benefit his people, enlarge his cause, and glorify his name.

Just now, I have received a sour anonymous letter reflecting on some remarks I made in my sermon on Lord's day evening. At first I felt agitated and vexed. I destroyed it, as I do all such communications. After a time, I saw that it had touched my pride. The writer evidently mistook my meaning. I dare say he meant well. I have therefore been praying for him, and asking the Lord, if any wrong impression has been made - to erase it. I aimed at the honor of the Lord Jesus, and to deter any of his people from trifling with his commands.

I find a sad laxity in many quarters, in reference to what appears to me, to be very important subjects, and I would correct it if I could. I wish to work for God, in any way, and every way, as one who is laid under infinite obligation to him! Lord, use my tongue, and my pen-to exalt your glorious Son! I wish above all things beside to exalt, and extol him, whose name is excellent, whose work is perfect, whose sacrifice is satisfactory, and whose praise shall be eternal.

October, 1849. For a considerable time, I have felt a heaviness on my chest, and great difficulty in breathing; last week I went to Epsom to preach, and consulted Dr. G ____ upon it. He advised me to leave London as soon as I could, and get into the country, as my lungs require a purer air. This puts an entirely new face on my circumstances. I am seeking wisdom from God. I feel as if I could not doubt but he will guide me, and use me unto the end, still my naturally quick and hasty disposition, is for seeing and doing everything at once. The only thing I seem much to fear, is being laid aside from my beloved work; but the Lord can give me sufficient grace, to acquiesce even in this. I do trust that my affliction will be deeply sanctified, and that I shall be more useful than ever I have been. The Lord can use, and do wonders with a broken vessel! O my God, use me! My soul enjoys a good degree of peace, though I am not free from the conflict. I feel the strugglings within, and notwithstanding the Lord's goodness to my family, I find some things very trying there.

November, 1849. My breathing gets worse. All is dark before me, and at times I scarcely know what to think. I hope the Lord has some quiet nook in his vineyard, where he will place me, and employ me unto the end. I hope my good and gracious Master will not turn me out of his service, and say he has no further need of me. I know he can do without me - but I hope he will not. I trust I shall be allowed to preach while I live, and that when I can preach no more, that I shall soon go home.

I am writing for the Lord now, and constantly preaching too - yet I never feel as if I did, or could do, enough. I have a good degree of confidence in God, and believe that he will not neglect, or reject an old servant, who amidst innumerable faults, and feelings, has preserved an honest heart in his cause. I never loved work more. I never desired to be useful more. But I quite despair of doing much more in London. My talents nor disposition, are suited to this part of the Lord's vineyard. Everything seems to say, "Leave London," unless it be my people; and I imagine that some of them may be benefitted by a change.

November 19, 1849. This is a very miserable morning! The streets are crowded, and the death-bell is tolling for the execution of the Mannings, for the murder of O'Connor. I have repeatedly prayed for those poor unhappy creatures, both in public and in private - that God would make them monuments of his grace! I never felt as I do now, on the subject of the death penalty. There is something very dreadful in it, and then the influence is anything but beneficial. The thousands of depraved creatures which have passed my house this morning, as full of excitement as if they were going to a fair! No seriousness. No proper feeling. It can do no good, it does immense harm. I wish it was quite abolished, and a life-long punishment of some kind substituted in its place. In reference to myself, I remain just where I was. The congregation is better - but my breathing is worse.

November 19, 1849. I am this day forty-seven years of age. My general health is good - but I am suffering from cold, cough, and shortness of breath. For so many years, God has been good to

me. I have had many trials - but I have enjoyed many bright, sunny days too. Surely he who has been so kind to me, who has condescended to use me in his cause, and who continues a burning desire in my bosom to be useful - will not now cast me aside, or say by his providence, "I have no need for you!"

Several of my members are just now affected by Hyper-Calvinism, and their usefulness is at an end. As a rule, this is generally the case. They give up the use of nearly all means to benefit others, and settle down in a purely selfish state. What mischief that system has done, and is doing! My heart is often pained to see the people affected by it. I have just preached from Paul's words, "Lest I should hinder the gospel of Christ!" May I possess the spirit of the apostle, and be as careful on this point as he was. May I never cause God's weak ones to stumble, or lay a stumbling-block in any sinner's way.

O my God, I desire anew to consecrate myself to you, on this my birthday! I give myself up to you entirely, unreservedly, and forever. O condescend to take me, thoroughly sanctify me, and use me to do great good in your church, and in the world! From this day, deign to bless me, and let it be the beginning of blessed days unto me!

February, 1850. I have written my resignation, and laid it before the deacons. It is a serious and important step which I have taken. I trust I have taken it in a proper spirit, and from a right motive. My mind is now calm and peaceful, the agitation from which I have long been suffering is at an end. I feel as if I could now leave the matter with the Lord. Everything, for some time, has appeared to conspire to lead me to adopt this course, and I think I perceive the will of God in it. Lord, I do now, as your servant, beseech you to point out to me, my proper place in your vineyard. You have work for me to do, and I am heartily willing to do it. Lead me to some country station, where the air is pure, that I may enjoy health; and where there is a spirit of hearing, that I may do good. O send your Holy Spirit into my heart, to fill me with faith in your word, love to your work, zeal for your honor, and hope in your mercy! I would not dishonor you by doubting. You have tried me, bring me forth as gold! I want now the simplicity, confidence, and contentment of a child; that I may live upon God's Word, under a sense of his care, and in the enjoyment of his constant love; so that I may not give way to discontent, slavish fear, or unbelief. "Here I am. Lord - do with me, as seems you good." When my resignation was accepted, the church passed very kind and affectionate resolution, regretting that I felt it necessary to take such a step, and as I had rested it pretty much on the state of my health, they did not feel that they could refuse to accede to my wishes. This resolution was sent to me in writing, and was also entered in the church book. I cannot say that I have labored in vain here, for many souls have been converted, some backsliders have been restored, and between 400 and 500 members have been added to the church during my pastorate of eight years. My soul is now feeding on David's testimony, "The Lord was my stay!" I will endeavor to stay myself on his word, his faithfulness, and his covenant mercy.

I shall need special supplies - and I hope I shall receive them. I shall need much fellowship with God - and I trust I shall be favored with it. I am now in a new path - for I have not gone this way before. Lord, lead me, feed me, employ me, and crown me with your effectual blessing! My hope is in God, who saves the upright in heart.

Many of my poor people, deeply feel the step which I have felt it my duty to take, and I have received very affectionate letters from several of them. May they soon be favored with a pastor

more suitable and efficient than I have been. May the Lord pardon all the sins of my eight years pastorate, that I may not carry the guilt of the present into my future engagement.

May, 1850. I find it very difficult to preserve my mind in a tranquil state. An old enemy is slandering me, God delays to answer my prayers, and every door appears to be shut against me. Again and again am I obliged to say, "My soul, wait only upon God, for my expectation is from him." But circumstances act upon my nerves, and I become irritable and hasty, when I want to be calm and to sit still. If ever I desired to be devoted to God, to copy the example of Jesus, and to possess my soul in patience - it is now; and yet one trying circumstance follows upon another, until I scarcely know what to do. My soul is often in a hurried state, and I have a multitude of thoughts within me. Lord, let your comforts delight my soul. The thought at times cheers me, that my present exercises are preparatory to future good. May the cloud burst in blessings. May my present trials, like the frost of winter, prepare me for more fruitfulness, both as a minister and a Christian. What a mercy I feel the throne of grace to be! What a sweet relief is prayer! O that I always realized it, and prized it as I ought! O my God, I trust in you, let me never be put to confusion, let not my enemy triumph over me. O to be more in secret with God, to be permitted to enjoy nearness, and more intimate communion with God! The words of the Apostle have been rolling over my mind again and again, "His great love with which he loved us!" Precious truth, that God loves sinners, great sinners; and that he loves them with a great love! Yes, the Lord loves us, with all the strength of his infinite nature! He ever did love us. He loves us now at this moment. He ever will love us. O may I know and believe the love that God has to me! God is love - love is his nature, his name, his rule, and his delight!

I have engaged to go to Liverpool for a time, with a view to the re-opening of Byrom Street Chapel, and the raising a new cause, when my time at Park Street, expires. O to know the will of God on this point! I have just received a copy of my "Messenger of Mercy," in the Dutch language. It is translated and printed at the Cape of Good Hope, by a godly missionary to whom it has been made a great blessing; as it has been also to a minister's wife in that colony. I have also received several notes lately from different places, to thank me for writing my little works, from people to whom the Lord had blessed them. Thus I am encouraged. But if the Lord thus uses me, I must expect that he will try me, and also that Satan will oppose me.

Nothing but bustle and excitement lately, so that I long for a little quiet. Farewell sermons, farewell addresses, farewell tears, sighs, and good-byes - have been the order of the day for some time - but the Lord has mercifully brought me through. Today, I journey to Liverpool, to spend five Lord's days in preaching the Word there. O Lord, go with me, appear for me, point out your will to me, and help me greatly to glorify you! Take charge of my family while I am away, and preserve us all from mischief, misery, and sin.

O Lord, I do at this early hour, again in prospect of my journey, give up myself anew and unreservedly into your hands! I am yours - help me, employ me, comfort me, and crown me with success. My talents are all yours - to you and your service, I consecrate them afresh. Help me to work for you, and so to work for you as greatly to honor you.

I leave all my old flock in peace and friendship, and all profess to part with me in love. The Lord be praised for this, for some time ago I could hardly have expected it; but I determined that while I would be faithful, I would not willingly, or knowingly, give any one an occasion of offence, and my

purpose has been carried out.

August, 1850. My time at Liverpool is expired. I felt much of the spirit and power of prayer while there, more than usual, and do hope the Lord intends to use me there. I have enjoyed preaching the Word, even when the congregation was but small; and have engaged to give it a trial for two years. I trust the engagement is of the Lord. I imagine that I have seen the hand of the Lord unusually clear. May the event prove, that I have not been mistaken. I thirst for usefulness with indescribable ardor. I pray most earnestly, to be actively engaged for God, and the good of souls. Before me is a large field, much of it appears to be uncultivated; may the Lord use me to plow up the fallow ground, and not to sow among thorns. I apprehend I shall have but little spiritual help, unless from the Lord Almighty; but if the Lord is with me, I shall be strong to labor, and shall succeed in my work.

I am now settled down with my family at Liverpool, brought here without accident, or cause for alarm. I feel the spirit of prayer still working powerfully within me, and thirst most intensely to be useful. O that God would come down, and make bare his arm! I have realized more of the power of religion, and the presence of God lately. I hope to return to the days of my youth! A letter from Holland informs me, that my "Sinners Guide," is translated into the Dutch language, and several of my tracts, and that my "Daily Remembrancer," is being translated. May the Lord be praised, for giving wings to my little publications, that they may visit other lands, and testify for Jesus there!

September, 1850. I am now engaged in preaching the Word almost every day, frequently at the Bethel to the sailors. May the seed so plentifully sown, spring up and bear fruit. I have been the subject of very powerful temptations, and have reason to mourn, that though kept from outward sin - I have felt my heart going out after secret evil. I as much need keeping now, as at any former period of my life! The flesh is so powerful, that if God were to withdraw His hand - I would soon fall into gross sins!

How difficult it is, to reconcile what I feel, with a growth in grace, or with anything like a deep work of inward sanctification. Sin seems to lose all its deformity at such times, and appears to be a mere trifling act. O the self-hiding power of sin!

If any of God's people ought to be humble - I ought to; and to lie lower before God than any of them. Still, pride works, mortification is felt, and I pray and complain as I pass along. I strive to do good, my heart is set upon it - and yet at present, I seem to make very little progress.

I imagine, that just now - that I do more good with my pen, than with my tongue. I find that the atmosphere of Liverpool does not suit my lungs at all, my difficulty of breathing increases. Besides which I meet with hinderers in raising the cause, which I never expected. The result will be, I expect, another removal. Shall I ever be settled again? Satan harasses me almost day and night, and my soul is often cast down within me. The furnace seems to be heated seven times more than it is accustomed to be, and I am passing through fire and through water - will it lead me out into a wealthy place? I feel as if I could not live if God did not work by me, and use me in his much-loved cause.

November 19, 1850. My birthday. I have lived in this world, forty-eight years - but considering my privileges - to how little purpose! O that my few remaining days may be more simply and entirely devoted to the Lord's service! I wonder how many ministers can be satisfied with doing so little. I

cannot. I would not, though it often causes me very painful feelings. The past year has been a very painful one - God only knows what the one I now enter upon, will be. I little expected to be here on my last birthday, and where I shall be on my next, is hidden from me. I feel no encouragement to remain here - and yet I know not that I shall be able to get away. Or, if I get my liberty, where I shall be led. O for some suitable field of labor, where I shall have plenty of preaching work, and a people who will help and encourage me! But I must bear testimony to the faithfulness of the Lord! As deeply as I have suffered through the past year, I have been supported; and as my day - so has my strength been! I hope I have learned something; and that my labor has not been altogether in vain. Surely the Lord will appear for me - and make his way plain before me. After so much mercy - he will not leave me now! With such a desire to work in his vineyard, and to bring sinners to his feet - he will not shut me up, and say, "I will not employ you!"

December, 1850. I have now come to an understanding that I may leave this place; and am pressed to go to Shrewsbury, to endeavor to revive the cause there. May God shut every door but one, that I may not enter the wrong one, which if left to myself, I shall be very likely to do. Blessed be the Lord, he has not forsaken me - but has visited me with rousing thoughts, quickening impressions, and stimulating hopes!

Popery and the aggression of the pope, just now engage almost everyone's attention. Many liberals appear to me to sympathize a great deal too much with the Man of Sin. The pope is anti-Christ! Popery is alike the enemy of God and man. It is the mystery of iniquity! It blights and blasts every country where it reigns! It is drunk with the blood of the saints. It hates God's Book, and persecutes God's people to the utmost of its power - and therefore I think we ought to oppose it, to the utmost of our power!

Trying times I fear are coming. The carnality and worldly conformity of the professing church, appears to me to call for them. A dark day is before us. O that God would prepare us for it! May we and our children, be ready to witness for God with tongue and pen - and with our blood if it is required. O my God, take me into your special keeping, under your patronage and protection - and make me a polished shaft in your quiver!

I have received a unanimous invitation from the church at Shrewsbury, to take the oversight of it for twelve months; and as the atmosphere is likely to suit my lungs, and for other reasons, I feel inclined to accept it. To what will this lead me? This will be an introduction - to what? O that it may be to extensive usefulness, and real happiness. This has been one of the most trying years of my life, and I am afraid to hope for any great, or signal change. I must pass through tribulation. Very much prayer has been offered for the future, and my prayer now is, "If your presence does not go with me - do not carry me up hence." I shall do no good, if the Lord is not with me - but I can do all things through Christ strengthening me. The present year is now closing upon me, and it has been to me one of severe trial. I have been tried . . . by more violent temptations from Satan, by the dispensations of divine providence, by my own depraved nature, and by my fellow men.

I have been deeply humbled. I know not when I have been brought so low. Hateful pride, envy, jealousy, unbelief, and hard thoughts of God - have harassed and distressed my mind. I have anticipated death - yet have dreaded it. I have changed my place - yet not at all bettered my circumstances. I have been vexed, irritated, and disappointed. I have pleaded, agonized, and wrestled with God. I have hoped, and then yielded to despondency, and at times have been

almost desperate.

Still the Lord has been faithful, I have not been altogether useless, for I have heard of conversions, even here. My principles have been severely tested. Many of my prayers remain unanswered, and I know not what the end will be. I have still faith in prayer, though I believe the Lord will try that faith, and perhaps severely. It is a mercy that trouble has not driven me from the Lord, or made me dislike my work. Instead of this, I never loved preaching more, or longed for close and intimate communion with God - with greater ardor. I must bear my testimony, and I do it most willingly, that up to the close of the year, 1850, I have found God's Word true, and his service preferable to all other. I would not change my office or work for any other under Heaven - though briars and thorns attend me. All I want is to preach more frequently, to greater numbers, and with greater power and effect!

January, 1851. My New-Year's motto is, "Lord, be my helper!" I have never had a New-Year's text that has suited me better than this. I have visited Yorkshire, and there heard of the Lord's blessing resting upon my little books. O my God, fill me with faith, hope, and the Spirit of powerful prayer. I want power with God. I want to live, move, think, and act as under the eye of God - and for his glory alone. Satan still strives to puff me up, and fill me with vain-glory. One would wonder at this, seeing I have so little to be vain of, or to glory in - but the cross of my Lord and Savior! Indeed I think I never had less. However, I find that a very little is enough to awaken and foster pride in my heart. Lord, produce in me deep, and genuine humility, by leading me into close fellowship with my humble Lord; especially in his sorrows, sufferings, and death. I never can be happy, unless I am humble; I never shall be very useful, unless the Lord lays me in the dust, and mercifully keep me there.

February, 1851. I am now in my study at Shrewsbury. God has been faithful, and the friends exceedingly kind. I have opened my ministry, and enjoyed the Lord's presence, both in the pulpit, and at his table. My God be with me, and use me to raise up this decayed cause! I long to see sinners flocking to the Savior, and to hear them asking the way to Zion with their faces thitherward. May I be . . . the spiritual parent of a numerous seed, the pastor of a united thriving flock, and the evangelist of a large and attentive congregation.

Lord, be you my helper! You have helped me hitherto. You have promised to help me unto the end. You are faithful who has promised. O . . . for faith to trust the promise, for zeal to labor in your cause, for hope to expect your blessing, and for the power of the Holy Spirit to crown my life and labors!

March, 1851. The Lord is dealing mercifully with me. True, I have my daily cross, and am often a cross to myself; yet my mercies are very numerous, and very great. I speak for Jesus, and of Jesus, nearly every night and on the Lord's day the congregation has greatly increased. When I preached to the young, the place was crowded; and when I preached to servants, it was full.

I enjoy walking in the open air, meditating and praying aloud. Jesus has been very precious to me! There is music in the very sound of his name. O that I could glorify, and worthily magnify his dear name! I want . . . to be wholly given up to him, to live wholly for him, to make his glory, the end of every action of my life, to exalt him, extol him, and set him on high! But my heart is depraved, my motives are mixed, and my failures are many. I daily need his precious blood to cleanse me, and

his perfect righteousness to justify me before God. I have no life - but from his Spirit; nor hope - but from his death. Nothing less than Jesus in all his offices, in all his relations, and finished work - will do for me. I must have all that Christ is - or I am undone; I must have all that Christ has promised - or I shall never be perfectly happy. When I stand upon Christ's my rock, when the rainbow of the covenant encircles me, and the beams of God's bright and loving countenance play around me - then all is peace, all is pleasant, and purity is my element and delight. Then I look . . . back, without regretting that so many of my days are spent; upward, without fear or dread; forward, and eternity brightens as I approach it; within, and my bosom reflects the rays of God's mild and pleasing glory, as the lake reflects the moonbeams on the summer's night.

April, 1851. We have spent a week in special prayer, and there was much earnest pleading with God. But there was not that confession of sin, that humbling of the soul before God, and that brokenness of heart which I think is necessary. I have published a track on individual effort, and circulated a good number of my little books. If the cause does not revive, the fault shall not lay with me. I find that there is a deep-rooted prejudice in the town, against the people and the place - on account of what has taken place in former times. This will prove a hindrance to me. I feel a spirit of prayer resting upon me, especially in public, and I have considerable enjoyment in preaching the word. But will the Lord restore this old, decayed, and broken down cause by me? Will he use me here to bring many sinners to himself, and collect a good congregation of immortal souls? These are the questions which I want to be solved.

I feel the name of Jesus to be very precious to me, my heart is often warmed with it, and I love to exalt it. O that I could worthily set forth . . . the person and personal excellencies, the grace and glory, the obedience and sacrifice, the worth and worthiness - of the dear Lord Jesus!

Holy Spirit, glorify him to me, glorify him in me, and glorify him by me! God and Father of Jesus, send the Holy Spirit in all the fullness of his grace into my heart; fill me with the Holy Spirit and with power; forgive every one of my past sins; and use me to call sinners to repentance, to build up your saints on their most holy faith - and to do great good in this town and neighborhood.

O my God, sanctify my nature, regulate my desires, elevate my views, establish me in faith, and make me extensively useful. Let me not live in vain, or have to say, in reference to my personal experience, or ministerial success, "the former times were better than these."

May, 1851. My experience has been very varied of late. I have had some severe trials. I have passed through some terrible storms; but I have had some sweet comforts, and have enjoyed some sunny seasons. I have heard that some of my short articles are reprinted in Canada, and some of my books in the United States, so that I hope I am made some use of there. I have ascertained that more than half a million of my little works are now in circulation in this country - how many more I know not. Is not this in answer to my many prayers to be made useful?

Amidst all, I painfully feel, that I have not learned as Paul had, in whatever state I am, therewith to be content. The Lord must have some wise end, in allowing me to be so severely tried as I am - but I see not what it is. If vexation, disappointment, and sorrow, would kill pride - then mine must die. But, alas! nothing but the cross of Jesus, and the power of the Holy Spirit will do that! My heart often sinks within me, and I feel that if I was sure my work was done, I would be glad to go home.

I have just printed another article, to follow up the one I printed a month or so ago.

June, 1851. I have much enjoyed preaching on the second advent of my beloved Lord. I generally enjoy speaking on this subject, and know some striking cases of conversion resulting therefrom. I wonder at times, that it does not occupy a more prominent place in my ministry. It is never forgotten by me, and few Lord's days pass without some allusion to it in prayer or preaching, yet I seldom preach a whole sermon on it. O may I be prepared to stand before the Son of man! May I be found daily waiting for God's Son from heaven, whom he raised from the dead, even Jesus, who delivered us from the wrath to come.

What a solemn thought it is, that wrath is coming! And what an unspeakable mercy it is, to be delivered from that wrath! But such is the privilege of the Lord's people, for they are in Christ - as Noah was in the ark; they are justified, through faith in Jesus; and they are made like him, by the indwelling and gracious operations of the Holy Spirit. For myself, I want to realize and enjoy more direct fellowship with Jesus. To see that I participate with him, in his Father's infinite love; in the promise of the Holy Spirit; and in his heirship and resurrection glory. O to rise to the height of my privileges, and in so doing, to be filled with humble love. God knows, that I do wish, and long, and pray, and strive - to be what his word requires me to be. But I am continually baffled, frustrated in my designs, and beaten back; and if at any time, I seem to feel that I possess my soul in patience, and yield myself unto God - I am sure to be overtaken with some trial, and am made to feel my own weakness and vileness more than ever! "Oh, what wretched man I am! Who will free me from this life that is dominated by sin and death!" Romans 7:24

July, 1851. Time flies rapidly, and I seem to do but very little, either for God or man. I appear to live in sight of death, for we have much sickness, and I commune a good deal with the invisible world. But I get no very distinct views, nor any vigorous longings to depart and be with Christ. I feel at home in spiritual things, and yet I feel but little settled satisfaction. The carnal desires of the flesh work - and often very powerfully. Old sinful propensities, which appeared to be subdued, if not destroyed - revive and appear as lively as ever. The idols not only remain, even those idols which most provoke the Lord to jealousy. I revive, and then sink down into the same state again! I am rather like the door - than the locomotive! I turn forwards - and then backwards, without progress or improvement. What a mercy that grace is free, and that salvation is wholly of grace! Upon this principle, I will arrive at Heaven - but on no other. May I be privileged to stand among God's little ones before His throne, and eternally lift up my voice in honor of His precious name!

I have no doubt but Satan is very busy with me, that he makes use of my depraved imagination, and slyly suggests many of those vile thoughts to my mind, which agitate, distress, and trouble me. My journey lies along a thorny road - and yet few see the thorns but myself. Ah, the sharpest thorns are unseen by mortal eyes! My mind has been a good deal impressed with the importance of importunate prayer. This is the very thing in which I am so deficient. I knock - but do not keep on knocking. I have been reminded, that in prayer, we must be earnest, we must plead, and take no denial. We must use arguments - as well as ask for blessings. We must be importunate, because the blessings which we seek are invaluable; because importunity prepares us to receive the blessings we ask, and rightly to appreciate them; because God always honors importunity, and all eminent saints have been importunate; especially was this the case with our great example, the Lord Jesus Christ; and then also because our praying time will soon be over. I have never before been so affected with the apostle's representation of the Savior's prayers. "In the days of his flesh, he offered up prayers, and supplications, with strong crying and tears." He not only prayed - but

supplicated - he not only supplicated - but wept - he not only wept - but used strong crying and tears. How soft his heart, how hard mine! How fervent his prayers - how cold mine! What painful perseverance he displayed - but how soon I weary and forget.

I must pray more, and I must pray differently, or the consequences will be sad. I deeply feel, that God must give me the grace of prayer - or I shall never be blessed as I desire. Yes, it must be all of grace, all of God's goodness, by his Holy Spirit, and so all to his praise and glory.

I am not sure that was there a poorer creature than I am - and yet at times I wonder that God does not use me more than he does; surely I ought to wonder, that he uses me at all. All glory to free grace! A slight accident has caused me a good deal of bodily pain, and my difficulty breathing has been worse of late. If I had but more sensible communion with God, if I could but realize more distinctly the glories of the eternal world, and my interest in them - I should not mind. But the unseen world! The eternal world! These often acquire more faith than I possess. I sometimes calm my mind with the thought, that when I come nearer to death, that the prospect will brighten, and my faith will be stronger. However, as I cannot doubt but I have tasted that the Lord is gracious, as I clearly differ from all the carnal people around me, I cannot but hope that I am interested in the promise, "As your days - so shall your strength be," and that I shall find the grace of Jesus sufficient for me. But I want to realize Peter's wish for his brethren, that grace and peace may be multiplied unto me, through the knowledge of God, and of Jesus our Lord. This must be experimental knowledge, such as is gained by trial, and is the effect of the teaching of the Holy and ever blessed Spirit.

I sometimes appear to know a good deal of our gracious God, and also of my adorable Savior - but when I am put to the proof, I find that much of my knowledge is not influential. O these dark suspicions, these desolating doubts, these soul-freezing fears - what a dreary winter they produce in the soul! And then, after all I feel, think, purpose, and do - I am exactly the same person that I was. Lord, have mercy!

April, 1851. Mercy still crowns my lot, and if my labors were blessed to the conversion of sinners, and the increase of the church - I would be happy. O that I had the tact and the talent to speak to sinners in private, to all with whom I come in contact, about their souls. I can say any thing in public - but in private I am often speechless. O that I could warn every one day and night with tears!

Every day, I do a little for the Lord, both with tongue and pen - but the whole does not amount to much. I fear the results are small. I want an increase of grace and peace from God my Father. Grace, which pardons, sanctifies, and employs for God. Peace, which comforts, emboldens, and keeps us steady in the Lord always. These are only increased, through the knowledge of God, and of Jesus our Lord. May I therefore daily seek to know the Lord more fully, especially as my covenant God in Jesus; and to know my Savior, in his glorious person, finished work, and righteous government. May I know God and his beloved Son, that grace may flow into my heart, and the peace of God rule my conscience from day to day.

I am the Lord's servant, and in this I rejoice - but I want to serve him with more vigor, with more singleness of heart, and with more steady quiet perseverance. O that I made more progress!

I have just heard that an old friend, far advanced in life, has fallen into sin! May the Lord pardon and restore him. In looking back, I wonder that I have not publicly fallen; for though I have never been much tempted to the sin which has overcome him - I have been powerfully so to other sins, equally bad. I have often observed, that in my experience the Lord has not often allowed the temptation, and the opportunity - to meet! And when they have, fear has worked powerfully and kept me back. But I would not merely be kept from open sin, I desire to be so deeply sanctified, that my soul may . . . hate, abhor, and detest sin in every form, tremble at its approach, and flee from the very appearance of evil - to Jesus!

I find that my nature is still corrupt, depraved, and polluted; and that . . . the blood of Jesus, the power of the Holy Spirit, and the forgiving grace of God - are as necessary as ever!

I have never been able to figure myself out! I seem to be such a complicated creature, made up of such different and opposite elements. When I think that I know myself, and what I am doing - I often discover afterwards, that I have been deceived. God only knows what is in man.

I doubt not but Satan, through the careful study of our nature, knows far more of us, than we know of ourselves - or that we can give him credit for knowing. And this enables him to . . . prepare his baits, set his traps, and entangle us in his snares! He has often befooled me! "Be self-controlled and alert. Your enemy the devil prowls around like a roaring lion looking for someone to devour!" 1 Peter 5:8. And is now doubtless fostering my unbelief, encouraging my fears, and helping on my discouraging doubts. Lord, deliver me from Satan's power.

Help me often to "count up my mercies!" Enable me to rest on your promises and faithful care. Lead me into the green pastures, soothe my troubled spirit beside the still waters, and give me peace - your own peace - always, and by all means, for the glory of your own holy name.

September, 1851. I have visited my old friends at Cheltenham, and the cry of many is, "Come back!" And all who spoke to me on the subject said, "You ought never to have left!" I had larger congregations, than on my previous visit. Since my return, through being out in the fog, I have had a worse attack of asthma, than I have ever had before. The sense of suffocation was dreadful for some hours - but at length the Lord answered prayer, blessed the means, and I obtained relief. While suffering, my mind was peaceful and prayerful, and though I have not felt well since, I can rely on the Lord with tolerable calmness. In reference to health, if not to usefulness, the best part of my life is gone; nevertheless I have a good hope. I look forward and hope for rest, peace, and solid satisfaction in my Father's house above.

I dare seldom look forward, unless I look beyond the dying pillow, for if I do, I am sure to anticipate what will dispirit, deject, and cast me down. Blessed be God, I can pray; my soul does ascend to God in fervent supplication, and I feel more grateful than I did, for my very many and great mercies. O to praise God for every crumb - and with every breath!

I have visited London, seen many old friends, preached the gospel at several places, and returned in safety. I enjoyed the former part of my visit very much, all were kind, and then I had the Lord's help and presence in preaching the Word. But the day before my return, I had one of the most painful trials of my life, which made my heart bleed. May the blood of Jesus, avail for the perfect pardon of him who caused it. Just before I started for home I was in great danger of losing my life at the railway station. I had a bad fall as it was - but if I had fallen in another direction, instead of

the one in which I did, I must have been crushed to death. My friend, who accompanied me to the station, and stood by, said, that he looked upon my escape as a special intervention of Divine Providence for my protection. I sat down in the carriage afterward, praising and blessing the Lord, and through his great mercy arrived safe at home.

October, 1851. I desire to record with gratitude the Lord's mercy manifested to me during the last month. True, I was tried - but I was supported. I was in immanent danger - but I was preserved. My mercies were more than my trials. My nerves were much shook, and I have suffered considerable pain in the head since. It is my privilege to speak for Jesus every night this week; this is a relief - it diverts my mind from gloomy subjects, gratifies my love for preaching; and gives me reason to hope, that I am doing some good. I have just received a letter to inform me that my ministry has recently been made a blessing. In reviewing the Lord's goodness, in preserving my life, when my friend stood by and expected to see me crushed to pieces before his eyes; and in reflecting on the manner in which I was enabled to bear my terrible trial in London - I cannot but praise and bless the Lord. I have received a communication from Cheltenham, informing me that the state of the cause in King Street is becoming desperate, and asking my advice; all I could feel justified in doing, was to propose to unite with the deacons in special prayer every evening in our closets, from six until half-past six, on the subject, to seek the Lord's blessing and special direction. This was agreed to, and carried out. I have felt nearness to the Lord, and realized that the Lord was near to me. A spirit of prayer sensibly rests upon me, and I enjoy calm and peace of soul. I have endeavored to make a full and frank confession of my former sins, especially in reference to my past re-locations, so far as I could discover them; I have kept my eye fixed on Jesus, the only sacrifice for sin; and have sought pardon and sanctification in his dear name. May I be long kept in this praying frame. O it is sweet, when one feels that there is nothing between God and one's own soul! When one can go to him again and again, without weariness or satiety. Holy and blessed Spirit, you are the Author of all real prayer, true spirituality, and inward peace; dwell in me, and stir me up constantly to pray and praise the Lord; make me deeply spiritual, and maintain a holy peace in my soul! In looking back, it has been forcibly impressed upon my mind, that in reference to my former re-locations, while I have been very earnest in pleading with the Lord for a change - I have not sufficiently prayed for patience, to wait God's time, and absolute submission to his will. There has been far too much of self-will in all my movements. I have been wearied in any way, and then became too anxious to re-locate. I now see that I must pray for patience, and seek practically to prefer God's will before my own. A spirit of prayer still rests upon me, and while this is the case, I have nothing to fear. I want to lie lower before God, for I know that the weaker we are, and the lower we lie - the more power we have with God. A sigh out of the dust - always reaches his ear! A groan from the dunghill - always enters into his heart! I care not how low I lie, just so that God is glorified in me, and sinners are brought to the Lord Jesus by me. The ruling desire of my heart is, to live to God's glory, and to labor successfully in the Savior's cause. My soul has been much with God, and I hope to receive from him a token for good. A friend from Macclesfield has called on me, to tell me that one of my books has been blessed to the conversion of a friend of his, who had imbibed very dangerous errors. The Lord be praised for this, and all his other mercies. The Lord still seems to say, "Wait on me," and I wish to wait in the exercise of faith, hope, and patience.

I was much struck yesterday, with the angel's testimony to Zacharias, "Your prayer is heard." Luke 1:13. How long he waited. How frequently he must have repeated the same prayer. And now when

it was most improbable, and to nature impossible, an angel is sent from Heaven to inform him, "Your prayer is heard." The same message, I find sent to Cornelius, under very different circumstances; and why may I not conclude, that it will one day be said to me, "Your prayer is heard!" My only ground for fear is, lest I should not possess the necessary qualifications - for he who would succeed in prayer must be fervent, believing, without wrath or doubting, hating all sin, or not regarding any iniquity in the heart, living in domestic peace, that his prayers be not hindered, and he must follow up his suit with importunity. The Lord give me all the necessary qualifications, fill me with power and determined importunity, that so I may have power with God and prevail.

I have received letters from a clergyman and two other friends, to inform me that my books have been made a blessing to them. My mind is stayed on God, and whatever may be his will concerning me, I hope he will give me grace to trust in him, and possess my soul in patience. A spirit of prayer still resting on me, encourages me. I do feel the mercy-seat to be a great blessing. I wish I had improved it more. I do deeply regret two things, one is, that I have not read the Bible more - and the other is, that I have not prayed more. I have read of others feeling so years ago, and my judgment approved of it; but I have never realized it as a deep and abiding feeling of my own heart, as I now do.

November, 1851. Just now everything appears to be against me. At home and abroad, in public and in private, I find something to annoy, trouble, and distress me. I am ready to exclaim, "When will all my troubles end? When will my days of mourning cease?" My cry to my God is, "Make your face to shine upon your servant" - that the Lord would shine upon my evidences - and brighten them; upon my path - and mark out my road; upon my privileges - that I may enjoy them; upon my employments - that I may be happy in them; and upon my prospects - and clear them. I cannot be happy - unless the Lord shines upon me; and if he does - I cannot be unhappy. Mine has long been a trying path, few suspect that I suffer what I do. Truly, the heart alone knows its own bitterness!

I have just had a letter to inform me, that one of my short articles has been made a blessing to a poor deaf Christian, harassed with doubts and fears, who had not been able to hear a sermon for ten or twelve years. The Lord be praised for this! My present path is exceedingly intricate. My trials come from many quarters. Still I am not wretched, and in public, I generally appear cheerful. None but the Lord knows the painful exercises that I pass through, and in my best moments, I wish no one else to know, because no one else can effectually help me. Every now and then I feel an impulse, as sensibly as if a voice said, "Go on your knees!" I generally obey it, being satisfied that I cannot be found in a better posture, or be employed in a better service. Anxiety, I know, does not befit me, for my Savior forbids it, and, blessed be God, he now keeps me from it, and I trust he will. O to be God's waiting servant, as well as his working servant; may I watch, as well as pray!

November 19, 1851. This day completes my forty-ninth year. Hitherto, the Lord has helped me, and not one thing has failed of all that he has promised - all has come to pass. As my days - so has my strength been. I can sing of mercy and of judgment, to the Lord's praise I ought most heartily to sing. The past year has been one of changes, of severe exercises, of many temptations - and I have had some very painful trials. What will the next be? Ah! what? Where shall I be? These are questions, which God only can answer, and which I may well leave to be solved by his

wise and holy providence. He never has failed me, and he has promised that he never will. His grace has been sufficient, and his word is pledged that it shall be. I think my mind was never more peaceful under such circumstances, than it is at present. I believe it was never more prayerful.

"I trust in the Lord." This is the language of my heart. Not in man, not in talents, not in station, not in reputation, not in experience - no, "I trust in the Lord." In the prospect of needs, in anticipation of difficulties and dangers - I have confidence in God. My confidence is founded on his promises and perfections, I must endeavor more clearly to understand the former, and more powerfully to realize the latter. What has he not promised, that I can possibly need? And, is not every promise linked with omnipotence, infinite wisdom, and unchanging faithfulness.

God has most plainly and positively promised wisdom, direction, support, supplies, and deliverance! He requires the exercise of faith in his word, and earnest, hearty, importunate prayer at his throne. Lord, give me the faith you require, and your Holy Spirit, that I may pray as you desire.

I have met the friends here, and told them that I cannot renew my engagement with them - they are sad, and I sympathize with them - but what is to be done? Unless the Lord builds up the church, we labor in vain to build it.

December, 1851. An unusual spirit of prayer has rested upon me, in reference to Cheltenham, so that I have not merely prayed daily at the time agreed upon with the deacons - but sometimes nearly the whole day! At times, I have scarcely rose from my knees, before I have felt impelled to go and plead with the Lord again. On Friday I went to Birmingham, to meet the deacons and confer with them, as they were now brought into the greatest difficulty, and knew not what to do. We had a long conference, they very candidly laid the whole case before me, and then presented me with a very pressing invitation from the church to return and become its pastor. I found the case to be much more perplexing and discouraging than I had understood it to be. After they left me, I spent three hours in Birmingham, thinking and praying over the subject, and at the close felt that I could not accept the invitation given me. In this state of mind I arrived at home, where I found a letter from Cheltenham waiting for me, from one in no way connected with the church in King Street, urging me to return; informing me that H_____ chapel was for sale, and offering 25 pounds toward its purchase. This produced some degree of reaction in my mind, and at length I wrote to say, if the chapel referred to could be obtained, I would return and brave all the rest. Shortly after I received a letter begging me to give a decided answer by Lord's day morning, as it was now decided, that if I would not return, the church would be dissolved on the Lord's evening, and the doors of the chapel be closed. This, after much thought and prayer, brought my mind to a point, and I wrote and acceded to their request. The present year ends today, and ends differently to any one I have spent before in some respects. My way back to Cheltenham seems to be overgrown with thorns, and some seem determined to make it as thorny and difficult as they can; and others say, that the hand of the Lord is most visibly in it. How many sleepless hours it has caused me. My mind for long was so thoroughly set against it - and was so slow to change in that direction. It has filled me with the most painful anxiety - lest going, I should do wrong; or refusing - should be found to fight against God. Sometimes I feel confident that I am doing right, and other times I fear. My cry, the cry of my heart is, "Lord, if it will not greatly glorify you, benefit your people, bring many souls to Jesus, and be for my own real welfare - prevent my going there even now."

January, 1852. My New-Year's motto is, "I can do all things through Christ who strengthens me." Just the text that I shall need this year - may I prove it true - may I be a living illustration of it, this year. It was brought to my mind, as I lay sleepless on my pillow, and opened up as it never had been before. May the Lord make it a special blessing, both to me and his people. Reflecting on the way in which the Lord has led me of late, the thought struck me, that the idea that I had taken some wrong steps of late, may have arisen from my not looking far enough - or from my forming my judgment too soon. If it should prove that my returning to Cheltenham is right, then I have not gone wrong, for if I had not gone to L____, I had not come here; and if I had not come here, I should not have returned there. One place has clearly prepared me for the other. If the Lord should use me much, my past trials are evidently necessary, for it was necessary that I should be emptied out, stripped bare, laid low, and filled with self-loathing. I have been led round - but I trust that I shall soon see that I have been led right. The Lord may be taking me back to Cheltenham, as he did Naomi to Bethlehem, to praise him in the house of bread.

February, 1852. Blessed be God, I am now at Cheltenham, and the Lord has very mercifully brought me and mine here without accident, damage, or loss. Many meetings to pray for a blessing on my coming were held, and much prayer ascended to God, from the closet and the heart. My congregations have been very good, I have enjoyed preaching, and a feeling creeps over me, that I am now where I ought to be. I feel something like a father, who has returned to his old home, and to the society of a good part of his family. My parting with the friends at S____ was painful, for they had been very kind to me; and my commencement here is pleasant - for I meet with much kindness and love. O may I end my days here, if it is the Lord's will.

I continue to receive letters from various places, to inform me of souls having been converted by my ministry and books. There is reason to believe, that God has been using me, much more than I thought he had.

March, 1852. I have much help in preaching the Word, and very often a crowded place. I endeavor to exalt my dear and adorable Savior, and I hope real good is done. I would live upon Christ crucified in private, and constantly exhibit him in public. No subject is worth a thought in comparison with this. If this glorious theme will do no good, none will - and I desire to adopt no other. Jesus has been my subject now for many years, and he shall be unto the end. Yes, Jesus, the sinner's substitute - Jesus, the saint's delight - Jesus, the Son of the Father, in truth and love. With Jesus I start, as my Alpha; and with Jesus would I close, as my Omega. I wish to know him, live upon him, preach him, write about him, be conformed to him, and then depart to be forever with him. What must it be to be with him, to be like him, and everlastingly to enjoy him! Holy and ever Blessed Spirit, reveal Christ to me more clearly; apply the blessing he procures to me more fully; and honor me, by using me to bring thousands of sinners to him! O to be used to endear Jesus to the hearts of his people! How is it, that I do not love him more? How is it, that I do not speak of him more? How is it, that I do not meditate more on his glorious person, finished work, and complete atonement! Jesus, be . . . the object of my faith, the subject of my ministry, and the delight of my soul in death!

April, 1852. I have deeply felt of late the Lord's wondrous appeal to his ancient people, which appears to be equally applicable to us. "O my people - what have I done unto you? How have I wearied you? Testify against me." Amos 4:6. What marvelous words! How low, how lovingly the

Lord stoops! He wants our love, our company, our confidence, and our obedience. These we withhold from him, and bestow on others. Why? Has he given us any, the least reason for it? Not the least. may my people, and myself, take home and improve this touching, this tender appeal! How wonderful, that God should, as it were, place himself at our bar, and say, "Now accuse me. Now testify against me." Ah, no! The fault is ours, altogether ours. Lord, you may well accuse me, you may well testify against me! Indeed my conscience does it. My iniquities do it. O may the blood of Jesus avail for me, and by it may every sin be blotted out from the book of God's remembrance! O my Heavenly Father, look upon me in Jesus, your beloved Son, and deal well with me for his sake.

O for a sanctified temper, a subdued soul, a spirit which bows before the gentlest breath of the Holy Comforter! I wish to be Lamb-like, Christ-like - but I am not. There is more of the contrast, than of the comparison in me. But grace can make me all that I wish to be, and all that God requires me to be. O for more grace, soul-subduing, soul-sanctifying grace!

July, 1852. For some time my prayers have been directed to the Lord for a new chapel, as there was no prospect of getting the one we thought of, and the bad situation of King Street, was a great hindrance to raising the congregation. Quite unexpectedly, ground has been purchased in Cambray, a situation, to which with our limited means, we could not have aspired with any hope of success. This matter does appear to be of the Lord, and must be taken as an answer to prayer.

August, 1852. A clergyman has informed me that my books are made a great blessing in Ireland. A letter from Shetland, tells me they are doing good there - and a Christian brother wrote me a letter from Jerusalem, informing me that he met with friends reading and enjoying them there. How marvelous the mercy of God! How these facts cheer and animate my spirits, and encourage me to go on and write more and more.

September, 1852. Various things have occurred to exercise my mind of late, and I was fast sinking into a low and gloomy state; but the Lord, very graciously brought a portion of his word to my mind, with a good degree of savor and power, which has greatly cheered and comforted me. When sadness and gloom comes over me, I recur to it, and find that it soothes and softens my spirit, and draws out my soul in prayer. It is Psalms 27:7, "Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for him: fret not yourself because of him who prospers in his way, because of the man who brings wicked devices to pass." Thus it was opened up to me: "Rest!" - hurry not, fear not, flee not.

"Rest in the Lord," not in his works, not in his creatures - but in himself!

"Rest in the Lord" - in the veracity of his promise, in the faithfulness of his love, in the constancy of his care.

"Wait patiently for him" - he will appear to you, he will work for you, he will perform his own most gracious word.

"Wait patiently" - namely, wait silently, wait long; wait hopefully.

"Fret not yourself because of him that prospers in his way" - let there be no envy, jealousy, fear, or fretting. Suppose an enemy does prosper - your God permits it, he has his eye on it, and he has his end to answer by it. Suppose he does succeed in his wicked devices, your God records his actions, will judge his person and conduct, and will ultimately reward him according to his works.

Let me then, rest in a present God, wait for a faithful God, leave others to a just God, and walk closely, quietly, and patiently with God.

O may the savor of these truths ever remain with me. I feel more hopeful. A spirit of prayer rests on me. I go on trying to spread abroad the truth of God. I trust the Lord will yet appear for me, and make my way prosperous.

November 19, 1852. My fiftieth birthday. What mercies have crowned these years - and yet what trials I have endured. I feel, that I am now, just where I wish to be as to place; but not what I wish to be as to experience, nor just as I wish as to circumstances. I want to be more spiritual, to see the people in a new chapel of their own, and to perceive the work of the Lord going on more rapidly. Things never looked more hopeful here, than they do now. Surely these are indications that the Lord is about to pour us out a blessing. A letter from Shropshire, tells me of the conversion of a soul there - under one of my occasional sermons, and a friend from Bristol informed me of the conversion of his deceased wife, under my ministry. This is good news from a distance.

December, 1852. A letter from London has greatly cheered me, for it informs me, that of forty people baptized in New Park Street, this year, thirty of them dated their conversion to my preaching. This fills me with joy and gratitude to God, and prompts me to hope for greater things from God yet. When I thought I was doing little or no good, even then God was converting souls by my poor preaching. I have just heard of two here, recently brought to God through the Word. O for two thousand!

I now close another year, and a very eventful year it has been to me. I must bear my testimony to the Lord's faithfulness. He has been as good as his word. I have received all that I have really needed. I cast myself entirely on his providence for temporal things, and he has honored me in doing so. Exercised I have been - but I have been supported, supplied, and comforted. In addition to this, I have been made useful, and now the difficulties in the way of our having a new chapel, appear to be clearing away. The rainbow begins to appear in the cloud. I trust the Lord will now appear for us, and use us to erect a house for his worship, where our children's children may meet and praise his name. I hope to see many sinners converted, and many believers added to the church. I hope to see the glory of the Lord resting upon us, and many more than at present, meeting to worship his holy name with us.

January, 1853. My New-Year's text is, "I am with you, says the Lord," Jeremiah 1:19. That God is with us, I feel certain, and that we have his blessing is evident, and I think that my soul was never more grateful. I do bless his holy name . . . that he ever counted me faithful putting me into the ministry, that I have not labored in vain, nor spent my strength for nothing, that I have never got weary of preaching Christ, or for one moment ever wished to exchange either my Master, or my work.

I only wish . . . to exalt the Lord Jesus more highly, to honor the Holy and ever Blessed Spirit more thoroughly, and to preach the Word more successfully, both to saints and sinners.

O for a glorious outpouring of the Spirit this year!

Supplies now begin to come in toward the erection of the chapel, and four more cases of conversion have just been revealed. My graces before tried, and my impetuosity frequently

checked, the Lord seems to say, "Gently wait a little. Take things more quietly. There is no need for hurry." Nothing tries me more than this - and yet I know that it is right. May the Word soon be, "Be glad and rejoice, for the Lord will do great things." I want to see great things. A great revival of religion in the saints, great power accompanying the Word, and great numbers of real converts, flocking for admission into the church. Our God is a great God, our work is a great work, his promises are great promises, his power is great power, and his grace is great grace.

Why then should we not seek, and expect, great things? This month is now closing - it has rolled into eternity, and left me still on the shores of time. It has witnessed my conduct, it has told its tale, and it is gone forever. It found me employed, and it leaves me busy. It has brought its vicissitudes, and saw me encouraged by some things, and discouraged by others. I feel as if I lived to bring souls to Jesus, this is the ruling desire of my soul. Nothing but this affords me satisfaction, or gives me heartfelt pleasure. Weekly now I hear of one or more professing to be called of God by my ministry, so that I have much to cheer, comfort, and encourage me.

February, 1853. I have again received several letters to inform me that God is blessing my books, and some contributions come in toward the new chapel. Still faith and patience are tried - but while I have a spirit of prayer, I can bear it. I must rest on Jesus, and leave all my affairs in his hands; and doing so, I doubt not - but he will overrule all for my good. His blood cleanses me from all sin; and his righteousness, justifies me from all charges. My nature is very sinful, and my conduct is very imperfect - but I am complete in him. He fills up every defect. He has atoned for every fault. He will present me faultless before his glorious presence with exceeding joy! Without him, I am lost, and lost forever; in him I am saved, and saved with an everlasting salvation!

I do bless his name. I strive to recommend him. I delight to speak well of his name. But still doubts will at times arise, suspicions will work, and unbelief breeds distress and troubles me. Few have more reason to exercise strong confidence in him - but yet I do not always do it. This is my sin - my besetting sin. While I look simply to Jesus, and receive into my mind the simple statements of his holy word, all goes on very well: but as soon as I look to creatures, or listen to men, my faith falters and wavers, and there is no steady light. Never any creature needed the power and operation of the Holy Spirit, more than I do; nor did I ever need it more than at the present time. May that Blessed Spirit dwell in me, work in me, teach me, lead me, guide me, use me to honor Jesus, benefit immortal souls, and seal me unto the day of redemption.

Though this week has been marked by the enjoyment of much comfort - yet I have been the subject of deep searchings of heart. I have felt deeply that I do not realize . . . the value of the soul, the danger of the sinner, the glories of Heaven, the horrors of Hell, and the design of preaching the gospel

- as I ought.

Surely I would feel very differently when I enter the pulpit if I did, and at times speak very differently too. There is not earnestness enough about me. I need more compassion, and more earnestness in my ministry, then I may hope to be more useful.

I have heard of one hopefully converted, and two more coming to a decision this week, blessed be God for this - but what are they among so many? We have a good deal of sickness about, may the Lord sanctify it, to the unsettling us from earth, making us more earnest in his work, and preparing

us for his kingdom and glory.

O that my heart glowed with love to souls! I do feel much, seldom more - but I want it to be like a consuming fire within me; to burn up all my levity, lukewarmness, and folly!

Last Lord's day evening, I found a beautiful copy of the Holy Scriptures placed in my vestry, as a present from a few young friends who have derived benefit from my ministry during the past year - but no names were given. This was very pleasing and encouraging; may the Lord bless them more and more! Tomorrow I keep the anniversary of my return to Cheltenham. O that it may be signalized by a mighty outpouring of the Holy Spirit, and be crowned by the conversion of a multitude of souls! Forty-eight people have been added to the church during the year, may we have a great many more next.

February 13, 1853. Today we keep the anniversary of my return to Cheltenham. I preached this morning from the words of the apostle, "I came to preach Christ's Gospel." Some parts of the sermon were very pointed and practical, and I hope the Lord will bless it. I told all my mind on that subject, and bore my testimony for Jesus. Tonight I preach to the young, and feel exceedingly anxious to win some of them for Christ. I do long most ardently to bring the young to Jesus. O that my God would use me for this purpose. Surely I can say, "As the deer pants for the water brooks so thirsts my soul for the immediate conversion of the young." I feel as if I did travail in birth for them, and while I write - the fire seems to burn more fiercely in my soul. O my God, is not this a fire of your own kindling, is not this thirst produced by your own Spirit, and shall it go unsatisfied? Will you not use me, weak though I am? Will you not honor me, though many look down upon me? Is it not your cause with which I am identified - and am I not seeking your glory in what I do?

I am willing to become all things to all men, if I may but save some. O to see the pleasure of the Lord prospering in my hand! But I sensibly feel that I need more humility, for I do feel that I am less than the least of all saints. I see the faults of others - much quicker than my own. If my humility was as deep as it should be, would this be the case? I think not. O my God, take me this day, and make me a polished shaft, make me wise to win souls!

February 19, 1853. Last Lord's day evening the chapel was full, the sermon impressive, and the attention close. I hope the Holy Spirit accompanied the Word with his own power, for nothing is done effectually without this. On Tuesday evening we had a very pleasant church meeting; seven spoke of the Lord's dealings with them, four of them referred to me as the instrument in the hand of God in their conversion; one before I left the place, and three since. Bless the Lord, my soul! On Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday evenings I preached - may the Lord render his own word effectual. On Thursday evening as I was coming out of the chapel, a person put a little book in my hand, as from the author: it is called "The Cleansing Blood," and contains an account of the conversion of a young woman, who died last year in Worcester Infirmary, to whom my "Messenger of Mercy" had been made useful. Thanks, hearty and fervent thanks to the Lord for this. What a mercy that I do not live, preach, and write in vain! I have had much comfort in my own mind this week, and felt intensely anxious that the Lord would give us an extraordinary time tomorrow night, when six young friends will be baptized. I have been earnestly praying for this. I tried at the church meeting to stir up the minds of the members present to do the same, and requested some friends to whom I have written to join us at the throne of grace in seeking this blessing. My faith in prayer seems to be restored. How deeply has this been tried, with what temptations on this point have I

been assailed. It was a favorite point with me, and perhaps I had said a little too much on it, at least, what I had said, appeared to displease Satan mightily, for he has tried me most severely, and for a long time on the subject.

February 26, 1853. Blessed be the Lord for a good week! On the Lord's day he was evidently with me. In the morning I greatly enjoyed speaking of, "The free gift," and in the evening we had a very solemn, impressive, and I trust profitable time. The place was literally crammed, and some could not get in. The baptism was most pleasant, and calculated to do good. On Wednesday I greatly enjoyed preaching at Gloucester, on Thursday at home, and last night at Charlton. My soul has been alive toward God, and in good earnest in my work. I must believe that a good work is going on, and that the Lord will yet bless me more and more.

Many things exercise and at times agitate me - but if I may but bring souls to God, and walk with God myself, I trouble about little else. I wish to have no feeling but love toward any human being; I would pray most heartily for that person who hates me the most. I now hope for a good and useful day tomorrow. My mind is deeply impressed with one subject, "The Power of the Holy Spirit," I shall preach from it in the morning; may I experience it the whole day. In the evening I speak on the death of Mrs. E____, from "The days of your mourning shall be ended," which I feel sure is true in her case, may it be in mine, and that of all my people.

March 5, 1853. The last Lord's day was a good one, though in the morning the weather was unfavorable. The Lord was with us, especially in the evening. Some I know felt his power, and I trust many more did of whom I have not heard. The property on which our new chapel is to be erected is now conveyed, and we have the deeds. Thus far the Lord has helped us, for many would have hindered us. It certainly appears the best spot in the town for our purpose, and I trust the Lord will now graciously appear and provide us with the means to erect a house thereon for his worship.

I have been busily engaged writing and preaching every day this week, and not without some good degree of enjoyment. May the seed I sow fall into good ground, spring up, and bring forth fruit a hundredfold. My soul most deeply sympathizes with sinners, and I desire to be the means of bringing them to Jesus. I have not labored in vain of late, nor do I think I shall, for I trust the Lord has a great work for me to do. I feel a strong attachment to my people, and earnestly desire to be a real blessing to them, and their children after them.

Death has been very busy of late, many have been taken home - may I be ready, waiting to see my Master's face with joy. May I have confidence, and not be ashamed before him, at his coming. I wish to be like a good pencil - and write down to the very stump; and to be more full of Christ, and glorify Christ more and more until he calls me home.

March 12, 1853. Last Lord's day I enjoyed much power in preaching, especially in the evening, when the chapel was crowded. My object was to encourage the Lord's people, and stir them up to untiring activity. On Monday evening about 200 took tea in the chapel, when 125 cards were taken to collect towards the erection of the new chapel. On Tuesday I had a blessed time in preaching to a large congregation at Gloucester. I have been engaged every day, and enjoyed some degree of the spirit of prayer. But I want to be under the influence of a spirit of wrestling prayer continually. I am sure I am not prayerful enough, nor am I thankful enough. My religion is still very imperfect,

and my heart very depraved. I need much more of the power of the Spirit than I have ever realized yet - may the Lord in mercy confer it upon me. O to be filled with the Holy Spirit and with power, that I may . . . work for God, trust in God, wait upon God, lead a host of sinners to God, and then go and dwell forever with God!

We are now all alive about building our new chapel; opposition has been experienced, and I have no doubt will be. But if it be of God, man cannot overthrow it. I trust my simple object is to have a neat, commodious chapel in a good situation, where sinners will attend, where many will be converted, and a spiritual holy Church established. I think my motive is pure, and that my highest object and last end is God's glory. If this is not the case, I hope the Lord will bring me into such a state of mind. I trust I shall not be led away, in providing the necessities for building, so as to suffer in spirituals. I hope to seek for every sovereign from the Lord, and to give him thanks for every one that I receive. Many friends have encouraged me by their generous contributions, and I trust many more will.

March 13, 1853. After writing yesterday, my mind became hardened with the fears of man's opposition; I felt it a burden, and tried to cast it on the Lord - but oh, how difficult, it will not roll from my shoulders. After this I was still more exercised by hearing of the unkind remarks of one, who once loved me much - but is now deeply prejudiced against me. I had heard that she was much altered, and had become worldly. I fear it must be so, or she would not manifest so unkind a spirit, or pass such sweeping censures, without examination or inquiry. It led me to self-examination, and drove me to the Lord. I am a poor faulty creature; but no, I am not openly wicked. The Lord reads my heart, he knows my motives, and I believe he acquits me. This morning, at the early prayer-meeting, I cast off my burden, since then I have been preaching for the mission, with considerable freedom and power, that my church may become a thoroughly missionary one. This afternoon I have felt the weight of my work; and the state of the church, the town and the world has been laid on my mind. O how I long for a great revival of religion in my church! O that the Lord would pour out the fullness of his Holy Spirit upon us! I do love the gospel and I love to preach it too; but I want to find the preaching of it attended with divine power, that hundreds may be awakened by it. There is a good work going on I am persuaded - but I want the chariot wheels to roll round faster. I want sinners to decide, and come and avow themselves on the Lord's side. I want to see the sun of righteousness in the meridian, and to feel the sweet gales of the Spirit's influence blown over us, bending every head downwards in humility, and ripening the corn for the sickle. O for a glorious reaping time to carry many ripe sheaves into the church!

March 19, 1853. Through the week the flame that burns in my soul, filling me with concern for souls, and desires for usefulness - has been glowing, and everything I have read, seems to feed it. I have had fits of exhaustion, and some seasons of depression - but on the whole my anxiety and earnestness have increased. O that the Lord would thoroughly arouse my Church! All seem to be alive about the new building, and tolerably hearty in it; but I want them to be concerned for the immediate salvation of souls! I desire to see a great work wrought in the old chapel, before we leave it. Some are very angry about our building a chapel in Cambray - but I have been cheered by the inspired assurance, "Surely the wrath of man shall praise you, and the remainder thereof you will restrain." Nevertheless, "the wrath of man works not the righteousness of God." My only wish is, that the most wrathful may be corrected and have cause to bless God to all eternity, that we ever purchased that property. I trust the Lord will do wonders among us.

Money has come in from some quarters, in consequence of my writings being prized; may the Lord bless them yet more and more, and send us supplies as our needs arise. I want to be able to look upon the chapel, as an answer to fervent prayer, a proof that prayer still has power with God and prevails, as a crown put on the head of my poor, feeble, staggering faith. May the Lord give me a blessed day tomorrow, using me to rouse up, direct, and lead to action - the energies of the Lord's people. And also to decide some who are halting between two opinions; and in addition to that, to bring some poor perishing sinners to the feet of Jesus. O for the power of the Holy Spirit in my heart, and in my ministry, as I have never felt it before!

March 26, 1853. Another week has been crowned with mercy. Every need supplied. Every calamity prevented. Praise, everlasting praise be paid to the Lord's most holy name. I am still longing, laboring, and sighing for the salvation of souls; and I trust not in vain, for I hear of several being impressed, and of some carrying away the arrows of conviction from the town with them.

I have preached two sermons this week, specially to stir up the Lord's people, to seek the salvation of souls; one at home on Lord's day evening, and one at Gloucester on Wednesday. Last night, after a sermon at my own chapel, I went to Bethany chapel, and delivered an address upon the same subject. O that I could stir up all about me, to engage in this important, this momentous work! On Tuesday, the friends had a sale to dispose of the old materials which will not work into the new chapel. Monday it snowed, etc. all day, which led me to plead earnestly with God. Tuesday the day was fine, and the things sold well. I would gratefully notice, and thankfully record every intimation of the Lord's kindness. Blessed be God, my soul is kept in a prayerful state, and hitherto he has kindly condescended to sympathize with me, and bless me. May he bless me more and more, along with my people and my children.

I am now hoping for a blessed day tomorrow, and as it is Easter Sunday, may I now enjoy a sweet resurrection frame. O to rise with Christ, to ascend and sit down with him in the Heavenly places. Tomorrow night I intend preaching especially to the undecided, and try to bring some of them to decide for God. O that the power of the Spirit may rest upon me, and accompany the word that may be spoken by me. O my God and Father - do, do, do bless me to do good to souls tomorrow.

April 2, 1853. Last Lord's day morning I was dull, dry, and straitened in the pulpit; but in the evening I had a glorious time, a crowded place, great liberty, and power appeared to go with the word. I trust execution was done. O how intensely I long to be useful to souls! I MUST be useful, appears to be sculptured on my heart, and reigns with all the power of a passion in my soul.

Yesterday I was sent for early, to see a young woman who was dying, in great darkness, agitation, and distress. I saw her twice, and prayed with her three times. She died a few hours after I left her. Those who were with her, told me that about half an hour before she died, light broke in upon her mind.

It is a most affecting sight, to see young people dying without peace, joy, or satisfaction. May the Lord make me more earnest, urgent, and faithful than ever! I have preached every night this week - but one, and have had a good share of enjoyment in so doing. There are articles of mine in three of the Magazines for this month - so that I shall preach to the eye as well as to the ear; by the press as well as the pulpit. O that my life, that my private conversation - preached Christ more clearly, more pointedly, and more impressively. I feel as if I never cared less about my own

temporal ease or comfort - if I may but bring souls to Jesus, and stir up the Lord's people to activity and zeal in his ways - but I must have more inward religion, more of the power of divine things in my own soul. I thirst, I long, I pant for this - to be full of God - to have God living in me, working by me, and speaking with my tongue! The week has had few bitters - but it has had some; I suppose we must drink at Marah, more or less while we are in the desert; but the last draught will come soon.

April 9, 1853. The Lord has very graciously been with me through another week. On Lord's day, I enjoyed power in the pulpit, especially in the evening when speaking of the days of Heaven upon earth. On Monday evening we had a tea-meeting for the young people to bring in the proceeds of their collecting cards, about two-thirds of those issued were brought in, and produced about 108 pounds. May the Lord's name be praised. On Tuesday evening I spoke at a large public meeting with some liberty. On Wednesday I preached at Gloucester, and in my sermon said some things which made the people smile; this troubled me, and has grieved me ever since. O that I could avoid it! But there is a natural quaintness about me, that will show itself sometimes. I do not think I indulge it. I am sure I have no wish to do so, for it often wounds my mind. On Thursday, a young person, daughter of one of the Salem deacons, came to tell me that the Lord had called her under my ministry, and to propose herself for membership. She informed me that another young person in the congregation, had also been brought to the Lord of late by my ministry. After this, I went and preached with comfort. Last evening, I went to Charlton to tea with Bro. T____, before preaching in that village, and he told me my preaching there had not been in vain, for that a very wicked man had become quite a changed character, and appeared to have been made a new creature in Christ. Blessed be the Lord for such encouragements as these, they are like good news from a far country, or cold water to a thirsty soul. O for a glorious revival! I rejoice over three - but I long for three thousand. May the Lord's arm be made bare, and may execution be done in the name of the Lord tomorrow.

April 16, 1853. On Lord's day evening the chapel was crammed in every part, and I trust the Word was with power. Tuesday evening two spoke of the Lord's dealing's with them; one was called under me, the other much benefitted. Seven more were proposed for membership. Thursday evening I had a blessed time when speaking of the Lord as, "The everlasting God." My soul still burns to bring sinners to Christ, and to preach to his people in such a way as shall lead them to make it the daily study of their lives to resemble the Lord Jesus Christ. O to see my people holy, and each one occupied in his own sphere in endeavoring to bring sinners to Jesus. Satan, I doubt not, will oppose me in all he can, and throw every obstacle he can in the way of the work - but his power is limited. He who loves me more than Satan hates me, says, "Thus far shall you go - but no farther." And he has pledged his word to make all things work together for my good. O for . . . a single eye to his glory, a simple faith in his word, a steady reliance on his faithfulness, and a confident expectation of receiving every promised blessing from his hand!

April 24, 1853. The Lord has been with me, the prayer of the great Intercessor has prevailed, and my faith has not failed.

I find it very difficult to rise superior to envy, jealousy, and evil speaking; surrounded as I am, by so much to tempt me to it. Yet I know that my own happiness, the honor of religion, and the glory of God is involved in it. Only as I honestly and heartily honor God, can I expect him to honor me.

I have enjoyed a considerable degree of peace and comfort, during the past week; today I have a cold and hoarseness, which I feared, would hinder me this morning - but I rose above it, and enjoyed preaching on the saints above casting their crowns at the feet of Jesus. I did admire their humility, and longed to possess it. If I was but humble, how happy and how useful I would be. Well, I believe the day will come when I shall sink very low, before my gracious God and Savior - and yet be full of happiness, flowing from his love.

Tokens for good continually flow in from various quarters, and I am full of hope concerning my little church. Lord Jesus, it is your church, make it worthy of yourself. Fire every member's heart with zeal. Fill every one of us with holy fire. O to be full of power by the spirit of the Lord! Tonight I am hoping, looking, and longing for a blessed time - a time of refreshing: a time when Jesus shall pass by and say to some souls, "live!" We need a spiritual resurrection, for there are many bones in the open valley, and many of them are very dry. O for the Spirit of God to breathe on them, that they may live! Nothing but the power, presence, and operation of the Spirit, will do what I want! May 1, 1853. Nearly the whole of last week was spent in London, attending the meetings of the various societies. The attendance on them was good, and the spirit manifested equally so. To me all were kind. I saw many old faces, and friends, and was again and again reminded, that I had not labored in vain. The Lord was graciously with me, and I enjoyed more than I generally do from home. O that I had done more good! That I had aimed to leave behind me impressions that will ripen into conversion. But such a poor creature am I, that if I did no mischief, I must think it pretty well. I trust I got some good, if I did not do much.

I felt worn out when I came home, and could do but little, in making provision for today - but the Lord gave me a blessed time this morning: it was sweet, softening, and refreshing. I long, I hope, I pray for a glorious time tonight. May the mighty power of the Spirit be felt. O for a shaking among the dry bones, and a reviving shower on our drooping garden! We want more than an ordinary visit, we want our God to become resident among us, in a more sensible manner, than he has done. O the hope of Israel, the Savior thereof in the time of trouble, why should you be as a stranger in the land, as one that turns aside to tarry for a night? O why? Is not the cause to be found in our formality, selfishness, and worldliness? Is not Your loving Spirit grieved, because we have so little sympathy with Jesus, and so little concern for the souls of men? O that I could thoroughly rouse my people up to active exertion to save souls! O that God would rouse me up, filling me with his Spirit, as a spirit of love, power, and a sound mind! My God, be with me this night, and make your power known! May 8, 1853. Another week has been spent in endeavoring to spread the truth, and bring honor to the dear Redeemer's name. Lord's day evening was a precious time, the place was crowded, and the Lord graciously breathed on my soul and assisted me. Four times besides Sunday, I spoke the word and enjoyed proclaiming it, nor was I left alone this morning. Let the Lord's name be praised. Tonight I preach to the young; may the Lord enable me to speak with power. O to feel the sweet power of the Holy Spirit myself, and to find it passing over the congregation as a subduing, quickening, and soul-saving influence! Nothing effectual will be done without the Holy Spirit. Carefully and constantly would I use all the means - but my faith stands in the power of God alone. Our new chapel is not yet begun; I begin to weary to see it rising - but I doubt not my heavenly Father has arranged the whole. It is for his glory - but it is for our comfort too. It is necessary for us - but not necessary for him. May I be kept up in faith and prayer on this subject. The Lord fill me with his Holy Spirit, and use me to do a glorious work in this town:

may it soon commence, and be carried on with a sensible, saving, all-conquering power. Lord, hasten it, hasten it in your own time. May 15, 1853. The Lord still leads me, bears with me, and employs me. It sometimes appears truly astonishing that he does. But he is of one mind, and who can turn him. His eye is steadily fixed on Jesus - and he deals with me, according to the infinite merit of his perfect work. I feel at times as if I could yield myself to his will without hesitation, or reserve - but at other times I feel as carnal, dissatisfied, and self-willed as ever! Jesus is my only righteousness, all my hope is founded on what he is, and what he has done. Jesus for me, gives me confidence; and Jesus in me, fills me with joy. The past week has been filled up as usual with mercies and sins, forbearance and dissatisfaction. On Tuesday evening six spoke before the church, one ascribed her conversion to my preaching, and all professed to be very much benefitted thereby. Blessed be God that I do not labor quite in vain. Every night I was fully engaged in the Lord's work, and I have a full week's work before me. May I have much grace, and sufficient strength to go through with it.

I find I cannot keep my mind easy about our new chapel; delays, etc. make me anxious and uneasy: whereas I want to feel that it is in the Lord's hands, and that he will superintend everything connected with it. Calm acquiescence with the will of God, and a settled satisfaction with all that the Lord does, or allows to be done - is what I wish to attain to - but which I never have yet for long. My naturally anxious and impetuous mind has caused, and no doubt will yet cause me much uneasiness. May the Holy Spirit dwell richly in my heart, witnessing to my adoption, and to the work of Jesus in my soul, and may he fill me with peace, joy, faith, love, and zeal for God's glory. May 21, 1853. Part of this week has been spent from home, preaching and attending the annual meetings of the association. The brethren and friends were very kind, and I felt happy. But I find the excitement of the meetings, unfit me for secret fellowship with God, my spirits are too high, and I talk too much. I forget my responsibility to do all the good I can, to try to bring everyone to Jesus. I left behind a few words for Jesus in print - but I ought to have said more, to have acted more as if I had left home on a special errand of mercy to everyone I came in contact with. I do not feel comfortable in looking back upon the few past days. I was preserved from danger, kindly entertained by Christian friends, indulged in good health, kept from open sin, and brought home in mercy; but I fear I did little to honor God, to glorify Jesus, or to bless souls; I did not feel so spiritually-minded when I returned, as when I went out. I must be more consistent, rather I must pray for more of the presence and power of the Holy Spirit to make me so.

I have not been quite well these last two days, and though I have little or no pain, there is a dull, heavy feeling about me, so that I am unfitted for much exercise either of body or mind. I hope the Lord will raise me above this tomorrow, that I may preach his word with life and power, and baptize seven of his people with pleasure. I want to be filled with life from God, that I may consecrate every hour to God. How little I do which will count on eternity. How little progress I make in real spiritual-mindedness. I sigh, desire, hope, determine, attempt - and then fail. Blessed Jesus, how wretched I must be without you!

Today, I feel that I am not lively, zealous, on fire for God as I ought to be, yet I am not really uncomfortable about it - but a dull listlessness seems to possess and overpower me. May 29, 1853. The Lord has been exceedingly kind to me of late. I trust I am very grateful to him. Last Lord's day was a blessed day: power in preaching, and the house crowded in the evening, so that many could not get in. Several appear to be under a good work, and I hope "there is a sound of

abundance of rain." My soul is all on fire for a revival, a great and glorious work. The drops are coming down, O for a heavy shower! I was from home two days, preaching in the country, and had large congregations, when I tried to win souls for Jesus. The one desire of my soul is, to bring sinners to God. O how I long for this! I wish I could agonize in prayer for it morning, noon, and night. I did feel a good degree of the spirit of prayer yesterday, and that makes me hopeful for today - but I want to feel under its full influence daily. To feel as if I could not live if I sought not to bring sinners to Jesus, and succeeded. O my God, baptize my people in your Holy Spirit, and may pastor and people just live to promote and advance your cause.

Seven dear friends were baptized last Lord's day evening, and several more are on the move. O for seven hundred. I trust there is a move also toward the erection of our new chapel, may the good Lord superintend its erection, and crown its completion with his blessing. I want every stone and brick to be laid with prayer, and to see before I die, that its walls are Salvation, and its gates Praise. O for thousands to be saved there!

June 12, 1853. After writing the last entry, just before going into the pulpit, I was seized with a violent pain in my side, and it was with great difficulty I got through the service. I spoke no more until Thursday evening, and then in great pain. On Friday I traveled to Shrewsbury, suffering much all the way. On Saturday I went to Pontesbury, and after a night of much pain, preached with much acceptance. Though still very unwell, I spoke on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday. On Thursday, I married my son, slept in Shrewsbury, and arrived safe at home on Friday, after one of the most painful journeys I ever took. I am still far from well - but I preached this morning; enjoyed but little, and hope to preach with more pleasure and profit tonight. My soul during my illness has been pretty much in a state of resignation to the will of God. Fits of gloom and irritability I have experienced - but I was enabled to cry unto God. I found religion to be a reality. I believed that God was near, and both heard and answered prayer.

I have now work for every day next week, and I hope to prove that as my day, so my strength is. May my heart be fixed, trusting in the Lord. O that I may cling closer and faster to the rock, the glorious rock of ages! Tonight I preach to the young on the love of Jesus. O to feel the power, savor, and sweetness of that love, while I preach it; and may many be induced to set their love upon him this night! I have hope of many of my young people; I trust that my hope will not be disappointed.

June 17, 1853. On Wednesday, I went to W____, and enjoyed preaching Christ to a full house. On Thursday morning, before I left, Brother W____ requested me to go with him into his study, and pray with him, and I trust the Lord was with us, while praying for each other.

June 22, 1853. The former part of last Lord's day, it rained very heavily, consequently our congregation was thin - but I preached with considerable freedom on God's remembering his covenant forever. In the evening the place was crowded, and it was a very solemn time. I was speaking of being entrusted with the truth for others, the responsibility resting upon us, the importance of seizing present opportunities for usefulness, and the sin and folly of being busy about other things, while we were neglecting our main business. O may the Lord seal home the solemn truths upon my heart, and upon the hearts of all my people.

June 26, 1853. I have been much in prayer lately - but I find it difficult to continue the exercise for a long time together. My soul rather loves to pour out itself in short, sudden, frequent addresses to the Lord. I spent an hour in special prayer, in my study, last night; I had some fervor and feeling - but not much enjoyment. This morning I have been preaching upon the disciples, application to the Lord, for an increase of faith. Just the very thing I need. My soul goes forth in this petition, "Lord, increase my faith." The erection of the chapel, and all the circumstances by which I am surrounded, unite to teach me that I need more faith.

July 5, 1853. Last week, having to go to S____, I was harassed with gloomy forebodings, and superstitious fears, of which I could not divest myself. But much prayer soothed, and calmed my mind, and I went - preached - was comfortable there, and returned in safety. My health now appears to be pretty well restored; and on Lord's day I enjoyed the services, praying and preaching with considerable liberty and power.

Money comes in for the new chapel, in small quantities. I have been asking the Lord for large donations - but as yet we have not received many. I am much in prayer on this subject: I seldom go to the throne of grace - but this presents itself to my mind, and is urged before the Lord. I want to see the chapel raised and paid for, in a way that will convince the friends that it is an answer to prayer, a honor put upon faith in God, as a God of Providence. If the Lord will grant me my request, we shall be able to point to the place, and say, "See, the Lord answers prayers for temporals, as well as spirituals - as much now, as he did in days of old." I believe this - but I want a proof of it, to which I can point others. I know the Lord can, and I daily tell him so; I hope the Lord will, and I daily ask him to do so. One thing is clear, it makes me pray more - and so it must do me good.

July 19, 1853. My experience is pretty much what it has recently been. My soul hourly ascends to God in prayer. Mrs. K____, one of my members, was taken home to glory during the last week. I buried her on Thursday, and preached on her death on Lord's day evening. The house was crowded; may the Lord bless the word. I expect six to speak before the church tonight, and be baptized on the next Lord's day evening. The Lord is working among us, for which I bless and praise his most holy name; may I see greater things than these. I do long to see a great and glorious work of God, to find myself in the midst of a powerful revival of religion. I have seen and felt something of the power of prayer; oh to see more, much more! May the Lord graciously reveal himself, exert his invincible power, and glorify his great name among us. I know that all things are possible with him - but I sometimes fear there is a great mixture of self, even in my best desires, for the manifestation of the Lord's power. O that I could lose sight of self entirely, and desire good things of the Lord, only for the Lord's sake! Surely if I was more unselfish, more self-denying, more pure in my motives - the Lord would arise and work for me, and work by me, in a way that hitherto he has not done. Lord, make me what I should be - then use me for your glory.

July 26, 1853. Tuesday evening, we had a most pleasant church-meeting, six spoke of the Lord's dealings with them, very sweetly, and satisfactorily. On Thursday evening, I enjoyed preaching the word very much, and the congregation was unusually large. Lord's day was a blessed day; at night the chapel was crammed in every part, and the whole service was solemn and impressive. I felt great liberty and power, while preaching from the question, "Will you also be his disciples." Last evening, three people came to me to tell me that the Lord had wrought upon them by my ministry,

since my return. Blessed be the Lord God of Israel, for such an unspeakable mercy! O for thousands more!

August 4, 1853. I have much encouragement in my work; the congregation keeps up, the new chapel goes on, souls are brought to Jesus, and the Lord's people are edified. The last Lord's day, I had special assistance in preaching; I endeavored to stimulate the Lord's people, to make progress in his way and work, and to lift up the Lord Jesus, and his precious blood, above the power and guilt of all sin.

I have still several things very trying to me. My soul is deeply tried, frequently, for I long for calmness, quiet, and peace - but I am irritated, troubled, and often cast down. Lord, do give me a meek and quiet spirit. Satan is trying to do mischief among us in the church, by exciting a jealous feeling among some of the members. He longs to hinder us. I believe he is annoyed to see the Lord with us, and working among us. May we be as wise as serpents, and as harmless as doves. This is difficult - but how lovely, how useful, how ornamental it would be. O to be thoroughly Christianized! to be made just like the dear Lord Jesus, in spirit, temper, disposition, and behavior!

I have just begun a new work for the press, and I wish to write every line in a spirit of prayer. My pen has been comparatively idle of late, for, though I have written for two or three magazine articles monthly, and a great number of letters, I have done little beside. Now I suppose I must write in good earnest, may the Lord direct me in the choice of every subject, suggest every thought, superintend the writing of every line, that so I may write befitting the theme, and circulate the truth, in a way likely to do much good. As time flies and life wanes, may I be more anxious than ever, to do what I can for God's glory.

August 11, 1853. Nothing very striking has occurred since I last wrote - unless we consider, as we ought, the constant care, daily kindness, and long-suffering of God - striking. I have enjoyed much peace of mind, and good health of body. Last Lord's day, I record it to his praise, the Lord was with us, and blessed us. In the evening, I had a blessed time. Seven were received into the church, and more sat down at the Lord's table than I have ever seen since my return. Since then, three people have been to tell me, of the Lord's mercy to them, and to request membership. The Lord is clearly at work among us, and he will, I trust, do great things. May my declining years be brightened with the Lord's smile, and crowned with a very great work, in the conversion of hundreds of souls to God. O how I long to see the Lord's hand working wonders among us, and making the little church and cause - great, honorable, and glorious!

August 16, 1853. The last few days I have been hopeful, and prayerful. Contented with temporals, fervently desiring more spirituals. Pleading most fervently and importunately for money, to meet the expenses of the new building - but none has come in. This has not discouraged me, though temptations, and discouraging thoughts have been working within me. Last evening, I received information that a determined effort was about to be made to stop the building, and oblige us to pull down part of it. This took me by surprise - but it led me to the Lord.

How much trials endear the Lord's word! I was enabled to fall back upon, "we know that all things work together for good, to those who love God, to those who are called according to his purpose." I was led also to exclaim, "Surely the wrath of man shall praise you, and the remainder of wrath, you will restrain." If God will work, who shall hinder? The counsel of the Lord stands

forever, and the thoughts of his heart unto all generations. Here I stay. On this foundation I rest. For several days the passage has been on my mind, "Continue in prayer, and watch therein."

I took it that I must continue praying and watching until I see God opening his hand to supply our wants. This may still be its design, I must wait and see. When informed of the designs against us, my heart involuntarily exclaimed, "Lord, turn the counsel of Ahithophel into foolishness!" May it be even so. No evil to our Ahithophels - only the confusion of their counsels. To the honor of God I would record, that Sunday was a blessed day, a crowded house at night, and a solemn season. Today I have had two young people with me, to tell me what God has done for their souls. I have to propose several more to the church tonight.

August 22, 1853. On last Wednesday I had a blessed time at Gloucester, trying to exalt Jesus, and the Father's love in him. On Thursday I had a profitable time at home, when speaking from those encouraging words of the Lord, "My counsel shall stand, and I will do all my pleasure." My soul was prayerful and peaceful up to last night, when after preaching to a crowded congregation a sermon full of Christ, my mind was upset, and my temper improperly excited by contradiction, etc. I went to bed groaning and crying to God. For a time my soul was overwhelmed. I was off my guard. Satan was too crafty for me. The serpent had coiled himself up, and I did not see him, before I felt the venom!

One thing cheered me this morning, which was, that sin always disturbs my peace, and interrupts what I believe to be communion with God. Surely this is a proof that my peace and fellowship are divine. Providence shines upon the earth, for the weather is beautiful, and upon us, for many donations have come in for the chapel, during the last week. Blessed be God, that the work has not been interrupted yet - all praise to the Lord!

September 4, 1853. I have much enjoyed preaching of late, and I hear God is blessing it to the souls of men. Tonight I shall try to preach on the death of one of my hearers, and hope for a solemn, affecting, and profitable time. My thoughts have lately been much taken up with the great fact of the Lord's speedy advent, and I find it very profitable. Oh that I realized the fact more! I want to have all ready, and to live in daily expectation of his glorious appearing.

I still pray the Lord to send us supplies for the erection of our new chapel - but no large donations come in. Still money has been found - but I want to see the Lord's hand very distinctly appearing for us, and in this respect, answering our prayers. I wish to believe the promises made to prayer more simply than I ever have done, to plead them with all confidence before God, and receive distinct and decided answers to them. I want more personal and sensible dealings with God. O for faith to influence my feelings more than it does, or ever has done. O for the empowerment of the Spirit! The Spirit of life, love, liberty, and liberality. The Spirit that daily convinces me of my need of Christ, leads me to the cross of Christ, consecrates me to the service of Christ, and conforms me to the image of Christ. The lamb-like spirit - the meek and gentle disposition of Jesus. I have been searching my heart by the passage, "Now if any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of his." I trust I have it.

September 10, 1853. Most of this week has been spent among friends, Christian friends. What a mercy to have friends. What a privilege to be loved by the Lord's people. How kind it is of our gracious God, to conceal from others - what He Himself sees within us; and which if known by

others - would alienate them from us, and fill them with disgust!

What contemptible creatures we would appear to our friends - if they knew all about us! We may study our own hearts, and if we study them under the cross, it will not injure us - but benefit us. But no man may study his brother's heart - he is not to be admitted into the chambers of idols within.

We may form some idea of the hearts of others - by our own; for as face answers to face in water - so does the heart of man to man. But I find it very difficult to believe that another's heart is as bad as mine - except in the case of some heinous criminal. I cannot charge my friend with being so depraved as I am - for having such base thoughts, vile inclinations, and abominable desires as I have. Perhaps others think the very same respecting me. This may be one of the things in which heart answers to heart. "The human heart is the most deceitful of all things, and desperately wicked. Who really knows how bad it is?" Jeremiah 17:9

I have had some vile temptations this week - and there is a vile principle in my nature which acquiesces in them, and wishes it were free from all restraints, so that it could follow them. The flesh is not subject to the law of God, at least not in me, neither indeed can be; such is the Apostle's testimony, and my experience exactly agrees with it. If salvation were not the free gift of grace-it would be impossible to me.

September 15, 1853. I have visited Stroud, the Lord was gracious with me and assisted me. I saw many old friends, and all were kind. On Monday I very much enjoyed a conversation with an old friend, upon the special providence of God. He told me of several striking answers to prayer which he had received, and so brought to my mind several of the Lord's appearances for me. I felt my faith strengthened, my mind encouraged, and a spirit of prayer awakened in me. How sweet it is to converse with an experienced Christian upon experimental religion - but how seldom do we get it. I believe that Satan does all in his power to prevent it, and pride, unbelief, and false humility often hinders it.

We had a profitable church-meeting on Tuesday evening; five people told us of the Lord's dealings with them, and bore testimony to the power of the word. Several more are on the move. Surely God is with us. He is blessing us. He will bless us. His mercy is on those who fear him to all generations.

I feel my soul sweetly drawn out to God this morning. I realize that I am at peace with him. I believe he loves me. I am sure if I love anyone, or anything - I love Jesus. There is music in his dear name. He is my manna this morning - I feed upon him. He is my life - I live by him. He is my light - I am always in the dark without him. Oh to glorify him more! May every sermon be full of Christ. May my conversation savor of Christ. May I live, just to honor Jesus, and for nothing else. May I in dying, honor Jesus, exalting his dear name. May I eternally be with Jesus, and so shall I be satisfied. His coming back to our world, and that soon - rejoices my heart; it is to me more and more delightful and pleasant. Lord Jesus, come, come quickly!

September 19, 1853. On Saturday, my soul was severely tried - but on Sunday morning, we had a large and comfortable prayer-meeting; at the preaching service, there were more present, than I remember to have seen before. The Lord favored me with a sweet time in preaching on "The man Christ Jesus." Nothing gives me more pleasure, than exalting the Lord Jesus! I love to lift him up, and show forth the honor of his name. I trust it was a blessed time to the people. In the evening I

baptized five believers; the house was crammed in every part, and several hundreds went away, unable to obtain admission. I felt power in the service, and conclude that good was done. More appear disposed to join with us; may the Lord and unto us daily, of such as shall be saved. The building of the new chapel goes on - but money comes slowly in. I still plead with my good and gracious God for large donations, and he now and then sends small ones, to stir us up, and keep faith and prayer in exercise. I hope I am learning faith and patience, and that I shall soon have enough quietly to bear the will of God, without repining. I wish to be satisfied with God's arrangements. O to lose my will in the will of God entirely! I do long, sigh, and pray, to be made very useful. O to live to purpose! My God, fill me with the power, presence, and consolations of your Holy and ever blessed spirit! Power, power, power from God, is my daily prayer.

September 24, 1853. Last Tuesday and Wednesday, I was preaching and visiting in Oxfordshire. I enjoyed the former - but had to groan over the latter, for though friends were very kind, we all appeared so carnal. I could not look back on what was said, or done, with satisfaction or pleasure. My best places are my study, the pulpit, or walking alone in the country. To speak with God, think of God, or speak for God, gives me satisfaction - but little else does. Yesterday, I was out visiting in the country again, and though there was more simplicity, there was not a great deal more spirituality; at least I was not more spiritual. On Thursday, my soul was refreshed, and delighted with viewing Jesus as "The praise of all his saints." In the evening I enjoyed preaching on the subject. After the sermon, I was informed that the opposition to our new chapel was taking a legal shape, and one of my deacons had received a notice, not only to stop the building - but to pull it down. How far will the Lord allow this opposition to proceed? This is the question now waiting to be solved. Will he allow it to be said now, as in Ezra's time, "Then the work ceased of the house of the Lord?" I trust not, opposition is painful, it may be expensive - but the Lord can make it profitable. I must pray more now.

Luke 18:1-10 came in the course of my private reading of the scriptures, this morning, and it both refreshed my soul, and furnished me with a subject for the pulpit tomorrow evening. O to see the Lord's hand appearing for us in this matter! Should the Lord allow our foes to prevail, many would rejoice, and many who would not; but I cannot yet believe he will. My eyes shall be ever toward the Lord, until he plucks my feet out of the net. He will arise and have mercy.

October 2, 1853. Part of last week I was unwell - but not wholly laid aside. I saw and felt enough to make health appear a great blessing. My soul had peace with God. What a mercy it is to rest on the finished work of Jesus. To look for all to him, and leave all with him. Jesus is emphatically my all. I try hard to stir up his people to labor in his cause, with a view to honor his dear name. But I find strange materials in his church; where there is some grace, there is much corruption.

I fear most of us are living far from Jesus. There appears to be but little nearness to him, consequently we are but little like him. How difficult I find it to keep up anything like a consecutive communion with God. I labored hard on Saturday night, when pleading for myself and friends - but I could not conquer the distance, or enjoy nearness to God.

Truly the Christian life is one of conflict - of hard wrestling. Living by faith is often a very trying life. Everything just now is very dear - but in respect of temporals I feel quite at rest; I want more spiritual life, more love, more power, more sweet comfort, and to be more useful to souls.

I did not enjoy much in preaching the word this morning - but I hope for a blessed time tonight. Seldom do I enjoy preaching, unless my sermon is full of Christ. The more of Christ there is in the ministry, the more, as a rule, do I enjoy it. O to honor Jesus! O to exalt his dear, dear name! It is sweet to speak or write of Christ. I often feel a sweet savory sensation pass over my soul, when I am writing of Jesus. I never feel so satisfied, as when I have been putting forth some direct effort to honor Jesus, either by the tongue or pen, and to bring souls to him. I live for Jesus! May this ever be my motto, object, and aim.

October 11, 1853. I have visited Wiltshire, spent three days, and preached three times. I trust I left a savor of Christ behind me, and did a little good. But I cannot help sighing out, "O that I was more spiritual, when away from home!" Rather, O that I was always and everywhere spiritual! I need much patience and forbearance, for the care of the church, the claims of the congregation, and chapel building are very trying. May the Lord, in answer to many prayers, bring us safely and happily through it.

I had a good Lord's day - the place well filled in the morning, and crowded at night.

While from home, I met with a case of a good man, who was two full years in despair, and on the very brink of suicide, from conviction of sin; but who was raised to hope and comfort by that text, "Nevertheless, he regarded their affliction, when he heard their cry." I came home and preached from it with some comfort, and I hope to the profit of the people.

Two men have attempted to commit suicide in this town lately, the one a young man only twenty years of age, died, the other recovered. What a mercy to be under divine keeping. What power Satan has! I am more than ever persuaded, that we are not at all aware of the power exerted within and around us, by the influence of good and bad angels. There is a great mystery in angelic influence, both good and bad. Lord, keep me. Keep me as the apple of your eye, hide me under the shadow of your wings! O to live near to God, to walk in close and intimate fellowship with God - and then I need fear no evil. Lord, draw me near to you, and keep me near you, for your mercy's sake!

October 15, 1853. How necessary it is to keep our faith exercised on the presence, power, and promises of God; for something arises every day to try it, and to vex the soul. Nor is it less necessary to live in the daily exercise of praise and gratitude to God for all his mercies. Alas! how little heartfelt praise the Lord receives from us, for his innumerable mercies. The other day I was requested to go and see Mr. F____, a member of a Christian church, and for years an occasional preacher - but now a complete wreck. His nerves are so shattered, and his system so reduced, that he cannot take comfort in anything. Haunted with the idea that his past religion was only a delusion, he has no comfortable hope. He weeps like a child, and talks of secret sins indulged in, under a profession of religion. He appears truly wretched!

Lord, keep me from ever falling into so deplorable a state - but may I be enabled to bear every trial, carry every cross, and glorify your holy and ever blessed name in every furnace.

I am encouraged just now, by a good number of people desiring to join the church - but cannot but feel anxious at times, to know how the opposition of some toward the new chapel will end. Lord, will it succeed? Can you let our foes, in this instance, triumph over us?

October 26, 1853. Very busy, and suffering from rheumatic pain, yet mercy preponderates over everything else. Tried I am almost daily - but prayer brings down help and relief. I am daily more and more vexed with myself because I am so unlike Jesus, so unlike what I ought to be, what I wish to be. But Jesus is precious to me! On his word, work, and veracity alone - I depend for acceptance with God. I love to read of him, think of him, speak of him, and if I write at all - to write of him. I shall never glorify him as I ought, at least while I have to carry about this body of sin and death.

I had on the whole a blessed day on Sunday, and I think on the whole the people found the word sweet. I am again employed in writing for the press; may the Lord bless all I write, and keep me from writing anything that will not honor Jesus. My calls out from home, and public engagements, increase; may I never refuse one which will give me an opportunity to exalt my Lord and Savior, of benefitting his people, or of bringing sinners to repentance. O to honor Jesus! O to be useful to my fellow men! O that the Lord would deepen my sanctification, increase my spirituality, and extend my usefulness.

How swiftly time flies! How unperceived opportunities of usefulness slip away. A few years at most - and I leave this world, in its present state, forever. May I leave it without regret, and leave it better than I found it, better for my having been in it.

Last night, at Gloucester, I attended a tea-meeting, to welcome a young minister to his first charge; what momentous events, in reference to some, will result from that connection. May it be a source of blessing to thousands of immortal souls.

November 1. Since my last entry, death has removed one of my hearers: she has been long ill - but though a communicant and always mixed up with godly people, she never would speak of spiritual things during her illness, or before her death. Should I lay long ill, I do hope and pray that the Lord will give me grace to speak of Jesus. I would wish that everyone should carry from my sick bed, something that will illustrate the power of religion, endear the Lord Jesus, and promote personal sanctification. But, alas! how backward we are to speak of Jesus, and show forth the honor of his dear name. The Lord greatly assisted me on Sunday - congregations very good, and I hope that good was done. Yesterday, I was but poorly, I have had an unusual dizziness in the head lately. The swift flight of time often makes me feel very serious - as it will soon land me on the shores of the unseen, unknown world. It awakens such inquiries as, am I quite right? Am I quite safe? Is there no possibility of finding myself deceived? If I am not right - then I know not how to get right. But the influence of circumstances around me prevent my living in the sweet enjoyment of assurance as I wish. O that God would give me more grace, and bestow upon me more wisdom!

November 8, 1853. On Lord's-day morning, I was tried severely, which appeared to affect my health, for when I stood up to pray, I was attacked with dizziness, and felt the sensation of falling nearly the whole time. Nevertheless, I preached with some degree of freedom. In the evening, the house was crowded to the doors, and I enjoyed liberty, especially when speaking of rest at the end of the course. At the Lord's table, three were received into the church. On Thursday, we received notice, that application was made to chancery, to compel us to take down the whole of the front of the new chapel; and that the day fixed for hearing the case was next Thursday. This produces considerable agitation and concern. What a mercy I feel the throne of grace to be, under my

present circumstances. My spirits appear almost crushed, my soul is full of confusion. Where will all these things end?

Tonight is the church-meeting and five are expected to speak of the Lord's dealings with them. May we have a blessed time.

Surely if trouble, trial, and vexation would sanctify - I would be one of the holiest of men. But nothing but the grace of Jesus will do this. The power of the Holy Spirit is absolutely necessary! O that I had more of the spirit of Jesus! His was a self-denying spirit. He lived wholly for others. He sought not his own glory. He went about doing good. It was his food, to do the will of his Father who sent him into the world. I would live for others too. I would glorify my heavenly Father too. I would go about doing good too. But O, this flesh! O this corrupt, carnal nature - this inwrought spirit of selfishness! I sigh for ease, quiet, and comfort. Is not this the flesh? Is not this one manifestation of selfishness?

November 19, 1853. My fifty-first birthday. What mercy has God shown me! What favors he has conferred upon me! I do this day, once more, solemnly, and heartily give myself to the Lord, and anew consecrate myself to his service. My days fly fast - may I improve the few that remain to the uttermost. A letter from a young person at Halstead, Essex, informs me of her conversion through reading my "Streams in the Desert." Blessed be the Lord for this! At the church-meeting, two out of five ascribed their conversion to my ministry. This week has been spent in London. I went up to the ordination of Mr. Cole, to give him a charge, and spent three or four comfortable days, speaking four times.

Last night, we had bad news from chancery, the enemies of our new chapel are likely to prevail, and our solicitor advises us to proceed no further. This is a very sad blow, and Satan has suggested some very horrid things to my mind in consequence - but, blessed be the Lord, I have not been permitted to entertain them. I slept soundly on bad news, and feel my mind comparatively at rest this morning. It must work for good in some way, I feel sure, though in what way I cannot see. It will involve much expense, considerable delay, and will sorely try some of my poor friends; besides which, enemies will triumph, Satan will tempt, and some professors will be glad. However, I feel that I am the Lord's, I am engaged in his work, I am still honored by his Holy Spirit - and I trust that all will end well. The Lord is trying us as he did Gideon's army; may he give us a glorious victory even yet.

November 27, 1853. Last Lord's day, I preached at Forest Green, and tried to stir up the Lord's people, to feel a deep interest, and take an active part, in the missionary enterprise. All were kind to me - but I could not but fear that there was great formality there, a lack of life and the power of divine things. But why do I write so? Who needs power more than I do? For several days my soul has been burning with a desire to be more useful than I have been, and the inward excitement was almost too much for the poor body, which sensibly felt it. The dense fog kept me indoors for three whole days, except going to preach one of the evenings. But I trust, these were not lost days, for I used my pen, writing for three periodicals, to stir up the Lord's people to activity. Nothing further is done about the chapel yet - but all is at a stand-still at present. My soul is kept in peace, for I believe good will, in some way, come out of this opposition. Both Thursday evening, and this morning, I have been trying to comfort, encourage, stimulate, and direct the Lord's people. Sweetly did the words flow into, and refresh my soul, this morning, "Rest in the Lord, and wait

patiently for him; fret not yourself because of him who prospers in his way; because of him who brings wicked devices to pass." The former part was a great comfort to me, some months ago - but the latter is especially seasonable now.

Satan has tried hard to harass, torment, and mislead me - but hitherto my shield has caught and quenched his fiery darts. I can pray for all my enemies, persecutors, and slanderers, and beseech the Lord to turn their hearts. But I pant for deeper spirituality, for more thorough sanctification, and for more extensive usefulness. God Almighty, use me to bring souls to Jesus, and uphold me - to reflect the beauteous likeness of his beloved Son.

December 4, 1853. At the beginning of this week my soul felt full of energy, and I reflected on myself that I had done so little for the Lord, especially with my pen; and I went to work writing in good earnest, and enjoyed considerable assistance, so that I was very comfortable for several days. But on Friday the devil seemed to come down having great power, and full of wrath - and since then I have felt but little comfort. I have felt almost driven to distraction; my head has reeled, and I have feared reason would be dethroned.

O that I may be weaned from earthly things - and my mind be elevated to heavenly subjects. I do feel less interest in the things of time than I ever did. My one object seems to be, to bring souls to Jesus, and to stir up the minds of the Lord's people to this great and glorious work; and yet how little I do - what little effects my ministry and writings seem to produce. Conversions I do hear of - but how few, and what are they among so many. No light yet shines upon our new chapel case. The work of the house of the Lord has ceased. I hear of professors who rejoice and are glad at it. May the Lord forgive them, and turn their hearts. It is hard to flesh and blood to be placed just where we are now - but I doubt not the discipline will be beneficial to our spirits. I want to lose my will entirely in the will of God. How happy I would be then! O that my heavenly Father would fill me with his most Holy Spirit, so that I may think, speak, and act under his influence alone. Spirit of God, come, come, and take full possession of me.

December 11, 1853. This has been a peaceful week. I think I have enjoyed a gentle breathing from the everlasting hills. My soul has been alive to divine things. I can read and write with pleasure. I have a desire to be useful. I enjoy brief prayer - but yet, consecutive prayer I cannot enjoy as I wish. My soul will wander, my imagination is too active. From this I sometimes draw conclusions against myself. But at other times, I think it partly constitutional and partly bad habit. I think I never realized the substantial nature of religion, or the quieting influence of faith more in my life than I have done lately. My faith is the substance of things hoped for, the inward and full possession of things not seen. I have been tried - but generally, I am calm, peaceful, and composed.

Nothing is done further about the chapel. Thousands of prayers ascend - but no visible answer is returned. The Lord does not either speak or act. This led me on Thursday, to preach from the words of the Psalmist, "Lord, how long will you look on?" On Friday, a letter from one of my members informed me of the Lord's gracious dealings with her of late, and what a blessing the Lord had made a portion of his word to her. This led me to preach from it this morning; it was Ezekiel 36:36, "I, the Lord, have spoken, and I will do it." This has cheered and comforted me. The Lord will do it. He will do all that he has said. Not one jot or tittle shall fail - but all shall be accomplished. I must still walk by faith. I know not what the Lord intends to do - but I believe all will

be well. He works all things according to the counsel of his own will - and that will is wise, kind, and gracious. All will end well, I doubt not. My soul is now crying, "Arise, O Lord, and plead your own cause!" Faith says, "He will arise and have mercy."

December 28, 1853. Outwardly I have had peace, inwardly I have enjoyed divine things. I have written considerably for the press, and though I dislike writing as much as ever I did - I have enjoyed what I have written very much. I often wish I had written more, hoping that thereby I might have been more useful. O that the Lord would use me to do good to souls, and to honor the Lord Jesus upon earth, until he come the second time, without sin unto salvation. The chapel case remains as it did. Little money comes in, and the building stands still. We pray on, and my faith in God keeps my mind in peace. To a very great extent I feel I can acquiesce in the Lord's will, I want to do so entirely: though I must confess it would be a great gratification to me, to see the building spared and completed, and a great trial to be obliged to see the front pulled down.

Last Lord's day the weather was very trying, consequently the congregations were thin - but as I endeavored to exalt the Lord Jesus, both parts of the day, I, hope some good was done. We cannot preach Christ from a good motive, and preach in vain - this is a comfortable thought. "You know," said Paul, "that your labor shall not be in vain in the Lord." Nevertheless, I want to see fruit, much fruit, fruit that will remain to glorify my God.

December 31, 1853. Farewell, 1853, your days are numbered, your last evening has come. You have been an eventful year to me - but a year of great mercy too. Truly my God has dealt wondrously with me. If Jesus were to ask me, as he once did his disciples, "Did you lack anything?" I must answer as they did, "Nothing, Lord." No, every want has been supplied, and I have many good things in possession. I have had many fears and doubts - but they have been proved to be groundless. I have enjoyed much inward peace and satisfaction of soul of late, and have had some sweet and blessed seasons during the last twelve months. Many prayers remain to be answered, and I trust the answer to some of them will soon be sent. I long to experience a revival of religion in my own heart, and to witness the same among my people. O that they did but prize the prayer-meetings more. If I could but see them flock together, and plead with God, with heart and soul - I would think that the Lord would soon open the windows of Heaven, and pour us out a blessing. May I never overlook present mercies, while longing and looking for brighter and better things. God has been true to his word, though he has severely tried my faith, and is still trying it. O that it may be found unto praise and glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ.

Tomorrow I enter upon a new-year, may I commence it in faith and fellowship with God. May it be the best - that is, the holiest, the happiest, and the most useful year I have ever lived. May the new chapel be completed, possessed, and filled; in that may the hand of the Lord be visibly seen, and an answer to our many prayers be sensibly given, and so our faith be greatly strengthened. O Lord, pardon the sins of this year - do not allow me to carry any of the guilt of this year unto the next.

January 7, 1854. The new-year was commenced as usual with an early prayer-meeting. My new year's text and motto is 2 Samuel 22:47, "The Lord lives!" May I be enabled to place this encouraging fact against all the trials, troubles, and changes to which I shall be exposed through this year. The Lord lives - therefore I shall always have one to love me, care for me, and feel an interest in me. The Lord lives - and will fulfill his word, illustrate his faithfulness, and get glory to his

most blessed name. Friends have been very kind, the weather very severe, and many are taken away by death. The Lord is my strength, and he indulges me with much peace; though my mind is frequently disturbed and troubled.

I want to enjoy a great revival of religion in my own soul, and to witness the same in my church and congregation. What a lifeless, languishing state many even of the Lord's people appear to be in! O that the Lord would rouse me up! One woman came to me on Thursday evening, to tell me my ministry had been blessed to her conversion, and to ask fellowship with the church. Nine were received into fellowship last Lord's day evening. For these mercies, may the Lord's name be praised. The first week in another year is gone. I have done a little for God - but how little! I have written many letters this week, and pieces in print appear in four periodicals, which are extensively circulated, so that my thoughts have been read by many thousands - surely the Lord will bless them to some. I will use the pen and the press as well as the tongue - to speak to sinners, and saints, and to testify of Jesus. O that I could exalt my dear and adorable Lord more! O that the Lord would make me more useful to souls this year, than in any previous year of my life! For this purpose, I give up myself, to be taught, led, and guided by you, my most merciful and gracious Lord.

January 14, 1854. Much to praise God for this week. My faith has been tolerably steady, prayer has ascended almost incessantly to God, and I hope soon to hear that the new chapel business is settled. Today or Monday it is expected to come before the court for decision. May the Lord cast the lot, and cast it in our favor. The special prayer-meeting last evening was very encouraging, a large number present, and a spirit of prayer seemed to be among us. This was the case also on Tuesday evening at the church-meeting; four were proposed for baptism, and two from other churches; five brethren engaged in prayer. It was a most pleasant meeting. It is encouraging to know the Lord is working among us. Three of the four proposed for membership, date their conversion to my ministry - but I want to see a great and glorious work. May the Lord make bare his arm in the sight of all the nations.

I want to experience more of the power of God within me, and to find that the power of God attends my efforts to bring souls to Jesus. I do travail in birth, may I see Christ formed in the hearts of many. I think I have enjoyed nearness to God this week - but my soul still cries, "nearer, my God to you, nearer to you." O to lie in my heavenly Father's bosom! Is not that the child's place? Is not that included in what Jesus said, "You have loved them, as you have loved me." How wonderful the fact, that I should be beloved of my God! But how much more wonderful, that he should love me - just as he loves Jesus! Yet so he loves all his people.

I am hoping, longing, and praying for a blessed day tomorrow. O to see the saints mourning, because they are so little like Jesus, and sinners flying for refuge to the cross!

January 19, 1854. On Lord's day, God was with me, and in the evening a powerful impression appeared to be made. Since then, three have applied for baptism, and fellowship. On Monday, the decision of the court was given against us, in our new chapel case, and when this arrived on Tuesday, our enemies had a feast, and our poor friends a fast. I felt the news myself - but had inward peace, and an abiding persuasion that God would overrule it for good. Still to see my friends so cut up, gave me considerable pain. Satan made a desperate assault upon me, injecting some blasphemous thoughts against God, and against prayer. It seemed for a time as if my soul

would be carried away with them. I felt it difficult to keep my footing. "My feet were almost gone, my steps had well near slipped." But I soon recovered my standing, and now I have again got upon my watch, and am standing on my tower, waiting to hear what God the Lord will say unto me, and to see how God will appear for us. I believe he will. I expect him to do so.

Every letter I open, I look for a message from the Lord, and for help to carry on the cause. Hitherto he has helped, and surely he will not leave us now. Why should he? I can see no reason. I would not think of his doing so. No, "when he has tried me, I shall come forth as gold." The promise must be made good. The faithfulness of God must appear. Prayer, so much prayer, prayer from so many, cannot be refused. No, the Lord will be a present help in trouble. Our enemies may have a feast now, for a short time - but they will have to fast, while we feast by and by. My God, I cannot give up the cause into the enemy's hand yet. My hope is in you, my eyes are up unto you - do, do, do appear for us!

January 26, 1854. Last Lord's day, the Lord was with me both times in the pulpit, and I trust that good was done. I expect to hear so. In my own soul I have had some conflicts - Satan has suggested hard thoughts of God. He has suggested that prayer was vain. He has tried by all means to wrest my shield from me. But, blessed be God, I have been enabled to resist him. His darts did not enter, though they sometimes made me shudder. I have enjoyed much peace - though, at times, I have been much perplexed, by the business of the new chapel. I feel as if I could not give it up, and yet I see no way of escape. I know the Lord can make one - but will he? He will if it is most for his glory - but how can I tell that it is? The Lord will decide in his own time. He is now trying my faith, and the faith of my people, sharply. Satan also is busy at work - but I believe we shall yet overcome. It requires much patience, and much faith; may the Lord increase both. My mind is very fruitful just now in preparing sermons, and in writing for the press. Every day almost I do something in this way, and I trust I do it for Jesus. I love to write of him, and to speak of him. Many appear to sympathize with us, and some sneer and rejoice. Nothing has pained me so much, as the remarks of some of our own people, who do not see the Lord's hand at all in the matter. All will be overruled for good, I have no doubt - but I want the chapel to stand as it is, without tearing it down. Will the Lord grant me this request? O that he would! I think I should be heartily grateful, and I think that many thanksgivings would be given to his holy name.

February 1, 1854. Still at the post of observation. Comforts and crosses, peace and perplexity, pleasure and pain, make up my experience. The Lord does not forsake me, though he sees fit to try me. Nor do I give up prayer, though I cannot obtain the answer I wish. I really do wish to live peaceably, work diligently, and walk consistently; but I am thwarted, discouraged, and often turned aside. My heart is desperately wicked, and my temper is quick and hasty, my disposition is excitable, and circumstanced as I am, it is hard always to put off the old man, and put on the new.

I often hear that the Lord is blessing my poor labors, I often feel as if I was living near the margin of time, and my wish is daily to act toward all, as one who must soon stand before the great white throne. The new chapel business is full of thorns - so that I am pierced and scratched in every direction. I did hope to have known the ultimate decision before this - but I do not. I must wait a little longer. Hold out, faith and patience. Hold on zeal and courage. Sometimes I feel as if I could sing - but often, very often I sigh. My enemy tries hard to discourage me, and drive me to do something rash - but the Lord will not leave me in his hand, nor condemn me when I am judged.

Jesus is precious to me - never more so. If ever I loved him - I love him now; and if ever I loved anyone - I love the Lord Jesus. O that he would reign and rule in me, the Lord of every thought and motion!

I have now been back in Cheltenham two years, and I do not regret returning, nor can I see that I have done wrong in taking that step, tried though I have been, and am.

February 7, 1854. On Saturday I felt very unwell, and was obliged to retire early to bed. On Lord's-day my body was quite out of sorts - but I enjoyed more than usual assistance in my pulpit labors. Faith and hope have for some time kept my soul pretty calm and cheerful - but last night, while hearing of the determined, and as it appears to me, cruel and continued opposition to the new chapel, with the remarks of some professors respecting it, my soul seemed to fall flat. My heart sunk within me, and Satan began to stir up some of the corruptions of my nature, so that - but for godly fear, I know not where he would have driven me. When I came home, my wife was racked with pain, my daughter ill in bed, and my spirits were sunk as low as they well could sink. Unwell myself, and thus troubled, I feared a sleepless night - but, blessed be the Lord, I slept tolerably well, and today, though much shaken in mind, and unfitted for work - I feel more stillness of soul. This chapel affair is likely to be one of the most troublesome I have had to do with. Some of the friends take all they can off my hands, and try to keep things from troubling my mind; but the dispensations of divine providence are most trying, and I feel something within me hurrying me on, every now and then, to desperation. Yet I generally appear cheerful to others, as I would not hurt or distress them if I could avoid it. We have some around us, like the children of Edom, in the day of Jerusalem, who said, "Destroy it! Destroy it down to its foundations!" I often ask, can so many, and such fervent prayers remain unanswered? Will the Lord cast off forever? Will he be favorable no more? Has he in anger shut up his loving-kindness in displeasure? "O Lord, arise for our help. Save us for your mercy's sake."

February 12, 1854. Much exercise of soul, and severe temptations have been my lot of late. Yet, I think I have felt more for some of my friends than for myself. I cannot but hope that the Lord will yet appear for us, in reference to the new chapel. But of all trying cases this is one of the most trying. We have no right to dictate to the Lord, nor can we really have reason to complain; yet when our faith is so sharply tried, and so many prayers seem to meet with a denial - it shakes one terribly. However I feel determined to persevere, hope on, and say, "Never despair."

Forty one have been added to the church during the last year, and ten more wish to be; this is encouraging, and I wish to feel encouraged. Still I want to see greater things, for what appears great things to man, are small with God. All are tried; my brother sends me word that just now he is severely exercised, and can I expect to escape? Why should I be favored in such away? Why indeed! Through much tribulation, we must enter the kingdom of God - and those who would happily wear the crown, must patiently carry the cross. This morning I endeavored to set forth the minister's work, to preach the gospel; and the people's duty to support him in so doing. It required nerve - but the Lord gave it me, and I was enabled to be faithful; may the Holy Spirit apply it, that so the effects may be seen. Some of my people are very liberal - but as it is, I suppose in all churches - some do nothing at all. O that all would work for God, and then they would more cheerfully contribute to support his cause! May this year, through special grace from God, witness that we improve, and improve greatly.

February 19, 1854. Another trying week is ended. One wave of disappointment has followed another in reference to the chapel business, and now at last, the front must be pulled down. So far have the enemies prevailed. I never could believe the Lord would permit it, until it was decided. But now my hope on that subject is removed. How mysterious are the workings of divine providence! How strange, that after so many prayers were offered, and so much faith was exercised - that it should come to this! But so it is; and all I can do is to bow to the Lord's decision, and hope to see that he will bring light out of this darkness, and good out of this seeming evil. Our enemies triumph and laugh among themselves; they have been heard exclaiming, "I am heartily glad of it." "Father, forgive them, for they, know not what they do." But it is not all dark. The Lord is working among us by grace. On Tuesday, four people spoke before the church, and all ascribed their conversion under God, to my preaching. On Thursday, four more spoke, and two of them did the same. Thus the Lord is not leaving us without witness that he is with us. I expect to baptize these eight people tonight, and hope for a blessed time. The Lord has been with me of late, so that I have not had one barren time in preaching, and our collection last Sabbath was the best at King-Street. I do trust the Lord will now smile upon us in reference to the new chapel, and enable us to finish it; and may it stand to the latest generations, a proof of the weakness of man's enmity, and the power of faith and prayer. O Lord, use us where we are, grant us many blessings, and then take us to Cambray, and bless us more abundantly still.

February 26, 1854. Last Lord's day evening the house was literally crammed, and many went away, unable to get in. Eight were baptized, it was a blessed time, and I hope for results. I have been speaking this morning of Jesus, as the Advocate of his people; and as it is thirty years today since the Lord called me by his grace, I intend to speak from the text that was made useful to me. O may the Lord quicken some tonight, and raise up some from among us, by this sermon, to go forth and preach his word.

How wonderful have been the ways of the Lord with me since that eventful night! What mercies I have received, what trials I have endured, and what a blessing my poor labors have been made! To grace, free and sovereign grace, all the glory is due. O Lord, will you not take me afresh into your hand, and use me yet more and more for the good of souls, and your own glory. Whatever I suffer myself, I wish to preach Christ, to make others happy; and I will preach Christ while the Lord gives me health, strength and opportunity. My God, I do give myself to you anew this afternoon - let me be wholly and altogether yours.

March 5, 1854. All the early part of the week I was sorely tried, the enemy raged, the cross galled the shoulder, and the heart was heavy; but now I seem to have peace of soul. The Lord has, I trust, been present, and the result has been pleasant. This morning, at the early prayer-meeting, a sweet, soothing, and softening influence passed over me. I had fellowship with Christ in his sufferings. I sympathized with, and could have wept over, my suffering Lord. The tears started in my eyes again and again, and I felt that Jesus was precious. In the sermon this morning, I have been trying to exalt him before, and endear him to, the hearts of his beloved and believing people. I was speaking of the prophet's words, "His name shall be called Wonderful." Everything about Jesus is wonderful. But his love to me, and offering himself a sacrifice for my sins, is most wonderful of all. O that I could but love him in return, in some proportion to his love to me! My heart longs to love him - my soul desires to adore him. I wish my freshest, warmest, and strongest affections, like the flame and perfume from the altar of incense, to ascend to him. But this body of

sin and death, this enchanting world, and even these dreary troubles, seem to combine to drag me down, and keep me low. Will I not praise him, if I once feel myself unclogged, and accepted in his presence, in his Father's house? Yes, blessed be his holy and adorable name, I do trust he will bring me there, and give me an everlasting opportunity of blessing and praising him for ever. May I be used to influence the hearts of his people, with love to him, and to bring hundreds of sinners to his cross, his kingdom, and his throne. Here I am, Lord Jesus, take me and get great glory in me, by me, first on earth, and then in heaven.

March 12, 1854. Things have gone on much as usual this week. But towards the end of it, I felt a strange backwardness to prayer. My heart requires much cultivating to keep it at all fruitful. Today, I am preaching for the mission. I had a blessed time this morning, may I have a better to-night. O that the Lord would direct me to cast the net on the right side of the ship, that I may enclose a great multitude of fishes! O to catch men, and offer them up to my dear Lord and Savior! I do believe the good work is going on among us, souls are fleeing to Jesus - but I want to see multitudes. The front of the new chapel will be recommenced this week. May the Lord superintend its erection, and let it stand until Jesus comes again. In a variety of ways, I hear that the Lord is using me; blessed be His holy name for this. He never used a more unworthy instrument! May it bring glory to His free and sovereign grace! My eyes are up unto the Lord, and all my expectation is from Him. He is all my salvation - and all my desire.

I learn daily more of the depravity of my own heart - and consequently see more and more of the necessity of Christ's free, full, and complete salvation. Jesus must save me. I have no merit - but His; no righteousness - but His; no name to plead before God - but His! His blood must cleanse me, His obedience must clothe me, His Spirit must purify me, His Word must direct me, and His grace must qualify me for the enjoyment of the inheritance of the saints in light. My creed is: Jesus all - self nothing!

March 19, 1854. What a strange, paradoxical creature I am! And what a trying path is that in which I am appointed to walk. Every day brings some special trials, and I am tried with all sorts of bewildering thoughts. What with the temptations of Satan, the trying dispensations of divine providence, and my own unmanageable heart - it would be no wonder if I was to cast my shield of faith away. I feel at times, such a strange reluctance to go to prayer, and am often so lifeless when engaged in it, that I scarcely know what to make of myself! This may partly arise from the powerful temptations with which I have been plied on the subject of prayer, for some time past. I had great faith in prayer, and appeared to be supported in the same by many portions of God's word; but the Lord's refusal to hear prayer in reference to the new chapel, and the difficulties we are now in, in consequence, have strangely staggered me, while Satan often suggests, "What is the use of your praying? You see that the Lord will not answer you; you have prayed, pleaded, believed, and expected - but have been disappointed; your views of special providence are not correct; you ought to question your adoption, or the truth of what you believe; you cannot be right - or things would not have taken the turn they have; you are wrong - you have done wrong in coming here. The people have been wrong all through, you may see this, for the Lord favors your enemies, and no cause in the town has met with the difficulties, discouragements, and opposition yours has," etc. O how my soul has been tossed about by these, and other waves of temptation! My enemy is very crafty, very powerful, and exactly suits his temptations to the state of my mind. Lord, how long?

March 26, 1854. Crosses, conflicts, and comforts, make up my lot. I suffered much from the former, for several days last week; I had conflicts nearly the whole of it - but I have had some sweet comforts too. What a comfort it is to be made useful, and I hear by letter and otherwise, that the Lord is making use of me. He uses me to comfort his saints, whom I have never seen, and to bring sinners to himself. The opposition of Satan is vain, the wrath of man cannot prevent me doing good. I only want to be useful on a large scale.

I have enjoyed some sweet moments in my own soul. Several times in prayer, the Holy Spirit has seemed to breathe upon my soul, drawing it out in sweet exercises at the mercy-seat, and upward in holy aspirations toward himself. I often feel - what would I do without prayer? And yet I often feel dry, barren, and lifeless, at the mercy-seat! The Holy Spirit alone can quicken, and keep alive my soul. I need the constant putting forth of his power in me. O that I was full of the Holy Spirit and of power! The building of the new chapel now goes on apace, I continue to plead with my heavenly Father for money - but little comes in at present. I have, and do frequently ask for great things, and must now wait and see - will the Lord answer me? I feel as if I could not give up my confidence in God, as a God of providence, though he has tried it so much. I trust he will yet shine upon us, and make all his goodness pass before us. O Lord, give me a spirit of real, earnest, agonizing importunate prayer, which will take no denial - but wrestle until it prevails.

April 9, 1854. Still hoping in God's mercy, looking to the Lord Jesus, and holding on my way. In one sense, I make little progress - but in another I seem to fly toward home. Time hurries me onward - but the state of my soul is pretty much the same.

I have very much enjoyed the prayer-meetings lately, especially early on the Lord's day morning. I enjoy praying in public more than in private, which sometimes gives Satan an occasion against me. The Lord Jesus has been very precious to me of late. My soul has felt a sweet glow while speaking of him, or giving out some of our sweet hymns. I melted this morning while doing so, and emotion affected my utterance. I could freely have wept over my loving Savior. But I want to be wholly taken up with him. To be lower than ever at his feet. To speak more to the honor of his dear name. To live more as he lived when he was here among men. The new chapel is fast rising again, and I go on praying for money, and for great success when it is opened. My soul is longing for a sensible revival of religion now in the hearts of the Lord's people, making them lively, lovely, and zealous; and also among sinners, bending their wills, breaking their hearts, and bringing them to Jesus. O to see a good and great work wrought! I bless the Lord for what he has done - but I long to see greater things than these. I feel my soul very much stirred up to pray for it, and I hope the Lord will in mercy answer my prayer.

Nature is now beautiful; may we have a bright and beautiful spring-tide in grace! May the plant of renown, become more than ever renowned among us!

April 9, 1854. During the past week I have been suffering from influenza, so that though not laid aside from my work, I have felt scarcely fit for anything. No heart, no energy. My pen has lain still. But blessed be the Lord, yesterday and today I am much better, so that I feel nearly myself again. At the early prayer-meeting this morning, we had the largest number I have seen since my return. I do love to see the people flock to the prayer-meetings, it always awakens hope in my bosom, and draws my soul upwards towards God. I had a blessed time this morning, in preaching on the establishment of the covenant, and the confirmation of the Lord's name, or covenant title. Blessed

be God for a covenant ordered in all things and sure, which contains all my salvation and all my desire.

I am hoping for a blessed time tonight, in preaching to the young. O that the Lord would specially put forth his power among us, and win many souls for himself! I shall have about 900 hand-bills distributed also today, from which I may hope for some fruit. O for a great and powerful work of God among us! He is certainly with us. We felt it at the Lord's table, last Lord's day evening; we often feel it. But we want an extraordinary display of his presence, power, and love.

I have certainly much to encourage me, as well as much to cast me down. My spirits have, on the whole been pretty good for some time. May the Lord bear me up, and bear me on, until I see my desire upon my enemies. I long to see them all converted into friends. How I long to love every one, and to see every one loving. God of love, shed your own love abroad in the hearts of your people, and fill the whole world with love!

April 16, 1854. During the week I have been sick and at home - and away from preaching; and while absent had one of the most severe asthmatic attacks I ever experienced. How painful to labor and gasp for breath, as I then did. My soul cried right heartily to the Lord, and at length he sent me relief. How different the things of time appear under such circumstances. How soon one feels willing to spread the wings and fly away. May I daily live under the impression I then felt.

Jesus has been my theme through the week, and I have enjoyed proclaiming his most precious name. He is my theme today, and though poorly in body, I feel happy in lifting him up before his people. May I enjoy more of his precious grace, and walk more in the light of his countenance.

I am still crying to the Lord for financial help, as our chapel-building calls loudly for it - but hitherto, my prayers remain unanswered. O that the Lord would hear me upon this point, and appear for us! Tomorrow I leave for London, where I expect to spend about two weeks, and preach to my former flock. I trust the Lord will make me useful in the great city, and preserve me from all evil there; especially keep me from all sin. May I do great good, and no harm, while I am absent from home.

I feel that I need to be daily kept - to have the Lord's eye constantly upon me, and His everlasting arms always beneath me! "Hold me up - and I shall be safe!" Psalms 119:117 How I long . . . for closer communion with God, to feel more of the sweet power of piety in my own heart, to walk with God in confidence, to lean upon Him, to cast every care upon Him, to leave everything with Him, to aim always, and in everything to glorify Him, to walk through the world as if one was walking straight home to God - to dwell with and to enjoy Him forever!

April 30, 1854. Most of the last two weeks was spent in London, preaching to my old flock, seeing old friends, and attending public meetings. During my stay in town, I suffered much from my lungs and breath. Never was I so ill. It made me cry heartily to the Lord. Right glad was I to return home again. The meetings did not appear to have much life in them, nor was there much power. I felt it very difficult to get near or keep near the Lord, on these exciting occasions. In secret I enjoy more of God, or in the sober exercises of devotion in the sanctuary.

Blessed be the Lord for sustaining and keeping me up while from home, and returning me once more to my family and flock in peace. I feel as if I realized eternity more than ever. I want to look forward to death with joy - and to be willing to lay down my work, just when the Lord pleases; even

in the middle of it, if it is his will.

I feel more and more, what a poor creature I am - but Jesus just suits me! I cast myself upon him day by day. He is everything to me, and without him I am eternally undone! O to cleave closer to him, to walk step by step with him, and daily to become more like him! He is my all. I wish to live for him, to speak for him, to write for him, and to act always and everywhere for him. O Jesus, come and fill my heart, tune my tongue, and use my pen to bring honor to your glorious name! Take me as I now offer myself to you, and from this moment, may my one, my only object be, to glorify your blessed name. May I have no concern about what men say, or what men may think of me - if I may but praise, honor, and glorify you! May 7, 1854. During the past week I have had much to mourn over, and much to be grateful for. My hope is in Heaven. My heart is on Jesus. I cannot get near, or live as near to Jesus as I wish. Yet I cannot be satisfied without. Jesus is precious to me. I love to exalt his dear name. I never longed more ardently to bring sinners to him. A few come. O to see a multitude thronging to him! The new chapel goes on - but the devil seems exceedingly mad against it, and the Lord tries us by it. Much money is needed, and but little comes in. I bless God for what he sends, and most earnestly do I pray for more. O that the Lord would open his hand in this respect, and drop us down the blessing we need. My asthma still continues to be affected, and my cough is often troublesome. But be it as it may, I wish to acquiesce in the will of God. I know that what he appoints is best. I wish to have my feelings regulated by this persuasion at all times. But I am naturally irritable, and I have so many things to act upon my sinful nature, that I feel hurried away from my anchor-hold, and am filled with confusion and sorrow! May the Lord use me tonight - to glorify his dear name, feed his people, and bring some sinners to his feet. I tried to exalt Jesus this morning, as, "The Mighty God," asserting and proving his divinity, endeavoring to excite confidence in his friends - and fear in his foes. May 18, 1854. Nearly a week I spent in Sheffield, where I went to preach for the mission. There I had a violent attack of asthma; one night especially, the paroxysms were dreadful. Surely I shall never forget that night. I was ill the whole time I was there. Since my return home I am better - but far from well. I feel that I have asthma for life. After the public meeting at Sheffield, I felt deeply humbled in myself, under a sense of my exceeding sinfulness. What would I be, without the grace of God - if I am thus sinful with it? The fiery dart is often thrown at me, "But have you the grace of God?" Yes, surely I have, notwithstanding my vileness, and innumerable imperfections. There are few greater sinners than I - if all things are taken into the account, yet I trust the free grace of God will forever be glorified in my salvation. This is a memorable day to me, as on this day, twenty-six years ago, I first preached in this town.

What changes I have seen!

What sins I have committed!

What mistakes I have made!

What mercies I have received!

What deliverances I have experienced since then! The greatest part of my life is spent - but is it the best part? The most useful part? The most holy part? Or will God crowd many and great events into the few remaining days of my life?

I am extremely foolish, for when I was at W____, not long ago, suffering from the state of my lungs - I envied a brother minister his apparent good health, and ability to work for God - and yesterday I received a note from him, to say that the physician had ordered him to be silent for at least three months, his brain being affected. May the Lord restore him - and pardon me! May 25, 1854. Last Lord's day was, I hope, a blessed day. The Lord helped me. In the morning I preached seriously to myself profitably, and with a hearty desire to do my people good. At night the house was very crowded. I tried to exalt Jesus, and then buried six believers with him in baptism. Three more have conversed with me, and wish to come forward. God is certainly with us - but I do long to witness a great work. My soul glows this morning with a desire to be useful. O to bring immortal souls to Jesus!

Blessed be God, my health is better, though my breathing is still a great deal affected. But I want to get above these earthly and temporal things, and acquire deeper sanctification, and more extensive usefulness. My soul was bowed down within me yesterday on account of my sinfulness - especially my proneness to talk of some people without perfect love to them, or a desire to glorify God by what I say respecting them. O that I loved everyone, especially every Christian, fervently with a pure heart. This cursed SELF - this proud, vain, stupid SELF - will work, and debase me! O to see it on the cross, and hear its expiring groan! "I know that nothing good lives in me, that is, in my sinful nature. For I have the desire to do what is good - but I cannot carry it out. For what I do is not the good I want to do; no, the evil I do not want to do - this I keep on doing!" Romans 7:18-19

I have done but little for God lately; being poorly in body, my spirits have been low, and I have been more inclined to sit and read, than go right heartily to work. My conscience does not sanction this, nor can I reflect upon it with satisfaction. I never wish to be anything more or less than a workman for God. How much I might have done, had I been as industrious as I ought! But reflecting on the past will do but little good, unless it leads me to more activity for the future. May Jesus become daily more precious, may my love to souls become daily more deep, and may I daily become more in earnest to live while I live - to live to some good and glorious purpose.

June 2, 1854. I trust the Lord is with us. I have enjoyed public work, and have felt a spirit of prayer at times powerfully working in me, especially for three things.

First, for deeper and more thorough consecration to God. I want to feel more of the power of the Spirit in my heart, and to manifest more of it in my life, labors, and conversation.

Second, for a great revival of religion in my church and congregation. To see hundreds bowing under the power of the word, and yielding themselves unto God. O for the power and unction of the Holy Spirit, to be felt and enjoyed under my ministry. I greatly rejoice to see the place crowded as it is - but I want to bring every soul to Jesus, and to see pastor and people made like Jesus.

Thirdly, for money to meet the expenses of the new building. Through the opposition we have met with, there will be at least one thousand pounds more expended than we expected, and I have been pleading with the Lord, to send me at least five hundred. Every day, and, often many times in the day I pray for this. Shall I receive this answer to my prayers, this confirmation of my faith, this stimulus to my gratitude. I trust I shall. I feel more inward peace on the subject lately. May the Lord make me truly grateful for every mercy.

I feel much more energy these last few days, and blessed be the Lord, my health is much better. I can breathe freely, and my cough is not so bad. I have just finished reading the life of Dr. Judson; it was a treat to my soul. I often sighed out, O that I was like Judson! But as often corrected myself, and exclaimed, O that I was like Jesus!

I am praying and hoping for a blessed day next Sunday; hope lifts up my head and my heart. Last night, I enjoyed preaching from Judges 8:4, "Faint, yet pursuing them."

June 10, 1854. Last Lord's day was a blessed day, for though in the morning I did not feel much unction or power, in the evening the Lord was evidently present with me. The Lord's table I enjoyed much.

Wednesday and Thursday, the annual meetings of our association were held at Eastcombs; the Lord favored me with health and ease, enabled me to preach to my brethren, and to enjoy their company. A good spirit appeared to reign among us - but the state of the churches appears to be anything but encouraging. Many of the churches have decreased in number, others remain stationary, only eight had really made progress. A day for special prayer is fixed for Monday the twenty-sixth; may the Lord incline his people to come together, and wrestle with him. O for more prevailing prayer! I do feel its importance, and the necessity there is for it; not only so, I long and ardently desire to have the spirit of prayer habitually resting upon me. The Lord has helped me today in preparing for tomorrow, and may the power of God be mightily exerted among us. I preach to the young in the evening, and O how I long to see them subdued, brought to Jesus, and united with his church! My God, give me light, power, and love tomorrow; that many dear young people may be won for Jesus! I watch for souls, to win them, to edify them, to fit them for usefulness and Heaven; may I never watch in vain, nor forget that I must give an account!

June 14, 1854. The Lord helped me on the last Lord's day, not only to go through my work - but to be faithful in it. The congregations, and the attention paid, were most encouraging. But I continue to feel much dizziness, especially when standing with my eyes closed in prayer in the pulpit, which agitates and depresses me.

Most days bring something to try my faith, vex my mind, and test my temper. I do intensely long to acquiesce in the whole will of God. To put a blank into the Lord's hand and say, "Lord, fill it up as you will, I shall be content." But my flesh is very cowardly, and my health does not appear to be so sound as it once was.

I think much of eternity, of being with Jesus, of beholding his glory, and enjoying his presence forever. Where is Heaven? What is Heaven? When shall I be in Heaven? These are questions that interest me, and yet my judgment tells me I have nothing to do with them. To have a title to Heaven, to be actually ready for Heaven, and to be willing either to go or stop, as the Lord pleases - are points of far greater interest. Usefulness is still my great object, and my ardent desire and prayer. May the Lord indulge me in this particular. Our new chapel business is very trying. Money comes in so very slowly and in such small quantities, and is called for so fast, and in such large amounts, that I feel perplexed and troubled. What the Lord intends to do with us, I cannot say. Many prayers offered on the subject remain to be answered, unless the Lord rejects them. O for submission, absolute submission! O for resignation, entire resignation to God's will! Yesterday I preached twice in a village, and tried to stir up gratitude to God in the hearts of the saints, and to

attract sinners to the Lord Jesus. O that the seed may spring up, and bring forth fruit!

June 22, 1854. I have spent the greater part of a week in Yorkshire, and the Lord has been very gracious to me, both journeying and in the pulpit. But I daily learn more and more what a poor thing I am. I begin often to sigh for my heavenly home. I meet with so much to agitate my mind, depress my spirits, and try my temper. It is a great mercy that I can sleep pretty well. O that I could pray as well as I can sleep! But alas! in prayer I am so often dry, barren, and lifeless. I am ashamed to call it prayer. I cannot often call it communion with God. If salvation were not wholly of grace - I feel that I must be lost - I would have no hope! Yet, I enjoy preaching the word, I prize the ordinances of divine appointment, and the Savior is truly precious to my soul. O that I was like him - meek and lowly in heart - then I would find rest unto my soul! Rest, by calmly acquiescing in the will of God, by bowing before the storm, by staying the soul with all its concerns upon the Lord. If ever a soul desired and wished to yield gently and submissively to the will of God - mine does; but if ever a soul was tossed by tempests, raised by outward circumstances - mine is. What shall I say? Shall I cry out, "O wretched man that I am!" Rather let me once more endeavor to roll every burden on the Lord, to cast every care on Jesus, and to submit myself with resignation to the will of God. Lord, give your poor servant, your poor child - grace to do so!

June 30, 1854. I am sighing and striving to acquiesce in all the will of God, to not be anxious for anything - but to cast every care on Jesus. This I find to be exceedingly difficult, for the dull and lifeless manner in which some proceed in the building of the chapel, tries me to the quick. Often I feel myself betrayed into a hasty, unlovely, complaining state of mind. This only irritates and agitates me, brings guilt on the conscience, and gives Satan an occasion against me. My soul is overflowing with a desire to see a great revival of religion, especially in my own congregation. For this I daily pray and sigh, my whole soul seems to go out in prayer, and I can pray for this, when I can feel liberty in praying for scarcely anything beside. I mourn over much dryness of soul in private prayer. Such lack of energy, savor, and unction. Few Christians suffer so much from this, as I do. My soul is often full of heaviness - and yet the Lord is gracious. On last Lord's day I tried to stir up the people to pray for a large out-pouring of the Holy Spirit; and on Monday night a goodly number gathered together for this purpose. O that the Lord would hear us, and grant us the request of our lips.

I often turn my eye homewards now, and try to calm my mind with the thought that I shall soon be there - and then I shall be forever done with the trials of the wilderness! But I know comparatively little of holy longing to be depart and be with Christ - yet being on the road, I hope safely to arrive there in the Lord's time.

I have been suffering much bodily pain - but after all, my mercies are great, my sins innumerable, and if my sufferings are compared with my deserts - they are but small.

July 7, 1854. Faithful is he who called me, who has hitherto equipped me, stood by me, and used me for his glory. Tried I have been, and am - but has the Lord any servant who is not tried? I know of none, though many of them do not appear to be tried as much as me. However, I have nothing to do with the allotments of my fellow-servants, unless I can help them - but my business is to improve myself, and glorify God by attending to my own. No doubt all is right and I shall see all to be right in the end. My cross is on my right shoulder - and it is the right cross too!

Last Lord's day was a blessed day to many in King-Street, and it was not a bad one to me. The Lord helped me, and I enjoyed His word and ordinances. My soul is still crying out for greater usefulness, and for a great revival of religion. O to see sinners flocking to the Savior in crowds, and as doves to their windows!

O to see the Lord's people thoroughly alive and happy in the Lord's work! The slow progress of the new chapel, and the lack of funds, tries my spirit very much. I daily, yes almost hourly, cry to God for them - but his hand is fast closed. Surely he will arise and have mercy upon us. His word is true. His promises are faithful. His ear is not heavy, neither is his arm shortened. I do hope in his mercy, his tender mercy. I do trust in his word, his faithful word. He will not, I feel as if he cannot, fail me. A letter from _____ this morning, cheered me. I wish he would write oftener to me. He is unsettled in his mind - but I hope will not think of leaving his charge. May I never have to move again, for I wish to live and die with my present charge - if it is the Lord's will. More grace, more success, and to bring more glory to God - is the sum of my desires. May the Lord grant them!

July 15, 1854. Another week of trial and exercise is nearly gone forever. I sigh for quiet - but am daily disturbed. My spirit and temper are tried as well as my faith. Prayers remain unanswered, and from almost every quarter, something springs up to trouble me. A little thing agitates, perplexes, and excites me now. O earth, I find little repose in your bosom - perhaps I shall soon find more in your grave! I begin to weary of earth much, and were it not that I believe I am of some little use, I think I should do so much more.

Last Lord's day morning was very wet, and my congregation but thin; at night we were crowded, and I preached to the young with a good deal of freedom and power. Tomorrow I have three sermons; may the Lord afford me special help, put power into the word, and grant a large blessing. The weather just now is very trying; we need fine warm weather - but we have a good deal of rain. May the Lord, as the God of providence, favor us with a good and plentiful harvest.

How will it be with me in the last great harvest? What sheaves shall I have to bring with me? How much fruit shall I bring forth to perfection? O that I could live for God, for the Lord Jesus, doing whatever I do for God's sake, for Christ's sake, having reference to divine approbation alone! Once more, my Savior, I give myself away to you - to think for you, to act for you, to glorify you in all I do, say, or suffer!

July 24, 1854. I have had a quiet week; very little to disturb my mind; and yesterday was a very blessed day. In the morning I preached on "Holiness to the Lord," with life and savor. There was a good degree of doctrine, experience, and practice in the discourse; may the Lord greatly bless it. In the evening I baptized four, who call themselves my spiritual children - the house was crowded. I felt great love to souls, and spoke to all classes with simplicity, affection, and a deep concern to do them good. O how intensely my soul longs for a revival of religion, to realize the mighty power of the Holy Spirit exerted in our hearts, and in our midst. The heat of the weather makes the body feel feeble - but my soul is all on fire to be used in a great work. God is working - and I desire to be sincerely grateful. God is trying me - and I desire to bow before him with meekness, faith, and fear. I still pray for money for the new building; when shall I have to record that the Lord has answered these prayers, and gone far beyond my highest expectations? For several important reasons, I languish for an answer to these prayers; and until the answer comes, I shall hope still to say with the Psalmist, "My soul follows hard after you, your right hand upholds me; because you have been

my help, therefore in the shadow of your wings I will rejoice." O for persevering prayer, fortitude, and courage, that I may press on, work hard, hope continually - and expect from the Lord's hand the greatest possible blessing!

August 6, 1854. On Tuesday evening I was called to see a young person in the agonies of death; suffering also from a state of uncertainty of mind. She died about two hours after I left her. How solemn to see a person thus lingering on the borders of eternity, and to have to speak to such a one on the concerns of the never-dying soul! May I be found quite ready, willing, and waiting, whenever it shall please God to call for me.

Something or other is always occurring to exercise my mind, trouble my spirit, and cause me grief; may all be sanctified to my soul's good, and to the benefit of my people. O how I long to see them holy, active, and separate from the world! This morning I have enjoyed speaking of my Lord and Savior who has done all things well. Tonight I received six into the church; may our additions be of the right sort - the vigilant, working, and devoted servants of the Lord Jesus.

August 13, 1854. The heat of the weather has made me languid, so that I have not done much with my pen. Our prayer meetings have been full of calm, quiet life, and power; producing great love, and exciting the hope that God is about to do some great work among us. O that he would convert hundreds of souls to himself! I think I do travail in birth for souls, and feel dissatisfied with myself when I let opportunities slip, which might have been improved for this purpose. I would pray day and night for souls to be brought to Jesus. I believe my honest desire to see the new chapel finished, (and O how I long for it!) is that more souls may be brought together to hear of him, and so be converted to him. That building lies with a great weight on my mind, and daily drives me again and again to the throne of grace, to seek for means; yet the Lord does not send them. I cannot but believe that he will.

I do find prayer a great mercy, and yet I feel a strange backwardness to pray, and lifelessness in prayer. Religion is with me a great reality, as natural and as necessary as my daily food. But the degree of religion that I want, I have not arrived at - to live making it my honest, simple, unreserved aim to please God in all things. This is what my heart is set upon. This is what my soul longs for. This the Holy Spirit can produce within me; therefore I will seek it, daily seek it; and may I be enabled to do so with full purpose of heart. O to be sanctified wholly!

August 16, 1854. I have to record the Lord's mercies, and I would do it with devout thankfulness. After my last entry I had a sweet, and I believe divine communication. I felt as if pervaded and penetrated with the divine presence. The softest, sweetest, and most loving sensations were produced in my soul. Jesus was inexpressibly precious. The very utterance of his name was sweet. I felt as I have done in the earlier stages of my experience. I seemed to return to the days of my youth. O for many such sweet cordials! They so refresh the spirit, revive one's graces, and brighten one's evidences. I felt so sweetly soothed, solaced, and delighted - that I could have imagined some loving angel was fanning me with his wings. Surely it was a foretaste of the fruits of the celestial paradise, a foretaste of everlasting glory, a foretaste of the joys that are at God's right hand. In the evening of last Lord's day, I had a crowded house, and felt much power and pleasure in preaching to the young people. Nor has the Lord forgotten my temporal needs, for a dear Christian friend whom I have never seen - but who has assisted me before, sent me ten pounds from Reading, very unexpectedly, to assist me at this expensive time. Last night six more

were proposed to the church, and we enjoyed a most delightful season of prayer and praise. God is with us. He does work among us. I trust he is about greatly to bless us. O that he would answer prayer by sending money for the new chapel! I feel as if I must believe, that in his own time he will. No doubt his time is best - but it tries me to see the brethren burdened, and a stimulus to push forward in the work needed.

August 21, 1854. I have nothing but mercy to record; for, though I have fits of depression - yet the Lord's mercy has surmounted and over-topped them all. I think Thursday evening was a profitable time; on Friday evening the prayer meeting was crowded; many were out yesterday morning to the early prayer meeting. At eleven o'clock I had a full house and a blessed time - but at night the place was crammed; my subject was very solemn, my spirit tender, and I trust that good was done. My soul does travail in birth for sinners; and I feel as if I was living very much in the presence of God. I think I have an unusual sense of the divine presence with me lately, and my soul flows forth in prayer and praise. I never felt more interested in my work, or more at home in it, or more anxious for a powerful blessing to rest upon it. O to save souls from death - hundreds of souls! Blessed be God, I am not useless now, and I hope to be more useful by and-bye. I am exceedingly anxious to see the new chapel open; progress is made - but I want to see all full of life and concern about it. Surely the Lord will make it the birth-place of many souls. I imagine Satan fears this, and therefore manifests such determined opposition to it.

August 29, 1854. Thirty years ago this day I was married! What scenes I have passed through since that day! Through what floods I have waded! Over what flowery plains I have passed. Hitherto the Lord has helped me. His power has kept me - or what would I have done? His providence has led and supplied me - or where should I have been? All that has been good - has been from God; all that has been bad - has been from the devil, or man, or myself. God has been righteous. I have been unrighteous. God has been true. I have been false and fickle. God has been good; but I have been evil. Here I once more set up my Ebenezer, and start afresh for glory and for God. I have had blessed times in preaching the word, and at the prayer meetings; the congregations have been large, and the attention great - but I want to witness more of the power and presence of the Spirit of God. I read at the prayer meeting last night, an account of a powerful revival of religion in Burgundy. O that I could see a glorious revival here; for this I sigh, pray, and daily cry!

September 4, 1854. Much painful exercise was my lot the latter end of last week. On Saturday night my soul was fired with a desire to be useful to souls, and I pleaded with God on the subject. Can I plead in vain? I believe I shall not. But Satan hates me with a deadly hatred, he watches me closely, he appears to dog my path, and is intent upon doing me some mischief. May the seed of the woman once more crush his infernal head! O to see him chained, and bound for a thousand years!

Yesterday was extremely hot. We had a large prayer-meeting in the morning, and both the other services were well attended. But I want to see more life, more decision, and more activity for God, among my people. In the afternoon a young man called, to tell me the Lord had met with him at King Street during the year, and brought him to Jesus. Blessed be the Lord for this! On Tuesday last, the Sunday-school teachers invited me to tea with them in the chapel; after tea one of the superintendents informed me that he was called under my ministry in Bethel, and his brother, now

an active local preacher in Worcester, was called under my ministry in Salem: of these instances of conversion, I had never heard before. Bless the Lord, O my soul! After this, the other superintendent presented me with a purse containing five sovereigns as a token of love and esteem, assuring me it would have been much more - but that the teachers who were nearly all poor, had confined the subscriptions to themselves, as they wished it to be an expression of their love. Thus I have many mercies and encouragements, though I have enough of the opposite to keep my little shattered bark from foundering.

September 13, 1854. Last Lord's day I was preaching at Bradford, Wilts, and enjoyed a good degree of assistance. Upon the whole I was comfortable while absent - but I always find it difficult to keep up communion with God, while from home. Tuesday evening, we had a very pleasant church-meeting, six people spoke of the Lord's dealings with them; two dated their first impressions to my preaching, and two to Sunday school teachers; all professed to be greatly benefitted at King-Street. No money comes in for the new chapel, though it is badly needed. This is a great trial of faith. I trust the Lord will appear for us, and that soon. The cholera rages dreadfully in London - but we are mercifully preserved here; may the Lord make us truly grateful, and preserve us still. Satan, my arch enemy, appears to try every means to hinder me in my work; but as he succeeds best with professors, he generally employs them as his instruments. May the Lord give me . . . faith in his word, patience with his people, delight in his work, power at his throne, and boldness before him at his coming.

September 22, 1854. Bless the Lord for every mercy! If I did - I would be always blessing him. But alas! though not always unthankful, I am far from being as grateful as I ought to be. Last Lord's day I was divinely assisted; a crowded place, and liberty in preaching. Monday I preached to a crowded congregation at Forest Green, and on Tuesday addressed a large meeting at Stroud. Last night, two young men came to tell me that the Lord had led them to Jesus among us, and had given them peace. This has stirred me up afresh to sigh and cry for the conversion of souls. O that God would give us a great and glorious revival. He is working, and I bless his dear, dear name. I hear, I see that God is working, and I will praise him for it, and plead for more power yet.

Nearly a hundred could not get into the chapel last Lord's day evening. O that our new place was but ready to receive them. The conduct of one from whom I expected much, wounds my very soul. He appears to have little or no sympathy with God. Pride, spiritual pride, generating jealousy and envy - is at the root of it all. How much good one man may do - and how much mischief may he occasion. I wish such things could pass over my mind without stirring up my corruptions, and exciting my temper; but they do not, and consequently, I soliloquize for hours in a very unprofitable way, and lose time which ought to be better spent. But it is but the repetition of an old lesson - for wherever I have expected most from man - I have found least; and when I have looked for help from man - I have found hindrance. O that the Lord would sanctify to my soul every such occurrence, and enable me to work the more - the more Satan raises up people to hinder, wound, and disturb me. O that God would chain up that wicked devil, and allow him to disturb his church no more!

September 29, 1854. The Lord be praised for his mercies, and may I ever trust in him for his promised supplies. I have had help and blessing in the pulpit, and I have had trials and sorrows out of it. My spirits have been depressed by the slow progress of the new chapel, and I have been

severely tried from another source. Why am I thus tried? O why? There must be some wise end to answer by it - but I see not that end. I feel at times like a lion in a net, I could roar for the disquietude of my soul - but I cannot extricate myself. I sigh, groan, cry, and look up to the Lord - will he not appear for me; will he not bring me through the fire and through the water - out into a wealthy place? Surely he will turn and have mercy upon me, for the time to favor me must soon come. What shall I do in the end thereof? Will my latter days be bright or dreary? Will my last end be marked with peace, confidence and joy? All my hope is stayed on Jesus. To him alone I look for help. From his free mercy, I look for support, relief, and deliverance. He knows my foolishness - and my secret sufferings; groans, and cries are not hid from him; on him alone I rely, and he is precious to my soul.

I do of late secretly enjoy the love of Jesus, and feel more inward assurance of interest in his glorious person and magnificent work. O that I always felt myself . . . in his presence, encircled by his arms, and near to his loving heart!

He is all my salvation, and all my desire. He is my theme - and to bring sinners to trust in him, and to bring saints to admire, love, and obey him - is the delight of my soul. Blessed be God that I ever heard the sound of his name, and that that sound was musical to my soul!

October 7, 1854. Last Lord's day I was favored with divine assistance, and a full house. On Monday I traveled to North Bradley, and preached in the evening, with life and energy. On Tuesday afternoon I preached again, and was greatly assisted; in the evening we had a public meeting, and such a meeting, so solemn, so impressive, so calculated to do good. God was felt to be peculiarly present, by many, if not most who were there. An aged minister told me afterwards that he never attended such a meeting before. On Wednesday I went to Westbury, and preached to a crowded congregation there. I never had a journey in which I enjoyed more divine assistance, or was more serious, spiritual, and happy. On Thursday I returned home with safety; in the evening I preached to my own flock with comfort, and have since been confined with a bad cold. My soul was overflowing with love to souls, and has been burning with zeal for their conversion. I have been looking forward to a blessed day tomorrow.

October 16, 1854. My two last Lord's days have been serious, solemn, and impressive. O that they may prove to be successful. To win souls is my object, on this my heart is set, and to this my labors are directed. If I lose sight of this in my public exercises, I feel dissatisfied when I think of it, whatever I may have enjoyed before. Three spoke before the church last Tuesday, who ascribed their conversion to my instrumentality, and I expect three more to speak tonight. May the next Lord's day, when they will be baptized, be a glorious day.

I have many, and some of them very heavy trials - but the Lord very graciously "stays the rough wind in the day of the east wind." My health is generally good, my congregation keeps up, the church is in peace, souls are converted, and I have some sweet seasons of inward peace, and spiritual enjoyment.

October 23, 1854. Last Monday three spoke before the church very satisfactorily; two of them, I think, considered me the means of their conversion. Yesterday was a blessed day. At the early prayer-meeting every one seemed to pray from the heart, and I expected a blessing. The weather was not very pleasant, so that the morning congregation was not quite so large as it sometimes is.

I enjoyed preaching on the love of our espousals. In the afternoon one of my young members came to take leave of me for London; and I heard that another had gone very much into the world of late; these things affected me. In the evening the place was crammed, and I was enabled to preach with much clearness and power from Ecclesiastes 5:4, on keeping one's vows to God. Deep seriousness appeared to sit on every countenance, and I hope good was done. The ordinance of baptism was administered with decency and order, and was much enjoyed by the candidates and others.

I do feel grateful for my mercies, and my thoughts have been much in Heaven; may I be used to establish a good, spiritual, active, and useful church - and then depart in peace. This morning my soul is calm and peaceful - but I feel much dizziness in the head. I imagine this arises from excitement and indigestion. May I be used more and more for the Lord's glory, especially in bringing many sinners to the Savior's feet. O, to live to purpose, to live for God! I cast myself into his arms, to be used for his honor, to be blessed to his people, and then be received into his glory.

October 31, 1854. Another month has rolled into eternity, with all its cares, crosses, and comforts - gone, never to return! Could I wish it to return? It would be the greatest folly to do so.

I ought to record, that last Lord's day was a blessed day; and I hope some lasting good was done. I did aim at the sinner's salvation, and strive to honor God. May the Holy Spirit apply the word with invincible power. The work at the new chapel creeps on - but very slowly. There is much to try me there. But I endeavor to bear it as patiently as I can. Lord, teach me to look more at my mercies - than my miseries; at my ultimate prospects - than my present trials; at what I am in Christ - than at what I am in myself; at what I shall be when Jesus receives me to himself, and how it is probable present things will look then. O for more grace to bear my trials with more fortitude and patience!

November 6, 1854. The past was a peaceful week, and yesterday a blessed Lord's day. On Saturday I did not feel much of the spirit of prayer in my devotions, still there was a strong desire in my heart for the Lord's presence, and to be used in the Lord's work. In the evening I had some solemn thoughts on eternity, death, and dying; and some very pleasant ones on the Lord Jesus. Yesterday morning I missed the early prayer-meeting by mistaking the clock. Having drawn up the blind, I lay looking at the heavens, and repeating to myself part of that sweet hymn - "Beyond the glittering starry skies, Far as the eternal hills, There, in the boundless realms of light, My dear Redeemer dwells!"

I tried hard to realize something of the eternal world, and the glory of Jesus there. I felt a sweet, soothing, softening of spirit, while doing so; and every thought of Jesus was sweet. I prayed much yesterday for power and unction; I dread being a dry preacher. I felt both my subjects, and enjoyed especially the morning one, when I feared I would be barren. I was speaking of freedom, deliverance from sin as a tyrant - and becoming the willing, happy servants of righteousness. O what a mercy is spiritual emancipation! Jesus intervened for us - an act of emancipation is passed, because a glorious ransom is paid. That act is published in the everlasting gospel, and grace enables us to take the benefit of it. In the evening, I was speaking of Paul's doing "one thing," forgetting the past, and urging forward to greater attainments. At the Lord's table I was happy, and was privileged to give the right hand of fellowship to seven young believers, and welcome them to the last supper. The service was closed by singing Swain's sweet hymn, "What must it be to dwell above, At God's right hand where Jesus reigns," etc.

November 13, 1854. Another peaceful week. The Lord be praised. I have had a severe cold, which confined me to the house several days - but I did a little with the pen, when I could not with the tongue. O that I did more for Jesus, who did so much for me!

Yesterday was rather a dry day. I did not feel nearness to God in public prayer, nor that softness and sweetness in preaching which I sometimes do. To me there was a lack of unction. A letter and some papers from my old pastor, last week, led me back, and I spent some time on the past. O that past! Reading the memoirs of my old friend, James Castleden, brought back my early days vividly before my mind. Some of his letters give the most prudent advice, which I wish I had always acted upon. I wish I may do so in future - but I fear; my natural disposition is so strong in me. O to change it for the disposition of Jesus!

Last Friday, I had for the first time in my life, to appear before the magistrates, against two lads, for stealing the brass knobs from my own and many other gates, to sell, to purchase fireworks. O the guilt and depravity of the human heart! O the folly of sin! I had some solemn and spiritual thoughts while I sat in the office. There is something very affecting in seeing a fellow creature appear as a criminal, before the administrators of human law; what will it be to see a world stand before the Judge of all? Especially to stand there as a criminal, to be judged for the sins of a whole life-time, and to receive a sentence which it will require eternity to execute. May I find the Judge my friend, and receive a public acquittal, and an everlasting reward on the ground of what my Savior has done and suffered. O to be found in Christ, washed in his most precious blood, and clothed in his glorious righteousness!

November 20, 1854. Yesterday was my birthday - and a merciful day it was. The early prayer-meeting was well attended, and the Lord was there. At eleven, I preached from Esther 9:28. These days should be remembered in reference to the event. In the evening I had a sweet, calm, soul-softening time in speaking of the leadings of the Holy Spirit, from Romans 8:14.

Fifty-two years of my life are now past, and my sun begins to go down. How long I may be spared I know not, nor would I anxiously inquire. I do most solemnly, heartily, and in the presence of a heart-searching God, renew my dedication to the Lord and to his service. It is a long time since I first gave myself to the Lord - but I do so anew this morning. Many years have passed since I first consecrated myself to the Lord's service - but I do so afresh this day with my whole heart, and with my whole soul. O my God, take me anew into your hand, use me more than ever for your glory! I wish to spend every one of my remaining days in your service, especially in bringing sinners to your dear Son. O Jesus, honor me in this important work, and according to your promise send down the Comforter, to fit and qualify me for my ministerial office. O Spirit of truth, I beseech you to take full and entire possession of my soul, and use me in bringing hundreds of sinners to the feet of Jesus! O make me instrumental in bringing about a revival of religion. O Spirit of Jesus, I want to experience more of your power in my own soul, and to see greater effects follow the preaching of your word, through your Divine energy! O my soul, see to it, that your days are spent for Jesus, that every talent is employed for Jesus, and that the one principal object in all your labors, is the conversion of souls to God, and stirring up and stimulating believers to activity in the Lord's cause!

November 30, 1854. During the last ten days I have been variously exercised, my temper has been tried and gave way. I have had one or two dry times in the pulpit. I have laid in bed too late in the morning. I have felt cold, dry, heavy and lifeless in prayer in private. Yet I have enjoyed the

prayer-meetings very much, and have found much liberty in praying there. I find I must be renewed day by day - or I shall make but little progress. My pen has been rather busy - but with what effect, remains to be seen. I feel that I loathe myself, and yet there is not that indignation against my present lifeless state, which I think there ought to be. I have been discouraged and disheartened by the slow progress of the new chapel, and by other circumstances; and I feel tempted to give way to discouragements. May the Lord graciously revive me.

November is a gloomy trying month - but it leaves us today. May December prove more fruitful. The year will soon wear out now. O that the next may prove the best I have ever spent! I mean the most useful - the year in which I shall make more progress in grace, and spirituality, than any of my previous ones. I feel exceedingly dissatisfied with myself, and not much better satisfied with many that are around me. The thought which tries me is - does this dissatisfaction spring from nature or grace? Is it from corruption, or from the working of a new, a divine nature? O Jesus, Savior, be pleased to quicken and revive me; fill me with your own sweet love, and produce in me your own lovely disposition. O that I was like Jesus! Spirit of God, rest upon me, and fill me with your grace, make me like your own chosen representative, the dove. O for a meek and quiet spirit!

December 8, 1854. Still toiling, tugging, and striving! I have of late felt much dullness in my own soul, and have enjoyed little beside the prayer-meetings. The dull mornings prevent my rising early, and private prayer has consequently been too much abridged and neglected. Nor have I seemed to have time to read much of God's Word, for my own edification. The soul misses its food as well as the body. Things in the congregation have seemed rather dull also. May I have a glorious revival next Lord's day, when I preach to the young. My health has been very good, notwithstanding I have much to irritate and try me. My pen has been very busy, I have recently written four tracts; nearly finished a volume for Sabbath reading, besides writing for Magazines. A new volume, Called, "Precious Things from the Everlasting Hills," has also been recently published. O that God would put power into what I write, print, and preach - so that his great name may be glorified thereby. I trust the Lord is still using me, and will continue to do so, he has my head, my heart, my all - may he use all to spread and extend his cause!

I trust I have felt truly grateful in reviewing the past, while writing a piece for my new work, entitled. "Almost Gone!" "But as for me - my feet were almost gone! My steps had well near slipped!" Psalms 73:2.

Ah, how frequently have I been almost gone! I can call to mind places and times, when I have been in the very mouth of danger, on the brink of a fearful fall - and yet the Lord has held me up. But for special keeping - where would I have been this morning? And what would I be? Blessed be God, though it was almost, it was not quite. This word, almost, last night and this morning, has been sweet to my soul. Almost Gone - but altogether saved, through God's most free, and all-glorious grace!

December 15, 1854. I have been in anything but a good state of mind lately. I have felt so little spirit of prayer. I have been so vexed, wearied, and exercised with this new chapel building. In many ways my temper has been tried, and I have felt full of anxiety, perplexity, and bad temper. I see it, I feel it to a certain extent. But I do not realize it in its true character - as offensive to God, and injurious to my own soul, as I ought. How deeply I need more grace. May the Lord give me grace to repent of all sin, to exercise steady faith in Jesus, and heart-melting love to all my

brethren.

One thing I see - that the imperfections of my brethren, bring out my own blemishes more vividly and powerfully. What a mercy to have a Savior, one who saves fully, freely, and eternally! What would I do without Jesus? Nothing can cleanse me but his blood. Nothing can justify me but his righteousness. No one can conquer or rule my heart - but his Spirit. I need the whole of Christ. No one but Jesus could meet my case. I feel this, I daily seem to feel it more and more. I therefore preach Jesus in every sermon, and write of Jesus from day to day.

I have written more lately; more than I would have done in my present state of mind, had not the printer urged me on. My printed works still circulate, are much read, and by many of the Lord's family are approved. May they endear Jesus to his people, and bring hosts of sinners to his feet, not only while I live - but when the hand that writes shall be mingling with its fellow clay. I shall have comparatively little more time; may I improve it and turn it to the best account. My God, accept and use me more and more for your glory.

December 22, 1854. A monument of mercy still. A proof that God is long-suffering; the God of patience; slow to anger, and of great kindness. How variously I try the patience, forbearance, and faithfulness of God. Blessed be the Lord, that he has borne with me. I have felt much dullness of soul - but I now feel as if a reaction was about to take place. O to be full of fire, burning with zeal for God, and the good of souls.

I have received copies of three new tracts of mine from the Stirling press. I have just finished another volume for the printer, and this morning I received a work from Philadelphia, into which one of my articles had been copied. Thus the Lord continues to allow me to speak with the pen as well as with the tongue, and in other as well as my own land. Fifteen thousand copies of one of my tracts will issue from the press this month; may my good, gracious, and condescending Lord, accompany them with his own power, and make them real blessings to multitudes of immortal souls. O to be extensively useful.

December 30, 1854. This will be my last entry this year, as it ends tomorrow. I have nothing very satisfactory to record, as I feel dull and lifeless in my soul. Very little power, unction, or fellowship with God, have I enjoyed of late. My friends generally have been very kind: I have been assisted in preaching the word, and have been surrounded with temporal mercies - but I want meekness to God, zeal for God, and to feel all alive in the ways of God. I sigh for the power of the Spirit in my heart. I long for conformity to Jesus. But, alas! such wicked thoughts arise, such corruptions work, and such evil tempers are felt, that I can scarcely believe sometimes that I am a Christian at all. Yet, I know I am not what I was, and I am sure I am not what I would desire to be. O for a stayed, settled state of mind!

O for a heart fixed, trusting in the Lord! I have been mercifully brought through another year, and shall soon enter upon a new one; what will the new one introduce me to? what will it bring with it? Where will it leave me? What will it witness? May it witness in me more devotedness to God, more activity for God, and more usefulness in the work of God.

I am looking up for a Scripture portion to begin the new year with, and nothing has struck me yet; may some sweet portion be given me, may it be applied with power to me, and may I be enabled to preach from it, to the Lord's glory, and to his people's profit. My heavenly Father, pardon all the

sins of the year 1854; may I not carry any guilt of it into the new year; and may the next year of my life, be the most remarkable for holiness and happiness. May I witness a great revival of religion under my ministry, and my church and congregation be very greatly increased. Lord, grant this, for Jesus' sake, Amen.

January 5, 1855. Last Lord's day I was very mercifully assisted, and felt, while preaching the word, liberty and power. I trust it was the power of the Holy Spirit. We introduced the new year with prayer, about 150 assembled from six until eight in the morning. In the evening I preached with liberty and comfort from my new year's text and motto, "My grace is sufficient for you." Hitherto I have found this true in my experience, and I believe I shall continue to do so even to the end. On Wednesday I was at Gloster, at a trial; I thought of a greater tribunal, and a more venerable judge. May I feel bold and confident when I appear before him. O to be guiltless then! On Thursday night the Lord favored me again while preaching. I have written considerably for the press this week, and feel my heart considerably drawn out to do so. May the Lord continue to bless what I write and print to the good of souls.

I do not enjoy that nearness to God in private, which I so ardently desire. O to feel my heart in close union with God, and to feel the Lord communing with my spirit daily! But Satan, the world, some professors, and my own corruptions - seem to unite to harass, try, and perplex me; so much, that at times I long to fly away, and leave them all behind me.

January 13, 1855. This week I have had a severe cold, and for the first time in my life, have I lost my voice, so that I could not be heard. It is better today - but far from well. I trust the Lord will strengthen it for tomorrow, as I want to preach a funeral sermon on the death of a young man, whom the Lord has called under my ministry, and now taken to himself. I buried him today; he was a fine instance of the converting, sustaining, and sanctifying grace of God. When I went to see his corpse, I felt a wish that it had been me, or that I had died with him. I have suffered much agitation and exercise of spirit lately, and it does not appear to have been sanctified, as I am in a very dull, inactive, and unsatisfactory state of mind. I know not when I have realized Newton's words, as I have lately:

"Could my heart so hard remain, Prayer a task and burden prove, Every trifle give me pain, If I knew a Savior's love?" My feelings toward men, have not been kind, forbearing, and forgiving; and my feelings toward God have not been warm, confiding, and grateful. I fear few believers are like me, I should say I hope they are not. I do not, I cannot wish them to be. O for a revival! I do desire this - but I seem to have no power, no heart to seek for it. I feel that I am as great a mystery to myself as ever. My natural disposition is very trying, to myself and to others, yet I cannot but hope my heart is right, and that through the riches of free grace, I shall find myself in Heaven at last. But upon no other principle could I hope to arrive there. On the free grace of the Father, and the substitution of the Son - all my dependence is placed.

January 22, 1855. The last week was very trying; it is also a time of general sickness; great numbers are ill. My own health is now as good as usual. But my soul is not in a satisfactory state. I have not been quite left to myself; there has been some very softening operations, some reviving rays. Still I feel very little drawing to a throne of grace, though I have felt more freedom when there. But I want more sensible communion with God. To have my heart drawn out to God, and filled with love to God, and zeal for God. At times I long for home. I feel hurried in spirit, as if I could not

remain where I am. Satan also has harassed me a good deal, tempting me to believe I did wrong in returning to this town. Certainly, few chapels will have more trouble and difficulty connected with the building of them than ours has had. O that I had more patience, that I could wait with a calm and quiet mind to see the end! At present I do but little, for my heart does not seem in tune, and the coldness of the weather tries the body. O that the Lord would grant us a revival, and begin it in my own soul, filling me with light, life, power, zeal, and determination, and then using me to do good to thousands of souls!

January 30, 1855. Much exercised last week, on account of a strange prayerless frame. Not only did I feel little inclination to pray - but at times a positive reluctance, if not dislike. Still in public I felt freedom, and one of my members told me, that my prayer last Thursday evening, was made a great blessing to her. I trust the Lord was with me in the pulpit on Lord's day too. Last night, at the prayer-meeting, I felt much power in pleading with God, and I have felt more prayerful since, especially this morning, though I do not enjoy that measure of the spirit of prayer which I long for.

Yesterday a friend called to inform me that a young man who had recently died at Trowbridge, ascribed his conversion to a sermon that I delivered at North Bradley, during one of my visits there. The Lord be praised for this. O for hundreds, for thousands more! The conduct of one who professed great friendship - harasses me a good deal. Lord, help me to act the Christian, and the Christian minister in reference to him. I want to feel right, to aim right, and to act right in all I do in the church, in the family, and in the world. I would not knowingly injure anyone, nor would I sanction any sin. I want in all things to act for God - to act just as Jesus would act in my circumstances.

Sickness is very prevalent here just now, and we have many deaths; my own family are mercifully preserved. May sparing mercy prove a silken cord, to draw me closer to my God.

February 5, 1855. I trust the Lord assisted me yesterday in his work - but my soul is not as I would wish it to be. There is not that love to saints, concern for sinners, and zeal for the cause there ought to be. Truth does not penetrate my soul, and influence my entire conduct as I wish it. I want to be a clear, intelligible, well-written epistle of Christ. Such an epistle, as that no one can doubt who is its author, or mistake its contents. O for the power of the Holy Spirit to be put forth within me! O that the love of God may be shed abroad in my heart, as I have never enjoyed it yet! I sigh for freedom from sin, and perfection of holiness. I feel grateful for all my temporal mercies, and spiritual privileges; but I want more of the power of religion within me, and to be wholly, entirely, and always influenced by it. O my God, sanctify to me all my trials, vexations, and disappointments! Still use me, and use me more than ever in your work! O to show forth your praise! O to live so as to be able to say "Christ lives in me; and the life that I live in the flesh, is by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me and gave himself for me!"

February 12, 1855. Another trying week is passed. I have, notwithstanding vexations and trials, felt much of the power and life of religion in my own soul, and have experienced some drawings to a throne of grace. Last Lord's day was our anniversary day, to commemorate my return to Cheltenham, and to make a public collection for me, which was much larger than I could have expected. The congregations were good, and I felt life, power, and much assistance in preaching. Five hundred of my tracts, entitled, "A voice from Hell," were distributed at the chapel door at the close of the sermon. This method of doing good we frequently adopt; may the Lord succeed it with

his blessing. I deeply feel that all depends on this.

I think I have not felt more love to Jesus for years, than I do now; yet for lack of more sensible, heart-affecting fellowship with God on my knees in private - I feel very dissatisfied. O that God would indulge me in two points: give me soul-affecting fellowship with himself in private - and a powerful revival of religion in public! I sigh, pant, and cry aloud for them. I hope I shall yet live to realize and enjoy them. O my God, do, do pour out your Spirit first on me, and then on my congregation, and make me instrumental in a great, glorious, and lasting work in this town and neighborhood.

February 23, 1855. Last Lord's day was a blessed day. I felt liberty and power in preaching the Word. I believe the Lord was with me. The frost is very severe. I fear many are suffering from its effects. Most graciously has the Lord supplied all my needs - to the honor of his ever-blessed name I record it. Not one thing has failed of all that he has promised - all has come to pass. He has often crossed my will, to fulfill his own word.

I have been suffering again from influenza, which affects my breathing, and confines me at home. May it be sanctified to my soul, and be the means of bringing me near to Jesus. O what a mercy is that which brings my soul and my God sensibly together! I do not yet feel that spirit of prayer which I wish, and for which I sigh. Yesterday I heard from S____; the old cause there seems to be got into a bad state and I fear many churches are not much better. O what a dearth prevails! We need rain from Heaven, a glorious shower. O that God would rend the heavens and come down, that all obstacles may be moved out of the way, and a glorious work be wrought! I long to see a great revival of religion, especially among my own people. We have long been low; may the great mercy of God set us up on high. My hope is in God, who saves the upright in heart. My help comes from the Lord, who made the Heaven and the earth. May I soon be favored with a glorious spring-tide of spiritual blessings.

All nature is now covered with snow, and for a considerable time it has been intensely cold. I think grace somewhat resembles nature; may we soon see both nature and grace assume a different appearance, and put on their beautiful garments. O my God, to your energy, to your free grace, I appeal - take to yourself your great power, and effect a change!

March 3, 1855. My cough and breathing have been very bad - but a very merciful change in the weather, has had a good effect upon me. I now feel considerably better, though not well. I had much assistance in preaching last Lord's day, and on the whole had a comfortable week. Every day I find something to try my faith, and exercise my patience. Many things conspire to drive me to the mercy-seat, and yet I am not there as often, nor as long as I ought to be. If I was more with God - I would be less influenced by men, or affected by circumstances. I would rise superior to many things that trouble and try me now.

However amidst all that I see around me, or feel within - Jesus is very precious. I do love him, enjoy his word, and rejoice in the sound of his name. I only want to honor him more, to exalt and set him on high. He is my precious Savior, my daily bread, my constant theme, and my all in all. I love to think of him, to speak of him, and to sing his praises. But I often feel ashamed of my thoughts, and more ashamed of my words, for they are so far below his deserts, and his glories. I love to think of him, as the brightness of glory, the express image of the Father's person. To trace

him from his throne in glory - to the manger at Bethlehem; and from the manger - to the cross. I am comforted when I think of his intercession; and my heart leaps at times when I anticipate his glorious appearance. O what a wondrous sight - to see Jesus as he is! O what a privilege - to be with him and share in his glory! But O the unutterable blessedness of being like him, and like him forever! I would not part with the hope of this, feeble and fluctuating as it is at times - for a thousand worlds. What would worlds be, without Jesus? What?

March 12, 1855. Yesterday I had a sweet time at the prayer-meeting, having a sweet savor resting upon my spirit from the preceding day - but owing to a circumstance which upset my mind, I did not have much enjoyment during the rest of the day. Having written to a minister to preach at the opening of our new chapel, and waiting day after day for an answer, I feel my patience tried, my spirit irritated, and my arrangements deferred. No answer has come yet. What an honor to a man is promptness and punctuality. I have seldom kept brethren waiting - as I can so badly bear uncertainty myself. On Lord's day evening, I preached my last sermon to the young in our present chapel, and earnestly did I pray that it might be crowned with an especial blessing. O to reap the fruits of that sermon in days, and years to come! One more Lord's day is all that I have to spend in the old place; may I have grace to turn the removal to some practical and profitable account.

March 17, 1855. This week has been marked with anxiety, hope, and disappointment. Being anxious to obtain the assistance of many ministerial brethren, to preach for us at the opening of our new chapel, I have been trying hard to obtain them - but have failed in every instance! As we have two or three Lord's days after leaving King Street, before entering upon our new place, I have been trying to get the use of old Highbury Chapel, and I felt sure we would have it - but today I got a note to say we cannot! These things try my spirit, and cause great searchings of heart. I am ready to ask: why such a series of disappointments? Why such a long succession of trying events? Satan, my bitter foe, I believe has much to do with it; and God, for wise and holy purposes, permits it. This has been a very stormy day - but just now, as the sun was sinking in the west, it threw such a flood of scarlet splendor over the house opposite my study window, that I was struck and delighted with it. Every pane of glass reflected the beautiful image of the retiring monarch of the day. I could not but think that the day was very much like my life, and desire that what I saw may be a fair representation of its closing scene. May Jesus, the sun of Righteousness - break out and shine upon me, and may every power I possess, reflect his glory and his praise. O to die in peace and in the enjoyment of my Savior's presence and love. My spirit tonight, feels softened, humbled before God, and yet in a measure bewildered. I have enjoyed the word of God today, while preparing for tomorrow; though at times I have been tossed with uncertainty, and troubled with disappointment.

April 6, 1855. Since my last entry I have visited London, and preached there. The Lord took me out and brought me home without accident, danger, disease, or open sin; blessed be his holy name. My friends were all kind, and many of them showed much love. Since my return we have occupied the Town Hall, and I have preached there with great freedom and pleasure. My congregations have been large, and I trust the Lord has been present to bless. Our new chapel is nearly completed, and will be opened on Tuesday next, by Dr. A. Fletcher and the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon. I am pleading with God for a fine day, a good collection, and much power. O that souls may be comforted, and others converted on that day. My God, make it a memorable day, by filling us with the spirit, bringing sinners to your feet, and deciding others to unite with us.

Amidst much excitement, many disappointments and various changes, my soul has been kept in a good degree of peace. Outward things have often seemed to go against us. On the day when our bazaar was opened, it snowed the whole day, yet the sale was good. Several friends of other denominations have sent us donations, and through many difficulties the Lord has enabled us to struggle on. O that now a good, a great, a glorious work may commence, and that thousands of souls may be brought to God! May I now worship and participate in that revival of religion, I have so long sighed and prayed for. I trust the Lord will yet do great things for us, and fill us with gladness.

Hitherto, trials and blessings have gone hand in hand, we have passed through fire and through water, may the Lord bring us forth into a wealthy place. O for reason to set up a special Ebenezer, on the day of our opening - and for grace to enable us to do so in the most appropriate manner!

April 17, 1855. I can now write emphatically "Ebenezer," yes, the Lord has helped us! On last Monday morning we took possession of our new school-room, and had a large and blessed prayer-meeting, and another at six o'clock on Tuesday, the long looked-for day when the chapel was opened. The weather was favorable, many friends came together, the sermons were impressive, and the collections, with last Lord's day, amounted to 201 pounds, far beyond my expectations. Large congregations last Lord's day, and great attention. O that lasting good may be the result. Great kindness was shown, and I hope special grace was given.

I hope we shall now go on peaceably and prosperously. Our debt will be heavy - but He who has carried us through so much, will, I trust, carry us safely and honorably through the rest. I heard of but one repulse being given to our friends. The new ship is now fairly launched, may Jesus be our pilot, the word of God our chart, the Holy Spirit our prospering gale, and loaded with spiritual passengers, may she land us safely in the port of everlasting peace! O my God, receive me as I now present myself to you, and consecrate me more than ever to your service; praise and glory. O to win souls, thousands of souls, for Jesus!

April 25, 1855. Through mercy I have enjoyed a good degree of peace of late. The inward burning to be useful to souls is felt again, and a greater spirit of prayer is enjoyed. I had a blessed Lord's day in the new chapel, a full place at night, and sermons full of Christ both times. I do love to preach Christ. If I could, I would have every sermon full of Christ - but we must reprove, rebuke, and exhort with all longsuffering and doctrine. O that my God would now use me to do a great and glorious work!

Some are jealous of me. Some seem suspicious. Some dislike me. Some stand aloof from me. Some get in the way, and hinder me. But, if I can only spread the fame of Jesus, bring sinners to the cross, feed and stimulate the Lord's people to work, so that a holy, lively, spiritual cause may be established, I would patiently bear it all. Our prayer-meetings have been large and lively, and I do enjoy them. To read a verse of a hymn that exalts Jesus, or sets forth the greatness of God's condescension - sometimes thrills my soul, affects my voice, and brings the tear into the eye. I do love Jesus, and this must be because he first loved me. The word of God feeds my soul, exercises my thoughts, and is profitable to me in many ways. Time flies very quickly, and I do but little, for I am much tempted to idleness, and I dislike writing still. I have lately received fresh testimonies, that my printed works are useful, and some of my books have still a large circulation. The Lord alone be praised. May 3, 1855. Blessed be the Lord, who daily loads me with benefits, and let the

God of my salvation be exalted. His mercy has been great toward me, and I have had much peace and comfort of late. I have felt a sweet softening of spirit, and a sensible enjoyment of God's truth, especially in my study. Scriptures are opened up, and a sweet spirit of prayer enjoyed. O how blessed it is, to realize that God is present with me, that he is pacified, yes, pleased with me! I think I never felt Jesus more precious, nor delighted more to exalt his most blessed name. O that I could honor him with every breath, by every word I speak! He is most glorious! O that God would give me ability to exalt him!

I went, last week to Pershore to try to stir up the Lord's people there. I am going to Lydney tonight, for the same purpose. O that God would give me grace and gifts, to exalt his beloved Son ten thousand times more than I ever have done! I have not set him forth, or kept him prominently before my people, as I should. If there are any regrets in Heaven, I shall regret that I have not honored Jesus as I ought. The last Lord's day was on the whole a blessed day, the prayer-meeting excellent. May my eye be kept steadily fixed on honoring Jesus, by bringing many souls to his feet; and may my heart rest on his blessed word. I feel the inward burning of soul for a great revival of religion, if possible, stronger than ever. Can such a glowing desire be kindled, only to be disappointed? I think, I hope not. Surely, surely, it will honor God to bring many souls to Jesus even by such a poor, feeble, inefficient ministry as mine. May it be even so. May 11, 1855. I feel overwhelmed with a sense of the importance of the salvation of souls. I pray almost incessantly, that God would come and perform a great work. I try by all means to stir up the people to seek great things. I find we have an enormous debt, enough to try the faith and hope of anyone. It makes me pray right heartily. At times I feel distressed and discouraged - but then I reflect upon how the Lord has helped us hitherto, and I take encouragement. I think I have been looking too much for great sums, startling appearances of providence - and the Lord has seen fit to send in gradually and successively, just as it has been needed. I feel that I ought not to despond, or give way to fear. My congregations have been good, better than could have been expected, and I have felt power in preaching. O for a glorious work! Next Lord's day evening I address the young, and I desire a special time. O for special grace, that we may offer special prayer, and receive a special blessing! There have been a few waves without - but I have felt much power within. Nothing interests me like revivals of religion. But I want God's own revival - not man's. What begins with the creature - generally ends there; but what begins with God - ends in God.

I have been using the pen as well as the tongue again, and feel as if all were too little to do for Jesus, who has done so much for me. Blessed be his glorious name forever, and may the whole earth be filled with his glory. My soul is in peace, my congregations increase, and I believe good is doing; I thank my God sincerely for this, and pray right heartily for much more. Now for a little space, grace has been showed me from the Lord. O God of all grace, show more grace still! May 20, 1855. I have enjoyed a good degree of peace of mind. My soul is burning with a desire to bring souls to Christ, and I have been encouraged by the numbers that attend, the attention that is paid, and the enjoyment I have in preaching the word. The Lord is with us, and will, I trust, work mightily among us. O that the Holy Spirit may come down upon us in copious showers! I thirst for the down-coming of the Spirit of God. I want to see a great and glorious work wrought. The prayer-meetings are delightful; so many come out, and the Lord's presence is so sweetly enjoyed. I feel as if I was moving about among realities, solemn realities. I cannot be satisfied with forms and shams. I hate make-believes - especially in religion. I want power, to be full of power by the

Spirit of the Lord. My very heart cries out for power. I seem to realize eternity, to feel the solemnity of divine things, and to long for the salvation of souls. It would be food and drink to me to bring sinners to Jesus. I feel more pleasure and power in prayer myself, than I sometimes do, both for temporal and spiritual blessings. I am quite satisfied with a small portion of the former for myself, if I may but have much of the latter.

Tonight, I baptize five believers, the first time the ordinance is administered in the new chapel; I expect a full house, and I hope we shall have the Lord's blessing. The sermon to the young last Lord's day evening was solemn, the attention was great, and I hope that good and lasting impressions were made.

May. 27, 1855. This has been a good week. I had good meetings at Norton, and blessed times at home. I have felt the power of the word, and realized the sacredness of my work. My faith in God's providence has been strengthened, and I have felt a spirit of prayer at God's throne. Last Lord's day evening the house was crowded in every part, and the season was solemn and impressive. I have heard of several young people about to decide and give themselves to the Lord and his people; O for faith to shout: "A troop comes!" My concern to save souls is intense. I travail in birth. I want to feel as if I could not live without conversions to God. Most of this week I shall be away from home, preaching and attending the meetings of our association. May the Lord keep me from sin and dangers, and open doors of usefulness for me. I want to spend my few remaining days to some purpose. May I be a sweet savor unto God in multitudes who are saved through my instrumentality.

Religion is to me a reality - a divine reality, and I want to prove to all around me that I feel it to be so. Its pleasures are divinely sweet and satisfying; and its prospects are full of glory. May my whole being be penetrated by a sense of God's presence, power, and purity; and may I live every moment as one formed to show forth the Lord's praise. Precious Lord Jesus, reveal yourself more clearly to me, and commune more freely and frequently with me! Holy and ever blessed Spirit, bear your witness within me, and set the seal of your approbation upon my labors! Father of mercies, grant me more grace, confer on me more gifts, and add to my usefulness a hundred-fold!

June 3, 1855. Monday I went to Ryeford, and preached in the afternoon with savor and power: but in the evening at the public-meeting my quaintness provoked a laugh - and it made me unhappy. O that I could quite conquer this, and be always serious! On Tuesday I went to Chepstow, and preached to a large congregation with great comfort from Romans 14:17.

Wednesday and Thursday, I attended the meetings of the association, and gave an address on the state of the churches. The reports were very discouraging, only four out of twenty-five churches reported a clear increase. O how much we need the presence and power of the Holy Spirit among us! My own people come out to the prayer-meetings, and we plead for a revival - but I do not see any signs of a great movement.

I have received a letter to say, that one of my little books has been made a blessing to a clergyman's daughter, recently deceased, and I have conversed with two who wish to join the church, who ascribe their conversion to my preaching. Thus I am not left without a witness that God is with me, and is working by me.

Jesus is very precious to me - but I want to exalt and extol him, and set him on high. I never feel as if I had honored him as I ought, or that I loved him enough. I hope to see him, to be with him, and to enjoy him forever. The thought of Heaven gives me pleasure, and generates delight in my soul; but I seem to think more of the person of Jesus, than of the place where he is, or the enjoyment he confers. O yes, I do love Jesus - because he first loved me; but I want to love him ten times more - and to love him increasingly, without cessation. Jesus, Jesus only - is my all in all!!!

June 11, 1855. On Tuesday a large party went to Compton, and I preached there, in a barn where I hope some good was done. During the rest of the week I enjoyed peace, and walked comfortably with God - yet sighing and praying for a great revival of religion. Yesterday our early prayer-meeting was large, and the morning congregation larger than I have seen before. In the afternoon I saw three candidates for church fellowship, two of whom ascribed their conversion to my preaching. I then addressed the Sunday-school children. In the evening the chapel was filled in every part, and I preached to the young, from "Mary's Choice," with freedom and pleasure. O to see the effect, and to hear of many taking Mary's place in Mary's spirit! The attendance on the means was very encouraging - but I want conversions, decided conversions to God, and a multitude of them. The debt also is a heavy burden. I daily cry unto the Lord to appear for us as a God of providence. Hitherto he has carried us forward, nor has his promise failed - but I want to see his hand opened wide, and the heavy encumbrance removed. O for grace for the pulpit, grace for the heart! And O for money to discharge the whole debt, and set the friends free! My God, give me faith in you, a spirit of prayer to plead with you, and patience quietly to wait for you; and do appear to our joy and the confusion of our foes. My trust is in God, in God alone; and I hope yet to see a multitude converted to God, a good church established, and the whole of the debt removed.

June 18, 1855. Monday last I tried to exalt Jesus, and stir up his people to make more use of him in their daily walk, and to imitate him more in all their relations. Here it is I fail. I do not make use of Jesus against sin, Satan, self, and the world, as I ought; therefore I do not imitate Christ in the world, the family, and the church as I should. The one I am fully persuaded depends on the other. On Wednesday I was fetched to the death-bed of Brother Fowles, he grasped my hand, and in reply to the question, "Do you feel at peace with God?" he said, "Yes, O yes!" I said, "Have you any fear of death?" He replied, "No, I know that my Redeemer lives!" He could say no more. I stayed with him until it was time to go to preach, repeating precious promises and verses of sweet hymns; and within an hour of my leaving him, he breathed his last. Absent from the body - he was present with the Lord.

Yesterday I tried to exalt Jesus in both my sermons. They were full of Christ; the former on his one offering to put away sin, the other on his love to his people, in washing them in his blood, and making them kings and priests unto God, even his father. I think it was a blessed day. On the whole the last week passed away better than many, and I hope some good was done. If I was but more humble, more devout, more prayerful, more thankful, and more believing, I would get on much better; but pride, carnality, backwardness to pray, ingratitude, and unbelief too often chastise me! My soul groans for a revival of religion, both within and without. O to be thoroughly sanctified myself, and to see hundreds flocking to Jesus, as doves to their windows. The presence, power, and work of the Holy Spirit is what we need - may the Lord grant it.

June 29, 1855. My friend M____, from London spent four days with me in the past week, and I very much enjoyed Christian fellowship. In preaching also, I have been favored with good congregations, and power and pleasure in publishing the word. A friend from Scotland has called upon me, to inform me that my works have been blessed to the conversion and edification of many souls there. The work of conversion appears to be going on among us - but the debt is a heavy burden; I hope soon to have to record that the Lord has appeared for us, and has paid it. O for more faith and power in prayer, that I may receive more direct and glorious answers. I more and more feel, that my religion is a divine reality, and hope for God's blessing.

July 9, 1855. Last evening, I baptized six young believers in Jesus: the house was crowded, and I felt much power in preaching. O that God would work by his own word! My heart longs to witness a glorious work for God. Changes are taking place, and we daily prove this is a changing world, and yet how strongly we cleave to it! To be sure, it is the only world we personally know - the other is only known by report; but there is no question that it is infinitely superior to this. May I be prepared for it, often receive the fruits of it, that I may be willing to depart and go to it.

July 18, 1855. In the pulpit I have enjoyed much, and there are evident symptoms that the Lord's work is going on. Lord's day was our school anniversary. I was enabled to preach three times, and all went off pleasantly. My own mind has generally been peaceful and cheerful, and a little gratitude has flowed out of my heart in praise to God. Tomorrow I go to London, to preach to my old flock, and spend a few days with old friends. May the Lord make my visit a blessing to many souls. My soul is thirsting for God, to enjoy more of his presence, power, and love. I feel in my heart that I love Jesus, and his name is harmonious to me. O that my whole soul was fired with love to him, and a desire to glorify him! I would live for Jesus. I would speak for Jesus. I would write for Jesus. I would consecrate my whole to Jesus. O that my heart was always in tune to praise him, bless him, and extol his dear, dear name. O that I could stir up the Lord's people, to work for him, and seek the outpouring of his Holy Spirit.

I have just published a tract with this object in view, and about 600 were distributed among my congregation last Lord's day evening. For this I sigh, for this I pine, for this I pray. O Lord, let me see a great, a glorious work among sinners in my congregation!

July 28, 1855. The Lord led me out and brought me home again. My visit was very comfortable; friends were very kind, the congregations were large and I believe the Lord was with me. My soul is going out to the Lord for a blessing tomorrow. I sigh and cry for the outpouring of the Spirit, to soften the heart, quicken the seed, and produce a spiritual transformation. May my wilderness become like Eden, and the desert around here blossom as the rose. The town has been visited with a flood; many have suffered much from having the water in their dwellings. Much rain also threatens the crops. The war still rages. How many things conspire to warn us to prepare for home. There is a home, a rest to the people of God. Glorious thought, it is a home with God, a home with Jesus! a home where there are no fading flowers, no corrupted fruits, no devastating floods, no cruel war. All, all is perfection, peaceful and pure there. May God prepare me for it, and make me the means of leading thousands to it. May I cheer and encourage poor pilgrims on the road, and then with them unite to form the circle round the everlasting throne.

Jesus, Savior, fill my heart with your love, fire my soul with zeal for your glory, and use every talent I have to further your much-loved cause? I would think, feel, and act for the glory of God, and for

his glory alone. Blessed be his name, for it is precious to my soul, exalted be his cross, for it is the foundation of all my hopes. Jesus shall be my first, last, all-in-all, for evermore.

August 6, 1855. For several days I have felt low, on account of the great debt on our new chapel. The cost is just double what we intended. I see not how it can be met. I pray for money. I know that God can send it, I tell him so. I plead with him - but very little comes. If it were not that I feel a disposition to lay low at the Lord's feet, and say, "Do with me as seems you good," I would be wretched. As it is, I have peace, and considerable enjoyment. Money matters make some very uneasy; may the Lord overrule all for good.

Lord's days are now very pleasant, as many as 120 out to prayer-meeting before breakfast, and the large chapel filled in the evening; I cannot but hope that the Lord intends great things. Eight were received into the church last evening. May we all be kept awake, prayerful, and diligent, however trying the means used to keep us so. Deeply do I feel the need of the Spirit's power, ardently do I desire it, and earnestly do I endeavor to stir up my people to seek it. My pen has been very busy lately, and I trust that both the labors of tongue and pen will be blessed of God. I converse much with death lately. I seem to realize that my days are fast passing away, and that I should daily live in expectation of my end. Blessed be God, I now think of death without fear - and though I do not long for it, I feel resigned to it, whenever it shall be the Lord's will. As long as I can honor Jesus, and be useful to my fellow-men, I am quite willing to remain; but no longer. Why should I loiter about here, when my work is done, seeing I have a good and glorious home to go to? O, my heavenly Father, give me sweet acquiescence in your most holy will! May I daily yield myself up to you, to be taught, influenced, and molded just as you shall please!

August 17, 1855. Through mercy, I have been busy for the Lord, preparing two small works for the press, which I finished yesterday. May the Lord put his seal upon them, and give his sanction to them. An instance of God's converting power in the new place has appeared, for which I bless his most holy name. May it be the forerunner of thousands. I have enjoyed preaching the word of late, and the congregations have been very good. I do trust the Lord will do a great work among us. I use my pen and tongue daily for this purpose, with what success, eternity will show.

Jesus is very precious to me, and I feel it delightful to extol his dear name. If I had power equal to my will, I would do something to purpose in this way. The Lord has very mercifully appeared for us in reference to the weather, which is now beautiful. O for a grateful heart! O for a thankful spirit! I need quickening in God's way. I do not feel that burning zeal, and glowing love which I should. The debt on the chapel remains, which is a great trial to me. I daily pray for gold as well as grace - but as to the way in which the Lord will send it, that I see not. I shall hope to record before I die, that God has answered these prayers. Daily do I endeavor to surrender to God, and to live in the closest possible friendship with him.

O to live above the world, and above the church too! I want to live with him who made the world, and who redeemed the church for himself. Jesus, Savior, bless me indeed! Holy Spirit, fill me with your presence and power! Heavenly Father, bless your poor child, and raise him above all the beggarly elements of this present world, and prepare him for your kingdom and glory!

August 25, 1855. I take my pen to record a week's mercies. A good Lord's day. Many out. Power in prayer. Power in preaching. I cannot but hope good was done. Monday, Tuesday, and part of

Wednesday, I spent with a Christian family near Stroud, which I enjoyed very much. Indeed I know not when I have enjoyed a visit so much. I preached twice on the second advent of the Lord Jesus, with much life, power, and pleasure. I came home to exhort my people to aim to live a resurrection life, seeking those things that are above. Satan has thrust sore at me, insinuated many things to depress me, and tried to cast me down; but on the whole my faith has maintained its hold, and hope still lifts up its head. A conflict I must have, and tribulation is sure while here below. But to doubt - is to sin, and to give the enemy power over me. I would trust in Jesus, in Jesus for all, both temporal and spiritual.

How our financial difficulties are to be met I know not. They press hard now - but I know there are no difficulties with the Lord. All is easy to him. Surely he has not brought us thus far, to neglect or forsake us now. It is written, "No good thing will he withhold, from those who walk uprightly." I believe this, most heartily do I believe it. But how difficult is the question to answer sometimes, "what is good for me?" The Lord knows, and, "The Lord will give that which is good." He never has withheld a good thing from me yet, as much as he has tried me, and I have tried him. My soul can this evening, calmly commit all to Jesus, and leave all with Jesus. May I have a good and glorious day tomorrow.

O Savior, mount your white horse, and go forth conquering and to conquer! Subdue millions tomorrow, convert many among us! We want a great, a glorious work. Lord, restore backsliders, work on the minds of the aged and the young, and let us realize much of your power in our souls.

September 1, 1855. Last Lord's day morning, I enjoyed both prayer-meetings, and preaching; and in the afternoon I had a sweet visit in my study. O it was sweet! So soothing, softening, and sanctifying. Jesus was so precious. Heaven was so near. The soul was at rest. Desire was satisfied. On Sunday evening I had a full house. On Monday evening a pleasant prayer-meeting. On Tuesday I went to Tewkesbury, the friends were celebrating the Bi-centenary of the Church, and I tried to stir them up to holy zeal which is greatly needed there. On Wednesday I had considerable power in preaching on the new-birth.

Thursday an unsatisfactory evening - out in company. I seldom enjoy these visits - there is so little spirituality.

Friday I enjoyed reading and many portions of the word were opened up, and plans of sermons formed. How sweet is God's word, and how easy is study when favored with these gales!

Today also I have been greatly assisted.

Two or three sudden deaths have happened this week. How many solemn warnings sinners have, and how many solemn calls to believers - to be ready for all God's will. May the Lord sanctify to me all that I see, hear, feel, and read; and make me more useful than heretofore. Both my tongue and pen are at work - time, or rather eternity, will tell with what effect. But effect, or no effect, I will work on, and trust that Jesus will glorify himself in me, both in life and death.

September 8, 1855. Goodness and mercy, goodness and mercy have followed me, my mind has been kept in peace, and I have enjoyed spiritual things. All needful help has been given, and God is faithful. Last night I obtained an account of our debt on the new chapel, 3365 pounds - what a crushing burden! How it is to be met, the Lord only knows - but he does know, and I trust he will

meet it. I have faith in his providence, and daily plead at his throne. The language of the unbelieving master is frequently thrown into my mind, "If the Lord would open the windows of Heaven - then might this thing be." This I look upon as a temptation to distrust, and treat it accordingly. Without opening the windows of Heaven, the Lord could soon do it, and I trust he will. There was no doubt much mixture of motive, and many infirmities mixed up with the undertaking - and yet on the whole, I believe we aimed at God's glory, and sought the good of men. My object was, is, and shall be, to collect sinners and endeavor to lead them to Jesus. Blessed be God, there are many come, and I hope a good work is going on. I have enough to do now, to pray for grace and gold; grace to convert sinners, sanctify believers, and make me happy; and gold to pay the debt, and meet all the expenses of the worship. It would grieve me if any one was a loser by the erection of that place. I am willing to do with little myself; so that the honor of the cause be not tarnished, and souls be brought to God, it will be enough. A letter from Holland, informs me that one of my tracts, is translated into the Dutch, and my other works circulated there. A people that I have not known, will I trust be led to Christ by me.

September 15, 1855. Last Lord's day I preached three times at Wotten; the congregations were large, in the evening more than could get into the chapel. On Monday evening I gave an address in the chapel. Here I met with a young man who informed me that twelve months ago he came here to see his mother, and she brought him to hear one of my sermons to the young, which the Lord blessed to the conversion of his soul. Blessed be the Lord for this! The people were very kind to me, the word appeared to be with power, and I collected nearly 12 pounds toward our heavy debt. On Wednesday I had a sweet time in meditating and preaching on Jeremiah 9:23-24, "This is what the Lord says: Let not the wise man boast of his wisdom or the strong man boast of his strength or the rich man boast of his riches, but let him who boasts boast about this: that he understands and knows me, that I am the Lord, who exercises kindness, justice and righteousness on earth, for in these I delight!" How often have I misunderstood him! How often do I still misunderstand his dealings with me! When he strips me, empties me, humbles me, and pronounces the sentence of death upon my idols - it is that I may give him all my heart! But I do not understand this at the time. I thank God, I do feel more submissive, and more ready to acquiesce in his will. But I want to feel always willing for God's word to rule. My soul is on fire again for a revival of religion. O that God would come down among us tomorrow, and make his mighty power to be known! When I hear of one converted, I always long for more; and when I hear of the Lord working by others, I want him to work by me. We have a fine field here, if the Lord would but send us a copious shower of his grace. I want the Lord's hand to be made bare, both in temporals and spirituals. A glorious work appears to be going on among my old people in London under Charles Spurgeon - crowds cannot gain admittance, and many are being added to the church. O that the Lord would raise up many such preachers, fill our empty chapels, and bring thousands of careless sinners to his beloved Son!

September 22, 1855. Last Lord's day was a solemn day, especially the evening, when I preached from, "If I make my bed in Hell." The early prayer-meeting was large, lively, and profitable; the whole day was profitably spent. The whole week has been a pleasant one, though not without its trials. I have much work for faith and prayer, and am compelled to live by the day. The future is all unknown. It is no use to pry into it. I must believe, work, pray - and expect the Lord to overrule all for my good. I have felt but little anxiety as to the future of late. I try to keep my mind stayed upon

God. I have enjoyed much inward peace. The truth has been sweet, and Jesus precious to my soul. I have another volume in the press, may the Lord make it more useful than any of its predecessors. On Tuesday I attended the Sunday-School union tea-meeting at Gloucester, when I was leaving a young man was waiting to speak to me, who informed me that my ministry was made a blessing to him, while I was in London. Blessed be God for such encouragements! I trust there are many more about the country, to whom my ministry has been made a blessing, and whom I shall meet in my Father's kingdom. I received also a cheering note from my old pastor today. Bro. D____ also writes me, that his mind is opening on the subject of Christian communion, he having only seen it right to commune with those who have been baptized by immersion. May more light and love be given to all the Lord's people, especially the Lord's ministers. May my poor dull mind be enlightened, my hard heart be softened, and my irregular life be made to accord exactly with the holy law of God. I deeply feel my need of spirituality in company, and seldom feel so well as when I am alone with my books and my God.

September 29, 1855. This week I have been into Berkshire, preaching the word, and felt it good to be employed in the Lord's work. I feel the pressure of the chapel debt, and some other things try my temper, still I have realized inward peace. My soul is a good deal engaged with the Lord, yet not so much as I wish. I want to see God in everything, to hear the voice of God in every event, to go to God with everything, whether painful or pleasant, and to aim at the glory of God in every thing I do. O to be freed from all selfishness, passion, and pride; and to find and feel the inner man, in all things conformed to Christ! There is much to be done in me, before I shall be fit to join the saints in light. Still, I never loved Christ more, though the feeling of love may have been more tumultuous. Jesus was never more precious to me than now, nor was I ever more desirous to honor, exalt, and glorify him. I could sit and read about him, think of him, and feel my heart ascend to him for hours. I want no company but my books and my Savior. Time in my study seldom hangs heavy, nor do I weary of thinking or speaking of Jesus. May the Holy Spirit give me to enjoy Jesus more and more. Next week I pay my annual visit to Wiltshire, may it prove to be a blessed visit. Two people have acknowledged that they derived good from my last, and will be baptized tomorrow. May many more be blessed through me next week.

October 7, 1855. The beginning of last week I spent in Wiltshire, we had some glorious meetings at North Bradley, and the pastor informed me that three people were converted through my labors there last year. Blessed be the name of the Lord for this. I have not had a barren time lately - but I want more power and more unction. My heart longs for a revival of religion. O to see thousands crowding to the cross! My soul rests on Jesus, and the presence of Jesus is in a measure enjoyed. But I want great, glorious things. I want to be as holy as Jesus is holy; and to be employing all my powers in God's service as Jesus when on earth employed his. Every moment, I would give to the Lord. I am hastening to Heaven, and there all my powers, faculties, and talents will be employed for God forever. I must be the Lord's - but I want to be privileged to bring many to Jesus - but all is so little, so very little. O to have the chapel always crowded, and the power of the Lord always present! I want to see many coming forward to join the church and to see the hand of the Lord opened to pay off the debt - but I must have patience. Hitherto the Lord has helped, and he will no doubt appear in his own good time. I do feel often, as if I could leave it with the Lord, much more than I could; and if there was not so much worldliness in the church, and if some were not pinched for the want of their money, I could much more.

O for a purifying flame to be kindled among us, consuming our dross, burning up our wood, hay, and stubble; and bringing us out as vessels of mercy, prepared beforehand for glory! I set up one more stone of help, Ebenezer! I bear witness that hitherto God has been faithful to his word, and his grace has been sufficient for me. And now, witness for me, you angels of my God, that I do once more unreservedly give myself away to be his, and his forever.

October 15, 1855. During this week, I have done a little for man's good and God's glory. O that I could do ten times more. I have enjoyed the presence of my Savior, in preaching his most blessed word. I generally enjoy preaching of free and sovereign grace. I labored hard yesterday to make an impression in the hearts of my hearers, and to bring the young people to a decision. A great number attend, and pay great attention to the word - but none have offered themselves for membership of late. The Lord will work, I believe - but I want steadier faith, and more patience. I feel in haste; this is my natural propensity, and the Lord often seems to check it, and to say, "Be still." Surely it is virtuous to wait, if God requires it. Yet I long to see a movement. I want to see a cloud of blessing over us, to realize an unusual degree of the Lord's presence among us, and to guide a host to the cross and to the church. A desire to win souls burns within my soul, and I feel willing to make use of any means, that God would deign to bless. I must be useful. I want to see all my friends full of life, full of vigor, full of zeal, and full of love. All working, and working in harmony, to snatch sinners as brands from the burning! God Almighty, pour out your Spirit upon us, put forth your glorious power within us, and let your presence be realized and enjoyed among us. O for great things, for glorious things! Lord, make bare your arm, use your two-edged sword, let your arrows be sharp in the hearts of your enemies, and let us see the people fall under you. God of our fathers, glorify your Son among us, in bringing hundreds to his cross! Lord Jesus, glorify yourself, by giving repentance and the remission of sins to many who meet with us! Holy Spirit, honor Jesus, by leading a multitude to profess faith in his name!

October 21, 1855. A peaceful week; and help afforded at all the services. Many solemn and spiritual thoughts have passed through my mind. This morning we had a blessed prayer-meeting. I have been preaching from, "Stop trusting in man, who has but a breath in his nostrils. Of what account is he?" - a text very suitable for me, for I never trust man, expect from man, or think very highly of man - but I am sure to get a wound from that quarter! This has always been my experience, and is to this day. May I never trust any man - but the man Christ Jesus; or expect from any quarter but the Lord alone.

Another church-meeting has passed, and I had no candidates to propose; thus the Lord tries my faith and patience. I feel exceedingly anxious to bring souls to Jesus, yet I am not so discouraged at none coming forward as I might have been. I wish to work right heartily for God, and leave the result to God. Still I hope to witness a revival soon. May the Lord make bare his arm. May he come down among us in an unusual manner. Nothing but the presence, power, and work of the Holy Spirit, will make us what we ought to be; or produce the change we wish to see. O for the power of God to be felt in us, and the effects of that power to be seen all around us!

Time flies with rapid wing! I realize more than ever that my time below is growing short. That death will soon lay his long icy fingers upon me, change my countenance and send me away. O to be found ready, and may I have a joyful death-bed! My Savior, Jesus! Be specially present with me in my last hours, and let me then witness for you in the flood, triumph over the last enemy through

you, and then ascend to be forever with you.

October 29, 1855. Another week has run into eternity, and here I am, left on the sands of time, with opportunities to do good, and get good for my own soul.

Last week I preached twice in Oxfordshire, and hope some good was done; the evening service, was very impressive. O to hear that the Holy Spirit wrought by the words! What shall I say of yesterday? I had health of body, good attendance on the means, and help in preaching the word; but there was little power or unction in my own soul, and soon feel discouraged when this is the case. I want to be full of life, zeal, and energy, and feel sad when I am not. Yet I know the Lord often works most powerfully, when his ministers feel most depressed. I try to bow my neck to the yoke, to submit to the Lord's will, and acquiesce in the Lord's arrangements.

I would live for the Lord, and for the promotion of his cause alone. I want to be employed to revive the Lord's drooping churches, and to stir up and stimulate the Lord's servants. But, alas! I feel that I need daily to be revived myself! I soon get cold, dry, and dull. Yet I cannot rest, and fold my arms to sleep as some do. I want to be all life, power, zeal, and activity in the Lord's ways; and be used to bring thousands of souls to God and glory. O for the fullness of the Spirit! O for entire consecration to God!

November 5, 1855. During the past week I have been preaching at E____. It rained nearly the whole time. So that my congregations were but thin, nevertheless I preached with freedom and pleasure. But the town appears to be in a very sad state in a spiritual point of view. At one chapel a poor, powerless minister, whose character has suffered; the other destitute, and in a low state in consequence of the last minister being skeptical, and having generated the same spirit among the people. On my return I attended the annual tea-meeting of the Sunday School-Union. On Thursday, I was shown a letter from a minister in Devonshire, in which he related an account of the remarkable conversion of a depraved and wicked man, through reading one of my works, who has since died triumphant. Blessed be the Lord God of Israel for this instance of conversion, this display of his grace. Yesterday was a blessed day, the early prayer, meeting was most refreshing. I felt such a thrill of pleasure pass through my soul while giving out the following verse, that I could have wept there and then - "Jesus, in your transporting name, What blissful glories rise!

Jesus, the angels' sweetest theme, The wonder of the skies!" The evening was a powerful time. I labored hard to stir up the Lord's people, to stimulate them to work for God, or in the words of my text, "To build or repair the wall - every man near his own house."

November 14, 1855. Last week I was at L____, trying to stir up the Lord's people there: things are very low and dull in the church of God there. How general is this dull and lifeless state of the Lord's people. O that the Lord would revive us! My soul groans within me for a revival of religion. On Wednesday I had a very sweet time in preaching on 'acceptance in the Beloved'. Lord's day morning we had a good prayer-meeting at seven o'clock, and I enjoyed preaching at eleven; in the afternoon I addressed the school, and in the evening preached a sermon to young men. I was rejoiced to see so many young men present. O that the Lord would bless the word to their soul's salvation.

Yesterday, in visiting a sick person, a godly woman told me that she had a brother, a scripture reader at Kingswood, who was called under my ministry, nearly twenty years ago, and that he

knew several other cases, of which I had never heard. The Lord be praised for this. I trust he is working by me now, though the work does not appear. It is sowing time - I trust reaping time will come soon. The numbers that attend, and the attention that is paid, gives me reason to hope. The debt and its consequences tries our faith and hope - but I trust the Lord will yet appear and set us free. I have been meditating on the words in Daniel 10:1, "The thing was true - but the time appointed was long;" and having enjoyed it, I intend preaching from it tonight; may I and the people have a blessed time. O for the power and grace of God to be exerted among us! Lord, hear your poor servant's cry!

November 19, 1855. My birthday! This day I am fifty-three years of age. I have often expected to be in the grave before this - but God has preserved my life. For what purpose? I once more ask. I trust it is to glorify his name, bless his cause, and bring many souls to Jesus. Soon as I awoke this morning, I endeavored to put myself afresh into the hands of God, and to commit my all to him. I have felt much of the power and reality of religion in my own soul lately, and have been sighing, crying, and hoping for a revival of religion in my congregation. Sometimes, I fully expect it, and rejoice in anticipation; at other times I doubt and fear, and then I feel discouraged and sad.

I am fully persuaded in my own mind, that the best state I can be in, is to acquiesce in the will of God, let things be as they may, to lose myself in God, and to seek only, and alone, his honor and glory - but I cannot attain to this. O my good and gracious God, I do this day, once more ratify and confirm the covenant I made with you on November 23, 1833, which I have often ratified and confirmed since! And now, once more, I do solemnly, and deliberately, with my whole heart, give up myself to you, body, soul, and spirit. Every talent I consecrate to your service; every day I would spend in your work; in every action I would seek your glory. Lord, take me more sensibly and evidently than ever into your own hand, and give me grace in greater measure, and greater variety than I have ever received it, that I may become more like you, do more for you, and bring more glory and honor to you. Amen.

November 27, 1855. I have been exercised and somewhat depressed about the cause. The last two Lord's days the congregations have not been quite so good, and there is not that life and love among the people I desire to see. I daily plead with God. I look out to see the Lord's arm made bare - but I look in vain. Something is wrong somewhere, may the Lord reveal it to us, humble us for it, pardon it, and remove it clean out of the way!

Yesterday the wife of a clergyman whom I called to see, informed me that she had received a note from Exeter, informing her of four cases in which my "Messenger of Mercy" had been made a blessing on the death-bed. This cheers me. Very graciously does the Lord comfort me in one way, if he withholds from me my desire in another. But my heart is set upon raising this cause, and I hope the Lord will give me the desire of my heart. The Lord knows I feel willing to do anything or be anything, if thereby the congregation may be converted, the church increased, and the debt on the place paid. These are my three objects, or these three things constitute my one object. I am not without a spirit of prayer for them, nor am I without faith in prayer, therefore I am not without hope. But I want more power, more zeal, more fervor. I must labor on, wait patiently, watch hopefully - and believe that no good thing will God withhold, if I walk uprightly. This is my hearts' desire, and this is my prayer to God. My children are now all from home. May the Lord answer my daily prayer for them, by bringing each of them to himself, unite each with his church, and use

them all for his glory. May my latter days be crowned with peace, characterized by holiness, and honored with extensive usefulness - which is all my desire.

December 5, 1855. I am still the subject of considerable depression respecting the cause. Many seem in an unhealthy state, experimental religion appears to be at a low ebb. On Lord's day, I endeavored to lead the Lord's people to the communion of saints, and show what ought to be the subject of Christian conversation. In the evening I endeavored to lead them to self-examination, in order to produce repentance, and lead to reformation, by enforcing the solemn question, "Is the Lord among us - or not?"

I have written articles for four magazines, and obtained about 6000 tracts for distribution, so that I have not been quite idle. Two little productions of my pen have just issued from the press, the one entitled, "Welcome to Jesus," the other "The Better Land, a book for the Aged." A small piece entitled, "Can I be saved?" has been printed in the "British Messenger," 65,000 copies; and 10,000 as a four-page tract. O that the Lord would bless that little effort to spread the knowledge of Jesus, to make believers happy, and bring sinners to repentance! I am willing, heartily willing, to do anything I can to promote the cause of Jesus. I use the tongue, the pen, and the post for this purpose. But I feel that all will be in vain without a special blessing from God. O that I prayed more! O that I had more power in prayer! O that I obtained more answers to my prayers! Our chapel case puzzles me, how the financial difficulties are to be met; but it does not distress me. I have been in what appears to be inextricable difficulties before, and the Lord has made a way; now I know he can, and though he refuses to work for us at present, I trust he will bye-and-by. My mind is now frequently solemnized by looking forward: my days appear to be but a span; they may not be that. O to be ready to meet all the will of God.

December 11, 1855. How fast time flies! How short the days; they are like a shadow when it declines. Eternity, with all its solemnities approaches! My soul, are you ready? Are you willing to launch away? Lord, I turn to you, do you prepare me, and make me willing! My judgment tells me it is better to have no choice - but simply to live by the day, taking no thought for the morrow. May I have grace simply to acquiesce in the will of God. My mind has been peaceful on the whole, though I have had no great enjoyment. On Lord's day I was assisted and was very earnest; but was very dissatisfied with myself in the evening for lack of tenderness while condemning sin - I did not feel enough pity for the sinner. There was a severity of manner and language which was not lovely. I feared it, and determined to strive against it - but in my excitement I was carried away, and forgot it. My soul was set upon doing good. My affections yearned over the young. I heartily desired the blessing of God, and the power of the Holy Spirit to descend upon us. O to realize this blessing.

Tonight is our church meeting, and I have not any to propose for membership; that is discouraging. I fear the Lord has a controversy with us. We have but little dew - and no rain. Once I read that the Lord added to the church daily. Now he adds to us monthly. Why, O why is this? My soul longs for the conversion of sinners, and the introduction of believers into the church. I pray, study, and strive for this - but at present without much effect. I do occasionally hear of impressions being made, and souls being brought under concern; but like Ephraim, "The moment of birth has arrived, but they stay in the womb!" O for faith to believe, energy to work, and patience to wait! God is faithful, his word is true, and his time is always the best.

December 18, 1855. My mind is much exercised and at times depressed by the coldness and deadness of some, and their carelessness concerning the means of grace. Such conduct, exercises a bad influence, and hinders the good work from going on. On Lord's day, the congregations were good, and I was happy in my work - but the results that I want, I cannot see. Amidst all that is occurring around, and within me - I trust I feel the power of the Spirit in my own heart. I was speaking of that blessed agent and his gracious work on Lord's day, and said, what I trust is the truth, that I had never felt more of the power of the Spirit in my own heart, than during the last six months.

Yesterday I was very much affected by reading an account of the persecution of the Lord's people in Sweden, and I read the account last night to my people, to stir them up to gratitude for their liberty and to draw out their souls in sympathy; that they may pray for the poor sufferers that God would work on their behalf.

December 25, 1855. Once more Christians commemorate that greatest of all events - the incarnation of the Son of God! What a wondrous subject! The Son of God becomes a servant! A servant - that He may be a substitute; a substitute - that He may be a sacrifice; a sacrifice - that He may be a Savior; a Savior - that He may become a Bridegroom, and bring His beloved people into the closest, most profitable, and most pleasant union with himself. My soul, apply all this to yourself! The infinite and eternal God became a man - for you! Your Maker was made lower than the angels, and became a servant - for you! Emanuel as a servant, perfectly obeyed His Father's law - for you! His obedience, is your righteousness. God's glorious Christ became your sacrifice! He turned the globe into an altar, and upon an altar of earth He died - to expiate your sins!

Having obeyed the law for you, or in your stead, and having offered Himself without spot to God, as your sacrifice - He is now your glorious Savior! As your Savior - He has not only delivered you from guilt, curse, condemnation, and Hell; but He has taken you into union with Himself - you are one with Christ - a member of His body!

O my soul - Jesus loves you, just as the Father has loved Him! O how vast, durable, and glorious, is the love of Jesus - to you! I must grasp infinity and calculate eternity - before I can know it. The love of Jesus surpasses knowledge. Man's power of knowing has its limits; it can reach far - but the love of Jesus runs infinitely beyond it! It is an ocean which I can never fathom - but it is a subject which I can forever enjoy!

O glorious privilege - to be loved by Jesus! I would rather be loved by Jesus - than have all the powers and potentates in the world bow at my feet!

Jesus, incarnate God, Jesus in all Your majesty and mercy, in all Your grandeur and bliss - I praise, I adore You - for your grace and goodness to me! O blessed Jesus, I bless, I praise, I adore you for the wondrous condescension and love, in living and dying - for me! O holy, blessed, and glorious Redeemer - I praise, bless, I most heartily adore You!

December 31, 1855. The last day of the year 1855 - a year characterized by . . . many severe trials, many sore temptations, and innumerable mercies. In some things, it closes differently to what I expected - but how differently it may have closed!

I might have been in Hell! O terrible thought!

I might have been on a sick bed, tormented with excruciating pain, or reduced to a state of infantile weakness.

I might have been in great and sore troubles, tossed with tempests, and not comforted.

I might have been without a pastorate - and without a loving people. Or I might have been guilty of some heinous sin, lost my character, and been a fugitive and a vagabond on the earth!

Blessed, forever blessed be the Lord - that such is not my case! My health is good, my hope in Christ is steady, my congregation good, and I trust the Lord will yet work a great work by me.

I did hope that temporal supplies would have been sent on a larger scale, and that our debt would have been decreased. But we have been enabled to go on, and I trust no one has materially suffered from our lack of funds. There is the more work for faith, patience, and prayer; and like the prophet's servant on the top of Carmel, I must look toward the sea, and if I can see nothing, I must go again seven times. And now, Lord, I desire to confess before you the sins of this past year:

I have sinned with my tongue - and with my temper.

I have sinned in my heart - and in my life.

I have omitted duties.

I have committed sins. My motives have often been impure. My aims have not been sufficiently high and holy.

I have been impatient, fretful, irritable, rash, jealous, envious, discontented, and ungrateful.

O may the blood of Jesus wash out every stain!

I renounce all hope - but what centers in Jesus!

I have no refuge, no hiding-place, no strong tower, no place of safety - but Jesus.

Christ in His person, Christ in His finished work, Christ in His glorious intercession - is all my hope, all my confidence, all my joy!

I am His servant - and wish to serve Him alone.

I am His subject - and wish to be ruled by Him alone.

I am His purchased property - and wish to be consecrated entirely, eternally, and altogether to Him!

Witness for me, you angels of light, that at the close of this year and in my last entry in it, I record the fact that I give myself to Jesus afresh, to be his, only his, always his. Savior, accept afresh, claim me afresh, and send your Holy Spirit in his fullness into my soul, to claim me in your name, to consecrate me to your service, and to fit, qualify, and prepare me to bring great glory to your name in the year 1856.

January 1, 1856. A new year's morning prayer-meeting at six o'clock; a crowded school-room, the spirit of prayer appeared to be enjoyed. I believe the Lord was present. Many found it good to be there. Earnest prayers ascended for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit. O may that all important

blessing be granted! Never was the power of the Spirit more needed. Shall we have much of the power of the Spirit this year? Lord, you know! O that it may be so! My motto for this year will be, "As your days - so shall your strength be." Deuteronomy 33:25. Precious promise! It has been made good in my experience through many long, and many a trying year! Will it not be confirmed to me afresh this year? I believe it will.

I shall begin today to read my Bible through this year. Lord, give me grace to persevere; not only so - but may my understanding be opened while I read it, and may I not only see its meaning - but feel its power. Lord, make your Word more precious than ever to my soul? I did feel the preciousness of several portions, as I read them at the prayer-meeting this morning. My ruling desire, this new year's morning, is to acquiesce in the will of God. May I encourage this, and cultivate a spirit of resignation from this day forward. I know in my judgment, that there is no way of being happy, but this. Nor do I believe there can be any depth of holiness, without this. I want to be happy through being holy, and if I read my heart aright, I would not wish to be made happy in any other way. O that the Holy Spirit would breathe upon my soul this day, and every day, that my graces may flourish, that my soul may be consecrated, and my whole life in future, be devoted to the Lord's praise. I want my spirit softened, made meek and lowly - that I may be more gentle, more affectionate, and more acceptable to my brethren.

January 9, 1856. Hitherto the Lord has favored me this year! In the pulpit, I have enjoyed life and power; and the prayer-meetings have been most refreshing. We have had a very pleasant and profitable tea-meeting of the Sunday-school teachers. I have enjoyed peace. A poor backslider called upon me on Monday, to tell me the Lord had made me the means of reclaiming her, and bringing her back to his ways. Last night a poor penitent, who had been a degraded infidel, came to inform me he had been rescued from self-destruction, and raised to hope, by a little article of mine, entitled "Can I be saved?" He is now happy, and enjoying peace with God. These instances of usefulness encourage me at the beginning of the year. May I have hundreds before its close. My desires are strong, and I cannot but hope. The Lord has sweetly opened up some portions of his word to me of late, and I have found them sweet and beneficial to my soul. What a wonderful book the Bible is. May the Holy Spirit shine upon its sacred pages - and then I shall see wondrous things in it. I feel my confidence in God pretty strong, and my soul sweetly flows out to him. I think I am living for God; I am sure I wish to do so. My life and all my abilities I have consecrated to his service and praise. I wish to live only for God on earth - and to spend eternity with God in Heaven!

January 16, 1856. I believe the Lord has been, with me, and has graciously assisted me. The Lord's day was, I trust, a profitable day. My Bro. C____, has been spending three days with me this week. The Lord has taken him from regular work by disease, and now he labors from place to place. His mind appears to be in a healthy state, stayed upon his God. I am suffering from a bad cough and cold; may the Lord make it a great blessing to my soul. I am resting in God, looking, longing, hoping, and waiting for him to bless my labors. May he soon arise and have mercy on our Zion, making bare his arm, and displaying his invincible grace. O how my soul longs for a day of power in the congregation! My God, my God - will you not come down, make your power known, and get to you a glorious name.

January 24, 1856. A bad cold, and violent cough have been my portion ever since I last wrote. It has tried - but not much depressed me. I try to look at God's hand in every event - and pray that all

may be sanctified to my soul's good.

I was speaking last night from the words of Jesus to Martha, "Said I not unto you, that, if you believe - you would see the glory of God." O for faith that will enlist God's power, and so produce wonders! I want to see God's glory displayed in his working, and to have great cause to glorify God for his works. It is a sweet thought - if I believe, I shall see God's glory in a brighter and better world. I have seen something of his glory in the face of Jesus Christ, and in the conversion of souls - but I want to see much more. I want his glory to shine more and more into my soul, and to witness it much more than I have done, in the resurrection of the dead in sin, and the restoration of lost souls to God. Blessed be God, I feel something like a spirit of prayer, and am encouraged to persevere.

January 30, 1856. My cough and cold have nearly left me - but the frost and cold have set in, which affect my breathing. But let outward things be as they may, I hope my soul will be kept near to the Lord, and that I shall be used to glorify him.

I had a blessed day on Lord's day, congregations good, and liberty and power in preaching. We had also a good collection, for which I bless the Lord, as money is very much needed, and but little comes in. I feel as if I must believe that the Lord will appear for us in this respect, though at present I see not how. I spoke on Lord's day morning from the words, "A group of men whose hearts God had touched went with him." This is just what I need, what I ardently desire and pray for. May the Lord touch the hearts of my people that they may go with the king, even Jesus; and go with me to conflict, to duty, and to prosecute God's work!

February 16, 1856. Since I last made an entry, I have been busy writing for the press. I have written articles for five magazines, and also a small work to comfort the tried of the Lord's family. A letter from a clergyman's widow, informs me of an instance of usefulness, by my "Messenger of Mercy" nine years ago - the effects of which remain until this day. Bless the Lord for this! Several people under concern about their souls, have visited me lately, and many appear disposed to join the church. I have reason to hope the Lord is blessing the word both to saints and sinners.

I have received a letter from Utrecht, with copies of two of my tracts, translated into the Dutch language; and informing me that 10,000 of one of them had been circulated. May I not hope that I shall be made a blessing in Holland, now that so many of my works are translated into the language of that country. In my own soul I have felt tolerably lively, and faith in prayer seems to revive more and more.

February 23, 1856. Last Lord's day, I enjoyed power and liberty in preaching, and we had the presence of the Lord at the prayer-meeting. It was a blessed day. On Monday I went to Pershore to preach. On Monday night I felt very ill, and was a good deal alarmed, as I was from home; but I felt better the next day. These uncomfortable nights make me more and more unwilling to leave home. On Wednesday I preached with comfort at home, and Thursday night at Gloster. We had a pleasant prayer-meeting last night. I hope the Lord will use me on the coming Sabbath to do a little good. I do not, I cannot feel satisfied with the rate at which we are going on. Yet, my congregations are good, and there are hopeful signs. I meet with many discouragements in reference to the debt, and I can see no way in which it is to be paid. Had we recklessly run into it, I should be deeply discouraged - but being led into it as we were, I do hope the Lord will appear. My soul, when

reposing on God, enjoys peace; and I often feel a sweet spirit of gratitude, for the many mercies I enjoy. But my heart craves the conversion of sinners to God. Never did I feel more hungry for this, than now. Anything would I do, if the Lord would but use me to bring souls to Jesus. O that I was oftener on my knees for this blessing! Very often I feel great faith in prayer, and then some discouragement shakes my confidence again.

I love my present sphere of labor, and never feel more at home than now; may I be used to gather around me a devoted, spiritual, useful church, and may the Lord pay our debt.

March 1, 1856. On the last Sabbath, I was much assisted at Gloster: had a crowded congregation, and I hope good was done. On Monday, I addressed a large company at a tea-meeting. I spoke of my own experience and history, as it was about 37 years since I was called by grace. The thought of this striking me, I was much affected by it. The week has passed by without anything remarkable occurring. I have commenced a new book for the press, and sketched out the plan of two other small books. At Gloster, I was informed of a young farmer who was converted by means of one of my works, and before he died, he got his father to promise to purchase a number, for presents to relations and friends. The Lord be praised for another instance of good, through my feeble instrumentality. We have set apart the next week for special prayer to God, to entreat him to pour out his holy and most blessed Spirit upon us.

Disappointments in reference to obtaining ministers for our anniversary, tries me just now - but I endeavor to leave it with the Lord, as calmly and as quietly as I can. Surely he will appear. May he prepare our hearts to wait upon him in faith and hope, and dispose the hearts of his servants to assist us. He is working, may that work go on gloriously, until many shall have to exclaim, "what has God wrought!" My soul rests upon his promise, my eyes are up to his throne, and my expectations are from him alone. I cannot trust any power, talent, or experience I have - for I know that to be wrong; but I do trust in the Lord who made Heaven and earth.

March 10, 1856. Last week we held a series of special services, for prayer and addresses, as we much need more power, and the reviving influences of the Holy Spirit.

Monday was devoted to the church, when I spoke of her proper position and employment, from the words "The Bride says, come."

Tuesday was for the school, and the address from, "To make ready a people prepared for the Lord."

Wednesday a sermon from "Although our sins testify against us, O Lord - do something for the sake of your name. For our backsliding is great; we have sinned against you." On Thursday we confined our attention to enquirers, and addressed them from, "What must I do to be saved? Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and you shall be saved."

Friday was for the unconverted to whom I spoke from, "You will not come unto me - that you might have life."

Yesterday we had good congregations, and I preached in the morning from, "The wages of sin is death - but the gift of God is eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord." In the evening from, "But they made light of it, and went their way." May the Lord very graciously follow these services with his blessing. I have now a few people recently converted, who are very zealous in the distribution

of tracts, and trying to do good; I trust the Lord will use them for the glorifying of his great name, in the conversion of many sinners to himself. O how I long for the conversion of sinners! Never more so, I believe.

March 17, 1856. Monday evening I attended a missionary meeting at Salem. A good feeling was manifested and a pleasant evening was spent. What will be the result?

Tuesday evening, at our church-meeting, four people spoke of the Lord's dealings with them satisfactorily, and two more were proposed.

Wednesday, I preached on the changeless friendship of Jesus.

Thursday was taken up with attending meetings.

Friday, I finished another book for the press; so that I have now three in the printer's hands. Yesterday, was a comfortable day - but I want fruit. I cannot get that nearness to God, that sense of the Lord's presence, that abiding realization of the Lord's love - that I wish. I want always to be impressed with a sense of the value, importance, and excellency of divine truth, and to live more in the atmosphere of the Divine presence. O for that close walk with God, that Enoch enjoyed! I wish never to leave the Lord's side, or to live one moment but for him. He is my God, and I would praise him, love him, serve him, and glorify him every moment of my life.

I want also to realize warm-hearted love to all saints, without difference or distinction; and more and more to burn with a desire to save souls from death.

I believe there is a good work going on among many in the congregation - but I want a yet greater work. We are still tried with, and I daily pray for the removal of the debt on the chapel, I still hope the Lord will appear, and that I shall have to record, that he has confirmed his word, and illustrated his name, and that he is Jehovah Jireh still. My own personal needs are all supplied, many friends are very kind, and I trust that soon all the encumbrance on the chapel will be taken away, by the kind intervention of my gracious God. O for faith - to plead with him, to trust in him, to expect from him - and to leave the whole affair in his hands! Lord, glorify yourself, by bringing me quietly to acquiesce in your will, and leaving all my affairs in your hand.

March 25, 1856. Last Monday evening, a glorious testimony was borne at the meeting of the church, to the power and sovereignty of Divine grace. Many were in tears, for our hearts were melted with a sense of God's free and all-conquering love.

Tuesday evening the ministers met the Sunday-school teachers of the town, to tea in Salem chapel, and a pleasant, and I hope, a profitable evening was spent. On Wednesday, I preached on confidence in prayer, with some comfort.

Thursday was spent in visiting.

Friday, being Good Friday, we had a large and very profitable prayer meeting, in the morning at seven o'clock; and in the evening I preached to a large congregation from Revelation 5:9-10.

Lord's day was a glorious day. A very large company to the early prayer-meeting, and to the morning service, when I enjoyed preaching on the necessity there was for the sufferings and resurrection of Christ. In the evening the place was crowded, and I was enabled to preach with

much power, from Mark 15:15-16, after which I baptized eight believers. O for many such seasons!

Yesterday evening I was at a meeting at Gloster, and was pleased to hear my own prayer-meeting was crowded. On the whole, my soul has been kept alive in the Lord's ways. I have been visited by several more young believers, and I have reason to believe God is working in many hearts. O for a deep work, a broad work, and a work that will continue and increase! Nothing cheers, refreshes, or delights me - like seeing sinners brought to Christ. I do feel encouraged just now, and I hope Satan will not be allowed to hinder us again. O for a great ingathering, that the church may become strong, spread out her roots, extend her branches, and be a blessing to thousands!

April 1, 1856. I have been actively engaged for the Lord all this week; have enjoyed visiting my people, preached with considerable power, and had some happy seasons at the prayer-meetings, which are very encouraging. Our new members are very affectionate and energetic, and I hope this spirit will soon pervade the whole church. A good number are becoming decided - some who have been loitering about the fold for years, and others more recently called.

We are now preparing for our anniversary, one chief object of which is to raise money. I daily cry for grace and gold, and hope the Lord will open his liberal hand, and send us both. We are endeavoring to commence an afternoon service, to be conducted by the ministers in rotation, which I hope will succeed, for many servants can only get out in the afternoon, and I hope many of the working-classes will be induced to attend. O to work more for God as my days fly past in such quick succession! And when my work is done, may I glorify my God, and confirm my testimony, by a peaceful and happy departure. Heavenly Father, give, O give me more of your Holy Spirit.

April 8, 1856. A good week, with a few trials. Bro. H____, who has been laid aside from preaching for sometime, came to see me. What a mercy that I have not been laid aside. To God's holy name be praise. Lord's day morning, there appeared to be much of the Lord's presence at the early prayer-meeting. It was a blessed time. I enjoyed preaching on the love of Jesus, in the morning - and on the all-subduing power of Jesus, at night. A wet evening somewhat thinned the congregation - yet it was a blessed time. I received ten members into the church. An excellent prayer-meeting last night. Many are now induced to join the church. Six or seven cases of conversion have just turned up. I hope to propose a good number to the church tonight. Blessed be the Lord, that he has not taken away his spirit, or his mercy from me.

Twelve months today, our new chapel was opened, and it has been the birth-place of souls; I hope of many. May it be of thousands more. O for more love and cooperation among the Lord's people! O for more of the all-subduing power of the Lord Jesus! This subject has very greatly encouraged me of late, and many portions of the word have been sweet to my soul. The commencement of the book of Malachi, when reading it at family prayer, yesterday morning, was like a beam of heavenly sunshine. "I have loved you says the Lord." Wondrous thought. "Who is like unto Jehovah, who dwells on high. Who humbles himself to behold the things that are in Heaven and in earth!" This glorious Jehovah loves me! Notwithstanding my vileness, sinfulness, and provoking conduct - he loves me!

April 15, 1856. My mind was a good deal taken up, last week, with the subject of the infinite greatness, and condescension of God. What a subject for meditation! May my mind be more frequently occupied with it. Friday night, I was seized with a violent gallbladder attack. While

suffering I felt unusually softened and subdued. Generally I am very gloomy and irritable under such attacks - but I bless the Lord, this time it was not so.

Lord's day, was the anniversary of the opening of the chapel. The early prayer-meeting was very large. I preached three times, and in the evening with great power. I trust good was done. The collection was very liberal. At no time since my return, have we had such evident tokens of the Lord's presence and power among us, and at no time has there been more cause of discouragement in some quarters.

I have laid myself at the Lord's feet again and again, and have tried to roll and leave every burden there. But my poor, susceptible mind is so soon troubled and shaken, though blessed be the Lord, I have had considerable enjoyment of late. This morning I have somewhat enjoyed the exhortation of the apostles, "Set your affections on things above, not on things on the earth." May my heart, my hopes, and my desires - be all in Heaven!

April 22, 1856. Our tea-meeting is just over, and went off well, far beyond our expectations. It was a very pleasant evening. On Thursday, we had a very happy church-meeting, when eight believers gave an account of the Lord's work in their heart, four of them ascribed their first impressions to my preaching, and all of them their decision. Lord's day morning, we had the largest prayer-meeting we have ever had, and at night the place was crammed, when ten were baptized. It was a very solemn time. I aimed principally at the conversion of souls, speaking from, "Died without mercy." Hebrews 10:28 - words which struck my mind very forcibly in the week, as I stood by the bed of a dying sinner. What an awful thing it must be to "die without mercy."

Yesterday and today my mind has been very much distressed by a severe family trial. How many trials a family brings. What numerous trials a Christian, and especially a Christian minister has to wade through. Well, the good land will be reached shortly. The last trouble must come, "There is an end, and my expectation shall not be cut off." My hope is in God, who saves the upright in heart.

Last evening I enjoyed preaching from, "In him shall the Gentiles trust." May my trust be in Jesus. In Jesus only. In Jesus always. On Jesus for all I need, and under all I suffer. May nothing ever come between my eye and Jesus, neither my prayers, my feelings, or anything I do; for I find, if anything obscures Jesus for one moment, I am greatly depressed. O to dwell on high, looking to Jesus, working for Jesus, bringing, and leading the Lord's, people to give more honor to Jesus!

April 30, 1856. This day ends another month. I have had much comfort, and some heavy trials in it. May the Lord overrule all for good. On Wednesday, I had a blessed time in preaching from, "The Lord loves the righteous," and also on Lord's day. I believe the Lord is attending the word with power, and bringing souls to himself.

Four have been to tell me of the Lord's mercy, through my ministry, since my last entry; and the prayer-meetings are precious seasons. God is with us; he is working among us; I bless his most gracious, and all glorious name. But my soul still cries out: greater things, Lord, greater things! His power can subdue all things to himself, and his promises lead me to expect he will more visibly exert that power, in answer to prayer.

Several cases of deception, and improperly getting into debt, by professors of religion, has given me a new view of the falseness and depravity of the human heart. How often one is led to exclaim, "Lord, what is man!" How many things one meets with to try the temper, damp the zeal, and depress the spirits. It is my mercy to know I work for Jesus, not for man; otherwise I would soon grow weary in well doing. As it is, my heart cries out, "Anything for Jesus!" Yes, do, or suffer, or give, if it is for Jesus. O what has Jesus done for me? When this idea stands out before my eye, I am ashamed to think of what I do for him. O that I could do more, and bring more glory to his thrice precious name! Never was his name more sweet or precious to me, than it is now, and has been, for some time past. May his glory shine brighter and brighter on my soul, and may I feel more and more the power of his death and resurrection in my heart. Holy Spirit, as the glorifier of Jesus, work more and more in me, and by me, that he may be magnified. May 7, 1856. Amidst many things that are trying to me, I have very much to be thankful for, and praise befits me. I bless God I do feel grateful, and find my soul flowing forth in praises to his most glorious name. O that my every breath were praise and prayer.

Last Lord's day evening, I received twelve members into the church; ten more are proposed, and I believe a good number more are on the point of offering themselves. God has been working, while I have been fearing and at times cast down, thinking that little or nothing was being accomplished.

We had a most solemn and powerful time on Sunday evening, when I was speaking on Esther 8:6. I hope it will stir us all up to more activity and zeal in endeavoring to save souls from death. Blessed be God, I enjoy holy peace within, and have a spirit of prayer resting upon me, especially for the conversion of souls. Long, long have I been praying for what the Lord appears to be doing now, and every answer to prayer he gives emboldens me to expect more.

I enjoy reading my Bible greatly before breakfast; never did I enjoy it more. The Lord's word to Solomon at Gibeon, has been much on my mind, yesterday and today, "Ask, what I shall give you?" My soul cries out, "Wisdom, Lord, wisdom to win souls, to walk wisely, and to manage all my trials, so as to glorify your blessed name in them." May 16, 1856. I had on the whole, a blessed day on Sunday, and hope the word will be blessed, especially to the young, to whom the evening sermon was addressed. The prayer-meeting was really a blessed time. Monday night also was a pleasant season. Tuesday the meetings of the Association commenced here. A pouring wet day. On Wednesday morning we had about 250 out to prayer-meeting at six-o'clock. The sermons and addresses were excellent, the letters from the churches called for great humiliation, although the clear increase was double that of last year.

Last evening, we had a very pleasant, and I hope, profitable church-meeting, when eight friends gave an account of the work of God on their souls; six out of the eight are the fruits of my ministry. This calls for heartfelt gratitude to God. Four more are proposed to the church, and a number of others are desirous of coming in. I am now praying for a glorious outpouring of the Holy Spirit, on Lord's day evening next, when nine believers will profess Christ in baptism. The excitement of the meetings has robbed me of a degree of that sweet and holy calm of soul which I have enjoyed of late - but I hope now to return unto, and enjoy my rest in Jesus. Blessed be his holy name, he does from time to time, endear himself to my soul, and I feel holy love to his dear and ever blessed name. May I live unto him more simply, walk with him in deeper humility, and glorify him more extensively than I have ever done. I would devote my few remaining days to

Jesus, and to Jesus only. O for grace to enable me to say, "I live, and yet not I - but Christ lives in me; and the life I live in the flesh, I live by faith in the Lord Jesus Christ; who loved me, and gave himself for me." What wondrous love, was the love of Jesus! How is it, I am not more affected by it, and delighted with it? O that my eye, and my heart were fixed upon it - from henceforth, even for evermore! May 22, 1856. A glorious prayer-meeting on Lord's day morning, and a very crowded house in the evening, the ordinance of baptism was administered, and I hope, good was done. In the morning, I preached on "The love of the Spirit," and in the evening on "The constraining love of Christ." O, that some may be brought to fall in love with Jesus! On Monday, we had a church tea-meeting, four brethren spoke of what the Lord was doing in the villages, and four prayed. It was a pleasant, and I hope, profitable time. On Tuesday, I preached at Hatherby, on the attractive power of the cross; and on Wednesday at our own place, after which two young people came to tell me they were led to Jesus through my instrumentality. Bless the Lord, O my soul! These manifestations of the Lord's presence and power, greatly cheer and comfort me. I have sown in tears - but now I am reaping in joy. God is with us, of a truth, we cannot, we dare not doubt that now.

I enjoy the presence of Jesus also in private, and everything connected with him is precious to my soul. Satan often suggests, "Ah, it will not go on so long!" Well, perhaps it may not - but that is the very reason why we should enjoy it while we have it. I do feel grateful to God for his mercies; may my gratitude increase more and more. May 28, 1856. Last Lord's day was pleasant and profitable, a large early prayer-meeting, after which, two young men spoke with me, under concern of soul. I preached in the morning, from John 6:37. In the afternoon, for the Wesleyan Reformers, from Acts 4:42. In the evening we had a full house, and a most solemn and impressive time. I preached from Isaiah 33:14 - I trust I shall hear that many took the warning, to flee from the wrath to come. At the prayer-meeting on Monday night, a very solemn influence was felt, and some could not refrain from tears. God is surely with us, evidently working among us. Blessed forever be his holy name! O for a very deep, extensive, lasting, and glorious work! Satan tries all he can to harass, irritate, and lead me astray; may the Lord very graciously keep me, and sanctify everything to me. I feel a spirit of prayer, and a good degree of power within me; may it be increased tenfold. O to burn with zeal for God, and love to perishing souls!

June 4, 1856. Good services both on Lord's day and at the prayer-meeting, on Monday evening. Tuesday evening, seven people spoke of the Lord's dealings with them, before the church, satisfactorily, and I proposed four more, one of them my youngest daughter. The Lord continues to carry on his work among us, for which I bless and praise his great and holy name. Still my spirit cries, "Greater things O Lord! Greater things than these!" In temporals, we are about as we were; we can keep on - but the Lord does not appear for the removal of our debt. There are some tradesmen I long to see paid - but, unless the Lord opens his hand, I see not how they can be. My times are in God's hands, and I wish to leave them there. He does all things well. But it has been one of my besetting sins, to try and hurry the Lord's providence. I forget that the life-giving spirit is in the wheels - and that they move round just according to the impetus he gives. All things are ordered and settled according to God's most wise and gracious will - Providence only develops his decrees, accomplishes his purposes, and makes good his promises. The wheels are full of eyes, there can be no mistake, for all things are seen and provided for. My soul still longs and sighs to be brought into a state of entire acquiescence with the will of God. I want to have no wish, no

desire, no will - but what is in strict accordance with the will and purpose of my most gracious God.

June 27, 1856. Since I last wrote, I have been very unwell, having had one of the most severe attacks I have had for years. Yet I have been enabled to go on with my work, though in much pain. I have also been to Bradford, Yorkshire; preaching the word. When I started I thought I could not possibly bear the journey and the work - but as my day my strength has been. In bodily affliction - I have not felt that life and vigor of soul I could wish. My feeling was to be still, and acquiesce in the will of God. Though much better, I am not well - but I feel my soul very much quickened, and I want a visit from my God, to be able to do something extra for Him. The Lord be praised, I have not labored in vain, fresh enquirers are coming forward, proving that God is still working among us. The Lord is opening up portions of his word to me, so that I hope he has much to do by me; both in feeding his flock and in bringing sinners to repentance. I want deeper holiness for myself, and to see a greater work wrought in the Lord's church. Hitherto, he has helped, honored, and comforted us - may he yet show us greater things than these. Nothing is impossible with God; on this I lean, and from this I draw encouragement. If God wills, omnipotence works, and so his deep decrees and glorious promises are accomplished. My God, once more I look up, and give myself to you. To your service and praise, I consecrate anew my person, talents, time, and all! "I am the Lord's!" May I glorify him greatly.

July 7, 1856. I am still a sufferer - but a sufferer supported and sustained by omnipotent grace; yesterday, the Lord carried me through beyond my expectations. We had a very large prayer-meeting at seven o'clock; at eleven, I preached on the glorious subject of Redemption; at three, I preached again, and baptized seven people, one of whom was my daughter Susan; at half-past six, I preached again, and then administered the Lord's supper. I was tired in the work - but by no means tired of it. O that I could do more for him, who has done so much for me! There are still many more hovering around the fold; may the Lord decide them, and bring them in! Thirteen were added to the church yesterday, and one was prevented by sickness.

July 17, 1856. I begin to feel now pretty well restored to health, and my soul is longing to witness a glorious work for God. I want the Holy Spirit to come down with power. I long for the conversion of more souls to God. I have not felt all that life, power, and nearness to God, which I desire; yet my soul has been at peace. A new volume Called "Good Seed for the Lord's Field," has just come from the press. May the Lord accompany it with his blessing, that it may be more useful than any that has gone before it. I have enjoyed preaching the word, both at home and abroad. May the Lord water it, so that it may spring up, and grow. I want to see fruit - fruit that will remain. Fruit that will abound, to my account. O to be the father of hundreds of thousands of immortal souls! Nothing is too hard for the Lord. Nothing shall be impossible. These small portions are at once, a stimulus, a stay, and a comfort to me. I cannot be satisfied with small things, nor do I think I should; God's promises are very large; so is the heart of Jesus; and, I believe, the Holy Spirit produces large desires in the hearts of the saints.

God says, "Open your mouth wide - and I will fill it!" This appears to justify my hungry longing after great things. Aaron's dry rod wrought wonders - when waved in God's name. I am a poor, dry rod - but God may work wonders by me. O that he would display his sovereignty and do so! However, I must do what I can, both with tongue and pen - and hope that the Lord will crown it with his blessing. Gracious God, pour out your most blessed Spirit, and save a multitude of soul!

August 15, 1856. I have been away from home very much lately, scattering the good seed; may the Lord make it spring up and grow. I find I am not serious enough when away from home, and fear my spirituality declines. I had one days experience of collecting toward the debt on the chapel. I am persuaded no minister of Jesus Christ should give his time and talents to that work. It would soon ruin me. May I ever consecrate my time and talents, to the spiritual part of the Lord's work. I am at home at that - but at no other work. I want more energy, and more perseverance, in prosecuting that. May my motto ever be "One thing I do!" May my one thing be to exalt Jesus, to feed his people, and bring poor sinners as suppliants to his feet. He is my all, my Alpha and Omega. O that I loved him as I ought, trusted him as I am warranted, and served him as he deserves to be served? Blessed forever, be his glorious name - that he has made arrangements, that I shall, through eternity, bless, praise, adore, and love him! What will be my feelings when I first see his face? When I hear his voice! When I stand accepted and perfect in his visible presence! May I labor on earth, anticipating the pleasure of enjoying his presence and love in fullness in Heaven! Holy Spirit, honor Jesus in me, and by me more and more.

August 25, 1856. Blessed be God, my soul is revived and quickened. I feel Jesus to be precious, most precious. He has endeared himself to me afresh; yesterday was a blessed time, especially in the evening when I baptized five believers. Two were quite young, the others more advanced in life. One was an Indian from Madras. I bless God for five - but my longing soul cries out for five hundred. I feel all on fire for the conversion of souls. I am sure that God is with us - but, O for more of his power and converting grace! Many were in tears last evening, may they prove to be tears of godly sorrow, of repentance unto life! My deacon informed me that ____ was deeply impressed, and that he saw the tears roll down her cheeks. O that the Lord would thoroughly break her heart, and make her a new creature in Christ Jesus! I think I have prayed earnestly for her, will my prayers prevail! Will they? Lord, you know! O that they may and that speedily! A solemn event has just taken place, one of my young hearers, was seized with brain fever, lay a few days insensible, and yesterday morning died! May this make me more faithful, more importunate, and more affectionate, in my dealings with the young. Miss Clift, one of my most consistent members, died happy in the Lord, at Bristol, yesterday week. Her sister writing of her death say, "If ever anyone had a foretaste of Heaven, my sister had." Blessed be the Lord for her consistent life, and happy death.

September 9, 1856. Blessed be the Lord, he is still with us, and blessing us; we have just held our Anniversary services, and have enjoyed power and pleasure in them, and hope for much good from them. We have received an impulse which I believe will be of use to us. I must dwell more on grace, and preach more of Jesus. I do love to hear Jesus exalted, it always cheers and animates my soul. Blessed be his holy name, he is with us, and he is blessing us. He smooths my rough path very considerably of late, and I trust, having tried me, he intends to do great things by me. O Jesus, take my heart, and fill it! O Savior, take my church, and breathe upon it, that it may receive the Holy Spirit, in a manner and measure it has never done yet! I want you to be glorified by me, and by my people. I rejoice in your love. O precious love, which waters cannot quench, neither can the floods drown it! No floods of our sin, no floods of your Father's wrath, no floods of suffering or sorrow - could ever quench or drown your love. You love this morning, as much as ever you did; and, sweet thought, you will love forever, as much as you love now. No change of mind, no change of purpose, no change of affection - can ever be in you. You are of one mind, and whom

you love - you love unto the end. O Savior, you love me, and I bless you for it! Yes, I can say with your honored apostle, "He loved me - and gave himself for me!" O that I could love you in return, with all my heart, and all my soul, and all my strength. O that every exercise of my mind, every word of my mouth, and every action of my life - was a simple, earnest, and continuous expression of love to Jesus!

September 22, 1856. I have visited Weston, preached the gospel there, and derived physical benefit from the change. The Lord led me out, and brought me home, in safety. O that I had been more spiritually minded while there, and had conversed more of Jesus. I have now many calls from a distance, and I hope the Lord will make me a blessing wherever I go. May I never preach in vain.

I have had some dry times of late, in the pulpit - but I have also had some very pleasant ones. But I want always to feel full of life and fire in the Lord's work. I cannot like dullness in the Lord's service. May I ever throw my whole heart into my employment, and so preach, that I may leave the impression on everyone that hears me, that right or wrong - I am in earnest, and believe all I say. O how I long to exalt Jesus! He was my subject, both parts of yesterday, may he ever be so. I want to be wholly taken up with Christ, to show forth the honor of his name, and make his praise glorious.

Troubles and trials will come, I feel them, I have them now - but I will try and carry them all to Jesus, and leave them with him; I will pray for submission, uncomplaining submission to his will. I will seek grace, that I may heartily acquiesce in all that God does, and in all that he permits.

October 4, 1856. I have much cause to lie low before the Lord tonight, for since my health has been better, my animal-spirits have carried me away, and I am not as serious as I ought to be. Yet, blessed be the Lord, as unworthy as I am - I find that he still uses me, and makes me a blessing to immortal souls. Last week, four of those proposed to the church, dated their conversion to my ministry.

Last Lord's day morning, a man who had been a great sinner, and sometime ago, would not allow his wife to come to chapel, came into the vestry, and, weeping like a child, said, "O sir, I have given my heart to Jesus. I wish to own him." I said, "When was that?" He replied, "This morning, at the early prayer-meeting, under your prayer." He has long been laboring under conviction, now I trust, he is a brand plucked out of the fire.

Another remarkable instance of conversion in the Crimea, from reading "The Early and Latter Rain," came under my notice, at North Bradley: the subject of it being on a visit to his friends, there he came to hear me preach, and informed me of the circumstance. Blessed be the Lord, for these instances of his goodness, these proofs that I do not labor in vain. O my soul, praise the Lord, for his goodness, and for his wonderful works, unto the children of men!

October 20, 1856. Truly the Lord is good to me. My health and spirits have been good. I have been enabled to preach the word, both at home, and many miles away, without any accident or interruption. New instances of conversion turn up, which encourage me to go on, and my congregation increases. I have felt much power in preaching.

Last night I baptized seven believers, and the house was crowded. All appeared very solemn, and the service was very impressive. Thanks be unto God for all his mercies, I do feel grateful. O that I felt a hundred times more so! My tongue and my pen work, and I find, wherever I go, my writings are appreciated. When my brethren pray for me, they pray for me not only as a preacher - but also as a writer. I do bless the Lord that ever I was born, and, more especially, that ever I was born again; and more still, that he called me into the ministry, and continues to use me to . . . publish his truth, feed his people, and conquer his foes.

I do trust he will continue to use me, even unto the end. I would like to work until the last, and die in the harness.

November 6, 1856. A week's special services have been held, and went off well; I believe the Lord was with us. On the Tuesday following, I invited enquirers to meet me in the vestry for prayer, and an address - nearly one hundred attended. This cheered me, though I could not hope that all were in real earnest about their souls. The congregation continues large, and their attention is as close as it well can be. I travail in birth for souls and select subjects likely to bring sinners to Jesus.

Last Lord's day, I received nine into the church, and on Tuesday, proposed eleven more; a considerable number are still waiting. Seldom does a night pass without my having some Christian service. I trust the Lord will work by all the means we employ; my own soul is in peace, I enjoy power in private prayer, and my study is truly, a happy place. My health is good - with just enough of pain and infirmities, to remind me that I am growing old.

Seldom does a week pass without my hearing of some cases of conversion. Two small works are just issuing from the press, and, I have commenced writing another. O for grace to write the mind of God, to write so as to win souls, promote holiness, and stimulate the Lord's people, to activity in the Lord's ways! To win souls is my heart's desire. That God would give me wisdom to do so, is my daily prayer. Usefulness is my happiness, my fortune. I care but little for anything beside. O my God, teach me to sow in faith, and let me reap a glorious harvest! My soul, I charge you, to live for Jesus, and strive to honor him.

November 19, 1856. My fifty-fourth birthday. A day of mercies. A day preceded by a whole train of mercies. A day in which I am surrounded by mercies.

Last evening, eleven told us of the Lord's dealings with them, at the church-meeting, several of them referred to my ministry as the means of their conversion, and all as being greatly benefitted thereby, six more were proposed for fellowship, and many more are on the road. Blessed be God for such mercies, I esteem them more than thousands of gold and silver.

I have also begun two more small works for the press. In this I am encouraged, by the reports of the Lord's blessing resting upon those already published. In the decline of life, after hearing the gospel preached in vain, for many years, one has been converted through reading the "Messenger of Mercy." My family are all now in good health; my church and congregation are united. Peace is "within our walls, and prosperity within our palaces." O what cause have I for gratitude! Truly, the Lord has dealt well with his servant, according to his word. Seldom have I been in more comfortable circumstances on my birthday, when I awoke early this morning, my heart ascended to God in prayer and praise, my soul said, from its very depths - "Lord, in the strength of grace, With a glad heart and free, Myself, my residue of days, I consecrate to thee. Your ransomed

servant I, Restore to you your own, And from this moment, live or die, To serve my God alone!" And now, Lord, once more I solemnly ratify my covenant with you, into which I entered, November 21, 1833. I have read it over seriously and solemnly, and signed it afresh. I am the Lord's, may I never forget this. May it never be long together out of my thoughts. O Jesus! I love to look upon myself as yours, wholly yours, forever yours! Gracious Father! I rejoice that I am yours - your child, your chosen, your servant! It is my glory to be yours - your temple, your instrument, your devoted servant!

December 6, 1856. Since last writing, I have been suffering from a gallbladder attack, from which I have not yet quite recovered. I have enjoyed some sweet thoughts of Jesus, and a good measure of the spirit of prayer. The Lord's work goes on, I have heard of several fresh cases of conversion, and hope soon to hear of more; I have been busy also with my pen writing for four periodicals. The Lord has appeared also, to adjust some difficulties arising out of our chapel debt, and the cause has never looked so well on the whole as now. My soul is alive, desire burns like fire for the conversion of souls; and all is in peace. The ministers of the town are united and co-operate together in the Lord's work. We may well say, "What has God wrought!" My principal desire now, is deeper spirituality, more holiness. That I may live only for Jesus, that I may live like Jesus; I have seen much of the beauty and value of meekness, of late, and would make it the object of my pursuit and care. A letter from Ireland, tells me my books are useful there, and in various other parts the Lord is working by them; I hope to close this year in mercy, enjoying the sunshine of my Savior's love, and success in the Lord's work. At our last baptism, the place was crammed, and many could not get in. The service was very solemn, and, I hope that good was done. I do now plough, and sow in hope, may I yet, in a larger measure, be partaker of my hope; I only wish to live to bring souls to Jesus, this is the great end and object of my life; the Lord has honored me in this, far more than I could ever have expected. May he honor me yet more and more; I do now enjoy solid, substantial, spiritual things. Prayer is often sweet and pleasant, and I delight to praise the Lord. Heaven must be sweet - because there is so much gratitude and praise there. Many of my brethren are gone before me, and I shall soon follow them.

December 19, 1856. I have been affected with gallbladder attacks more or less since I last wrote - but my soul has been in peace, and, in some measure, I have been enabled to exercise patience. Our quarterly tea-meeting passed off very well, and we realized 50 pounds toward the debt on the chapel. Twelve people are now waiting for baptism, and a number more desire to come forward. Glory be to God's most holy name!

I have finished and sent to the press, another small work, to be entitled "Christ Alone." A feeble attempt to honor my dear Lord and Master. O that I could honor him more! My family mercies are many, may I receive grace to bless the Lord for what I have, and to plead for, and expect more in his own good time. Many portions of the word have been sweet to me, and I have enjoyed preaching the gospel. O how much I have to be grateful for! Lord, give me a truly grateful heart, and let my whole life be a song of praise to you! I want to live . . . looking to Jesus, working for Jesus, and walking like Jesus! May he be the object of my faith, the master whom I serve, and the example which I carefully copy. May I derive all I need from him, and spend all I have for him. He has all I want. He is all I desire, and, I doubt not but he will give all he has promised. Hitherto, I can say, "Not one thing has failed." Surely then, I ought to trust him for the future, and devote myself entirely to his praise. I do wish to be entirely the Lord's, to spend and to be spent for him, and

especially do I pant to be honored in bringing sinners to Jesus. On this my heart is set, for this my prayers ascend, and to this my energies are directed. May my last days, in this respect, be my best days, and may my declining years be crowned with much fruit, to the praise and glory of God!

January 2, 1857. The last year was closed with mercy. I baptized twelve believers on the 21st, and had a solemn and impressive season. We had a glorious thanksgiving-meeting, on the 31st, and a prayer meeting, at six o'clock, on the morning of New-Year's day, a very large company present. My new-year's text and motto is Matthew 28:20, "Surely, I am with you always!" What a blessed promise. Jesus must be Divine, or he could not be with us all, and always: his heart must be full of love and sympathy, or he would not thus pledge himself to be with us. In all times past he has been with me, and now I have his promise, that he will be with me always, even to the end. Sweet thought, "his mercy endures forever!" The Lord has done great things by me, as a minister, and great things for us, as a people, during the past year. Our debt has been reduced about 500 pounds, and between eighty and ninety members have been added to the church. New cases of conversion continually present themselves; and I trust, the work still goes on. To God, be all the praise and glory. Never was my heart more set upon bringing souls to Jesus than now, this is of the Lord; and I know not that ever the Lord brought more sinners to himself by me, than now.

I have entered upon this new-year, consecrating myself afresh to the Lord, to his service and glory, I will seek grace to be more useful, more holy, and more happy. Thank God, that there is more grace to be had, for it is written "He gives more grace." O Jesus, O fountain and fullness of grace - give me more grace! Spirit of God, fill my soul with your presence and power, as you have never filled me before! Father of mercies, glorify your mercy in me, this year, more than ever! O that the holy and ever blessed Trinity would dwell in me, work by me, and confound Satan through me, mightily this year!

January 20, 1857. Since I last wrote, I have received thirteen into the church, and have baptized eleven more. Many of them are called through my feeble instrumentality. Cases of conversion continually turn up; I have felt much power and liberty, in preaching the word for some time, and the ruling desire of my soul is, to bring sinners unto God. Thank God, I do not desire, pray, or labor in vain. The Holy and ever blessed Spirit does set his seal upon my poor feeble efforts. For some time, I have suffered much in body from gallbladder attacks, dizziness in the head, and this week from cold, and hoarseness; but blessed be the Lord, I have not been laid aside from my work; I have not written anything for the press this month, I seem altogether out of tune for it - but I am about to prepare two more volumes for the printer. May the Lord give me grace to write, if he intends to bless, not otherwise. My own soul has been tolerably peaceful and prayerful, and, I trust, the Lord will deepen his work in me; and yet work mightily by me, he can work by the feeblest instrumentality - and he does work sometimes by the most unlikely, and the most unworthy. O my God, work by me from day to day, use my tongue, my pen, my influence - to extend your most blessed cause! I would live, labor, and die, to win souls for Jesus.

January 31, 1857. The Lord be praised, who has brought me safely and honorably through another month. I have done comparatively little, not being well in body. I have felt a great aversion to writing, so that for the first time for a long period, there has been nothing from my pen in any of the Magazines. I find my temper exceedingly irritable, and I cannot realize the value, importance, and power of prayer, as I wish. The Lord goes on working by me, and I have been encouraged this

week, by three interesting lads coming to me, requesting baptism, and admission to the church. One of them was little more than fourteen years of age. In every sermon now, I endeavor to aim directly at the conversion of the soul. So that, while I feed the flock already gathered, I call after the poor sheep who are wandering from the fold. O to bring hundreds more!

Last night, I preached at the Union-house, to the paupers. I very much enjoyed this service. It reminded me of our Lord, who said, "Go, and tell John, that the poor have the gospel preached to them." I hope the Lord will give me some souls, even in the Union-house. Bringing souls to Jesus, is more to me than food or drink.

It is now five years since I returned to this place, and in looking back, I am led to exclaim, "What has God wrought!" He has done more for me and by me than I could have expected. However, much remains to be done. There is plenty of work yet, may the Lord give me health, strength, and grace, to do it. O my Savior, be near my heart, and keep my heart near your thrice blessed Self!

February 11, 1857. Thanks be to the Lord, the good work still goes on; several fresh instances of conversion have come to light, and I cannot but be encouraged. I have been very unwell, the weather is very changeable, many have been ill, and dying around us. May I be ready for life or death.

I want to feel more power in prayer, and live wholly to the Lord. With all my watching - I still find that wretched self will creep in! I do things for men, for self - -not simply and only for the Lord. Yet I wish for this to be the case. O that my will were sweetly lost in the will of God! May grace be given me day by day, to surrender myself to my God, and may I live exercising faith in the blood of Jesus; exercising confidence in God, as my heavenly Father, carrying all my cares to a throne of grace, and actively employing every talent, with a view to God's glory.

February 22, 1857. I have seen more of the importance of prayer again lately, and my faith in prayer has received a stimulus. The promises on prayer, have been especially useful to me. May they be deeply engraved on my heart. May my faith firmly grasp them. O, Spirit of God! help me to realize the power of prayer, and give me grace to plead with God more frequently, and more fervently.

Tonight, I have speak on the death of two of my members. Both of them enjoyed much peace and comfort on the bed of death. Many are gone to glory before me, and many more are on the road. O that the Lord would bless me to thousands more!

Last Lord's day, I baptized nine believers, it was a very solemn and impressive time. I trust the Lord is now working in many hearts. I feel willing to be anything, or do anything, if I may but bring sinners to God. O to be instrumental in saving souls! For this I wish to live, at this I would aim when I come to die. Blessed Spirit, enable me to honor Jesus, feed his lovely flock, and win souls for him; my own soul has enjoyed a good degree of peace, and I have enjoyed the means of grace. I have felt considerable power in the pulpit, and the meetings for prayer have, many of them, been very precious. May the Lord give me more grace - that I may sympathize with his people, bear the infirmities of the weak, and not seek to please myself. I would live for my people, my Savior, and my God.

March 10, 1857. The Lord has blessed me, with large and attentive congregations, and on both the last Lord's days, I have preached with considerable power, though I have suffered for it in my head, on the following days. But what is a little suffering, if one gets it in preaching Christ to hundreds of poor sinners. I still travail in birth for souls, and our prayer-meetings are crowded, and I am full of hope.

Blessed be God, I am enabled to go on in my work, preaching the word, and writing for the press. O that I had more unction from the Holy One! O that God would give me a tongue of fire, and clothe me with power! The great need of the day is power. O for power from God. This is my daily cry. O that I was hourly impelled, by the indwelling spirit, thus to cry unto God! I feel that I ought to pray more. I desire to pray more. I determine to pray more.

I have not met with so many cases of conversion this last week or two - but I cannot but believe God is working. Yes, I trust he will fulfill in me all the good pleasure of his goodness, and the work of faith with power.

March 31, 1857. I have suffered much from dizziness in the head, since I last wrote - but I have been enabled to go on with my work. The Lord's name be praised! The most unpleasant part of the business is, that I feel it most, when I close my eyes for public prayer. This confuses my mind and prevents my praying with that comfort and earnestness that I otherwise should. However, I prayed very earnestly against it last week, and I was not troubled with it on Sunday. My youngest son has decided for God, and sent me a satisfactory account of his conversion. My soul has enjoyed peace with God, and some nearness to God. Divine truth has been sweet to my soul. I do relish the truths of God, may I be privileged to enjoy them more and more. But what is even truth itself - if it does not lead us into fellowship with the God of truth, and sanctifying our natures, make us like Jesus who is the essential truth. I wish to make the truth a ladder - by which I may ascend to God; and to find it a mirror - which reflects the beauty and glory of God. I do long for more nearness to God, and to be made a more correct likeness of God, and to be more useful in the work of God.

Thirty-seven years ago today, I was baptized, on a profession of my faith in Christ. How often have I dishonored that profession! How little glory have I brought to the Savior, whom I then professed! What a mercy for me, he knew all about me, before he called me. He knew what he would have to bear with me and from me. Blessed be his holy name, that he has borne with me, blessed me, and used me in his much-loved cause. Here I am, after thirty-seven years journey in the wilderness, with my face still Zionward; with my hope steadily fixed in God, and my faith centering in Christ alone. Look forward, look upwards, my soul, for long before thirty-seven years more shall roll away - I shall be in Heaven, I shall have seen the sweet face of Jesus, my blessed Master, and beloved Savior!

April 19, 1857. Since my last entry I have been very unwell, and was prevented preaching on one Lord's day. But, blessed be the Lord - but one. I am now better. The doctor tells me, I must walk more in the air and I have since enjoyed some sweet, lovely walks, pouring out my heart before the Lord.

We have also held our Anniversary services, and realized 116 pounds towards the debt. The Lord's name be praised. I have today been preaching on the intercession of Jesus. Sweet subject!

Our great High Priest, appears in the presence of God - for us! He pleads our cause, and will carry it against all our foes. He sends the Comforter - to teach, sanctify, and console us. He employs providence - to guide, guard, and provide for us. He will never rest until he introduces us to his Father, as a glorious church without a spot or wrinkle or any other blemish! Instead, she will be holy and without fault!" "Therefore, He is always able to save those who come to God through Him, since He always lives to intercede for them!" Hebrews 7:25

O my Savior, give me grace to commit myself and all my concerns to you daily - and perform all things for me! O preserve me from sin, let not Satan get the victory over me, nor allow me to be overcome by any evil - now that I am in the decline of life. You have kept me for many years, now also, when I am getting old, and gray-headed - O God forsake me not. Let the evening of life be calm, and let it be spent in furthering your cause. While I live - may I live to the Lord; and when I come to die - O let me die to the Lord! Living or dying, my God - let me be your. May my whole family be consecrated to God, that not one of its members may be missing, when the Lord makes up his jewels. O may we all stand justified before God - in the exact likeness of his well-beloved Son.

April 24, 1857. I still continue far from well in body, and have been very much tried and perplexed in mind. How difficult it is, to know what to do at times, and under some circumstances. My whole soul goes out to God, that he would enable me to acquiesce in his will. I feel as if I did not wish to have my own way - but for the Lord's will to be done in me and my circumstances. Yet there are strugglings in my breast - the flesh will work. I am very much influenced by my carnal nature still. My will is not wholly swallowed up in the will of God, as I wish it to be. Trials wean me from earth, and lead me, to seek my happiness in God, rather than in the creature, and will, I doubt not, render the rest of the promised land, doubly sweet. Then I shall see the reason of all! A letter from Dundee, tells me that one of my books has been made a blessing to a young man there. I trust the Lord is working by them secretly, in many places. I may never hear of it - but if Jesus, that precious Savior, who purchased me with his blood, is honored - it is enough for me. Jesus lived for me, and I wish to live for him. He loved me to the death, and I wish so to love him. He died for me, and I wish to live, labor, suffer, and die for him. I have anew, this week, consecrated myself to him. O for grace to honor him, in all I do, both in life and death. May 11, 1857. Blessed be God, I have experienced a little revival. My bodily health is but poorly - but my soul burns with love to souls, and with a desire for their salvation. God is working among us - but I want to see great things, great things. O for a glorious work! O to see hundreds brought to God, in Cambray.

I find that Satan is very busy, trying to do mischief in the church and congregation - but I hope, by watchfulness and prayer, we shall overcome him. Thank God, I have been enabled to be much in prayer lately. O that every breath was spent in prayer, or praise, or speaking for God! My soul longs to be thoroughly sanctified, to enjoy a deep baptism of the Holy Spirit. I want to be full of God - for the Christian to rule the man, for grace entirely to control nature.

Yesterday, many met for prayer, and a very large number to hear the word. I felt great power in my own soul, and some effect was produced on the people. O that hundreds were brought to Christ. My soul burns with a desire to save souls! O how those words have been impressed on my mind lately, "Let him know that he who turns a sinner from the error of his way - will save a soul from death, and cover a multitude of sins!" James 5:20 What is it for a soul to die?

It is to remain under the just wrath and endless curse of God!

What is it to save a soul from death?

It is to snatch an immortal brand from burning in Hell! To save a soul from death, is . . . to rob Satan of his prey, to deprive Hell of its fuel, and to prevent endless and indescribable torments! To save a soul from death, is . . . to place a jewel in the crown of Jesus, to bring a sheep into the great Shepherd's fold, and to add a harp to the glorious harmony of Heaven! To save a soul from death, is . . . the greatest work which one can do, the highest honor which one can gain, the most glorious triumph which one can win! May 31, 1857. I have been out of health, and therefore have been much from home lately, hoping to recover it. Blessed be the Lord, I have not been laid aside from my beloved work - but have been enabled to preach Christ, wherever I have gone, and hope to preach him more and more. Nor has the Lord's work stood still, souls are still saved, and I baptized five last Lord's day evening. My own soul has been in peace. I have enjoyed reading the Word, and prayer alone - but I want more power, more of the unction of the Holy Spirit. O to be wholly, and altogether the Lord's! I pant for more grace - and for more likeness to the Lord Jesus! My tongue speaks for Jesus. My pen writes for Jesus, and my whole soul sighs to be employed for Jesus. He alone is my rock and my salvation. In him I rejoice, and for him I count all things but loss. But try how I will, I never can honor him as I wish, or as he deserves. His voice is most sweet - yes, he is altogether lovely. He is the life of my life, the joy of my joy, and my all in all. O that the Holy Spirit would use me, to win souls for him, to bring more glory to him. I would live for Jesus - and I would die for him! My poor writings still spread, and find favor with the Lord's people constantly; I meet with people who love me, because of what I have written, and I hear of the re-publication of my writings in America, and elsewhere. Yet, when I look back, I seem to have done nothing. My day is drawing to a close. The shadows of evening are stretching out. The night comes, when I shall be able to work no longer. O to finish my work well, though I would only finish it with my life! May I never cease to work - until I cease to live; and may all I do - be for Jesus and the good of souls. O for more energy, more zeal, and more love - so that I may have more success!

June 29, 1857. Through this month, I have been much employed in preaching the Word, and endeavoring to spread the fame of Jesus. O to exalt his dear name more and more. I have been much tried by the instability of some from whom I expected better things. One thing is certain - the Lord will overrule all for His own glory, and the good of His cause. O to look away from the creature - to the Lord Jesus Christ alone! May I seek all my happiness in Christ - and all my supplies from Christ. May I . . . look to Him, lean on Him, and walk with Him - all through the journey of life! Then, when my journey ends, may I pass the Jordan under a sense of His love, and enter into the promised land!

O for more grace!

O for more conformity to Jesus!

O for more fellowship with Jesus! May I labor for Christ alone, and expect my reward from His blessed hands.

I find more and more, that it does not do to look to creatures at all. I must . . . look to Christ, expect from Christ, and seek in all things to honor Christ. As Jesus lived for me - I would live for Him! As

Jesus suffered for me - I would suffer for Him! As Jesus died for me - I desire to be willing to die for Him, if He required it at my hands. "For to me, to live is Christ - and to die is gain!" Php 1:21. Thanks be to God, that I do not live in vain. I have frequent proofs that God is with me, and is graciously working by me.

July 30, 1857. Another month has been spent in my Master's service, and well do I love his work, and rejoice in lifting up the Lord Jesus. Much have I enjoyed preaching the word, this month, both at home and abroad. The heat of the weather, much preaching, and occasional sickness, have kept my pen still - but I must begin to write again.

Several cases of conversion have appeared this month, and I have baptized six believers. A letter from a clergyman, laboring in Nova Scotia, informs me that my "Messenger of Mercy," in French, was made a blessing to him. Wherever I go, I hear of my poor writings being made a blessing. Truly I have not labored in vain, nor spent my strength for nothing. I have been a pen in God's hand, with which he has written letters of love, to many of His dear people.

I must go on, for God works by me still, and while God honors me, can I expect Satan to be still, or that all men should speak well of me? Surely not - but I must expect a thorn in my flesh, as well as Paul, and look for persecution, in proportion as I live godly. Ebenezer, "hitherto the Lord has helped me!" and he who has helped me so much, and so long - will help me through all, and help me to the end. O for a glorious finish! O to end well! O to bear a dying testimony for God.

August 28, 1857. Blessed be God, that though I still suffer in my body, I can go on with my work; and not only so - but enjoy much power and pleasure in it. The work of God still goes on - but still I hear the cry, "Greater things, Lord, greater things!" My soul also has been praying for . . . deeper sanctification, more entire acquiescence in the will of God, sympathy with the heart of God, conformity to the image of God, and consecration to the work of God.

O for less of man - and more of God! I do weary of the creature - and long to be taken up with the Creator! My own heart is very corrupt, my nature is intensely selfish - and yet I want to be unselfish, and lose myself in God. I have enjoyed some sweet seasons with the Lord - but I want to live very near to Him, to walk in the closest fellowship, and to esteem nothing in comparison with the presence of God.

I enjoy the company of the Lord's people, especially at the prayer meetings. O that all my people loved the meetings for prayer as I do! Still I want to see more power even at my favorite meetings. Blessed be the Lord, for associating me with his people, and giving so many of them grace to love me. If some of my congregation knew me better - they would love me less; and I cannot but believe some would esteem me more. Yet my heavenly Father . . . knows me well, favors me much, and loves me wonderfully!

O how strange - that God should love a worm, a dung-hill worm - one that was bred in sin, loved sin, felt at home in sin, and sometimes felt regret that he was debarred from some sins! O if God had left me to myself - what would I have been, and what would I have done! "But by the grace of God - I am what I am!" 1 Corinthians 15:10 Surely, surely, I must say, that divine love and wisdom have planned my path - from first to last. I am . . . out of Hell, in the way to Heaven, employed by God, useful to saints, and a blessing to sinners!

O how wonderful, how wonderful is this!

September 24, 1857. Goodness and mercy follows me. I have had a large number of very painful boils, and have been having gallbladder attacks, so that the body has had a considerable amount of suffering; but I have not been laid aside, nor have I been idle. Two new books have issued from the press lately, and others are in progress. The Lord blesses, and therefore I must write. My soul has, I think, on the whole, been healthy; I have enjoyed divine things, have felt considerable nearness to God, and have been helped much, in preaching the word.

I have preached a good deal from home, and have engagements for this, and the two following weeks, and then I must get into winter quarters, if the Lord spares me. The cause goes on at Cheltenham, souls are still converted, and we have additions to the church. I baptized seven, last Lord's-day, and expect to add nine to the church, while others are on the way. A few walk disorderly, upon whom we must exercise discipline - but I see great mercy, in the consistency of the mass. My days sensibly shorten now, my opportunities become comparatively few; may I work while it is called today, for the night comes when I shall not be able to work. I would do all that I can for Jesus, and do it as well as I can - and then go home, to be forever with him, and be forever happy in his presence. O Spirit of Jesus, be my guide and teacher, and instruct me how to honor his dear name, and advance his much-loved cause!

October 12, 1857. Yesterday, the Lord favored me with peculiar liberty in preaching the word. In the morning, one of my members came to me weeping, and informed me the sermon was specially for her, and proved a great blessing to her soul. At night, the house was crowded, and at the close of the sermon, three came to tell me what the Lord had done for them. I have lately been preaching every day, and have been greatly assisted - but have also had some very heavy trials. They must be needful - but I cannot see why. They shake my confidence in God, and generate doubts in my mind of my acceptance with God. I dare not indulge them, for it appears wicked to do so, and yet I can scarcely help it. O how I tremble at times, when I look forward to the end, lest, after having preached to others, written for others, and been useful to others - I myself should be a castaway. O my God, keep me, preserve me from acting rashly or, in any way dishonoring you, let me be used to glorify you in life, and then die safely and in peace.

November 19, 1857. Another birthday. I am now entering on my fifty-sixth year, and it may be the last allotted to me. I would therefore enter upon it with seriousness, prayer, and praise. I would anew dedicate myself to the Lord's service and glory, "forasmuch as the Lord has blessed me hitherto." I have reviewed the past, I would bear testimony for my God at present, and live wholly for him in the future. He has dealt well with me. My health has been more feeble than it was, and there have been some indications of its failing, yet I have been enabled to work for God, with tongue and pen, in the pulpit and out of it. Never did I love working for God more than I do at present. Never was I more desirous of winning souls for Jesus, and, blessed be God, I do not labor in vain; I have both . . . comforts and crosses, clouds and sunshine, joys and sorrows.

I have been much from home, preaching the word in a number of places - but I must stay at home more now. I must use the tongue less - but I hope to use the pen more. O to be found at work, when the Master calls for me! I want to work with more effect, to witness greater results; I do not affect to be great - but I do most ardently long to be useful. I want to be holy. O for a deep and thorough work of sanctification in my heart; a work that will go down to the springs of action, and

influence them.

Jesus, Master, will you allow your poor servant on another birthday, to present himself to you; and will you graciously accept this renewed dedication of myself to your service, and manifest the same by communicating a larger quantity of sanctifying grace, and by making me a greater blessing to souls this year, than in any former year of my history! O Spirit of God, let me beseech you to fill my heart with your presence, consecrate all my powers to the honor of Jesus, and for the good of my fellow-men! Heavenly Father, my father in Jesus, grant me a birthday blessing, which shall influence me all through the year, all through my life!

November 26, 1857. Poor Job said, "Changes and war are against me." I imagined I had experienced nearly every kind of trial - but a new one has now befallen me: while I was preaching at Gloster, last Lord's day, and my family were at chapel, thieves broke into my house, and stole property to the value of between 20 and 30 pounds; a silver tea-pot, presented to me by a few friends, when I left Old Salem, formed part of it. But I must sing of mercy, and judgment, for though there was a considerable sum of money in the house, they were not permitted to take that. When the news was brought to me at Gloster, I could not but exclaim, "Blessed be God that there is so much left." My mind was preserved very calm - for it was not my god, my heart was not set upon it. I could give it up without much pain.

I have to thank my God for five new cases of conversion that have just turned up, and I believe more will soon appear. O what a privilege to win souls for God, to be employed in snatching souls as brands from the burning! My God does use me, both in the pulpit, and out of it, both with the voice, and the press. Several letters lately received, testify to the latter.

Thus I am passing along the plains of time - and shall soon reach the shores of eternity. The conflict will soon cease, and the regions of peace, purity, and love, will soon be reached. O the rest, the rest that remains for the people of God! That, I believe, is my rest. To that I am pressing on, on that I shall soon enter. My Savior is gone before me, and many of my spiritual children are there already, what a pleasure it will be to meet with them - but, O the unspeakable joy of seeing Him! Well, a little more work, a little more patience, a few more trials, and a few more conflicts - then, then "absent from the body, I shall be present with the Lord!"

December 24, 1857. The Lord be praised that he is still using me, in his work, several cases of conversion have come to my knowledge, during the last few days - thus the Lord is giving me the desire of my heart. Last evening, my youngest son came home on a visit, and to be baptized, with seven others tomorrow night. The Lord be praised, only one remains without Christ now, and I am constantly praying for her. I cannot think God will refuse to answer the many thousands of prayers offered for her conversion.

I find I still need much grace - for Satan tries every means in his power, to entice me into sin. He knows my weak part, and he has powerful instruments at his command, so that I sometimes fear, that after all, I shall be overcome. O Jesus, O mighty One - ever stand by me, and in your infinite mercy, preserve me! O keep, keep, keep me from falling into open sin; from being overcome by temptation, so as to dishonor your blessed, your beloved cause. You have kept me, used me, and honored me, in consequence of which, Satan hates me with an especial hatred, and watches me, with double vigilance.

I sometimes think, 'Is any other minister as tried just as I am?' Well, I suppose not - but they may have something as bad, or worse. I suppose each one imagines his own cross to be the heaviest, and the roughest - yet, perhaps there are few with whom we would be willing to exchange places, if we knew all their circumstances.

January 1, 1858. Blessed be the Lord, for the light of another New Year's day. A crowded prayer-meeting introduced the year, and a spirit of prayer prevailed; my New Year's text and motto, is Genesis 12:2, "I will bless you." It came with considerable power to my mind, and has refreshed me, every time I have thought of it since. Yes, I believe God will bless me, my faith in this is at present, strong and steady. I shall have blessings in my family, blessings in my soul, and blessings in my church. My person, my children, my writings, and my ministry - will be blessed. God loves to bless, He has made provision to bless. He has promised to bless. It is in his heart to bless. O that I may have grace, to bless and praise the Lord this year, more than I have ever done in any preceding one. My time is getting short - may I have grace to make the best use of what remains. May the year 1858, be the most blessed year of my life, and then it will be a good year, and why should it not? Faith and prayer could secure this blessing. O Lord, I do believe, and I will call upon you, and seek your blessing. Anew, O Lord, I consecrate myself to you, at the beginning of this year, to be yours, yours only, yours always, and yours altogether!

January 30, 1858. Another month almost gone. How regular and rapidly time flies. Weeks are short, and days fly past me like the wind. Blessed be God, I do not live quite in vain. I go on preaching, writing, and visiting. Souls are converted. Believers are baptized. The church is increased. The debt on the chapel gradually lessens. The press helps me to publish my Master's fame. Blessed, blessed be God, I do not live quite in vain! I have baptized six, since I last wrote, and I hope soon to see more treading in the Master's steps; in body and mind I have had changes - but God has been faithful, and I have proved his word to be true.

I have had no cause for fear, though fears at times will agitate me. Doubts are most unreasonable, and yet they will torment me, at times. But on the whole, my confidence is steady, peace rules in my heart, and I toil on in hope. The Lord blesses me, all glory to his holy name, and he will bless me. Hallelujah! O those precious words, "He delights in mercy." Delights in mercy! Not only shows mercy, to poor, miserable sinners - but does so with delight, as if it were a joy to him.

O Lord, help me to believe that you are good, infinitely good, always good, and only good! I am sure that I do not realize that God is so good as he is; for if I did, I would love him more, expect more from him, and delight more to draw near to him. Holy Spirit, unfold to me more and more the excellency of your Divine nature, write out in large letters before my mind's eye, that glorious sentence, "God is love!" O to fix my mind on God - as pure, perfect, infinite, and eternal love! O to be conformed to the image of the Infinite! O to be love, all love, and always love!

February 26, 1858. Much illness has fallen to my lot of late. But my soul has, in general been in peace, and my pen has been usually active. As God uses my pen for the good of souls, and his own glory, Satan seems to have an especial spite against it, and tries by all means to hinder me, when he cannot induce me to lay it on one side. Nor is my ministry unfruitful, for conversions to God frequently turn up, and the Lord's people are, many of them, comforted and edified.

One or two cases of immorality among the professed followers of Christ, has given me more vivid views of the deceitfulness of sin, and of the power of Satan. O how much we need to be kept by the watchful eye and powerful arm of God. How wonderful, that God has kept me as he has. Perhaps my trials, which have at times bewildered me, and almost distracted me - may have been my preservation. I have witnessed some very distinct and encouraging answers to prayer, in my congregation lately. O that my spirituality was deeper, and my whole life more entirely devoted to God. I wish to live labor, and die for the Lord alone. Blessed be God, for all he has done for me.

March 30, 1858. There is still a good work going on, both in the church and in the Sunday School. I have baptized four young people, this month, and expect a good many more shortly. Another volume has just issued from the press, besides which, several of a smaller size, and some articles have been published. I have been very busy with my pen of late, writing more than usual, which I hope, the Lord will very graciously bless; I have been very much tried in body, and had some sharp exercises of mind - but gracious is the Lord, and righteous, yes, our God is merciful.

Spring is now coming in, with its balmy breath, and varied beauties; and calls for service from other churches, now begin to pour in. May the Lord direct me what to accept, and what to refuse. I love to work for Jesus, to speak well of Jesus, and to endeavor to bring sinners to him. And I love to write for Jesus, though I do not love the mechanical part of the exercise - yet to cast my thoughts on paper, which through the eye, may enter into other minds, and endear Jesus to other hearts - is delightful and honorable employment. Jesus is my theme, Jesus is my hope, Jesus is my peace. Jesus is the source of my joy. Jesus is my all in all! O to love him, adore him, exalt him, and bring honor to his ever-blessed name!

April 30, 1858. Much of this month has been spent in writing what I hope will be useful, when I sleep with my fathers. We have held the Anniversary of our chapel, the services and collections were very encouraging. The debt is being gradually reduced - but best of all, many souls are being converted to God. I have spent most of one week in London, seeing old friends, and attending the annual meetings. Everywhere the great awakening in America, is talked of - but I want a great awakening nearer home. I still travail in birth for souls, and have had much comfort, in preaching the word, and also at the prayer-meetings. My soul has enjoyed peace, and realized fellowship with God.

I have baptized seven this month, and many more are under impressions. Seldom a week passes - but I hear of one or more brought to Jesus, through my feeble instrumentality. How gloriously grace shines in this, for I see no reason why I should be so honored, unless that my whole heart is set upon bringing souls to Jesus; and this, I believe, is entirely of grace, for if left to myself, none would be more intensely selfish, or perhaps worldly, than I would be! One thought has been sweet, O how sweet to me, this morning: "He died for me!" Why do I think of him, love him, rejoice to exalt him, wish to obey him, and seek his glory in all things? Because He died for me. May 31, 1858. During this month I have been enabled to preach the word more than usual, and I believe, not without effect. I visited Cardiff, to preach at the opening of a chapel; while walking out in a grove, in the early morning, I had a most blessed season of fellowship with God. It was like being baptized in light, and irradiated with glory. I felt religion to be a divine reality, and had in myself, not only the evidence of its truth - but of my own personal interest in it. The Lord has greatly assisted me in preaching his word, both at home and abroad. I have baptized seven more believers this month,

and have a number more waiting. The good work goes on - to God be all the glory!

July 6, 1858. The last has been a month of severe suffering. Such pain as I never endured before. A very large carbuncle formed on the back of my neck, and was attended with much danger. From several reasons I concluded my work was done. Never did eternity appear so near, nor more solemn. I reviewed the past, endeavored impartially to examine into my present state, and look forward into the vast future. I had no excitement, no joys - but I had no doubts or fears. I could lie passive in the hands of God. I could give up everything. I trusted in Christ alone. I rested on the promises. I had a good degree of confidence in God. My anchor was on the rock. My hope was built on Christ alone. There I lay at God's feet, looking for his mercy, because his beloved Son had died, to put away our sin, by the sacrifice of himself. The Lord has been pleased, in a good measure to restore me, and after three week's silence, I was enabled, last Lord's day, to preach once, baptize seven young people, administer the Lord's supper, and receive nine people into the church. Many Christian friends showed me much kindness.

One thing deeply grieved me, I did not feel that intense spirit of prayer, I wished for - but I was so affected by pain, that I could not read, or think, or write, or do anything but groan and cry to God. I dreaded the knife, and most earnestly prayed to be spared that trial, and the Lord very graciously granted my requested. In reviewing the past, nothing grieved me more, than to perceive, that I had been influenced so much by the fear of man; the very thing from which I had supposed myself to be most free. I would wish anew to set up my Ebenezer, glorify God for his goodness, and take shame and confusion of face, to myself. O for grace to dedicate the life spared, with all its powers, to the service and praise of God!

August 10, 1858. My health has been returning since my last entry. But I was obliged to withdraw from some preaching engagements, being unable to fulfill them. I have been from home, and derived benefit from the change, and my soul has enjoyed peace. I must therefore again acknowledge that the Lord is good - but I am vile. O how vile! Viler than the earth. The depravity of my heart is astonishing - but the grace of God that subdues and conquers it, is more astonishing! If grace was not omnipotent, it would fail in my case. If God was not unchangeable, after all, I would be undone. O what precious words are they, "Every good and perfect gift is from above, and comes down from the Father of lights, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning." My God is invariably the same. He is in one mind, and nothing can change him. The unchangeability of God is the rock on which I cast my anchor, and that rock will hold me in every tempest, and in every storm. Every thing, and every body around me changes - but blessed thought - my God, my Savior, changes not. Here I rest, and at times, I appear to have nothing else to rest upon. Jesus is the same, yesterday, today, and forever. The same in his love to me, his thoughts of me, and his care for me. The same in his mercy, merit, and power. His blood is as efficacious, his promises as sure, and his sympathy as tender as ever. Here I rest.

September 9, 1858. During the last month, I have written much for the press, and found pleasure in doing it, may the Lord make it useful. My poor productions find more favor with the Lord's people than ever, and I am often refreshed by hearing of their being made useful to poor sinners. Though I do not get much in a financial point of view, yet while God works by my pen, I feel that I must use it. May I never write a word that will dishonor God, misrepresent my Savior, or mislead a soul; I would have every piece point to Jesus, and breathe with sympathy and love toward my

fellow-sinners. My soul has enjoyed much peace. Reading the word and prayer, during my early morning walks, have been very pleasant, and I hope profitable to me. The pulpit also has been a pleasant place, where I have enjoyed liberty, and considerable power. I have not met with many instances of conversion of late, though last night, two who have been awakened during the last few months, came to converse with me. O that my God would soon give me two hundred! I feel my heart as much set upon the conversion of sinners as ever, and it is my food and my drink to bring them to Jesus.

I am at present panting and praying for deeper sanctification, and to receive the Holy Spirit in fullness and power. O that my God would fill me with the Holy Spirit! O that the ever blessed spirit, would exert in me his almighty power! I can never be satisfied until I am full of God, and filled with all might by his spirit in the inner man. Perfect holiness, would be perfect happiness. O for the thorough cleansing of my soul from all sin, and the filling and pervading of my entire nature with all holiness!

October 19, 1858. I have been out preaching the word, almost incessantly lately - but have now finished my autumn campaign. Now I get into winter quarters, and cannot use my tongue so much, I must use the pen more. I am encouraged to do this by news from Africa, as well as other parts of the world that the Lord is blessing my little productions. While God blesses I must write, that is, if he furnishes me with abilities and matter. I thank God that I ever put pen to paper, or used the press. On the whole, my soul has been in a good state. Jesus has been precious. I have often enjoyed preaching the word. My soul has had fellowship with God, through the truth, and my hope rests on the Rock of Ages.

I have not heard of so much doing in my congregation of late, and so many of my young members have been removed from the town, that I have been tempted at times, to feel a little anxious. But I desire to avoid this, and to cast every anxiety on Jesus, and only let it stir me up to more prayer, and to use more efforts to win souls. O that I could stir up my people, to act individually to bring souls to Jesus! I am still greedy for souls. Never enough, is the feeling of my soul. I have certainly much to encourage me - but I am so foolish, that I let one discouraging circumstance have more influence over me, than ten encouraging ones. It has always been my infirmity, to look on the dark side, if there is one; this has often preserved me from pride - but it has hindered me from expressing my feelings, in grateful praise. The Lord has never had half the praise from me, that he ought to have had; nor have I expected half so much from the Lord, that I ought to have expected. Never did I need the presence and the skill of the Great Physician, much more than I do now. Blessed be God, I am in that Physician's hands, and he will make a perfect cure of me, to the glory of his grace.

November 19, 1858. My fifty-sixth birthday. What a monument of mercy I am! How graciously God has dealt with me! Under what weighty obligations he has laid me! Here, Lord, on this day, I do afresh consecrate myself to you. Once more I give up myself entirely to you. O make me all that you would have me to be! I wish to be yours - wholly yours. I wish to be for you - only for you. For you I would live, for you I would preach, write, think, and act. Blessed God, I have nothing better to give you, therefore accept me, as a poor acknowledgment of your right in me, and your kindness to me. I have been crowned with loving-kindness and tender mercies, I start anew, with fresh vigor, and hope to press on, until I sit down with my God.

December 31, 1858. The last day of another year, and I am spared. My health is tolerably good, my usefulness continues, and I cannot doubt - but God is with me. Notwithstanding my many temptations, various vexations, and painful experiences - I think I must set this down as one of the best years of my life. I never suffered more in body, and I do not remember that I ever enjoyed more in soul. I have preached more - but I never wrote so much for the press. The productions of my pen spread nearly all over the world. There are few places where the English language is spoken, where they are not. For this, I bless and praise the Lord. Nor has my ministry been without a blessing, souls have been converted, and the Lord's people blessed. Never do I remember, so many of my members being removed from the town, in so short a time, as there has been this year, and yet our congregations are good. The Lord has supplied us with means to carry on his cause, and considerably lessen the debt. O how much I have to praise God for, and how little is there to complain of! O for a grateful heart, a thankful tongue! And as my life is now growing short - may I make the best of it, using up all the odds and ends of time. Every day, I pray that I may do something for God and souls; and every day, I do a little. O to do more next year, if the Lord spares me, than I have ever done before. And now, O my God, let it please you to forgive all the sins that I have committed during the year, 1858, and let me enter upon the new year, in a guiltless state. Accept me in Jesus, and allow me once more, solemnly to dedicate myself to you, and to your service. Take me into your hands afresh, and make me more than ever your own. O to live for you, to labor for you, and in every act of my life, seek to glorify you! And if this year, my soul should be required of me, let me die in peace, enjoying the full assurance of faith.

January 17, 1859. The new year opened auspiciously, we had a good prayer-meeting on the first morning, and a proposal I made for a New Year's offering towards the debt on the chapel, was well responded to, and has proved a considerable help. My new year's text and motto for the year, is Deuteronomy 33:25, "As your days - so shall your strength be." This I believe, and therefore let my days be of what character they may - I shall expect strength accordingly. Yes, if my dying day should be this year, I shall expect strength to meet it, and to help me through it. Last week we had a series of special services, at the different chapels, which went off well. I trust some good impressions were made.

O how I long to witness a great awakening, to experience a mighty revival of religion. I feel at times that it must come, though I am often tempted to doubt. The Lord still blesses my ministry, several cases of conversion have come before me of late. O that he would work more gloriously still! I do long for usefulness to saints, and also to sinners, more than anything or everything else.

Almost every day lately, I have written something for the press, and am encouraged to continue, by the blessing of the Lord, so eminently resting on the productions of my pen. I do not labor in vain, nor spend my strength for nothing. And then the thought, that what I write - will live and speak for Jesus, when I am dead, urges me forward. O to preach Jesus, until he comes the second time, without sin unto salvation.

February 10, 1859. More than seven years have rolled away since my return to pastor at Cheltenham, and surely I have seen enough to exclaim, "What has God wrought!" And on the other hand, "Lord, what is man!" I have witnessed many changes, braved much opposition, seen many conversions, admitted nearly five hundred into the church, and attended some to the banks of the Jordan, who have passed it without fear or dread. I believe that I am where I ought to be,

that God brought me here, and now I hope he will allow me to end my days here. I preach on all I can, and I write on all I can. May the Holy Spirit, attend all my feeble efforts, with his almighty power, that they may be useful indeed.

Never did I love to honor Jesus more. Never was I more desirous to win souls. Surely the Lord will work for me, and by me more than he ever has done. He reads my heart, He hears my sighs, He listens to my prayers. His mercy is ever great towards me. Now that I am getting old, and grey-headed, he will not forsake me. I desire nothing more than deeper sanctification - more holiness. I do love holiness in itself, and admire it in others - but I want to realize its full, all-pervading power, in myself. If I could but have my wish, every inward motion, and every outward action, every thought, and every deed - would be entirely holy. Well, this will be the case soon, for my God will not withdraw his hand from me, until I am as holy as he is holy. Alas! Alas! how far am I from this, at present. Daily I feel ashamed of myself, that I exhibit so little of the nature, and disposition of Jesus!

March 4, 1859. Since I last wrote, I have held the anniversary of my return to Cheltenham, and made the annual collection, which was larger than it had ever been before. Thus it has increased every year. To the Lord's name be the praise.

It was just forty years last Lord's day, since the Lord called me by his grace, in the little chapel in Old Brentford. What wonders I have seen, and what mercies I have experienced, since then!

I endeavored to improve the event, in the evening, to a crowded house, and tried to speak well of my dear and ever-blessed Lord and Savior. Truly I can say, "The Lord has dealt well with his servant, according to his word." I am much favored now, having good health, ability to preach and write for God and the good of souls, as much as ever.

Sinners are still converted, believers are fed and comforted, the congregation is large, the church is in peace, and all the ministers are friendly. My soul is in a peaceful state, and my prospects for eternity are pleasing.

I hope yet to do a little more for my dear Lord and Savior, before I go hence, and be no more seen. I realize that I am the Lord's, and that all I have is his. Therefore I desire to use all I have as his, not my own. O to be full of God! To be filled with his life, his light, his power, and his love! I want to be wholly the Lord's, and always to act as under this impression!

April 15, 1859. The Anniversary of our chapel is just over, and has passed off well. I desire to record the goodness of God, as displayed in the sympathy of friends, and the help offered at the various services. The debt is considerably reduced, far more than could reasonably have been expected. The congregation is good, and the church in peace. I have suffered considerably during the past month - but have not been quite laid aside. I have been enabled to preach and write, which, I believe, I do more simply for God's glory, and the good of souls, than ever.

Another volume has just issued from the press, and another is now at the printers. I still hear of the Lord blessing my works, and they circulate more than ever. Blessed be God, that I ever put pen to paper - to write for Jesus. By my writings, I shall leave a testimony for Christ behind me, whenever I am called away, which will stand, I trust, until He comes again, and books are needed no more!

I have for some time been endeavoring to lead the minds of my people to a more vivid conception of, and a more firm reliance upon, the person, presence, and operation of the Holy Spirit. I am sure we do not realize our need of, and dependence upon, the Holy Spirit, as we should. O that we did! What meetings for prayer we would have, and what prayers would ascend from the meetings! May the Lord in mercy, give us more light, more life, and more power. O to be filled with glowing zeal, humble love, and ardent hope; then shall we go forth to our work in confidence, and witness great success. May 15, 1859. How quickly a month passes now, especially when things go pretty well. In the church and in the soul, all has been comfortable - but returning from Alcester, after preaching to a crowded congregation I took cold, and had such an attack of asthma, that I have never had before. The sensations I had, must have been very much like dying. Lying alone in my bedroom, I suffered and prayed, until towards morning, when the Lord sent relief. The effects have remained with me since. But, blessed be the Lord, I tried to lie passive in his hands, to acquiesce in his will, and be ready to live or die - as he may see fit. I do wish the will of God to rule me. Right heartily do I desire to lay as clay in the hands of the potter, and to be molded into any vessel, into which it shall seem good to him to mold me. I trust, I do feel more softened and resigned, and I have a simpler, steadier trust in Jesus, his person, obedience, and blood. I daily endeavor to do something for the spiritual good of my fellow-men, and for the honor of my dear Lord and Savior. O, that I could entirely lose sight of the opinion of my fellow-men, when writing and preaching! I do so more than formerly - but I am not free from the fear of man, nor do I think I am above being influenced by man's applause. And yet, what is man? How will man's opinion appear on a dying-bed, or in the light of eternity! To the touchstone of a death-bed and eternity, I desire to bring everything. Yet I sometimes forget, or lose sight of this.

What a mercy, that salvation is of grace, wholly of grace. If it were not, my hope would soon expire, and despair would seize me. I must still give up all, lose sight of all - and look to, and depend upon, Jesus only.

June 25, 1859. I have been from home, preaching a good deal, during the month, and have enjoyed visiting Christian friends, and publishing the gospel at a distance. Three small books have been published, and I have nearly finished a larger one. Never did I write so much, or enjoy writing as now. I find it soothes my spirits when ruffled; cheers my mind when cast down, and raises my soul into communion with God. Blessed be God forever putting it into my heart, to write for the press! How many have been comforted and converted thereby! Two proofs of this, I have had today, and from time to time, I am cheered with such testimonies. My work is almost done; home will soon be reached; the conflict will soon be ended; and if I can hear my Lord say, "Well done, good and faithful servant!" it will be enough, it will more than make up for all the difficulties of the way!

July 23, 1859. The weather has been intensely hot, and I have had more traveling and preaching than usual - but grace has been sufficient, strength has been equal to the day. I have had some very severe trials, and powerful temptations. I often wonder where the scene will end. O Lord, my heavenly Father, you know my heart, and are acquainted with all the desires of my soul - will you not sanctify all my troubles and trials to my soul. O my Savior, you know by experience, what I feel, for you have trodden the same path - do, do I beseech you, appear for me, and glorify your wondrous grace in me! Holy Spirit, work in me mightily, and produce patience, meekness, long-suffering, and every grace that will enable me to glorify my Savior.

August 27, 1859. I have been very much tried with an eruption on the skin, which has disturbed my rest, and made me very uncomfortable. I have been away from home a good deal, preaching the word. I have also visited London, to be present at the laying of the foundation-stone of Mr. Spurgeon's New Tabernacle, when I saw many old faces, and old friends. I also visited Brentford, my birth-place, and took, as I imagined, a last look at many old familiar scenes. The place of my birth, and the scenes of my childhood - I shall probably see no more. But there is a better country, even a heavenly one, and I hope I shall safely arrive there. In my soul, I have felt, at times, rather dull, and have not that power in prayer I could wish for. But in the pulpit I have had much life, and have felt considerable power. I have enjoyed writing for the press more than usual. I feel as if I must go on writing and publishing, while the Lord opens the way, and continues to bless my productions. My tongue will soon be silent, and my pen will soon be still - but then, even then, I hope to be heard, speaking of Jesus, and for Jesus! Precious Savior! His name is as ointment poured forth, and every view of him is sweet. O to be taken up with him entirely, and to be consecrated to him forever! He is all my salvation, and all my desire. I love nothing in comparison with him, and I hope I should be ready to part with all things for him. O to honor him, with my tongue, my pen, my all!

September 29, 1859. Through mercy brought through another month, and a trying month too. I have suffered much both in body and in mind - but I have had considerable enjoyment as well. The grace of Jesus is sufficient. I have been enabled to fulfill all my engagements from home, as well as my duties at home, and am now got into winter quarters. Blessed be God, for such quarters to get into. I write for the press more than ever, and am still encouraged by accounts of the Lord's blessing attending what I write. There is a very remarkable revival of religion in Ireland, and I have received letters to inform me, that my works have been useful among the converts there.

We have had special prayer-meetings for three weeks, to seek a revival of religion here. The spirit of prayer was evidently with us, and I hope to hear of great success. Several cases of conversion have cheered me lately, and I believe, there are a considerable number under concern about their souls now. What a privilege I esteem it, to be allowed to work for Jesus, and to be made useful to immortal souls. Wherever I go, I hear of the Lord making me useful, therefore I endeavor to scatter the seed in every direction.

I am now evidently getting old fast, I feel it, and therefore I wish to work while I can. The opportunity must be seized now, if ever, or it will soon be gone, and be gone forever. Upon the whole I can trace out in my daily experience, proofs of the life of God in my soul, and of the presence and power of the Holy Spirit. I am not as lively as I wish to be, nor as active as I ought to be - but I am not dead, nor fast asleep.

October 31, 1859. October is just gone, and gone forever. Blessed be God, that no day has been entirely wasted - but each day, I have tried to do something for God and souls. Most days my pen has been at work, and my tongue too. But though I seem to do a good deal, I fear I do little to purpose. Yet a few souls are still called, under my ministry, my books circulate more widely than ever; and I frequently hear that the Lord is blessing them.

We have had extra collections for the debt on the chapel, Mr. Spurgeon assisted us again, by preaching on the Monday, we collected more than 70 pounds reducing the debt to 2000 pounds. How wonderfully the Lord appeared for us, in this particular. The Lord is gathering some of our

best, and most useful ministers. My turn will come soon, may I be found quite ready, and heartily willing to go. At times, when I look within, or look back upon my past life, I am tempted to doubt whether, after all, I am a Christian indeed; and I do feel, that if salvation were not entirely of grace, it would never be mine. What a sweet, what a precious word is grace! The grace of God, the promises of God, the precious blood of Jesus, and the invitations of the gospel - sustain my hope, and comfort my heart, in my dreariest seasons. All my trust is in Jesus, my faith centers in Jesus, and my hope of salvation is alone through Jesus. Is it any wonder then, that I speak of him so often, or write of him so much! O that I could speak and write more befitting of so glorious a theme! But I must turn from all my doings, to rely upon what Christ has done for sinners, and what God has said in his blessed word.

November 19, 1859. Hallelujah! Another birthday - and here I am, a monument of mercy! Surrounded with mercy, though at times exercised with sharp trials. My motto this morning is, "God has dealt graciously with me." Yes, very graciously has he dealt with me. Still many love me, and are kind to me. Best of all, I believe God loves me, and he is kind - O how kind, to me!

I cannot expect to see many more birthdays on earth, may each one find me nearer to Heaven, and fitter for Heaven. I have today, solemnly dedicated myself to the Lord, have read over my covenant before God, have signed it afresh. "I am the Lord's" wholly the Lord's. Forever the Lord's. For the Lord, I wish to live, and for the Lord, if he wished it, I desire to die. Yes, I belong to God, who is my Father; to Jesus, who is my Savior; to the Holy Spirit, who is my comforter. I am the property, the possession, and the servant of the triune God. Blessed be God, that I was born, that I was born again, that he ever called me, to speak and write for him.

I never valued the press so much as I do now. At this season of the year, I seldom speak more than five or six times a week in public, for my Master - but I endeavor to make it up by writing more. Never did I feel my poverty, emptiness, and barrenness, more than I do now; but, blessed be God, I see that the Lord Jesus just suits me, for He is that all I want, or can wisely wish! And all that He is, and all that He has - is for me! O for grace to live upon Christ more, to live for Christ more, and to live like Christ more! Once more, good and gracious God, I resign myself to You - to live, labor, suffer, and die, for You alone!

December 31, 1859. Ebenezer, "hitherto has the Lord helped me." Tonight I bid farewell to the year 1859. A momentous year it has been, what mercies I have received! What privileges I have enjoyed! What sins I have committed! What changes I have seen! But God has been faithful, and whoever may have changed - have found him the same. He has not left me, nor forsaken me. He has not failed me, or really given me any reason to complain. I have often dishonored him - but he is the same. O for grace to be humble in the dust before him, and filled with gratitude to praise and bless his adorable name! "You have dealt well with your servant, O Lord, according to your word."

Tomorrow I commence the year 1860. To what will it introduce me? To what will it lead me? I intend taking, as my motto, Ephesians 3:20, "He is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we can ask or think!" Surely this portion, if I can only exercise faith in it, will carry me through the year - bring what it may. Whatever God is - he is to me, and whatever God can do - he will do for me. He will only keep in view the general good of the universe, his own glory and my good, in what he does; and whatever he can do for me consistently with these, he will do.

January 25, 1860. The year opened auspiciously. The prayer-meetings were good, and largely attended. I have been much helped in preaching, and baptized eight last Lord's day. I sensibly feel that I am getting old. I think much and often of death. I wish to be quite ready for that solemn event. My congregation is good, the church in peace - but the much longed for revival has not yet come. Daily I cry for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit, and hope the Lord will, in his own time and way, grant us the blessing. I still continue to hear that the Lord blesses my labors, and am daily employed in writing for the press. The Lord Jesus is precious to my soul. I love his dear name, and rejoice to publish his fame! O that I could exalt him a thousand times higher than I ever have done! My bodily health is not first rate, the old tabernacle begins to creak loudly now, when the storms blow against it. I trust I have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. I often wonder, what will Heaven be? What shall I see, and how shall I feel when I enter there? As Christ is there, and I shall be with him - it will satisfy me, I feel sure. But I do want to be holy, to be delivered from all fear, and all sin, and to serve God, full of joy and peace.

We have many deaths here, especially of people advanced in life. How soon they are forgotten, and except by immediate relatives - for how short a time they are missed. O to know what it is, to be absent from the body, and present with the Lord! The times are portentous, everything seems to intimate that a great crisis is coming. O to be ready, let it be what it may.

February 29, 1860. I have been a good deal tried, and have suffered much pain from boils, since I last wrote; and I find that my asthma grows worse. I have a number of infirmities, and am obliged to pay considerable attention to the body now. This, in addition to other trials, makes me need much grace, to honor the Lord, and adorn the gospel, as I ought. I find much help in preaching the word, and writing for the press - so that tongue and pen are seldom idle.

We continue to meet and pray for a greater out-pouring for the Holy Spirit - but, from some cause or other, the blessing is withheld. O that the Lord would cause the blessing to come down in its season. I find that a goodly number of young people are seeking the Lord. May the Lord increase their number a thousand-fold!

I scarcely know what to say of the state of my own soul. I have not that love to prayer, or that life in prayer, which I desire - yet I dare not doubt, for the Lord Jesus is precious, and I love to speak and write of him. If I desire anything under Heaven, it is that the Lord Jesus may be glorified, greatly glorified in this poor fallen world.

I never expect now to be long without some trouble, may but every trouble be sanctified to me, so that I may be made more useful on earth, and more fit for Heaven, and it will be well. Could I but take all as from the Lord's hand, carry all to the Lord's throne, and endeavor to improve all, to the Lord's glory - then all must do me good. To do God's will, to be God's servant, and to suffer God's pleasure - ought to comprise all my desires, and be the substance of all my prayers. If I was but holy - well, I shall be perfectly and eternally holy - then, then shall I be satisfied, when I wake up in the Lord's likeness; until then, I will hope on, work on, pray on, and my hope, work, and prayers, will not be rejected by my gracious Father, being presented to him in his beloved Son's name.

March 24, 1860. Last week, I was invited to take tea with a clergyman, whose wife was anxious to see me, to tell me my "Messenger of Mercy" had been made a great blessing to her, during a long and painful affliction; also to a clergyman, to whom she had sent it, and who was brought as a poor

sinner to Christ through it; also to a lady of her acquaintance, who was unconverted until she read it; and also that it was the companion of her brother, during his last illness and dying hours. Four cases of usefulness, two of them of conversion through one book! Bless the Lord, O my soul! How wonderful are the ways of God. In myself, I am a poor, miserable sinner; in me, that is in my flesh, dwells no good thing - and unless kept and upheld by special grace, I would in my old age disgrace God's cause, which I dearly love - yet I do the Lord honor thus. I suppose I need much ballast, and I have it - and so much of it, that I am afraid at times the vessel will sink! O that I was more prayerful. If I had more secret transactions with God on my knees, it would be better with me. Nothing is so gainful as prayer, and yet the temptation frequently seizes me, that time spent in prayer, is lost time, because God can read my heart, and know the desires of my soul. In reading or writing this temptation seldom assails me - but in prayer, often. I am sure it is from Satan, and yet, I do not resist it as I should.

I am weary of myself, ashamed of myself, and often turn with disgust from myself! And yet I find a great deal of self-love, self-esteem, and self-pity working within me! I sometimes get into such a state of confusion, into such misery and wretchedness, that I cry out, "Oh, what a wretched man I am! Who will free me from this life that is dominated by sin and death? Romans 7:24 May 31, 1860. I have finished another work for the press, and commenced a fresh one. The publisher urges me forward, and God blesses - so that I feel I dare not lay down my pen. I have had intimations that old age is creeping on. I may be much nearer 'home,' than some think. Two brethren in the ministry are gone home this month - Hammond and Burton are in Heaven. Shall I be there soon? Sometimes I ardently wish to be, and sometimes I think, if I can be of use on earth, I would like to stay a little longer.

I think my nerves are in some degree affected, and I suffer from deafness, and noise in the head. I often think I have done all the Lord wants me to do, on earth. However I cannot tell, nor would I try to pry into the future. O that I could just lie passive in the Lord's hands, live day by day, dwell more on my mercies than my trials - and I am sure it would be much better for me! My God, allow me once more solemnly and heartily to give myself to you. O take possession of me anew by your Holy Spirit, and allow me to enjoy your sweet, sweet peace! You know that my heart's desire is - to be holy, entirely dedicated to God, and used only in the service of God. O for a daily sense of entire devotedness to God, the heartfelt persuasion that God is pleased with me, and constant proofs that God is using me for his own glory, and the honor of his beloved Son!

June 30, 1860. The last day of a month of trial, temptation, and trouble. Deeply exercised in mind, weak in body, the season unusually wet and dreary - things within and without are not as I could wish. O that I bore my trials with more patience, fortitude, and love! But I find it much easier to talk and write of these things, than it is to practice them. A new book has just issued from the press, and I have undertaken, if the Lord spares me, to write several others. I have just heard of the conversion of a poor man, through reading one of my short tracts, for which I bless the Lord. Several more of them, are in the press, may the Lord bless them more and more. I am honored, by being allowed to write for the Lord, and by his putting his sanction upon it, by bringing souls to himself, and making it a blessing to his believing people.

One of my earliest friends in Cheltenham, Mrs. B____ has been taken home this month, after a very long and painful illness. Soon all the old faces will be gone - but before that, I may have gone

the way of all flesh. This month I have preached at Naunton, before the Oxfordshire Association, and at Crow Hill, at the opening of a new chapel. Nearly twenty-five years ago, I preached at the opening of the old room - and the friend who took me there, and the minister who preached with me, have both been long dead - but I am left!

How swift-footed is time! Soon, very soon - it will land me on the shores of eternity! Well, to die will be gain. I shall then be with Christ - with Christ forever! Then all my trials will be ended, all my sorrows will cease - and I shall sin no more! If I could but live without sin - I would not care how long I lived. Nothing grieves me like sin - and yet I sin daily. I grieve the loving heart of Jesus, and wound the tender bosom on which I lean. What a pleasant thing, perfect holiness will be! Now I am obliged to renounce self entirely - all I do, all I feel, and all I say - and build on Jesus Christ, and on Him alone. This is very mortifying to poor, proud human nature - but so it must be. The creature must be nothing - that the Savior may be all in all! In my judgment, I heartily approve of this - but still there is something within me that wants it otherwise.

July, 1860. This month has fled - and fled forever. It has been a month of considerable labor, in which I have preached many times, and have written a considerable quantity for the press. The Lord still uses my pen, and blesses what I write. He opens new doors for me, and enables me to seize opportunities of speaking and printing for Jesus. Blessed be God, his name is still precious to my soul, and wherever I go, I endeavor to spread the savor of it. My health is better than it was. I have spent a week in North Wales, preaching every evening, and found kind friends, who loved me for the testimony I have borne for my Master, with my pen. My congregation keeps up, and we have a few conversions - but I sigh and cry for a great awakening. Why is the Holy Spirit withheld from us? Why are we not filled with the Spirit! Why do we not have "floods upon the dry ground?" O Holy Spirit, I beseech you to come down on me, and on my people, convert sinners by thousands, and make your chosen people to be joyful.

I feel that I am too carnal - too much like the generality of professors. I do not follow the Lord fully. I am not wholly set apart for God. But I am ashamed of complaining, I have done so - so often, and it has ended there. I need more life, more savor, more love in my religion; and to be mere energetic and self-denying in my ministry. I need - alas, what do I not need? I am such a mere skeleton of a Christian. I can keep up the form pretty well, but the power - the power is what I need! I want to be like Jesus. O for a Christ-like spirit, temper, and course of conduct!

I bless God that I am not harassed with doubts and fears - but I sometimes imagine, that many, if they felt as I do, would be. But then I ask, what good would doubting and fearing do? Would it bring any glory to God, any credit to religion, or any good to my oven soul? It would perhaps give Satan power over me, and render me more wretched than I am, which I am sure is not needful.

All I seem able to do in my circumstances, is daily to cast myself on Jesus, go on working for God as I can, and look for the mercy of the Lord Jesus Christ, unto eternal life. O Savior, I cast myself into your arms; I depend on your blood alone; and I cling to the word of your grace - save me, for your own honor, and let me live with you, forever, in your glory!

August 31, 1860. Another month of time closes today, and I ought to set up an Ebenezer, for "hitherto has the Lord helped me." The first week passed by comfortably, and I was enabled to preach, at home and abroad, with confidence and courage. The second week I had health, and

labored in the pulpit, and with my pen. The third week, I went into Shropshire, to see my son, and to preach around the neighborhood. But there I caught cold, which brought on the severest attack of asthma I have yet had. Night after night I labored for breath, unable to lie down in bed, and the sense of suffocation was dreadful. I could scarcely walk any distance, yet I preached every evening - but being fairly beaten out, I returned home some days before I intended: after my return, I began to get better, though it was still very bad, for some days.

Having pretty well recovered, and getting into harness again, another trouble has come upon me, through the conduct of one connected with the church. Satan seems to pursue me with one trouble after another - but the Lord is my stay; nor am I left without special mercies, and proofs of the Lord's kindness. If I have foes - I also have friends. If I have trials - I also have consolations. The way is rough - but hitherto my strength has been sufficient. If this discipline does but wean me more from earth, and I feel it does; if it does but meeken me for Heaven, and I hope it will - all will be well. All seems to conspire to prove the word of God true, and to endear its precious promises to my soul. My time on earth sensibly decreases now, and I shall soon go the way of all the earth. I am going to join a perfect church, in a perfect world, where I shall be perfect myself, and perfect forever! O my Savior, grant me the little time I remain below, more of your presence, and a sweeter and more constant enjoyment of your love!

September 17, 1860. We have had trouble with a few in the church - those who caused it have been excluded. This has been a sore trial to me, and at times, my faith has been ready to fail. But prayer has strengthened patience, and brought support. I find writing a relief now, and if I could but be allowed to spend my time in writing, and preaching the word, I would be content. I fear going 'home', for my bodily infirmities increase upon me. I am content to be out of sight, if I may but work for God, and enjoy the presence of the Savior.

I do most earnestly desire to experience deep sanctification of heart, by the power of the Holy Spirit, and entire consecration to the service and praise of God. But how far am I from this. My irritable temper, sensitive mind, and corrupt heart - cause me more pain and distress than I can describe. I want to live in peace, work for God, and do my fellow-creatures good, and then go home to my Father's house. I continue to hear that the Lord is making my books a blessing, for which I bless the Lord.

October, 1860. A busy month, I have been out a good deal, preaching the word, and have written considerably for the press. I wish to do all I can for Jesus, and to bring sinners to repentance. No month passes - but I hear of the Lord blessing what I write; and every time I hear this, I feel a desire spring up to write more.

O to be always at work for God, and to work with vigor, zeal, and love! O for the single eye that keeps the glory of Jesus always in view; and the single heart, that will admit of no rival to him! I want to be Christ's, and Christ's alone - always, everywhere, and in all things Christ's! In the church, all is peaceful and quiet. We have had a week's special prayer-meetings, and sweet and blessed meetings they were. Many, earnest, and hearty, have been the cries that have ascended to God, for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit, and a glorious revival of religion, and I trust, the Lord will answer us, and give us this invaluable blessing. "Then shall the lame man leap as a deer, and the tongue of the dumb shall sing." O how glorious it would be, to see sinners smitten down under the mighty hand of God, and broken-hearted penitents crying aloud for mercy!

Everywhere I am reminded that I am in the decline of life. I was struck with this lately, when a brother minister spoke of me publicly, as one of the 'fathers'. O for grace to breathe a paternal spirit, to set a good example before younger brethren, and at last to depart in peace.

November 19, 1860. Once more my birthday has come around, and I feel deeply solemnized, as I think of the flight of time, and the nearness of eternity. I now frequently begin to weary of earth - as I have long felt weary of sin and self. Yet I would abide the Lord's time, and do all the work that he has allotted me to do. Never, I think, did I more feel that I am a poor, empty sinner, resting alone upon Christ - than I do this morning. Blessed be God, I have no doubt of my acceptance, or of my final glorification - but the briars and thorns of the desert - deeply wound me, and when they do not, they irritate, annoy, and stir up improper feelings, while I want to feel love, and only love, toward every human being. Yes, I do want to live in charity with all men. And now on my birthday, being fifty-eight years of age, I do solemnly in the presence of my God and Father, consecrate all that I am and have - to himself and his service. If I can be more the Lord's than I have been, let me be, and may every purpose of my soul, and every action of my life, have for its end God's glory, and God's glory alone. Good and gracious God, accept my voluntary surrender of myself to you, and give me this day such a baptism of the Holy Spirit as I have never experienced; and may this appear in . . . the holiness of my life, the happiness of my heart, and the usefulness of my ministry.

O for a glorious work to be wrought among my people, filling them with love to each other, zeal for God, and deep concern for the conversion of souls. O for a glorious work of grace to be wrought in this town, subduing thousands of stubborn sinners, and bringing them to receive, and embrace the Savior! This may be my last birthday entry - if it should, let it witness for me, that in the most serious, sincere, and deliberate manner, I have given myself away to God; and have taken the Lord Jesus, to be my complete Savior, divine master and everlasting ALL!

December 28, 1860. Another year has almost glided away, and is going away with some of the severest weather I have known. Yet, bless the Lord, my health is good, though I am confined indoors a good deal. I still write for the Lord, and for souls. The hand of the Lord in a way of providence, has been towards me of late, for which I praise and bless his name. My great want is, more holiness of heart and life - and next to that, the out-pouring of the Holy Spirit, upon my church and congregation, and the town at large. There has recently been a wonderful work wrought in America, and my people have had crowded prayer-meetings, beseeching the Lord, to send us the same blessing here. May the Lord send it in his own time. My trials have been sharp and various - but the Lord was my stay. I have had great help in the pulpit, and have much enjoyed writing for the press. Old age creeps on me apace, and I wish to do all I can for God and souls while I live; and to be ready for the will of God, let it be what it may. I have printed a number of tracts lately, aiming principally at the conversion of sinners to God. I will leave no stone unturned - but become all things to all men, that I may, by all means, save some.

January 26, 1861. The new year was opened in mercy, my text and motto is, "He is faithful who has promised," Hebrews 10:23. To this I can bear witness. In my experience, not one thing has failed, and when I think of the unchangeableness of God's nature, and his conduct, in all the past - I have the strongest ground of confidence, for the future.

We have had special and united services, and we hope for results. Among many of our young people, there appears to be a great spirit of prayer, at present, and an anxiety for the conversion of

their fellows - may their prayers be answered. With the help of a few friends, I am about to send out a thousand copies of my little work, "A Guide to God and Glory," to Jamaica. Another friend has given twenty thousand copies of "The Appeal," and at the request of one of the missionaries, I have written an article for that. But my soul hungers and thirsts to do more for God, and the conversion of souls. I seize every opportunity that offers - but I feel that I cannot do enough.

I have had a severe attack of lumbago, which made me a prisoner for a few days - but the Lord blessed the means, and I was soon restored. I have not been without inward conflicts - but on the whole, my confidence in God has been strong, and my evidences of eternal life, clear and bright. My family has been very mercifully dealt with this winter, and my obligations to the God of providence are great, and ever increasing. But if I am indebted to you as the God of providence, what do I owe you, O you merciful Lord, as the God of grace! My debt is all but infinite - and while I strive to pay it, it will be still increasing, even for evermore. Lord, lay me under greater obligation still, by answering my prayers, and pouring out your Spirit on my Church and congregation for your beloved Son's sake. Amen.

February, 1861. Another month has flown, since I made an entry in this journal. What mercies I have received! What sins I have committed! What mental conflicts I have endured! O my soul . . . lay low before the Lord, adore his sovereignty, admire his providence, and bless him for his grace. The Lord has dealt well with me. The Lord encourages me. I have baptized six young people this month, and a number more are desirous of coming forward. I do believe a good work is going on, on rather an extensive scale, and I pray, hope, and believe for a revival of religion. Many of my people appear to be intensely in earnest for this blessing, at the throne of grace. Can God deny it? Will our heavenly Father withhold it? I cannot think he will. Still my anxious, restless mind, prompts me to cry, How long, Lord I How long!

I use my pen for Jesus daily, and wish I could use it to better purpose. Seldom, if ever, does a week pass without my receiving letters, to say that my books are made a blessing to souls. I ought to be grateful, for I seem to live for this. An attempt has been made to lessen my congregation - but hitherto without success. I thank God that so many come to hear the word, and that in so many instances it is made the power of God, to the salvation of the soul. O for a blessing on the preached word, a thousand times larger. O that I may be filled with the Holy Spirit, that I may be strong in faith, fervent in love, and zealous in your service. Once more, Lord, I give myself, and all I have, away to you - to be used by you, in whatever way you please.

March 27, 1861. How much have I to be thankful for, and yet much to try me. Hitherto the Lord has helped me, and the grace of Jesus has been sufficient for me. With the exception of my breathing, my health has been tolerably good, though a strain of the right arm has caused me considerable pain. I have visited Wales, and preached there, and have attended a meeting at Gloster - with what effect, God knows. I have baptized eleven believers, most of them young, and believe there are more on the road. Thus God is gracious to me. A universal spirit of prayer appears to be poured out upon my people, which I look upon as indicative of good.

Another volume has just issued from the press, and almost daily my pen produces something for the printer. When so much is written, and Christ the theme of the whole - good must be done. As to my own experience, I feel that sin dwells in me; everything is imperfect, which is done by me - but I have a strong confidence in God's gracious word, and calmly trust on Christ's precious blood.

Jesus is precious, very precious, to my soul. I love him, rest in him, preach him, and wish that I could exalt him a thousand times higher than I do. The sum total of my experience is: I am nothing - but Christ is all! I am sin - and Christ is my salvation. No one ever needed Jesus more, no one will be under greater obligations to him, than I shall be. I am never so happy as when I am alone, thinking of him, reading of him, or writing about him, unless it be sometimes, when I am preaching about him, assisted by his ever blessed Spirit. Jesus is mine - and I am his. I think I may go even further than this, and say as the spouse did, "I am my beloved's - and his desire is toward me." This lays at the root of all he has done for me, and all he has conferred upon me. O to honor his dear name more! O to glorify him on earth, until he glorifies me with himself, in Heaven! Anything for Jesus! Anywhere with Jesus! Thus my soul cries, "Do not I love you, dearest Lord, Behold my heart and see; And turn each cursed idol out, That dares to rival thee!"

April, 1861. This month I have visited London, and have taken part in two services, in connection with the opening of "The Metropolitan Tabernacle," where I was cheered by the presence and kindness of my old friends. Since then, we have held the Anniversary of our chapel, and have reduced the debt to 1520 pounds. The services all passed off well. I have had one dry, and to me, barren Sabbath - with this exception, I have enjoyed preaching the word, nor is it without a blessing. A good work is going on, especially among the young, and many appear to be seeking the Lord. My health on the whole, has been good, though my breathing, at times is very short. My mind has enjoyed peace, and my confidence in God has not been shaken. I can trust my Savior with my soul, and I can trust the God of providence, to supply my needs in time. My prospects at present are pretty clear - but I would make the promises of God the basis of my faith and hope. I cannot trust to anything within me, for I change so often, I am obliged to cast anchor on the Rock of Ages, and this holds me firm and sure. More of Christ, is the daily cry of my soul; and to be more like Christ, is my habitual desire. Everything that leads to Christ, and endears Christ - I value, and I desire to value nothing else. All out of Christ is unsatisfactory. Only Jesus, is all that I wish, all that I desire. More than ever do I feel a clinging to Christ, resting upon Christ, and desiring to glorify Christ. I feel that I shall soon be done with everything but Christ. He is my all in all. If I could, I would serve him better, and bring more souls to fall in love with him.

Well, I shall soon be wholly, entirely, and eternally, taken up with Christ! He is my Heaven, and going to him will be Heaven to me. I can form no idea of Heaven without Christ, nor without Christ being the center and sun of the place. May the Holy Spirit lead me out of self, to Jesus daily, and do so more and more, every day I live, until I am wholly, only, and entirely taken up with Christ. Precious Lord Jesus, you are my light, my life, my joy and my all - you have weaned me from all others. Keep me true and faithful unto yourself, help me to preach of you, to write of you, to think of you, and speak of you more than I have ever done! Holy Father, you have loved my soul, and have given your Son for me, and to me - draw, O draw me to him; and as you revealed him unto Peter - so do you reveal him unto my soul, day by day!

May, 1861. This month has been spent in preaching the word, at home and abroad, in visiting friends, especially the sick, and writing for the press. If practice makes perfect, I ought to improve. But I always was a poor, changeable, unsatisfied creature - and I suppose I shall remain so, until my heavenly Father calls me home. "I shall be satisfied, when I awake up in his likeness." Yes, when like Jesus, I shall be fully and eternally satisfied. But, I bless the Lord, and record it to the praise of his glorious grace, that I think I never enjoyed religion more than I have for some time

past. A calm and quiet confidence in God. A simple and peaceful resting upon Christ. A committing of all my affairs into the hands of Jesus - and in a good measure, leaving them there. A solid, settled enjoyment of God's word, and ordinances. A love to saints, and a strong desire to save souls from death. These are among the chief traits in my experience of late.

Jesus for me. Jesus with me. Jesus in me. Jesus before me. Jesus, the lover of my soul. Jesus, the maker of my peace. Jesus, my Advocate before the throne. Jesus, the final judge, who will settle all my affairs, and settle them forever. These are the views I like to take of my beloved Lord and Savior. I want my mind always to be fixed on Christ. I want my thoughts to be full of Christ, evermore. I never tire of Jesus - but I tire of almost everything beside. He is my theme, the object of my admiration, my all in all. I wish I could write something worthy of him. I wish I could bring thousands to love him, to live upon him, and to bring all their energies into his cause. The glory of Christ is worth living for - but very little beside is. To honor Jesus makes me willing to remain out of Heaven, and toil and suffer here below. But let it not be supposed, that the conflict has ceased, or that I have no trial. Satan will come in and harass. The corruptions of the heart will work. Professors will vex and perplex me. Doubts and fears will occasionally annoy. But still, Jesus gives me his peace, helps me to rest on his word, and frequently answers my prayers.

June, 1861. A month of much mercy. I have not been laid aside one day - but have been employed in writing, preaching, and visiting every day. The presence of the Lord in the pulpit, has made preaching pleasant. My congregations have been unusually good, for the season of the year, and the word preached, is working in sinners and saints.

July, 1861. I have been away from home a good deal, preaching the word. In Wales, I have preached four sermons to that very excitable people, who were very kind to me. I have assisted at the laying of the foundation stone of a new chapel, at Byeford. But preaching in a tent, and then riding to a distance to sleep, brought on a very bad attack of asthma, from which I have suffered ever since. I found that the eldest daughter of the farmer, at whose house I slept, had been converted under a sermon I preached, in that neighborhood, two or three years ago. I have yet many spiritual children about whom I am unacquainted with. I went to preach at Wantage, and there met with a young man, preparing for the ministry, who was brought to Christ, by one of my little books, and also a young woman, who was converted under a sermon I preached, in a neighboring town, some years since. Thus, I am not left without witness, that God is with me.

I have also visited Gorsley, and spent a pleasant day or two with Brother Hall, whose daughter was brought to God, when I preached at the opening of Kempley chapel. How good the Lord has been, to put power into my ministry, and to preserve so many of my converts, walking consistently for years. To his free and sovereign grace, be all the praise. My suffering from asthma has been very considerable, and I find walking to be very difficult. I cannot get about as I would, and therefore, write more. M_____, for whom I have preached several times, has disgraced himself and God's cause, by contracting heavy debts, and defrauding his friends, and even the funds of one of our religious societies. Lord, what is man! Thanks, eternal thanks, to your name - that you have kept me.

August, 1861. A considerable deal of preaching and journeying has fallen to my lot this month, in which the Lord has been with me, and blessed me. At Wotten-under-Edge, a proof of the sovereignty of God was placed before me. A young woman came to me, to remind me of a

circumstance that occurred, when I was preaching there, some years ago. During one of my sermons, at that time, I was disturbed by two girls who were laughing and trifling in one of the galleries. I stopped, and reproved them. But one was so hardened, that the more I reproved her, the worse she behaved, until I was obliged to threaten her I would have her taken out of the chapel. The circumstance had passed from my mind - but when she mentioned it, I remembered it at once. She said, "I am that girl, and I shall have to bless God, to all eternity, that you did so, for it proved the means of my conversion." I was afterwards informed she was a very useful and consistent member of the church, meeting at the Tabernacle. I record this to the honor of God's free and sovereign grace. How wonderful are his works, and his ways are past finding out. It encouraged my soul, for I could not help thinking that there may be more about the country, whom I had never heard of, whom the Lord has honored me, to bring to a knowledge of himself. When we write - it is impossible to say what God may do by our writing; and when we preach - no one can tell what God does by our preaching.

APPENDIX By Joseph Smith (son of James Smith) A few weeks after the last entry was made in the diary from which this work has been compiled, and when nearly half the foregoing pages had passed through the printer's hands, under the personal supervision of my father - he was suddenly attacked by paralysis, which laid him low, and prevented him from carrying on that work, to which so much of his life had been so devotedly consecrated. At his own request, little will be recorded of that event, which plunged his family, his congregation, and thousands of attached friends, into the very depths of grief.

He had spent a great part of the day with a family connected with his congregation, had conducted the usual weekly service at the chapel, had returned home, and retired to his room, without any perceptible change in his health, was in the act of stepping into bed, when he had a stroke, and fell prostrate. All that medical skill and the kindness of sympathizing friends could do, was done, to bring about his restoration. Many thousands of prayers, public and private, from members of all sections of the Christian church, in churches, and chapels, were offered up. For some time all seemed to be in vain, and but few dared indulge even a hope, that life would be spared. But in answer to prayer, a partial restoration has been granted - but not to that extent, which permitted his return to the duties of author or preacher.

Under these circumstances, I was requested, by my honored and beloved father, to extract from his voluminous diary, those portions suitable and necessary for the completion of the work. In performing a task, which filial duty and affection prevented me from declining, I have endeavored to make the book what it was originally intended to be, namely, "An Autobiography." I have given the extracts verbatim, with the exception of those trivial alterations which were necessary in leaving out those portions not intended for publication.

Having performed the work allotted to me in the midst of many disadvantages, in fragments of time, snatched from a life devoted to secular pursuits, as well as the work of the Christian ministry - I commend it to the Church at large. And having derived benefit myself in preparing it for the press, I trust that, blessed by the Holy Spirit, it will prove an eternal blessing to the thousands who will peruse it. May the mantle of him, whose life and labors are recorded in these pages - rest upon many, so that the same consecration to God may be manifested, the same success attend the labors of the life, and the same fellowship and communion with God, be enjoyed.

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