

A SELECTION FROM THE JOURNAL AND LETTERS

OF THE LATE

JOHN BARCLAY

I thought it good to show the signs and wonders that the high God has wrought toward me. How great are his signs! and how mighty are his wonders! His kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, and his dominion is from generation to generation. Daniel 4:2-3.

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INTRODUCTION

This selection from the letters and papers of the late John Barclay, has been made partly from accounts of his religious experiences and reflections, recorded chiefly in early life, and partly from letters written to his friends,, which have come within the reach of the editor. From the state in which these accounts were found, as well as from remarks made during his life-time, there is no doubt that the author intended the publication of a compilation of them, as a narrative of his religious experiences, and as a testimony or memorial of the Lord's goodness to him: to this collection of rough materials or notes, he had prefixed a title page, of which the following is a copy: "Some Memorials of the Lord's goodness to a poor creature;" to which was subjoined the quotation from Scripture affixed to the title page of this work.

The intentions of the author in keeping a personal record of this intimate description, are more

particularly set forth in his own words, as given at the commencement of the first chapter of this volume; to which the reader is referred.

The latter portion of the materials of this selection consists more generally of the letters of the author: these are mainly of a religious character, and were evidently written under a lively feeling of Christian interest on behalf of his friends, as well as of earnest concern for the best welfare and prosperity of the religious Society of Friends, of which he was a member and an acknowledged minister.

The letters which occur towards the close of this volume, from about the year 1832, often refer to circumstances and events of a period of deep trial and affliction to the Society.

It is naturally to be expected that the well concerned mind would hardly fail to be deeply affected by occurrences, involving the vital welfare of the cause of Truth and the faithful maintenance of its principles. Some readers may think that it would have been preferable to have withheld letters of this description from the public eye, in the present less disturbed period: but it should be seriously considered, that it is one of the leading and most useful designs of biography, as well as of history, by means of faithful records to convey instruction and the benefit of past experience, to the present and succeeding generations.

In the instance before us, we have the warnings, the exhortations, and the encouragement of a faithful follower of his Lord, while under the provings and sufferings of a dark and gloomy day to the militant church.

Considerations of a merely personal nature must comparatively be soon lost or forgotten in the lapse of a single generation: but the duty and trust of a faithful historian or biographer should be uprightly fulfilled; and whatever may tend to the religious benefit or edification of his readers, should be honestly and discreetly portrayed.

The editor regrets that he has not been able to present the reader with more of a connected biographical sketch of the author's life, than will be found in this work,—a life which may perhaps be said to afford but little variety of incident. He believes, however, to those whose minds delight to trace the blessed and animating effects of Divine grace in the heart, that the religious experiences of the pious and devoted Christian and fellow-professor, which are to be met with even in his private memoranda or correspondence, are often deeply instructive; and they may be felt to supply the place of biographical variety to some readers, with real interest and even more permanent satisfaction.

The following testimonial to the religious character of the author, drawn up by one of his early and most intimate friends, now living, (J. F. Marsh, of Croydon,) may, it is thought, be suitably

introduced at this place:

He was one with whom I shared no common intimacy and friendship, both at an earlier period of our lives, and subsequently: we often took sweet counsel together; and I may say, were many times permitted to sit together as ‘in heavenly places in Christ Jesus.’ Our acquaintance commenced in the autumn of 1816, at a time when his mind was sweetly visited by the day-spring from on high. Ah! how fresh is my remembrance of the state of his mind at that period; and how was my heart made to rejoice in the feeling of the preciousness of the love of our heavenly Father towards him, and the abundant shedding abroad thereof in his heart. In this day of the Lord's power, a willingness was wrought in him wholly to surrender himself to the Divine disposal, and to count nothing too near or too dear to part with, which was called for at his hand. Thus by meekly bowing his neck to the yoke of Christ, he found it to be made easy, and his burden light; and thus was he enabled to take up his daily cross, and follow his Lord and Master in newness of life. By yielding obedience to the tendering operations of redeeming love and mercy, he experienced an advancement in the way of holiness; and he became valiant for the cause of Truth and righteousness in the earth: deep was his experience in the things of God.

I write not to exalt the creature, but with desire to magnify the riches of that grace, by which he was what he was, and which on him was not bestowed in vain. As he lived, so he died, in the Lord: his memory is precious, — the savor of his life remains; and he being dead yet speaks.

And now, as I reverently believe, having fought the good fight, and kept the faith, having come out of great tribulation and washed his robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb,—he has finished his course with joy, and is gone to inherit the crown of righteousness, laid up for all them that love the appearing of Christ.

The reader is referred to the annexed testimony of Grace-church street monthly meeting, for a further, but brief memorial of my beloved, departed brother.

A. R. Barclay.

Leytonstone, near London, Twelfth month, 1841

THE JOURNAL AND LETTERS JOHN BARCLAY

CHAPTER I.

“We will not hide them from their children, showing to the generation to come the praises of the Lord, and his strength, and his wonderful works that he has done.” Psalm 78:4.

“This shall be written for the generation to come: and the people which shall be created shall praise the Lord.” Psalm 102:18.

I have been long settled in the persuasion, that it may be well for many of those who desire the promotion of truth and righteousness, whether they may have moved in a private or in a public sphere, to leave behind them, when they go hence to be seen no more here on earth, some written testimony, however slight it may be, to the blessed cause.

As an individual, I confess that I have derived much instruction, comfort, and strength, from the living memorials left us by many Christian brethren and sisters now removed from works to rewards; not only from their journals and from memoirs of them, but even from testimonies of monthly meetings. But especially I have to notice, that the expressions of those who have arrived near the confines of the invisible world, have sunk deep in my remembrance: nor do I know any other instrumental means, that have proved to me so searching, softening, effectual and abiding, as that last mentioned description of memorial. I believe that the profitable impressions which are made, particularly on the minds of well disposed children and young persons, remain with them for the most part through life; so that many amongst us, now grown up, can testify, that incidents and sayings, which in childhood they had heard or read, of truly excellent characters, do even at this day continue to have a beneficial effect on their minds; and even in cases where young people have wandered far from the line of duty, these things not infrequently arise in their remembrance.

I speak from some degree of experience, however small it may be, compared with that of some others; for I have been a wanderer in my time, yet can testify that even when most widely separated by wickedness from the Author of all good, the recurrence of the wisdom of the wise and of the sayings of the dying, to my thoughtless heart, has not been either unfrequent or unseasonable. But the advantages which my soul has received in recent times, are still more decided. Many may think themselves unfit to tell of the Lord's goodness to them in their early youth, as well as under trials and troubles, and great variety of circumstances, even to their old age; but such humble-hearted ones are the very persons who are perhaps most fit, or most called upon, to make mention in some form or other, of the providences and mercies and many deliverances which they have met with.

Often when I hear of the death of eminent servants of the Lord, I long that their wisdom and the weight of their long experience may not die with them; but that some memorial may have been left by them, for the instruction of those who are still traveling on their wearisome way. And surely, the very least of those who strive to follow the Lord, have had something happen, or have made some reflection worth leaving behind, for the encouragement and benefit of such as survive them. I indeed feel this practice of which I am speaking, to have been, and still to be, the source of a renewed feast to me; and I seldom recur to some of the manuscripts and scraps which I have written, without precious feelings of gratitude, and desires after a patient continuance in well doing unto the end. Some of these which have been written in the very depth of affliction, seem to stir up my faith in the Almighty power, and animate me with fresh courage to endure all things, and to suffer, even unto the death of all that within, which would have its own way and will, and not the Lord's blessed will. Indeed I have been so aware of the instruction to be derived, both from writing such small pieces, and from reading the productions of others in this way, that I dare not refuse, however little I desire it, to allow of these little scraps, the feeble tokens of divine favor, being made as public as any prudent person, after I surrender them up and go hence, may see right.¹

Fifth month,² 1814.—Some of the following reflections and remarks are taken from little books called 'Accounts of Time,' in which the hours of every day were accounted for, and the occupation which filled every individual hour of each day was put down. This was at all events an original design, if nothing better; but indeed it was of use, and no doubt, was the means of bringing me into active and industrious habits, at a time when no sterling inward principle seemed to have full rule, and when I was left very much to my own direction, and at my own disposal as to my pursuits. I have often felt that it as a preservative at the time, and a stimulus to exertion. I think I may add, of this little contrivance for self-government, as well as of many others which occupied my attention about the same period, that they had their use, in awakening my mind to see the importance of bringing self and sense into subjection; and however insufficient they were of themselves to effect the same, they nevertheless urged me forward to press after the knowledge and attainment of that, which is now, blessed be the Lord who has showed this to me, experimentally found to be the only sure guide and leader. As far as

1 Under date of 1817.

2 It is proper to remark, that although the writer of the following pages had a birthright in the religious Society of Friends, yet he was not educated in the observance of those Christian testimonies to simplicity in dress, address and demeanor, into which the Spirit of truth leads. In consequence of this, the dates of his memorandums as far as the 4th of fourth month, 1817, are in the usual fashionable style of the world. After that period they conform to the usage of Friends. The Editors have thought it best to make all the dates alike, and to give this explanation. A few other slight changes have also been made. The manner of his education will also account for the exercises he underwent in relation to a change of his dress; and his memorandums on this subject evince the integrity and uprightness of a mind, deeply solicitous to make that change from purely conscientious motives, and in obedience to divine requisition.

these little relics show, how the wrestling seed struggled within me, and how tender and gradual were the leadings of the Shepherd of Israel, how the good seed seemed at times almost crushed, and every desire after such things as were truly desirable was at seasons very feeble and faint; so far they are indeed interesting to me, and excite feelings of gratitude as often as they are examined. These 'Accounts of Time' were begun in the fourth month 1814, [in the 11th year of his age,'] and were left off about the eighth or ninth month 1816.

The reasons for preserving them, apply equally I think to those weekly reports which I was in the habit of drawing up; from which extracts will also be inserted in this book.

Eighth month 8th.—I think I may say, that in proportion as I endeavor to do well, I feel that I am enabled to do so; that there is something within me that stimulates to good, that encourages me to persevere in what is good, and which even tells me what is good. O! may I ever listen to its silent but most important intimations,—may I indeed follow that secret monitor within me, and both desire and walk worthy of its reproofs and persuasions.

Tenth month 16th.—I have within me a fountain that sends forth bitter and black waters; which instead of nourishing, tend to poison the signs of vegetation and fruitfulness that may spring up within me. Lord, make the waters of Marah sweet!

Eleventh month 20th.—I could wish to be able to discover those symptoms of religious habits within me, which appear where religion exists. I could wish that, as "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaks," so those outward signs could be observed, which inevitably follow a devotional spirit within. O, that those evidences of true religion were produced,—a sincere desire to promote the glory of God, and the good of man; a stimulating and energetic propensity to discourage vice and folly, though ever so disguised; and that my dispositions, affections, actions, words, and thoughts, might more nearly conform to the pattern which is set before me, even to Jesus Christ!

No date, probably about the same time as the last.—How inconsistent, how frail, how depraved, how disposed to evil, and how unable to do right of himself, and by his own strength, is that fallen creature, man! Every day I see instances around me, of inconsistency, of weakness, of blindness, as well as of absolute wickedness, though often disguised and palliated. But when I look to myself, when I examine my own heart, I find sin mixing itself with almost every thing I think, or speak, or do: not merely do I see evil thoughts lurking in my bosom, but I find them insinuating themselves into very many good motives, resolutions, and actions. How fully do I feel the force and truth of the Apostle Paul's expression, when he says, "I know, that in me, that is, in my flesh, dwells no good thing; for to will is present with me, but how to perform that which is good, I find not; for the good that I would, I do not; but the evil which I

would not, that do I.” It is not at remote intervals, that I perceive the effects of my own frailty, but at most times.

Nor is the presence of sin confined to gay and giddy moments, or to hours of industry and employment, but even in my solitary and thoughtful periods; even in times when the heart should be most inclined to holiness, and devoted to the service of its Maker, even then are the intrusions of evil very frequent, the imagination often under little control, and the affections for the most part fixed on any thing but their right object.

Twelfth month 18th.—Be anxious and ever ardent in the work before you, even your own eternal happiness, and that of your fellow-creatures, to the glory of God. There is such danger, such liability, while in these frail bodies and in this wicked world, even to those seemingly the most confirmed among us, to slacken and decline, that on this head I cannot forbear suggesting a hint to myself, who am but just setting out on the arduous journey to Zion: I cannot help urging myself to beware of that destructive indifference and lethargy, which are and have been the ruin of thousands, in a religious sense; which would palliate the guilt and error of others, and excuse our own; which damp and chill any appearance of zeal in our neighbors, while they effectually, though gradually, quench any like disposition in ourselves.

No date.—Domestic life presents many opportunities for the exercise of virtue, as well as the more exalted stations of honor and ambition. For though its sphere is more humble, and its transactions are less splendid, yet the duties peculiarly incumbent on it, constitute the basis of all public character. Perfection in private life is by far the more arduous attainment of the two; since it involves a higher degree of virtue, to acquire the cool and silent admiration of constant and close observers, than to catch the undistinguishing applause of the vulgar. Men accustomed to the business of the world, may think it a mean occupation to be engaged in the duties of a family. It is, however, only by comparison that they are rendered, to a superficial eye, petty and insignificant. View them apart, and their necessity, their importance immediately rises. How many daily occasions there are for the exercise of patience, forbearance, benevolence, good humor, cheerfulness, candor, sincerity, compassion, self-denial! How many instances occur of satirical hints, of ill-natured witticisms, of fretfulness, impatience, strife, and envyings; besides those of disrespect, discontent, sloth, and very many other seeds of evil, the magnitude of which is perhaps small, but for the guilt of which we shall most assuredly be judged. When we consider that private life also has its trials, temptations, and troubles, it ought surely to make us vigilant, when around our own fire-side, lest we should quiet our apprehensions, and cease from our daily watchfulness.

Prove your love and affection for your family, and your friendship and attachment for all your connections, by using, not partial, hypocritical, momentary acts of kindness, but one universal,

constant, animated effort,—one sincere desire of rendering others happy, united with compassion for their sufferings, charity and candor for their errors, and forgiveness for their injuries.

Especially cultivate a benevolent disposition, an inclination rather to think and speak well than ill of those around, accompanied with that candor which exposes not the errors, but rather the virtues of others to view; and which brings to light, with regret, their failings, for no other end than their suppression.

First month, 1815.—Business, in its proper sphere, is useful and beneficial, as well as absolutely necessary; but the abuse of it, or an excess in it, is pernicious in many points of view: I cannot approve, in very many respects, of the intense degree of application and attention, which seems often to be required of those that are in business.

There is one danger to which the man of business is particularly exposed, and which is the more alarming, because it is concealed,— I mean the danger of gaining a worldly spirit, and of losing that tenderness of conscience, that love of religion, which is the ground of all virtuous conduct. The person who is engaged in worldly affairs, whether the sphere of his engagements be large or small, should be most anxiously attentive to his eternal interests, that they also may be kept in a flourishing, profitable condition; if this be not the case, the saying of William Penn is true in regard to such a one; “He that loses by getting, had better lose than gain.” He should also be very jealous of his scanty leisure, that he may not omit to employ some of it in his daily duties to his Maker, and in the constant cultivation of that holy frame of mind, which, it is the slow though sure tendency of the spirit of the world, silently to counteract. For I own I tremble at the very idea of any man's mainly pursuing his perishable interests, when perhaps in one short moment he is gone. How inconceivably terrible and exquisite must be that man's anguish, while on the very brink of going he knows not where, to think that he has given up an eternity of bliss, for the empty grasp of that which is not.

15th.—The following reflection is taken from a ‘weekly report,’ and was penned just previous to my attendance, by way of initiation into business, at my father's banking house: What an eventful period is this, what an epoch in my life! When I look back upon the past, when I review the calm and sequestered hours which have been so graciously granted me, and which I have so happily enjoyed, I cannot help concluding, that the same Almighty hand, which has hitherto upheld me, will be “stretched out still.” And when I cast my eye forward to the future, to that dark and dreary scene, that chaos of troubles and perplexities, which human life for the most part discloses, I remember with consolation the expressions of the Apostle, “We know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.” The time that has already elapsed, seems to be a

season of preparation mercifully allotted to me, in order to qualify me for the part which I am henceforth to act; and those principles, which I have stored, must now with assiduity be put in practice. The greatest discretion employed at this first setting out in life, will not be sufficient to direct and keep me in the right path, unless accompanied with distrust in myself, and a corresponding confidence in divine assistance.

29th.—The very great benefit which may be, and which I trust is, derived from the system of self-examination that I have adopted, is more and more apparent to me every week. Every week have I to reprove, to exhort, to encourage, and to recommend, as it were to call in my accounts, and to ascertain the real state of my heart; while every week—yes, every day, gives me abundant cause for contrition and abasement. I am thus led to a more intimate knowledge of the state of my internal affairs, and of the filth which still lurks within: while I am rendered less confident in my own unassisted efforts, and more desirous to be strengthened in obedience.

Same date.—Though I feel myself but a novice in serious subjects, yet further experience gives me fresh ardor and eagerness to seek after and attain to that knowledge, which alone “makes wise unto salvation.” The more time and attention I devote to religion, the more I feel persuaded of its unspeakable importance.

There is no pursuit in life, whether of philosophical, literary, commercial, or worldly nature, which can be compared with the pursuit of religion, in respect to the peace and joy, the profit and the pleasure, which it yields to the willing mind. The immediate good effects of it, are only exceeded by its ultimate consequences. In prosperity the true Christian is taught to be watchful and humble, and to consider that “the Lord has given, and the Lord can take away.” In adversity, how happy he is, if he do but remember, that “this also is the Lord's doing.” In all that he does, his design is ever to do good,—his motive the glory of his Maker.

Same date.—O! Lord, you have been pleased to bruise me with a sense of my own iniquity; you have in some degree opened to me my own heart: deliver me in your own time and way, from under the burden of my transgressions: still continue to show me your loving kindness, and to direct me onward in the path that leads to salvation. I know not, and it is better, O Lord, that I know not, in what condition or situation tomorrow's light may find me; nor can I see before me: yet I pray you, if I do forget or forsake you, O! forsake me not utterly, for your mercy's sake.

Second month 5th.—May I not neglect or delay to take such effectual measures, as may certainly lead me to the attainment of a firm belief in the salvation brought about by the Savior of men. May I not be satisfied with an historical acquaintance with these things, nor be content with what others may say, write, bear witness of, or believe in, respecting a Redeemer; but may

I be encouraged, like Thomas the Apostle, to see and feel for myself; and may I make an availing use of every opportunity, every appointed means to gain the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus and him crucified; that intimate knowledge and inward experience, compared with which, Paul counted all things else but as “loss” and dross. Surely, such as are “kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation,” are none but those, who have submitted themselves to the government and dominion of Christ by his spirit in their hearts; and these truly know him to be their Redeemer.

12th.—O! for that prevailing seriousness, that habitual state of dependence, humility, and gratitude, as in the sight of the Supreme Being;—that disposition of mind which inclines to “pray without ceasing,” “in every thing to give thanks,” and to “avoid every appearance of evil.” These symptoms of a soul that “walks with God,” have been indeed greatly lacking. Although the outward tokens of a religious life, may have continued much the same as before; yet have I to acknowledge and lament a general tendency to indifference and coolness, with respect to religious matters, as well as a neglect and forgetfulness of Him, whose right it is supremely to reign in the hearts of his people.

How often is this half and half—this lukewarm temper, which loves the Lord with divided affection, the beginning of more flagrant transgression.

But may I not be discouraged; rather may I remember that He, who by his reproving witness has discovered to me this evil, has done so that I should through his assistance subdue it; and that he will by no means withhold that strength, which will enable me to do so.

When I look back at the long course and succession of blessings which have been experienced by me,—when I review the opportunities which I have enjoyed of making the attainment of vital Christianity my constant study; and then see how very small has been my advance in religious principle and practice, I cannot help feeling extremely sensible of the long suffering and compassion of that Being, who has not merely heaped upon me, day after day, and year after year, innumerable outward blessings, but has in much mercy been pleased to rescue me from a state of hardened forgetfulness and abandonment of himself He has opened a way to me, whereby I might escape that bondage to sin, which did at one time nearly overwhelm me, and that punishment which would otherwise have inevitably overtaken me. He still continues his forbearance and his tender mercies, though I so often decline from the path which he has plainly pointed out. How long then, O! my soul, will you despise the riches of his grace, and reject his offered and extended salvation? How long will you in words acknowledge, and in very deed deny, him? How long will you in praises and in prayers draw nigh unto him, while in the particular conduct of every day you do abuse his gifts, forget and forsake the giver ‘?

19th.—O! how transient is that momentary glimmer—that faint and feeble spark, which at intervals, seems to rekindle and revive in this poor, frail tenement of mine! How soon is it quenched and smothered; how quickly does it disappear, and leave me cold and cheerless! What apathy, what indisposition and insensibility to the beauty of eternal things, does the absence of this glorious light leave in the soul, which longs for the arising of the Sun of righteousness; for the appearance of that “which shines more and more unto the perfect day!”³

26th.—Blessed be the Lord! I think that I am in some small degree enabled to trust and believe, that there has been some little growth and advancement in lowliness and meekness, which are the ground-work of true wisdom. How shall I sufficiently express what I feel, when I look upon myself, when I consider what and where I have been, and who He is, that has lifted me out of the mire, and rescued my soul from destruction.

CHAPTER II.

Sixth month, 1815.—I have attended the yearly meeting for the first time, this year, through all the sittings, and have had very much satisfaction therein; especially in observing the consistency which seems to run through the conduct of the business coming under the care of Friends. This was to me a very favored time, and my soul was reached wonderfully by the visitations of the day-spring from on high. Though I have but little to remark, either on the subject of Friends or their discipline, I cannot help expressing how grateful I feel, for the blessing of being in some degree alive to serious impressions, and thirsting after a knowledge of Truth.

2nd.—How many are there who live in a state of sin, of blindness as to their best interests, or of drowsy indifference! The more I seek to know the Lord and to remember his mercies, the more plainly and clearly does he graciously manifest himself; and the longer I meditate on his attributes, the more firm is my conviction, that the ardent and heavenly desires with which he has favored me, will not sleep in death, but will pass, uninjured by the wreck of nature, to those hallowed and happy regions, where nothing will interrupt their enjoyment forever!

Ninth month 5th.—Surely one would think the bitter cup, of which so many, so very many, of our fellow creatures have to drink, ought to be enough to stop the dissipation of the gay, to check the extravagance and the avarice of the rich, to make the heedless pause and the wicked to consider. For my own part, when I hear and see everywhere around me, the affliction of the destitute, the cry of poverty, the groan of sickness, and every extremity of anguish and trouble,

3 Second month 23rd, was the first monthly meeting I attended; it was at Wandsworth.

both of body and mind, I cannot but exclaim, — “What am I, that I should be blessed so abundantly above others in every sense? and what ought I not to be, who am so eminently favored with almost every variety of earthly comfort? How shall I dare to encourage or give way to pride, envy, passion, intemperance of joy, or levity of heart, when in one short day I may be deprived of every thing in which I have outward comfort and confidence, and in one moment may be leveled in the dust from which I came?”

22nd.—There is that to be met with and felt, in the company of and intimacy with Friends, which is better experienced than described,— a happy, serene, and calm temper, full of forbearance and love, and affection to all, and well seasoned with sober humility; such as elsewhere I have never been able to find.

Eleventh month.—“Simon, do you sleep? Could you not watch one hour? Watch and pray, lest you enter into temptation.” I have been more than once strongly reminded, of this short but very impressive expostulation of our Lord to his slumbering disciple, and of the salutary exhortation that follows it. I have thought how much need there is for every one of us, often to apply the same language to ourselves. O! how very few of us ever watch even one hour! And although I am willing to believe many do remember him, on whose extended mercy they every moment depend; yet this season is, I fear, but short, and the impression but transient. I cannot therefore help expressing my desire that every one of us may be enabled to stand continually in the fear of the Lord, to bear in mind our exceeding great liability to evil, and to depend not upon our strength, but upon the power of Him, through whose strength alone we can do valiantly.

No date; probably late in 1815.—The first thing that I would recommend to any one seriously inclined, is, that he should not quench or stifle in any manner the precious spark, which the Lord in infinite compassion, has kindled within him. O! let such a one do nothing which is likely to impede the growth of this divine seed of grace within. Let not any deny to his own soul the nourishment which is to support it: for though the world esteem him very lightly, and even ridicule him, yet “if his own heart condemn him not, then has he confidence towards God.”

No date.—I am much displeased when I see a person accommodating his character and turn of mind to those among whom he is cast, changing his appearance according to the situation he is placed in. I see little apology for such persons in that saying of the Apostle, “I am made all things to all men, that I might by all means save some;” because such persons omit the latter part of that text,—“and this I do for the gospel's sake.” In those of whom I speak, there is no intention by this variable conduct to serve others, but rather to save and deliver themselves from the scandal, odium, and reproof, likely to be cast by serious people upon levity, folly, or

sin, and by the less sober upon any thing like sobriety.

There is a consistency of character, which, while it does not bring on religion the charge of moroseness and unyielding severity, yet does not deny its great Master; and which though it does not obtrude its opinions or practice upon the notice of others, is not backward to show decidedly, to which standard it belongs, and under whose banner it ranks.

1815 or 1816.—Surely I ought to thank and praise the Lord for his abundant mercy in thinking of me; and especially in wounding my vain confidence and self-dependence: surely I am highly favored by his numerous and heavy corrections. The worldly man, and the evil doer, and the indifferent nominal Christian, go on “fair and softly,”—they have, perhaps, few and slight troubles; but he whom the Lord visits and notices,—he whom the Lord deigns to regard and to prepare for himself, is purified in the fire of affliction, as silver seven times tried. Why then should I be troubled and disquieted? why not rather endeavor to co-operate with the Lord? since I know verily that it is for my good, to teach me from the consideration of the brevity of life, the uncertainty and instability of earthly things, the weakness and wickedness of my own heart, and the frailty of others; to teach me, I say, from these and other considerations, to press forward to the attainment of those things which will open unto me a way to peace and joy eternal, through Jesus Christ.

First month, 1816.—I am unexpectedly led at this time into much inward exercise of mind, being earnestly desirous that I may lay hold, and keep hold of those things which pertain to life and salvation,—to run daily that race which is set before me. Those who seek the Lord to serve him, shall indeed find him and the knowledge of his will: where the desire is, there is a favorable evidence; seeing that every good gift and every perfect gift comes down from the Author of all good. Divine grace which begets this desire, though smothered in many hearts, has freely been given, without respect of persons, to all; and is sufficient, if obeyed, to work out the salvation of all, to lead them in the way they should go, and to give them strength to walk in it: how then should we cherish this precious desire after holiness, and that little seed, which, if preserved and fostered, will grow up and become a large tree, bringing forth fruit abundantly; and what injures, what nips the tender bud in its springing forth, but those things that are evil, or that tend to encourage evil. Oh! how would this little spark, this divine fire, if not quenched in its arising, burn up every piece of straw and stubble within us, every thing that is not durable; and even such things as silver and gold would not escape the influence, but would be melted down, refined, and seven times purified. Now this light within may not at all times be equally discernible, — we may be deprived of the sense of it for a season; but when this is the case, we ought especially to be very vigilant and sober; for it is in these intervals, that the enemy most generally finds the door open, and the sentinel not at his post. Let us beware lest we forget ourselves during this time of trial, when we do not sensibly experience within us the

presence of Him, in whose presence there is fulness of joy. Let us then seek unto the Lord still more earnestly, and patiently wait his coming, in silent subjection of soul, desiring not our own will, way and time, but His. Surely there is cause for thankfulness in the midst of the driest season, and even when to our own apprehension we are forgotten and forsaken by Him whom our soul desires: for we know that it is the same Lord, who gave to us the gift of his grace, that has himself permitted the sensible feeling of it to be taken away, and all for our good, though we may not think so. Let us then learn, in whatsoever state it may please infinite wisdom and goodness to place us, therewith to be content.

On the 24th of first month, my dear father, [who had been long an invalid,] got rapidly worse. I attended him nearly all the day, and but little thought of the event that followed. I sat up with him till between two and three o'clock the next morning. He died in much composure, at about a quarter past ten on fifth-day morning, the 25th of first month. I continued with the rest of our afflicted family to mourn, and I trust humbly to submit to this severe dispensation, lifting up my soul unto Him, who alone is able to sanctify our troubles to us, day and night with tears and sighs, until the day of the burial, when we accompanied the remains of the endeared object of our gratitude, affection, and respect, to its resting-place.

Second month 4th.—I have been led to think that the only substantial source of consolation in times of trouble, is a firm and an abiding faith in our Maker and Redeemer. Whatever anguish a sincere Christian may groan under, whatever wretchedness is permitted to come upon him, yet “let him trust in the name of the Lord, and stay upon his God.” David seemed to trust with great energy, when he says, “God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble; therefore will we not fear, though the earth be removed,” etc.: — “The Lord of hosts is with us, the God of Jacob is our refuge.” Though man is born to trouble, and every one of us must sooner or later suffer; yet a simple implicit reliance on him in whom we have believed, will be found sufficient for our consolation and support. We are allowed to mourn;—a blessing is attached to mourning;—the effect of godly sorrow is said to be repentance;—Jesus himself wept; and it is said of him, that “he was a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief.” But we are reminded not to “sorrow, as those who have no hope.” Let us then, in the midst of the most acute and poignant grief, never despair; but rather with upright Job, let us endeavor to attain to that lowly submissive frame of soul, which leads us to commit ourselves to the disposal of an Almighty Creator and merciful Father.

8th.—The deepest affliction which is caused by the privation of outward objects and things, however near and dear those objects may have been to us, cannot be compared to that utter distress, and anguish of spirit, which the pilgrim is permitted at times to undergo on his journey towards Zion. Who can have an idea of it, without having experienced this trying situation; when man, who is by himself a poor, weak, helpless creature, dependent upon his Maker for

strength, encouragement, consolation, and ability to do and to think anything aright, is thus left apparently, and exposed to the attacks of a relentless enemy, without guide or guardian, naked, hungry, blind, diseased,—where shall poor man find shelter in this stormy season of life? Oh! “let him trust in the Lord, and stay upon his God.”

In this time of desertion, when after “toiling in the midst of the sea,” being “tossed with the waves,” and “the wind contrary,” he seems well nigh spent, and apparently no nearer “his desired haven;” then, if he cry unto the Lord in his trouble. He will bring him out of his distresses: He will make the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof will be still; and the troubled disciple shall see Jesus coming unto him walking on the waves, and shall hear him distinctly say, “Be of good cheer, it is I, be not afraid.”

18th.—The Lord in his infinite mercy has been pleased to strike me to the earth like Saul, with a sense of my sins, and to enable me sincerely and fervently to inquire of him, “What will you have me to do.” I can indeed testify that his forbearance and long suffering towards me have been wonderful; and I have great cause for daily thanksgiving, that I have been taught in some small degree the knowledge of myself, and in much mercy shown the abominations and gross evils, in which my heart was enveloped: the coverings of self and sense that disguised the real state of my mind from me, have been in part removed; and I have been permitted to discover a glimpse of what I ought to be. My ardent desire therefore is, that He who has helped me thus far, would be pleased to continue to extend his paternal care over me; that he would preserve in me an invariable desire to do and abide by his will, at all times and in all things; that he would teach me the knowledge of the Truth; and that I might be so strengthened therein, as to be enabled to say in sincerity, — “I am yours,—do with me what you will.”

Third month 16th.—O! how exceedingly ought we to praise and to bless the name of the Lord for all his dispensations and gifts: my soul is at this time very much impressed with a sense of the bounty of that great Giver, who in mercy educes blessings from those things which least of all appear such. But of what avail is such a sense of the goodness of the Almighty—such a conviction that “the Lord is good to all, and that his tender mercies are over all his works,”—unless this conviction leads us to put our whole trust and reliance on Him in every circumstance and situation,— unless we are induced with still greater firmness, faith and “patience, to run the race that is set before us,” to endure our appointed trials;—in short, to take up our daily cross and deny ourselves, out of pure love to Him, who first loved us, and still does love us.

31st.—I have thought that my state of mind much resembled the luxurious growth of some stripling plant, which springs up quickly, but requires much pruning and cutting back, sometimes even to the ground, in order that its strength may be proportioned to its height, and

that it may be brought into a bearing state. Why should I not then submit to the management of the great Husbandman at all times? Though like the skillful vine-dresser, he rub off every bud that does not show fruit, though he bind me to the wall, though he cut out the canker in the bark, and pierce to the very pith; yet do I most certainly know, that he cares for me, and intends my purging unto fruitfulness and perfection.

Fourth month 3rd.—I can scarcely refrain from writing a few lines, on the occasion of 's bearing open testimony to those principles, which I believe he very sincerely has espoused. It must indeed be a trying time with him, not only just now, but perhaps henceforth through life. The change of dress and address, though a simple small thing in itself, must doubtless be a pretty constant source of ridicule and contempt, both in his presence and behind his back. I could say much in favor of his sincerity, and I think his exercises have not been few or slight, even as far as I have seen. Though I have had but little direct communication with him on religious subjects, yet, in his deportment and conduct, in general so reasonable and upright, there has been much instruction for me. I have seen many evils and errors in him, evidently brought under correction and government, and the chords of his practice and daily conduct drawn tighter and tighter into tune; and in witnessing this process, my admiration has been not a little excited, in the full belief, that it evinces a power greater than his frailty, under the influence of which he endeavors to live: he has proved and does prove a living lesson and example to me, and I think to others. On looking again at the matter which gave me occasion for writing this, I am inclined to add, that the following considerations seem of too much importance long to defer examining; First, whether I am satisfied to continue as I am, in respect of outward profession; Second, if not, when is the right time to make any alteration; Third, what precise change is to take place, in what particulars, and on what grounds. And may He, who alone can preserve my soul from evil, be with me; that so I may not err on the right hand, or on the left.

11th — Having a short reprieve of a week, before entering into a business which is marked out for me, [at a Solicitor's office,] I avail myself gladly of it to record my heartfelt and sincere expressions of gratitude, that amidst all my backslidings and omissions, during the period of retirement which I have had of late, there remain to me yet some small bright spots and points, at which I can with satisfaction look back. For though there have been many and great errors and failings, and at times an almost total forgetfulness of that Being, whose wisdom made me, and whose mercy is still over me; yet am I encouraged in the belief, that at many seasons there has been a desire after, a searching for, the living God, and for the knowledge of his will, whom to know is life. I have indeed learnt by reiterated and painful experience, the constant liability to which poor man is exposed, of forgetting or forsaking the fountain of living waters, the Father of infinite mercy, who is daily striving with his self-willed creature, man. O! I have

learnt, and may the lesson be indelibly impressed on my soul, that it is good for a man to watch—to watch and be sober,—to fear always,— to abide in His love who first loved us.

14th.—Uncertainty as to the time and manner of our departure hence, and certainty as to the fact itself, seem to be the limit of our knowledge in regard to this awful subject.

We know indeed neither the day nor the hour when we shall be summoned, by an all-righteous Judge to render an account. Seeing then that such is our case, may we yet more and more earnestly strive after a state of preparation,— having “our loins girded about and our lights burning;” that, so whenever the awful call shall go forth, whether at midnight, in the morning, or at noonday, we may be found amongst the trusty servants, “whom the Lord, when he comes, shall find watching.”

Fourth month.—O! how ardent at this moment is my desire and prayer to the inexhaustible Fountain of transcendent love and mercy, that it may please Him according to his marvelous compassion, so to dwell in the hearts of his poor dependent creatures, that through His sanctifying presence and power, they may be preserved from evil; and not only this, but that the minds of men may be more and more opened, enlivened, and enabled to discover the beauty and the bliss inherent in the Truth.

O! how largely I could dwell upon the wonderful goodness of that Being, whose daily communication and connexion with his creatures, by his providence and by his more immediate influence, most clearly manifests Him to be the all-seeing God. How do I long for that period, when loosed from all earthly impediments, as well from the necessities as from the frailties of the body, I may be enabled to offer pure and acceptable adoration and hallelujahs to the infinitely glorious Source of love and mercy.

16th.—Went this day for the first time on trial to Solicitors; being at the office at nine in the morning, and leaving it at nine in the evening to return home at Clapham. Did not attend a meeting in the middle of the week on first going there; but the third week I went to Gracechurch Street Meeting, and regularly afterwards to some one meeting, unless absolutely impracticable.

30th.—Independent of all other considerations which might induce me to court the company and intimacy of Friends, and many other reasons there are, this one would have much weight with me, namely, that into whatever Friend's family I have gone, I have not as yet failed to find them a happy set of people,— cheerful yet sober, liberal yet strict, and above all things, sincere and honest, I have not had much acquaintance with Friends; but I may truly declare, that I have seldom, if ever, gone away from a Friend's house, without carrying with me a temper and feeling of mind so peaceable, so calm, contented and cheerful, full of such warm desires of

being and doing good, as are by no means easily effaced.

Fifth month 1st.—Though pressed hard for time, I am constrained to commemorate the admirable goodness of the Lord to my soul this morning, in evidently answering my petition, and affording me suitable instruction, which was received, I trust, with benefit. At Gracechurch Street Meeting this morning, being weary with my own intruding imaginations, and earnestly desiring to be rightly directed in the awfully important business which I came about, and for which I had given up much to obtain liberty of attendance,—a secret prayer seemed to arise and run through me, that, if it were best, I might through some instrumental means be informed and instructed in the great duty of public worship. No sooner had such desires presented themselves, than Mary Savory rose, with nearly if not exactly these words; ‘Look not unto man, whose breath is in his nostrils, O you of little faith; but look you unto the Lord, who is mighty to deliver, and able to save to the uttermost, them that trust in him.’ As if she had said, ‘Look not for direction in this matter to man, but to the Lord, who can best instruct and incline you when and how to worship himself acceptably.’ This instance of condescension was, and still remains a memorable one with me, and is not less gratefully remembered on account of having experienced many especial favors of a similar nature and description; some of which indeed have been still more striking.

8th.—My birthday; [nineteen years of age.] I contrived to get one hour in the garden in the morning, though so closely tied to business. Many reflections appear to have been my companions in the midst of much business at this time; indeed my mind was greatly exercised and tried, yet also comforted, yes, unspeakably, during this season.

Hitherto the Lord has helped me; hitherto has he helped me exceedingly,—more than I could even have thought or asked: and I can abundantly testify to this truth, “no good thing will He withhold from them that walk uprightly,” or even from them that seek to do so.

27th.—I cannot but believe, that the Lord will redeem my soul from the depth of difficulty and distress, which seems to encompass it; though there seems no way, he will make one over the pit, which is dug about me by my enemy. Thanks be to the adorable fountain of all goodness, my faith is yet firm. I know in whom I have believed and trusted, and that He is still able and willing, and shortly, in his own time, will make bare His arm, which is indeed mighty to save and to rescue, I read that the prayers of some formerly did ascend even into the ears of the most High, and came before him as a memorial; now I do heartily and indubitably believe, that “He is the same yesterday, today, and forever;” that “his arm is not shortened that he cannot save, nor his ear grown heavy, that he cannot hear” the cries of such as seek his direction.

29th.—O! Lord God of my fathers, the protector of every one that puts his trust in you, be

pleased in your unbounded compassion and unutterable mercy, to look upon your afflicted servant for good. O! Lord, you know my case and circumstances better than I can possibly relate; you see all my needs, my troubles and my fears: in your abundant and overflowing mercy, forsake me not in this time of trial and deep exercise of spirit. O! you are mighty to save and to deliver, help me that I perish not in this extremity; but that aided by you, I may be enabled to do your will while here, whatsoever it may be; and be prepared to glorify you forever hereafter.

30th.—O Lord! the Father of the fatherless, the helper of the helpless, the friend of the afflicted; who have promised never to forsake them that seek you, and trust in you; receive the sigh and tear of one whose spirit cries unto you day and night,—yes Lord, you know, through every hour of the day.

I pray not that you would take me out of the world, or from that station and place in it, which in your infinite goodness is appointed for me; but this does my spirit crave of you with unspeakable fervency, even that in all things, at all times, and in all places, you may be pleased to dwell with me, and to keep me on every hand from all evil.

Sixth month.—According to my present feelings and experience, I do verily believe that the business upon which I have entered, is such as requires much more time, close study and attention, than I can conscientiously give up thereto; it does entail such entanglement and engrossment in the things of time, as to leave to uncertainty and almost inevitable neglect the things of eternity, I also am of the firm persuasion, that business is not of that first importance, which is so generally attached to it; but is and should be secondary and subordinate to the first and greatest object in life.

Same date.—If after all means and endeavors are made use of, we believe that any thing is right to be done, surely it is our duty to do it. We ought not to look at the effects or consequences of thus having acted, but to leave them to divine wisdom, that he may overrule or dispose of them as he sees best, whether he is pleased to give us satisfaction within and the approbation of others, or to withhold them. None can tell us of our duty with certainty in every respect; they can tell us of the great fundamental and indispensable rules of the moral law; but in such actions and steps, the omission of which is no breach of morality, others can only recommend what they think is right; yet this is no infallible rule for us. Now who is more likely to come to the knowledge of his duty in any particular, than he who in sincerity and simplicity is daily and hourly striving to conform himself to the will of his Maker, as far as he knows it. Such a one should not despair or grieve, if in every respect he does not immediately and clearly discover his way cast up before him; but rather should join faith to his obedience; endeavoring to be content and thankful that he is permitted to know what little he does, and is enabled to act up to

that little; humbly hoping, and patiently waiting for more, if necessary.

12th.—I have often been struck with the close analogy, which many narratives in the Bible bear to the state of our own minds. The manner in which Thomas received the intelligence communicated by his fellow Apostles, of the resurrection of our Lord from the dead, has more than once impressed my mind, while I looked at myself and my own state.

I have been led to think, that any hesitation or delay on my part to believe in and to receive the Lord of life and light, who is striving with me day by day, who is watching, waiting to be gracious, who is knocking at the door of my heart almost every hour, who is calling me, and running after me as a shepherd after his lamb that is gone astray,—is somewhat like the tardy yet deliberate conviction of Thomas, who overpowered at length by the abundant evidence which the Lord was pleased to shower upon him, was unable in the fulness of his heart to say more than “My Lord, and my God.” O! I do indeed desire, not only to be firmly convinced of what is right, but to be willing to sacrifice every thing to the performance of the same, with courage, resolution, and constancy.

13th.—O! Lord, make me still more and more entirely devoted and dedicated, given up and surrendered unto you: Teach me, I pray you, still more perfectly the way that I should walk in, each step that I should every moment take while here; that so through your boundless mercy I may be safe on every hand from every thing evil. O Lord! if it so please you, I implore you to take from me all vain confidence in myself or others,—all my own strength and wisdom; and impress upon my soul an earnest sense of my own nothingness and helplessness: that so through the low vestibule of true humility, I may be enabled to enter your glorious temple, and therein to offer acceptable sacrifice and praise unto you.

28th.—On considering the subject of the business proposed to me to enter upon, [that of a Solicitor,] I can acknowledge that I would this day sign the articles of clerkship, if I thought it right to do so; but I feel too much given up and dedicated in heart and mind to Him, who has all my life long blessed and helped me, for me to undertake this proposed occupation; and therefore I do trust, that though my relations may not approve the decision, they will respect the motives. It is, and has been day and night, my most ardent desire to acquaint myself thoroughly, in spite of every obstacle, with the will of the Lord concerning me; and I may safely and sincerely add, that there is and has been no fear, no grief, no joy, so impressed on my soul, as the fear of not doing, the grief at not having done, and the joy at having done, what I know or believe to be right.

Seventh month 6th.—Upon considering the Lord's extraordinary goodness to my soul, and how he has blessed me more and more, increasing my inward prosperity almost every day, and

especially of late in a remarkable manner, so that though outwardly much occupied, my thoughts have been almost constantly raised and directed to Him in prayer or praise;—upon these considerations my soul has been humbled at this time, under the belief, that the Lord's hand is in an awful manner upon me, to mould me as it seems good to him: the feeling of this makes me fear and tremble before him.

10th.—The longer I am surrounded by the vanity and vice of this dissolute city, [London,] the more is my mind vexed with the daily witnessing of such things; the less also do I get reconciled to the perverted and depraved conduct and conversation, which abound so deplorably in this place. O! what a holy and diligent watch should we maintain, who are placed in the midst of this vortex—this sink of filth and iniquity. O! Lord, you alone can make and keep clean our garments; you only can preserve in us a clean heart, and renew a right spirit within us.

25th.—The customs, fashions, vanities, and ways of the world, have very often come under my serious consideration. I have been, I may indeed say, oppressed with a sense of the mass of folly, which is sin, prevalent among the children of men. I believe the evil effects of these things are but little calculated by many reflecting minds, and that few look upon them in that serious light in which they deserve to be regarded, or esteem them worthy of reformation. It is in consequence of this lamentable remissness and weakness on the part of those, who should stand up in resolute opposition, that the torrent becomes stronger and stronger, and the resistance of the few less and less effectual.

Under this impression, my soul has oftentimes mourned; and my distress has been much excited of late, while walking in the streets of this great city; many of whose inhabitants seem bound in fetters, and enslaved by the caprice of pride, luxury, and vanity. How frequent and fervent have been my desires, that the little band of those who professedly bear testimony against the fruits and effects of these evils, wherever and in whatsoever degree they appear, might be strengthened, by a diligent recurrence to that principle which teaches a denial of self and a renouncing of the world with the lusts and vanities thereof,—still to hold out against the enemy.

Eighth month 3rd.—O that I might be helped this day to do the will of the Lord: that I might be strengthened with inward might, patiently yet firmly and constantly to persevere in what is right. Though assaulted daily by the powerful enemy, yet may I be favored with unwearied fortitude to watch and pray, that he may not finally overcome.

How liable are we every moment of each day of our lives, to fall or falter in our stepping; and how blessed are they who are kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation.

My secret constant craving is, that in all things and at all times, I may have such an awe and fear of Him, whom all should fear, as to be preserved from evil; and that thus walking before him, I may be led into the way of peace.

I remember, when under great exercise long continued on the subject of business, and amidst many thoughts as to getting a livelihood in the world, with my very restrained views every way, —I opened a book in great fluctuation and sore grief of mind, as it lay near me, craving that I might be secretly informed in this way, or in any way with certainty, as to the line of duty prescribed to me by heavenly wisdom; when, to my astonishment I found immediately to my hand, this passage from William Penn's No Cross, No Crown,—“Whoever you are that wouldest do the will of God, but faintest in your desires from the opposition of worldly considerations, remember, I tell you in the name of Christ, that he that prefers father or mother, sister or brother, house, etc. to the testimony of the light of Jesus in his own conscience, shall be rejected of him in the solemn and general inquest upon the world, when all shall be judged, and receive according to the deeds done, not the profession made, in this life. It was the doctrine of Jesus, that ‘if your right hand offend you, you must cut it off; and if your right eye offend you, you must pluck it out;’ that is, if the most dear, the most useful and tender comforts you enjoy, stand in your soul's way, and interrupt your obedience to the voice of God, and your conformity to his holy will revealed in your soul, you are engaged, under the penalty of damnation, to part with them.”—Part I. Chap. 1. Sect. 21st.

O! here was a revelation indeed to me, if ever there was one; for as surely as there is a secret divine power, it was manifested in my soul in the reading of this passage; and it so overcame me in gratitude to the Father of mercies, that my knees were bowed, and my heart was contrited before Him at that favored season, and tears fell in abundance.

There has indeed been a wonderful Providence all along about me, too large to be fully set forth in order. When the time for my decision and signing of the articles of clerkship arrived, whereby I was to serve in an attorney's office for five years, with every prospect that a handsome income would succeed my application to this line of business; and when the draft of the deed was about to be sent to be engrossed, and I was to take it to the law-stationer's for that purpose;—borne down by hidden trials, my earnest fervent petition in a secret place, where I stepped aside to pour out my soul unto God, was, that if the Lord was my guide and my leader, he would make a way even now, when there appeared none, to get out of the predicament in which I was so closely confined: and speedily that day I was taken ill, and obliged to see a physician, who ordered me to Southampton as soon as I could go; which was accordingly effected in three days. I have cause to remember to this day, how closely the mighty helper was about my bed and about my path at that time; so that my tenderness of heart, and my cries and tears in secret, were often remarkably answered, and were felt even to prevail with God. My

song was also unto him in the night season; and living praises would ascend, in very small intervals of time, when the soul had a few seconds only turn to its comforter.

When I returned from Southampton I resumed my station at the desk; but my eye saw clearly that that place was not my lot, though I did not even then think of giving up the profession altogether: but that was also shown me in due season, when I was able to bear it.

So that there is indeed ground for me yet to trust and not be afraid, as well as for others; seeing that there is One, who can make darkness light, and crooked things strait, and hard things easy.

[He finally relinquished the pursuit of the law in the latter end of this year.]

Ninth month.—What inexhaustible goodness and loving kindness has the Lord in store for those of every age, class, and description, who strive to serve him in sincerity. O! He sheds at times his refreshing presence and protection in a remarkable manner round about his poor dependent little ones, showering down upon them the dew of his grace. I have thought indeed, that the inward consciousness of his approbation attending us, is sometimes permitted to be as strong and evident as we could desire. It has been graciously allotted me during this day or two, to experience such a degree of his favor attending me, and to feel such a measure of his divine blessing shed upon me, that I can scarcely forbear in this manner testifying to the continuance of his care for his creatures, even for those who have widely strayed from his flock, and have been long wandering in the wilderness. Yes, O yes! “His hand is stretched out still;” — praised be his name evermore!

19th.—Though I wish to be the last to find fault with the innocent and natural sprightliness and liveliness of youth, yet I cannot but excuse myself from joining in with what is commonly so termed, having often felt thereby unsettled in mind, and indisposed for reflection. I have found that by occasionally relaxing in the discipline of watchfulness, the inclination to laughter, more particularly, gained much ground upon me; and there has been no small difficulty in restraining this habit, when much indulged; so that it strikes me to be a snare. Though religion does not make a man gloomy, yet it never allows him to be off his guard; no, he must “watch and pray, lest he enter into temptation,”—taking up his daily cross to all frivolous and foolish talking and jesting, besides other more evident and open evils.

CHAPTER III.

London, Tenth month 10th, 1816.

Dear friend, W. F.

While taking up my pen to address you, I feel very desirous not to incur the sentence denounced in Scripture, against him that “trusted in man, and made flesh his arm, and whose heart departed from the Lord:” for there is a disposition to regard the creature more than the Creator, in whom alone is everlasting strength. And yet a saying of the Apostles Peter and John, when brought before the Jewish council, has often been comfortably remembered by me, after much unreserved communication with some of my dear friends; and I trust I may safely adopt it as my own on this occasion:—“for we cannot but speak the things, which we have both seen and heard,” How shall I then be silent concerning the dealings of Infinite Goodness, or how shall I forbear to testify of Him who “delights in mercy;” of whom it is said, and has been experienced by thousands, as well as by myself,—“he will subdue our iniquities, and will cast all our sins into the depths of the sea.” Indeed I have reason to say thus, and much more; for few suspect the depth of perdition from which I have been rescued. Awfully appropriate was that language twice repeated in the little company I sat with, at our friend's house at S.—“You were as a brand plucked out of the burning:” I earnestly desire that what follows may not equally apply: “yet have you not returned unto me, says the Lord.” How strongly have I been encouraged, my dear friend, to believe that even in these latter times the same arm of everlasting mercy is still underneath, the same crook of loving kindness is yet conspicuously stretched out to reclaim and to restore.

Though I have but little time or space to spare, yet one circumstance attending my former course of life, I may not omit to mention:—I remember, my dear friend, (bear with me if you can,) a season when my wickedness had arrived at such a complicated and aggravated height, as to threaten, to all appearances and all probability, inevitably impending consequences; and these so encompassed me round on every side, that, though a thorough adept, I totally despaired of escaping that which was likely to follow. At this eventful crisis, when my wretchedness was more than I can describe, and almost more than I could bear, there was a secret but fervent desire raised in my very inmost soul, that if it were possible, I might be delivered from this anguish of mind and dilemma of situation, which were then owned by me to have been brought on by my own sinfulness, and much less than was deserved. There was also something like a covenant on my part, that if I might be thus rescued, no bounds should be placed to the dedication of my future life. The sequel was as striking as the fact itself;—each black cloud of this storm, from that very day forward, rolled gradually away, and in a surprising manner withdrew and dissipated. So that in truth I have had, and still have most feelingly to adopt a language, as literally and remarkably applicable to myself, as it could perhaps have been to him that used it,—“He brought me up also out of the horrible pit, out of the miry clay:” and I think I may add, it is equally my desire and

belief, that the remainder of this passage may and will be as nearly my experience; — “This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvelous in our eyes,” Yes, my dear friend, “I am as a wonder unto many,” amongst those who knew me little more than three years ago, then living in total forgetfulness, or rather abandonment of Him, who notwithstanding, did not utterly abandon me; but, as Fenelon says, “who followed me in my ways, which were those of sin; who has run after me, as a shepherd in search of his strayed sheep,” So that I cannot be silent on this subject; but am constrained to acknowledge, that in all my various difficulties, distresses, and dangers, the power and presence of One, “who is able to save to the uttermost,” has been with me and around me; bringing about seeming impossibilities, making a way where no way was, and effecting deliverance “with a mighty hand, and with an outstretched arm,”

With respect to that share of affliction which has been handed to me of late, I can truly say, it is my desire, that others in their various trials, may be equally enabled with myself to discover and acknowledge in them the hand of Him, who “is righteous in all his ways, and holy in all his works,” When privations are permitted to attend, what a consolation, my dear friend, to find a Father of the fatherless; when about to separate from those who have from childhood shared the same mixed cup of joy and grief, what a favor to feel, that wherever scattered, still each of us is near that Fountain, to which we may all have access. When a total revolution in our outward condition takes place, when luxury, delicacy, splendor and vanity, together with all those objects endeared by fond recollection, are to be relinquished, how sweet to know “it is the Lord,—let him do what seems him good:” and in taking up the cross—the daily cross, denying ourselves, and following our Leader through evil report and good report, through sufferings, conflicts and probation; what a blessing will it be if we “are kept by the power of God, through faith unto salvation.”

Your sincere friend,

John Barclay

22nd.—The further I advance in my course along this valley of mist and obscurity, the more evidently am I permitted to discover; the more frequently am I constrained to admire, the infinite condescension of the Lord.

O! how sincerely can I exclaim with the Psalmist, “What is man, that you are mindful of him, or the son of man that you visit him.” Fervent indeed have been my desires and still more and more so, as the visitations of condescending mercy have been renewedly extended,—that my whole heart may be prepared for the reception and further manifestations of this great and

gracious Guest.

O! may there be in my inmost thoughts and imaginations, as well as over my words and outward demeanor, such a constant watchfulness, as may evidence a holy awe and fear of giving him offense, or occasioning a separation between him and my soul.

O! you who see in secret, and to whom my most secret petitions are thoroughly known, and known to ascend even daily and hourly; be pleased, in your exceeding great compassion and customary mercy, to hand me a little help.

Grant that I may be made willing to follow you whithersoever you lead, and to become whatsoever you would have me to be.

25th—I have been led to think that many are ready to inquire with Pilate, “What is Truth?” but not being willing; to wait long enough for an answer, or to wrestle for the blessing, have hastily gone out like him from the presence of Jesus, who is the only Way, Truth, and Life, even as it were unto the Jews, the dark and outside professors; and having consented, or been prevailed upon to join hands with those betrayers, have fallen away from, and become opposers of, the very Truth, both in themselves and others. O! that we may ever bear in mind the excellency and preciousness of the truth; and thus be made willing to encounter any thing that is, in the smallest degree, an obstruction to our reception and acknowledgment of it.

Eleventh month.—Do not look at others, whether their example seems to recommend one line of conduct or another; no not even at such as are very industrious in business, and yet accounted strictly religious characters; they are no guide for you:—stand on your own ground; nothing will justify what you are about to do, or to forbear to do, but a full conviction of duty. If you have that true peace which no man can give or take away, it matters little what others may say or think.

Remember that the honest fishermen quitted their lawful concerns, no all, to follow Him that called them,—but it was not till he called; the hundred-fold reward, and the everlasting inheritance were promised, not to those who merely forsook all that they had, but to those who did so for his name's sake. I think it was William Penn who said, “it is not the sacrifice, however great, that recommends the heart, but the heart that gives the sacrifice, however mean, acceptance.”

9th.—O! what shall I say, or what words shall I make use of, to declare fully the Lord's goodness and compassion to this poor frame of mine! Day by day, yes, all the day long, is his hand renewedly and refreshingly turned upon me, for my present and everlasting welfare. Even when the power of the wicked one came over my poor soul, when all desires and endeavors

after good, after “those things that make for peace,” were to appearance utterly extinguished, even in that dismal hour, which was still more darkened by the insensibility which benumbed me, the gloriously great and gracious Giver of all good, was pleased to pity me, and to revive the latent spark within me, making it grow gradually brighter. Surely, He is working a great work within me; his hand, his holy hand is upon me; and if not through my own default, he will by no means draw back or desist, until he has made me all that he would have me be.

What a multitude of obstructions as well as snares and difficulties encompass me: how shall I put one foot forward in the right way, except the Lord himself condescend continually to “direct my steps.” And O! then, what a constant need there is of acknowledging Him in all my ways; that so this promise of safe and sure direction may happily be fulfilled in my experience; —“The Lord, he it is that does go before you; he will be with you; he will not fail you, neither forsake you.”

12th.—O Lord God Almighty! it is of your exceeding mercy that I am raised up, and enabled thus fervently, thus solemnly, to address you, as the God which have led me unto this day. O! how clearly and comfortably have you, during this time of need, revived the remembrance of what you have done for them that have sought or desired to seek you.

Where is not your “mighty hand,” and your “outstretched arm,” to be discovered? When I “look at the generations of old, and see,” through your grace I am enabled to silence every doubt, every discouraging fear, by that feeling and forcible interrogation, — “Did ever any trust in the Lord, and was confounded; did any abide in his fear, and was forsaken or whom did he ever despise, that called upon him? Well might your servant say, “The earth, O! Lord, is full of your mercy;” and your prophet exclaim—“The whole earth is full of his glory.” “And now Lord! what wait I for? My hope is in you:” in you, in you alone is my joy, my crown, my confidence.

I dare not ask of you deliverance out of trouble, except in your time; but Oh! my very soul does crave of you, that I may be kept from every thing like evil;—that I may be supported and sustained by that “hidden manna,” which is promised “to him that overcomes.”

O! grant, Lord, unto him, who feels himself at this time awfully humbled under your mighty hand,—that he may be made still more deeply sensible, that “you are God alone:” and as often as you are pleased, in your very abundant compassion, to renew within him that which constrains him to cry out, “My soul thirsts for God, for the living God,”—at such precious seasons, may he be satisfied with nothing short of You; and strengthen you him to endure patiently through all,—waiting upon, hoping in, and watching for you!

23rd.—It is certain to my mind that one invariable evidence of true religion having entered and

taken up its abode in us, will always be, that we shall no longer conform ourselves to this world in its vanity and folly; and that, in our dress, address and general conduct in every particular, we shall not be governed by worldly maxims or opinions, but by the law written in our hearts. How far then is this the case with me? How far can I assuredly say, that this change of heart is my experience? I feel indeed that I come short of what ought to be my practice; that though I have given up my name to serve the living God, even Him who has led me unto this day, — though I have withheld not some things which were required of me to give up and to forsake,— yet has not my heart fully, entirely, and without reserve resigned my all. There have been those parleys and tamperings with sin, those secret relapses, those connivances with the enemy, which the Lord abhors. What a total surrender of self does our pure and righteous Lord call for; what an abandonment of every thing evil does He expect from his followers; what a daily and hourly watchfulness and circumspection is required of those, who would be heirs of a glorious mansion, where nothing impure can enter! How very appropriately is it written, “Be holy, for I the Lord your God am holy.”

Same date.—How beautiful, how glorious a sight is it to behold the sun in the morning when it issues from its bed of crimson hue, when it gradually ascends the horizon, dissipating the dusky gloom of fading night, and tinging every object in nature with its golden rays. And may I not say, that through the blessing of a gracious Creator, I am enabled almost daily to witness the spiritual arising of the “Sun of righteousness with healing in his wings.” Surely, the day-spring from on high, “through the tender mercy of God,” has visited, and is visiting me; and assuredly the end and purpose of his arising is the same that it was formerly,—even “to give light to them that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death, to guide their feet into the way of peace.” I think I say not amiss, when I declare my belief, that the light within me seems to get brighter, and the fire warmer almost every day. O! that I may be content to remain in the refiner's fire, that so I may become purified and refined from every thing evil.

27th.—I have been long in much trouble and difficulty about changing my dress, as well as adopting those other distinctions and testimonies which Friends uphold and practice; and my anxiety respecting these things has been, lest I should take them up without good ground, and without being clearly and indubitably sensible that these sacrifices are called for. Indeed, I have gone mourning on my way, day after day and night after night.

Perplexity and discouragement, darkness and distress, have at seasons clouded the horizon of the morning of my days; and mainly because I knew not certainly the Divine will, as to these external observances, and as to many other sacrifices. But I think that this subject has been cleared up very satisfactorily to me this day, in much mercy, both by what I felt, and by what was delivered through a servant of the Lord, at meeting.

Same date.—I see evidently, that “Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners,” and that “unto them that look for him, shall he appear the second time, without sin unto salvation;”—“the wages of sin is death,” and consequently, that without repentance there is no remission of sin;—that we must be in the way of being redeemed from the power of evil, or the punishment will not be remitted;—that we must be delivered from sin itself, before we can be delivered from the wages of it, which is condemnation; for it is aptly expressed, “There is now no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit.” O! then my soul, surely there is required of you a clean heart and a right spirit to be renewed within. How shall I bestow pains and anxiety about cleaning the exterior, while there lurks any filth in the interior. How shall I garnish the outside with an appearance of the beauty of holiness, and polish it after the similitude of a temple dedicated to the Lord, when it stinks within by reason of the defilement there concealed.

Surely it was well said by the Lord to those hypocrites the Pharisees, and it equally applies to many in these days as to them;—“Cleanse first that which is within the cup and platter, that the outside of them may be clean also:” and the latter part of this exhortation remains strikingly true,—for I am fully persuaded that all cleansing of the exterior, to be sincere and not hypocritical, must be the effect of a change of heart.

Twelfth month 4th.—Is it not beyond a doubt, that the Lord will make known his will to his poor dependent creatures, who with sighs and tears both day and night seek to serve him aright in all things? Surely He is no hard master, who does not evidently let his servants see what is required of them; nor, I am persuaded, does he at any time call for more arduous service, than he gives strength to accomplish. But then He must and will be sought unto, both in order that his will may be clearly known; and when known, that sufficient strength may be handed to enable to perform the same. All my desire is before the Lord; and he knows, and I believe, hears my prayers,—he sees my watchings and my weepings, and is witness to all my woes. I do indubitably believe that the present time is very precious to me,—that the hand, the mighty hand of the Lord is upon me for good,—that he is extending his gracious visitation to me his poor sinful creature, who has been bound by the bond of darkness, by the power of the destroyer. He is and has been arising for my help, for my deliverance; he has assuredly in some measure, brought me as it were out of the land of Egyptian and cruel bondage; and it appears to me impossible, unless by my own default, that his promises should fail in the midst of the fulfillment of them, and that he should leave me in the wilderness to die in my sins, to be destroyed by famine and lack:—no, he has a fountain of living waters in store for me; and though I know not whether I may partake of that delicious and reviving consolation, out of the bare and barren rock, or on the fruitful and flowery banks; “Yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation.”

First month 27th, 1817.—“Having food and raiment, let us be therewith content,” etc. I have admired the honest simplicity and plain speech, which the first Christians, and especially their great pattern, made use of to instruct their hearers: the reasoning of the apostle in this place is unanswerable, and the process of his thoughts appears to me so natural, as to be not easily misunderstood. The substance of that which he sets forth, is, without any strained exposition, nearly as follows: — the gain of riches is by no means godliness, nor can it be a substitute for godliness in the end; on the contrary, godliness is profitable both here and hereafter, and therefore is alone true gain. Wealth and possessions last us only while we live: we had them not when we came into the world, and it is certain we can retain them no longer than while we are here. Seeing then, that soon, very soon, we must part with these things, let us provide “bags which wax not old, a treasure in the heavens which fails not:” and as to every thing else, the riches, the enjoyments of this vain and passing scene, let us use these things as not abusing them; let us not be slaves to them, but rather render them of service to us. If we are rich, let us not hide our talent in the earth, but be rich in good works: and if we are in a middling condition as to outward circumstances, let us endeavor so to act, as to be able strictly to adopt the apostle's language,—“these hands have ministered unto my necessities, and to them that were with me.” Thus we shall be enabled more fully to understand, and more freely to accede to the text, “having food and raiment, let us be therewith content.”

To Lydia A. Barclay

Clapham, First month 29th, 1817.

Dear Sister,

I am inclined to believe, that we are somewhat similarly situated in a spiritual point of view, and therefore that a few lines from one who desires to accompany you hand in hand through this painful pilgrimage, may not be unacceptable. On reading to you the very reviving and refreshing Psalm which occurred to me yesterday, I was ready to think that we could hardly take with us too much courage on our perilous journey through life.

Some may look forward at the commencement of their course, with no other feelings than those of cool complacency and comfort, as if our life while here was somewhat like a summer's day; others may view this state of being as a vivid and glittering scene of continued enjoyment, and like the gay and giddy butterfly, no sooner are they in existence than their sport begins. But the longer I am permitted to remain here, the truth of that view of life which the Scriptures present, appears more and more evident. Is it not there said to be a state of trial and of trouble? “Man is born unto trouble as the

sparks fly upward.” When I look as far before me, as my imperfect and short-sighted senses will enable me, I see mountains of opposition and difficulty, wastes of desolation and desertion, floods of affliction, and rivers of bitterness to wade through and to pass over,—the heavens above appearing black, and the horizon beyond veiled in obscurity.

Whatever you, or I, or any, may think or say, be assured, that the Christian's path through this state of being to a better, is no other than that which it has always been, and will ever be; as it is said, “we must through much tribulation enter into the kingdom.”

The path for you and me, as well as for all, is not such as the flesh could wish, it is indeed a narrow path, too narrow for sense and self to walk in; there is in it but just room and that is all: it is not wide enough for us to pass pleasantly along with singing and with mirth; but may rather be compared to those narrow defiles between the snow-topped Alps, through which the traveler is directed to pass quickly, without trifling, without delay, and in silence, lest the huge masses above him, or the parts on which he stands, should in a moment consign him to destruction. If this be true, then, how very much occasion is there for us both to lay aside every weight, every thing that is likely to entangle, to ensnare, or to impede, in the race that is set before us. Is it not the case that we are less disposed to remember our providential escapes, and the many mercies that have been granted, than to murmur at the scantiness of our fare, or the bareness of our shelter. It does then appear to me especially necessary, that we should take with us all the strength and encouragement afforded. And where is this to be found, but as it were in the very bosom of perfection, in Him who alone is the true source of every good, and the resource in every evil. Let us consider what is said of Him in Scripture, that not one sparrow in his vast creation escapes the protecting hand, and the observing eye of its Maker. We have indeed a Parent, who is nothing but love, who created us out of the purest love, who preserves our natural lives every moment, whose love alone gave us immortal souls fitted for immortal joys, and through his Son opened a way, by which all might enter into the possession of eternal life and glory:—and it is expressly said, “no good thing will God withhold from them that walk uprightly.” So that there is help, and hope, and happiness for all, whatever may be their condition or situation, excepting only such as willfully persist in refusing or abusing extended and continual mercy.

John Barclay

Second month 8th.—The very important decision, as to the line of life which I am to pursue, has often for this year past, given me much anxiety and inward exercise,—it has often been the cause of restless nights and anxious days, and even I have reason to believe to the injury of my health of body, as well as of mind. The anxiety which it excited in me, seems however to have

been misplaced; because I ought to have been desirous to know what was right to be done in the case, and how, and when, rather than to find out what could be contrived or thought of, by my own skill and management. There ought to have been more of that simple reliance and dependence, that trust and confidence, which is the behavior and feeling of a babe towards its mother; how quiet, how calm it slumbers in her arms, how safe and happy it is while there. My soul, take heed, lest after having experienced marvelous deliverances,—after having been, like the Israelites of old, led in the day-time “with a cloud, and all the night with a light of fire,” —after having been fed as with manna in the wilderness, and your thirst quenched with water as from the rock,—take heed lest after all that has been done for you, you should, through unwatchfulness or unbelief, in the least degree doubt the strength of that hand that upholds you, the depth of that wisdom which is directing you, the providence of that eye which slumbers not, the extent or continuance of that love, from which nothing but sin can disengage you.

Whatever is to be your lot, whatever task is assigned you in the vineyard, wherever may be the scene of your earthly tarrying, whether afflictions surprise you as a flood, or your pleasures be as a full flowing fountain, “hope you only in God,” for “from him comes your salvation.”

Neither give place to doubt or disbelief, nor to very much anxiety or disturbance of mind, respecting what may befall you: never fear,—there is one that provides for the sparrows, there is one to whom every event is in subjection,—He is good: from his hand “proceeds not evil;” and he has said, “there shall no evil happen to the just.” In the mean time, in all your watchings and waitings, in all your needs and weariness, cease not to think of his mercies, his goodness, his tender dealings with you; be mindful of these things; hide them not, be not ashamed of them; but show “to the generation to come, the praises of the Lord, and his strength and his wonderful works that he has done.” Surely, my soul, if you doest thus, if you remember that God has been and will be your rock, and your redeemer,—if you trust in the Lord, and make him your hope,—you shall “be as a tree planted by the waters, and that spreads out her roots by the rivers;” you shall prosper in your day, and be established.

14th.—O! Lord! you who know all things, the hearts of all men are open and bare in your sight;—you can not be deceived;—you look upon the heart;—your regard is to the thought and intent of it, and your controversy and your judgment only with the evil thereof. O Lord! no one but yourself fully knows, how fervently and frequently my soul does crave of you, that you would enable your poor longing creature to step forward with faith and firmness in the way of your requirings. Be present with me on this troubled ocean;—take me, I beseech you, by the hand, saying, “fear not:” and if it be your gracious will, be pleased to guard and govern me day by day, and hour by hour; that so through your sufficient and availing help, I may be made willing and able to become your true disciple and servant,—to follow a crucified Redeemer, through the tossings and tempests of this troubled scene, to a glorious and an immortal inheritance.

Second month.—I have been at this time, as at many others, very seriously impressed with the belief of the immediate influence of the Spirit of that great and gracious Being, who promised by the mouth of Him whom He sent into the world, that He should be, in his true disciples, a teacher of all things, and a guide into all truth. There has been felt this evening a still small voice, whispering in the secret of my soul, and gently opening what would be required of me. It has been given me to see with an unusual degree of clearness, that there will be an important post, — an honorable station for me to hold, if I am but faithful to the smaller discoveries of duty;—that the track, which for a short space I have been stepping in, though likely to lead me in the way of usefulness, is not the track appointed for me;—but that way will be opened, in due time and manner, to engage in a more extensive occupation, even a high and holy calling, I speak not here of a prospect of engaging publicly as a minister among Friends, but of religious usefulness generally. I desire not to be misunderstood, and thus to bring disgrace on the Truth, or the true lovers of it: I therefore can scarcely forbear to mention the view of my mind, as it is and has been on this matter. I have long mourned day and night, and have been grievously affected with the rapid advances which the enemy of souls is making, on the earth at large, on professing Christians generally. Under this impression my soul has been weighed down more or less, for the space of above two years with little intermission, even before I came into acquaintance with that Society, of which I was born a nominal member. My very health, I believe, has been at times injured by this constant anxiety; which was not to be erased or smothered by close application to business, or by society, or recreation.

My concern has been much increased, by a review of the depth of perdition from which I have been plucked, even as a brand from the burning: and by the deplorable effects of sin on those, with whom in my vile courses I kept company. Now I believe I may not with innocency or impunity quench, or reject, or make light of, such concerns and impressions as have their foundation in Truth, and the end of which is the advancement of Truth; nor am I at liberty to treat such thoughts as he did, who said, “Go your way for this time, when I have a convenient season I will call for you;” forasmuch as I know not that another opportunity may be afforded me. I therefore feel bound to encourage and cherish good impressions by all means and at all times. The oftener I have considered this important and extensive subject, the more strongly have I been induced to believe, that sacrifices will be called for at my hand; and that I shall be constrained to take up my daily cross in a peculiar manner, not only as to things which are wrong in themselves, but as to those which have a tendency to evil, and even in many things which religious people account innocent and allowable. O! when I read in the Scriptures the very excellent precepts and instructions given for us to follow; and when I examine closely the conformity of the lives of those by whom the precepts were delivered; my admiration at the coincidence in every minute particular, is, as it were, swallowed up in mourning, at the declension of the present professors of the same religious duties. By such considerations and

reflections, my soul is stimulated very fervently and frequently to petition Him, who is the fountain of all good, that He would, in his own time and way, aid his own cause;—that He would be pleased to regard the sighs, the cries, and the tears of His exercised people—“His own elect, which cry day and night unto Him,” for the advancement, extension, and prosperity of every thing that is good.

Third month.—The subject of dress has very frequently come under my serious consideration, — it has of late been still more often and more deeply impressed on my mind; and as I have kept quiet and calm, singly desirous to know and to do whatever might be required, the matter has opened more and more clearly before my view; and some things with regard to it, which had been hitherto hid from me, while in a disposition to follow my own reasonings and fleshly wisdom, or concerning which I seemed then to be uncertain and undecided, now brighten up into clearness, so as to make me conclude that they are indisputably right for me to adopt. And surely, I may add, no sooner is a truth clearly manifested, — a duty distinctly marked out, than it should without hesitation be obeyed. With regard to my present dress, and outward appearance, it is evident there is much to alter. That dress, from which my forefathers have, without good reason and from improper motives departed, to that dress I must return:—that simple appearance, now become singular, which occasioned and still continues to occasion the professor of the Truth suffering and contempt, the same must I also take up, and submit to the consequences thereof. Some may object to this, as if it were improperly “taking thought;” but I differ from them, not in the rule itself about the anxiety bestowed on clothing, but about the application of that rule. It is right, if the vain customs, folly and fashion of this world, have insinuated themselves into any branch of our daily conduct, to eradicate them, with every one of their useless innovations, whatever trouble, anxiety, or persecution it may cost us. But after we have once broken our bonds, we shall find a freedom from anxiety, trouble, or thought about our apparel, far surpassing the unconcern and forgetfulness, which seems to deaden the spiritual eye and apprehension of the slave of custom.

CHAPTER IV.

Third month 13th, 1817.—I think it right at this time to set down my opinions, or rather such opinions as I conceive to be sound and good, relative to the subject of business: I fear many of my near and dear friends have much mistaken my ideas on this matter; and perhaps I myself have not entirely acted up in every respect to that standard, into which the Truth leads those who follow its dictates. I believe that it is good for man to earn his livelihood by the sweat of his brow. If any one has, or ever comes to have sufficient for the support of himself or family, —by a sufficiency, I do not mean that which will satisfy all his desires, nor that which may

raise his family above the sphere in which they were born, neither that which will furnish his children with large capitals to enter lucrative or extensive concerns,—but if he has wherewith to support himself and family in a moderate way of living, and to afford his children a useful education, the knowledge of some honest employ, and a little to begin with,—it is enough.

I am inclined to think, that such a one should consider, whether it be not right for him to give up his business to his children, to faithful dependents, or to relations that want it; unless he be of a disposition that can hardly find occupation for his mind out of business, and in this case, let him continue to employ himself in it, taking only a small share of the profits.

With respect to charity, let not any in trade nicely glean their vine of the fruit with which the Lord has so abundantly blessed them; but let them gather sufficient, and the rest let them leave for the portion of the poor. For my own part, if way open for my going into business, I believe it will be safest for me to engage in such a one as is moderately profitable, yielding regular returns, and tending to the general and substantial welfare of mankind, to the injury of none, and which will not take up much attention or anxiety. But especially I desire, that I may never sell to others any article which has an evil tendency, or which evidently and often is misapplied.

With respect to this particular, I have lamented to see that Friends, who are fearful lest they should give way to the spirit of vanity, pride, and extravagance, and who on that account decorate neither their persons nor houses, nor even allow their servants to dress gaily,—that these should yet feel easy to deal to others, things which they disapprove of for themselves;—that they should not hesitate to buy and sell such articles, as they well know are inconsistent and incompatible with the pure teachings of that principle, by which they profess to be led. This matter has impressed me much. I know that by adopting this sentiment, I show my disapprobation of the conduct of many sincere-hearted friends, and I am also aware how few descriptions of occupation in life are entirely free from this objection.

Nevertheless, I do believe that the sincere-hearted amongst us will not hesitate to give up that in their outward concerns, which they see and know to be an encouragement to evil in any shape. That these may come to see this matter, as clearly as I do at this present time, is the warm desire of my soul.

But the ground upon which I think it best for me to be not much engrossed in the things of this life, is this: having experienced no small share of the forbearance and mercy of the Lord, having been rescued and delivered from the pit of destruction, having sincere and fervent desires for my own preservation and salvation, as well as for that of my poor fellow-creatures every where,—I have inclined towards the belief, that the Lord will make use of me, if I am

faithful to his requirements, in the way and time, and for the purposes, which He sees best. Under this impression it is, that I believe it right for me to sit loose to this world and its anxieties, and not to be too much entangled in them; lest I should be incapacitated for performing that service which may be shown to be my duty, or unable from my situation in business to undertake it.

Though I scarcely think it my place to be out of business; yet I believe that it is good for some to be entirely released from it; and also, that well disposed persons should devote a considerable portion of their talents, time, and money, to visiting and relieving the poor, and advancing and promoting the good of mankind in various other ways, according to their several gifts.

Fourth month 4th.—Last third-day week, the 25th of third month, was our quarterly meeting; at which precious opportunity I was much favored to feel refreshment and instruction: the business of the meeting was conducted pretty much to satisfaction, and the conclusion of the last sitting, I have reason to remember. During the interval of ten days which has since elapsed, I have frequently had on my mind an inclination to record the awful and weighty posture, into which my soul was brought on that occasion, by the merciful visitation of a tender Father. Towards the latter part of the concluding sitting, after the business of the meeting was transacted, and a suitable pause had ensued, a minister got up with this most impressive language of the apostle,—“Other foundation can no man lay, than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ. Now if any man build upon this foundation, gold, silver, precious stones, wood, hay, stubble; every man's work shall be made manifest; for the day shall declare it, because it shall be revealed by fire; and the fire shall try every man's work, of what sort it is. If any man's work abide which he has built thereupon, he shall receive a reward.” I believe nothing was added to this by the Friend himself, though R. Phillips carried forward the subject a little with much force and vigor.

After this another minister rose, and in a solemn and earnest manner applied the foregoing to the youth then present: he urged them in a powerful manner to look to their foundation, and to examine what hope they were laying up against the time to come: he reminded them how soon and how suddenly, even the young, the healthy, and the strong, were cut off; and desired them to recollect, that the Lord loved an early sacrifice, a sacrifice of time, and talents, and treasure,—a sacrifice of every thing: and he recommended to those who were ready to give up all and follow their crucified Savior, fully to ascertain, that what they were about to offer, was required and called for at their hands; and in all their undertakings and designs, thoroughly to try “the fleece.” I cannot repeat what I felt upon this awful occasion, especially as the remarks came from one to whom I am not known, nor do I even know him by sight. I could scarcely speak to any one, after the meeting broke up; but walked home in fear and trembling, under a renewed impression and belief, that the Lord is yet as mindful of his poor frail creature as ever he has

been. As t was returning to Clapham in deep retirement of spirit, and in silent waiting before Him, “who gives us all things richly to enjoy,” these texts of Scripture were revived in my recollection, and sealed very firmly the instructive communications which I had heard: “Let every man prove his own work, and then shall he have rejoicing in himself and not in another;”—“Be not deceived, God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man sows, that shall he also reap. For he that sows to his flesh, shall of the flesh reap corruption but he that sows to the spirit, shall of the spirit reap life everlasting.” I had also occasion to remember, that he it was, who came to Christ, heard his sayings, and did them, that was likened to a man, who built upon a rock.

[It appears, that about this period, the author felt it to be his duty to address his late schoolmaster; having when under his charge been guilty of much irregular and disreputable conduct; the reader may judge of his feelings on this occasion, by the following extracts from his letter to this person, after having left the school about four years.]

10th of Fourth month, 1817.

Esteemed friend, B. H. M.

While taking up my pen to address you, my mind is deeply affected by the vivid occurrence of past events, with all the crowd of feelings which spring up on this occasion.

The mass of sin and folly through which I walked when under your notice,—the exhortations, the reproofs, the forbearance, and the warnings, which I received and despised,—together with all the flood of remorse and repentance which has since intervened; and above all, the clear conviction, with which I am to this day favored, that it was nothing short of “the mighty hand and the outstretched arm,” which brought about my deliverance;—these are a few, and but a few of the emotions that throng me, while attempting to relieve myself of a burden of duty which has long been due. The principal object in my view by this humiliating task, seems to be, to procure from you, for all these numerous injuries which in time past have been offered you, such a free and full forgiveness, as I am encouraged to believe, has been long since received from a still more injured Master, who is in heaven.

Whatever opinion or disposition you may entertain towards me, even if likely to be at all different from that which I have every reason to expect; yet such is the feeling of gratitude and respect, with which I remember your wholesome discipline and indulgent attention to me when under your protection, that it seems as though I could receive with equal regard the severest or the mildest reply which you may see best to make. Amidst

all the discouragements, which in many ways attend the honorable and truly important post in which you are placed, from the ingratitude, the perverseness, the corrupt and hardened insensibility to what is good, so often prevalent in early youth; still is there much cause to believe, that many more of this class are arrested in their perilous career, than return to acknowledge it, to such as have had the charge of them: and it is probable, that even some, of whom, after much solicitude and unwearied endeavors on your part, you have given up almost every hope, shall yet live to fill up their various stations in society with satisfaction and with credit. When I look back upon my own past conduct, and take in all the various aggravating circumstances attending or connected with it, many of which you are not acquainted with, I find myself able to express very little of what I feel, not only towards yourself, but towards all whom I have in any manner injured, whether more or less remotely.

With feelings of esteem for yourself and family, believe me to be your friend,

John Barclay

To a Friend

Clapham, 22nd of Fourth month, 1817.

My dear _____

In the season of sore affliction, which has at this time overtaken me, next to that consolation which springs from Him who is the source of all good, I know of nothing that affords such refreshment as the sympathy of dear and valued friends. And that I have your tender sympathy and solicitude at this time of trial and of tears, I feel too well assured to doubt. How insignificant, how comparatively light did the adoption of any alteration in appearance and behavior seem to my view, while they were looked upon at a distance: how little did I suppose, that such trembling and distress would have been occasioned, by so trifling a circumstance as the discontinuance of some paltry practices and habits, which were clearly seen to have had their origin in evil, or tended to it: how far was I from believing, that when the time should come for my standing forth, and showing under whose banner I had enlisted, in whose chosen regiment I served, there could be any other feeling in my heart but joy, that I was counted worthy to suffer whatever might be the consequence.

Well, dear _____, we have that which is better than words, by and through which we

can communicate; why then need I add more. It may, however, relieve you a little of what I know you feels for me, to be assured, that in every respect as to this important matter, whether I look at the time, the mode, or extent of this act of dedication, I have nothing for which to reprove myself as yet,—nothing that I could really and truly wish to be otherwise than it is; and that I have abundant cause for thankfulness and encouragement.

Believe me, your affectionate friend,

John Barclay

[In a letter to a Friend, dated about this time, he writes:]

We have truly witnessed the “mighty hand,” and the “outstretched arm:” then let neither of us be using in effect any other language, than, “the will of the Lord be done.”

Let us beware, lest we be in any wise counteracting the intention of Him, who intends better for us, far better, than we can possibly provide for ourselves. I believe there is a work assigned to each of us; that while to one is given a talent of one kind wherewith to occupy, to another may be handed one of a very different description; and as long as we are in our allotted stations, a blessing attaches to us. That you and I may both be found not blindly choosing our own path, or laying down our own self-willed plans and projects; for that which we may call our welfare in life, is my earnest desire. For assuredly it is not the estimated usefulness or service which we may be rendering to ourselves and to society, by taking up this or the other course of life; but it is the being in our right places, which is acceptable. Or, as R. Barclay said, ‘If Paul, when his face was turned by the Lord towards Jerusalem, had gone back to Achaia or Macedonia, he might have supposed he would have done God more acceptable service, in preaching and confirming the churches, than in being shut up in prison in Judea; but would God have been pleased herewith? No, certainly. Obedience is better than sacrifice; and it is not our doing that which is good simply, which pleases God, but that good which he wills us to do.’

John Barclay

Clapham, Fifth month, 1817

To J. F. Marsh

I could say much to you at this time, and could tell you what a precious interval the

present is more and more felt by me; how clearly matters seem daily to open before me, as a calm, willing, watchful state is abode under; how hard things are made easy, bitter things sweet, and how things that were expected to have brought suffering, have yielded little else but joy and rejoicing as “a song in the night.” It must be an encouragement to you, and a cause of joy to see how very graciously and tenderly I am dealt with day by day,—how the task is proportioned to the measure of ability afforded,—and when the spark is cherished by obedience, and every thing that tends to damp or check is removed, how an increase in strength is experienced, and especially what sweet peace is at intervals the result. “What shall we render to Him,” for all our blessings and benefits; is there any thing too great to sacrifice, or that any of us shall withhold? May we become more and more learned, more and more deeply taught in that best of lessons, humility; for without this seasoning virtue, the highest attainments in religious knowledge, are likely to produce nothing short of additional condemnation. It is the humbled and contrited spirit that is an acceptable sacrifice, and said to be “precious in the sight of Him with whom we have to do.” Farewell.

John Barclay

Fifth month.—I think I have heard a remark, made by some amongst us, tending rather to the injury and prejudice of them that give place to the sentiment,—namely, that persons should not let their outward profession and appearance outstep their inward and real condition and character. This sentiment sounds very well, and perhaps is sound with some qualifications. It is however in the neighborhood of error; and therefore should be cautiously received and acted upon. For, verily, the reason why I or any others have adopted a strict appearance in dress, address, or other particulars, is not that we thought ourselves better than those who have not found this strictness expedient for them; nor is this strictness of profession among men, any certain or safe mark of taking up the cross of Christ. The cross that we have daily to take up, as followers of a crucified Savior, is a spiritual cross, a cross to our appetites, passions, affections, and wills. The crucifying power will, no doubt, after cleansing us from all manifest wickedness, cleanse also and purify our very thoughts and imaginations, our very secret desires and latent motives; and amongst these, will it also destroy “the lust of the eye and the pride of life,” with all the fruits and effects thereof, which have crept into, and are so apparent, in the daily conduct of men of the world. Thus, no doubt remains with me, but that if we, as a society, were more universally subject to the operative and purifying power which we profess to believe in, there would be found more strictness even in minor matters than is now seen, and greater circumspection, seriousness, and a continual standing in awe.

13th.—I have been reading and have just finished the journal of the life and religious labors of Mary Alexander: I have not read very many of the journals of deceased Friends, but from those

which I have read, there has been impressed upon me many an instructive lesson. It is in such accounts that we gain that treasure of experience, which, without books or writings, would be only attainable by the aged. We see from these narratives, at one comprehensive view, the importance, the value, the object, and the end of human life. The travelers whose pilgrimages are described, seem to traverse their course again under our inspection: we follow them through their turnings and windings,—through their difficulties, discouragements, and dangers; through the heights of rejoicing, and depths of desolation, to which in youth, in age, in poverty, in riches, under all conditions and circumstances, they have been subject. From these accounts, we learn the many liabilities which surround us, and we may, (unless through willful blindness,) unequivocally, discover where the true rest and peace is to be found; and in what consists the only security, strength, and sure standing. How loudly do the lives and deaths of these worthies preach to us; they being dead do indeed yet speak, exhorting and entreating, that we who still survive, may lay hold and keep hold of those things, in which alone they could derive any comfort in the end. I have accompanied this dear friend, as it were, from place to place, and from time to time; I have seen her as she passed through the changing circumstances and events of each revolving year; and cannot but observe, that while she followed the gentle leadings of Israel's Shepherd, giving up her own to His will, she found such peace, as encouraged and strengthened her under every distress, perplexity and darkness.

It was an unwearied, unshaken belief in the being of an infinitely great and gracious Master, that enabled her, as it ever has, and as it does even now, enable all who rightly embrace it, to encounter the buffetings of the enemy, the perils and pains of the body, the exercises and conflicts of the soul, the uncertainties and exigencies of time, with the same calm confidence, and at seasons, even with triumphant joy. You, dear fellow traveler, dear to me in proportion as you are near to Him who is very tender to us all, I do affectionately salute you, whoever you are that read what is here written, whether a relation or a stranger, young or old, born in a higher or more humble station,—I affectionately entreat you, that you would weightily lay these things to heart, while it is day unto you,—while the light, which makes manifest what things are reprobable and what commendable, shines in your heart,—while the Lord is in exceeding mercy condescending to care for you, and to plead with you. O lay these things to heart. I testify as in the sight of Him who sees in secret, who knows your and my inmost thoughts, that there is no other way to real rest amidst the contingencies of time, nor to an unfading reward, when this earthly tabernacle is dissolved, but in obeying Him, who said “I am the way, the truth, and the life:”—be warned—be prevailed upon, dear reader, by one, who acknowledges to you that he himself has been in great depths of wickedness, through disobedience to the faithful unflattering monitor, and has found no peace, no deliverance, but through the low portal of obedience to the same. By this he has been from day to day encouraged and strengthened to leave off one evil practice and disposition after another, and

has been helped in some very small degree to put on a better righteousness than his own: and he assures you, that your repentance and your faith are to be measured by your obedience to the appearance of Christ within, “the hope of glory,” as he is received in his secret visitations, and obeyed in his manifested requireings.

16th.—In what words shall I express your tender dealings, your loving kindness, O Lord! to my poor soul? How shall I approach you, how shall I speak of you, or speak to you, you, the Giver of every good gift? You are far more gracious than any language can commemorate, or than any tongue can convey an adequate notion of. You have wrapt me in a garment of praise; you have covered me with a sense of your compassion. I am swallowed up with love of you, with your love towards me. Take pity upon the poor dust, which you have been pleased to animate with the breath of your pure Spirit, and to make a living soul;—still condescend to continue your fatherly protection—your very tender mercies and forbearance, hitherto vouchsafed; and enable me and all your poor creatures, to answer yet more and more your end and purpose in creating us,—still more and more to love and adore you, who are our all in all. May your kingdom, your power, and your glory, yet more widely and triumphantly extend over every thing within us and without us;—may your blessed will so come over all, that the period may again be known, when “the morning stars sing together, and all your sons, O God, shout for joy!”

CHAPTER V.

Fifth month 20th, 1817.—O! How fervently, how earnestly have my cries and breathings ascended to Him, who is the fountain and source of all good, that all the true well-wishers to Zion's welfare, all the hearty, zealous, living laborers may be preserved at this season,⁴ on the right hand and on the left; that they may be kept in their proper places, and in subjection to the great Master of our assemblies; that their spiritual eye and ear may be opened and enlivened by his healing hand that their speech may be directed and their mouths filled in his own time and way, to his glory! May each one of these be kept low under his almighty hand; may that which is of the creature within them be abased, while that which comes from the source of life and glory, is exalted above every obstacle or opposition.

O! you, who are pleased at times to favor your poor dependent little ones, those who have no hope, or help, or happiness, but in the smile of your benignant countenance; be pleased at this time so to refresh their hearts with the influence of your paternal presence, so to overshadow them with a sense of your continued protection and care, that they may be severally encouraged

4 The Yearly Meeting

and confirmed to serve you with greater diligence, to devote themselves afresh to your service and disposal, and more sincerely and unreservedly to say and to feel, that your will is best in all things! Sixth month 1st.—I have attended the sittings of this yearly meeting, as well as those of its large committee on Epistles, of which I was nominated a member; and am inclined in this manner to notice it. I think I never saw the importance of our assemblies, or indeed of any system of church government, in so strong a light, as previously to this yearly meeting. For many days before it commenced, my mind seemed engrossed with a sense of the weighty act of duty, which we were going to take in hand. I was encompassed with earnest desires and great exercise of soul, that every individual attendant there, might be availingly instructed and benefited, whether it should fall to his lot to be more or less prominently engaged; and that thus whatever we might do in word or deed, we might do all to the glory of the Lord, and for the promotion of his great cause. I was favored to continue in the same tender feeling frame of mind, with but little diminution, to the conclusion of our solemn engagement: at times, the Lord did extend his precious gathering wing over his poor dependent little ones, and enabled some to sing in their hearts to his praise;—blessed be his holy name. O! what a privilege it is, to experience preservation on every hand, to be each of us kept in our proper places, and under our own fig tree, where none can make us afraid,—each of us abiding under our particular exercises, and upon the watch-tower.

A few lines affectionately offered and addressed to every young person whom they may concern.

Sixth month 10th, 1817.

Dear fellow traveler,

In a little of that love which has been extended to me by Him, who “shows mercy unto thousands,” I send you these few lines, sincerely desiring that the eye of your soul may be so effectually opened and enlightened by the healing hand of the great physician, Christ Jesus, as to enable you clearly to see the things which belong unto your peace, before they are hidden from you.

Dear fellow traveler, do you not at times, when your mind is in some degree disengaged from the round of sin and folly, or when your natural flow of health and spirits is somewhat broken, do you not feel within you convictions of your wickedness, and condemnation for the same? Have you not intelligibly heard at such intervals a language which whispers, ‘all is not right?’ Have you not felt that the end of these things, in which your gratification is placed, can never be peace,—can never be anything short of death, eternal death to the soul that persists in them? Be assured then, that although

these are your secret feelings, you are still the object of infinite condescension and loving kindness. He who desires not the death of the evil-doer, but the death of the evil, is still near you, notwithstanding all your rebellion; following you in your ways which are those of sin, and running after you as a shepherd, in search of his strayed sheep. These pleadings of divine grace, these convictions of the Spirit of Christ, which in spite of your concealment of them are pursuing you, and in spite of your endeavors to appease them by partial reformations are galling your soul,—even these are the evidences of His gracious hand upon you, who wounds only to heal, and whose very judgments are in mercy. Oh that you may come to see with undoubted clearness the truth of this; that you may be encouraged and emboldened unreservedly to follow that, which is, as I fully believe, shown you to be right and acceptable in the sight of the great Judge of all the earth. Assuredly, He has shown you, what He is requiring at your hands, and what his righteous controversy is with: He requires of you nothing but that which has separated you from Him, the only source and center of true joy,—nothing but that which, if not forsaken, will embitter your present life, and plunge you into utter darkness after it.

Dear fellow traveler, it may be that you have been, within these few years, my companion in the walk of wickedness; that I have taken you by the arm, have helped you forward in the broad and beaten track which leads downwards; that we have taken delight to set at defiance the commandments of a great Creator, and have yielded ourselves, and all that we possess, the ready instruments of satan:—bur time, our talents, our means, our youth, our health, our peace, have been freely sacrificed at the altar of our soul's enemy. Be then entreated by one who has himself trod in this path; who has hurried forward with impetuosity down this fatal current, who, borne by the rushing waters to the very brink of a tremendous precipice, has been there snatched from the very mouth of destruction.

There is indeed, dear young person, neither help, nor hope, nor happiness, even in this state of existence, but in the favor of Him, in whose favor is life; in implicit obedience to the divine will as far as it is made known to us. It is to no purpose that we reckon ourselves, or are reckoned by others as belonging to this sect or the other church, to this class or the other division of professing Christians—if we fall short of those unalterable marks and evidences of true Christianity, by which we shall be known and distinguished in that great day, when every gloss will be removed, and every ceremony and shadow shall fade before the eternal sun of truth. We read that at that awful crisis, there shall be but two names or classes, by which the inhabitants of the whole world shall be known; the sheep and the goats,—the good and the bad.

Well, dear fellow traveler, it remains for each of us, if we have any desire that this transient state of being may terminate in an unfading inheritance, to lay aside all the false and foolish reasonings, all the vain suggestions, the cheating insinuations of an unwearied adversary; and with sincerity and simplicity of soul, to take up the holy resolution to seek and to serve the Lord our God, during the few remaining days that may be allotted us; and to this end, that we be found daily inquiring in his temple, the temple of our own hearts, and waiting upon him there, where his kingdom must come and his will be done that so we may feel his presence and power, to direct and to guide us into the saving knowledge of himself. That you and I, as well as all our poor brethren upon the face of the earth, may be of that gloriously happy number, who shall inherit an eternity of joy unspeakable in the kingdom of heaven, is the earnest desire of one who feels himself your soul's true friend.

To a Friend

Clapham, 18th of Sixth month, 1817.

While thinking of writing to you, a part of a beautiful meditation of the Psalmist, on the works and wonders of Providence, occurs to me. After dwelling much on the variety and immensity, the order, the harmony, the excellent provision and appointment of all things both in heaven and upon the earth, the poor servant cries out, as if unequal to the task; “O Lord! how manifold are your works! in wisdom have you made them all; the earth is full of your riches.” I remember it is somewhere said, “all your works shall praise you, and your saints shall bless you;” and while we thus see that the heavens declare his glory, and the firmament his handy work,—while we see that all his works praise him, are we not convinced that his saints should likewise bless him? Are we not abundantly persuaded, that man also,—whom we now see the only flaw, the only speck in this vast production, perverted in himself, and perverting the rest of the creation,—was originally made pure and perfect in his kind, and did then glorify his Maker.

Oh! how fully do I believe, how clearly do I see, that it is only as we poor creatures come to be renewed in the spirit of our minds, and to experience the putting on of the new man, which after the image of Him that made us, is created in righteousness and true holiness; that we can rightly worship, acceptably praise, and truly give glory to so infinitely righteous and holy a Being with whom we have to do. Thus alone are we brought inexpressibly to feel the beauty of those scriptural or other writings, which dwell on the works of the creation: thus also are the faculties of our mind opened,

enlarged, and quickened to examine, to perceive, and to adore, the great first cause of all. What a blessed experience, when every thing within us and without us, the stars above us, the dust under our feet, seem all to join with us, and to show forth that Power which has made them, and which supports and sustains this system, this machinery of the universe. Surely the revolutions and vicissitudes to which the spiritual as well as the natural kingdom seems subject, the turnings and over-turnings, the storms and the calms, the darkness and the brightness, the dreary and the cheering prospects, the drooping and the delightful seasons, are equally in the hollow of his hand, who is said to be "all in all." He says to the raging winds, "peace be still," and to the foaming billow, "thus far shall you come, but no further." What then should be the invariable language of our hearts; what should be the clothing of our spirits day and night, in all extremities, and under all the circumstances to which we are constantly liable, but "the will of the Lord be done." O! that we might be privileged to continue from day to day, and all day long, in such a prostrated, humbled, reverential frame of spirit, as would indubitably evince our belief in the presence, protection, providence, and power of Him, whom we profess to serve. Your affectionate friend,

John Barclay

24th.—I think I have never felt in so reduced a condition, in so pitiable a state of mind, as during some intervals of late; at this time especially, it seems as though I were at the very boundary where distress of soul ends, and where utter darkness and desolation begin.

Still is there something like hope;—still is there, through the infinite mercy of Him, whose kingdom and whose power are far above the dominion of the wicked one, something resembling the faintest glimmer of a spark of light, through all the horror and gloom which reigns. O Lord! this once help me; condescend to bless me, and be with me, and I will follow you whithersoever you lead. O! Lord God of my fathers, I have read of your goodness towards those who sought you, towards those who trusted in you, in times that are past; I have seen, and I have known, and am sure, that it shall ever be well with those who have no help, or hope, or happiness, but in and by and through you, the source and center, the spring and the river of all consolation and refreshment.

25th.—I attended our quarterly meeting held this day, under a weight of discouragement, without being able to feel anything alive within me. It seemed to some, however, to be an open time, a time of refreshment; the truly hungry and thirsty were shown what a blessed condition they were in; and they were directed to the fountain of living waters, the living bread from heaven, whereby they might be nourished up into eternal life. There was also a supplication put forth on behalf of some, who were under discouragement and doubting whether they ought not

to enter upon some important duty; and a desire for such, that they might “go forth in this their strength,” in the deep sense of their own weakness;—which much reached me. The sittings for business were no less trying to me, and I believe to some others, who mourn at the untempered, (if I may use that expression,) or rather perhaps unleavened manner, in which these our meetings for the promotion of good order, Christian conduct and conversation, are sometimes held. Oh! how little of an inwardly gathered and retired disposition do we see; how little of that weighty concern and exercise of soul—that abiding under the overshadowing canopy of pure fear, which were witnessed by those amongst us in former times, and spoken of in these words of William Penn: ‘Care for others was then much upon us, as well as for ourselves, especially the young convinced.’

Often had we the burden of the word of the Lord to our neighbors, relations, and acquaintances, and sometimes to strangers also: we were in travail for one another's preservation, treating one another as those that believed and felt God present; which kept our conversation innocent, serious, and weighty. We held the Truth in the spirit of it, and not in our own spirits, or after our own will and affection. These were bowed and brought into subjection, insomuch that it was visible to them that knew us; we did not think ourselves at our own disposal, to go where we list, or say or do what we list or when we list: our liberty stood in the liberty of the Spirit of Truth; and no pleasure, no profit, no fear, no favor, could draw us from this retired, strict, and watchful frame. Our words were few and savory, our looks composed and weighty, and our whole deportment very observable. I cannot forget the chaste zeal and humility of that day;—oh! how constant at meetings,—how retired in them,—how firm to Truth's life as well as to Truth's principles!’⁵ Thus far William Penn; and oh! that we could say, that anything like all this, did really and truly pervade our conduct now, as a religious body.

Clapham, 30th of Sixth month, 1817.

Respected friend, Thomas Shillitoe,

Having fulfilled the object which induced me to send the preceding lines, I am inclined to add a few more; which I am ready to believe I should have done well to communicate to you, when last in your company. I faintly recollect, many years past, when but very young and at school, hearing you (I think I cannot be mistaken as to its being yourself,) in a meeting for worship at Wandsworth, largely and powerfully engaged in testimony.

I also remember my own feelings at that season, how ready I was to laugh you to scorn, and to despise you. But I have been met with, like poor Saul; and am now brought to such a pass, that I cannot find satisfaction or even safety, in any thing short of a warm

5 William Penn's Rise and Progress of the People Called Quakers

and unreserved espousal of that cause, which I but lately made light of. The subjects to which you were concerned to call the serious attention of Friends at the last yearly meeting, have been deeply felt by me; and I may truly say, that nearly as long as I have been privileged by an acquaintance with the houses and families of Friends, which, though I was born a member, is not long, I have at times almost mourned at the great relaxation from Gospel strictness, and simplicity of living, so evident amongst us. Surely I have thought if we were to cast out the crowd of opinions, which have got the first place in our minds,—opinions founded or cherished by custom, example, and education in the good, and by vanity, or something worse, in the bad; and if we were coolly and calmly to listen to the silent dictates of best wisdom, we should clearly see, that the holy principle which we profess (to use the words of John Woolman,) inevitably ‘leads those, who faithfully follow it, to apply all the gifts of Divine Providence to the purposes for which they were intended.’ I venture to say, we should then find a greater necessity laid upon us, to exercise self-denial in what we are apt to think little matters, than is now often thought of; we should have such a testimony to bear against superfluity, extravagance, ostentation, inconsistency, and the unreasonable use of those things which perish with the using, as we now profess to have, against the more flagrantly foolish customs and fashions of the world. Whatever some may think in regard to these things, I feel assured, that he, who in his outward appearance or behavior, bears any remnant of a testimony against the customs and fashions of the world, ought to be ashamed of himself, if he belies his avowed sentiments, by a departure from simplicity in the furniture of his house and way of living.

Will you excuse my saying a little more, dear friend, on so important a subject as this has long felt to me? I have been almost ready to blush for some, at whose houses I have been, where pier-glasses with a profusion of gilt carving and ornament about them, delicately papered rooms with rich borders, damask table-cloths curiously worked and figured extremely fine, expensive cut glass, and gay carpets of many colors, are neither spared nor scrupled at. Some indeed seem to be desirous of disguising and excusing their violation of the simplicity, which their better feelings convince them they should practice, by saying, that this or the other new or fashionable vanity is an improvement on the old article,—that this gay and gaudy trumpery will wear and keep its color better than a plainer one, or that this precious bauble was given them by their relations. Thus are they endeavoring to satisfy the inquiries of those who love consistent plainness, and to silence that uneasy inmate, the unflattering witness which is following them. I have been much exercised and troubled on my own account, and on that of others, as to these matters; and have been very desirous that we may all keep clear of these departures.

Thus you see I have felt much freedom in addressing you, even like that of an old acquaintance; and hope I shall never lack this honest openness towards such as are examples in conduct and conversation; for when there is a lack in this respect, it seems with me to indicate a lack of that, which brings with it boldness and confidence towards all men, even a fear of One who is greater than man. With desires that, in receiving and reading this communication from one who is so young in years and experience, you may be encouraged in your arduous labor, in which I have felt much sympathy with you; and trusting it may be blessed by the reward of peace to yourself, and by the return of many a backslider to the living fountain; I remain your sincere friend,

John Barclay

Seventh month 4th.—In reading the 13th chapter of the first book of Kings, I have at this time been much instructed, and am ready to take the lesson to myself as a warning or special admonition. Herein we see, that it availed nothing in respect to the future, that the prophet had, though so lately, been favored with a divine commission, and was hitherto upright in the faithful discharge of that arduous duty which devolved upon him from his Lord,—even that of openly proclaiming the vengeance of the Almighty against the idolatry that had overtaken the people,—and boldly asserting the destruction of the priests even to their faces, and in the presence of their king; saying to him in reply to his invitation,—“If you will give me half your house, I will not go in with you; neither will I eat bread or drink water in this place:”—yet after all, he was weak enough to give up his own clear convictions of duty, as revealed in and to himself, the truth of which was indubitably evinced and sealed by the miracle which attended the partial performance of them, and to prefer obeying the old prophet, before compliance with “the word of the Lord.” Oh! how greatly have I longed in a peculiar and especial manner for myself, as I am now situated and circumstanced, that I may steadfastly adhere to no other law but the law written on the heart; and closely attend to the secret dictates of best wisdom alone. For assuredly there is no safety, but in implicitly giving up to the reproofs of instruction, which are and ever will be the way to life.

“Be followers of me,” says the apostle Paul; but he adds,—“even as I also am of Christ;” intimating surely that the examples of others in life and conversation are to be followed, only so far as they accord with the example and precepts of Him, who said, “I am the light of the world,”—“while you have the light believe in the light,”—“walk while you have the light.” So that in looking back at such acts of dedication, as have been, according to my belief, required at my hands, and in contemplating the peace which has ensued after even the smallest surrender, when the sacrifice has been offered out of a sincere and upright heart; I have earnestly, and I may truly say above every other earthly consideration, desired that nothing may be allowed to hinder me—to turn me aside, even in trifling as well as in great matters and concerns, from

carefully, closely, unremittingly attending to, and abiding by, the counsels and teachings of that divine principle, even the Spirit of Christ, which is given to every one for his guide in the way of salvation.

I have found amongst many other acts and false suggestions and temptations, which the enemy makes use of to deter us from giving up ourselves to the guidance of the Holy Spirit, one which is much talked of and acted upon by many, through their own inexperience, and the deceit of the prince of darkness; namely, that these leadings and secret influences and inspirations, are not distinguishable from the workings of our own mental or rational powers; and if they are distinguishable, that these persons have not felt them or known them. Now in answer to this, which has been my own delusion, I may say, that any one who has for a long season habitually stifled by disobedience this divine monitor, cannot expect to hear or to understand so plainly its voice, as those do who have for a long period listened to its secret whispers, and surrender themselves unreservedly to its injunctions: these can testify, that they follow no uncertain vapor or idle tale; but that its reproofs are to be plainly perceived, and its incitements clearly to be felt; and that the peace they witness cannot be imitated, neither can it be expressed to the understandings, or conceived by the imaginations, of such as have none of this blessed experience. Nor let any poor, seeking, sincere, or serious minds be discouraged, that they do not upon submission immediately or very quickly feel what they wait to feel, even the arising of that secret influencing, actuating, constraining and restraining power or spirit of the Lord. Let them not be discouraged if this be their case, nor be dismayed if even after some considerable sacrifices and trying testimonies of sincerity, they find not that rich reward of peace which they had expected. Let such remember, it is written,—“he that endures to the end, the same shall be saved;” now where there is a moment's enduring only, and that previous to or while in the performance of what is required, this cannot be called “enduring to the end;” but it is that “resistance unto blood,” as it were, in faith and faithfulness, that “patient continuance in well doing,” in defiance of difficulties, discouragement, darkness, doubt, and distress, which will give us the victory, and will make us through the mercy of God in Christ Jesus, heirs of that eternity of peace, and rest, and joy, which we know is prepared for such as overcome.

Ninth month 6th.—For more than a week past, I have been plunged by the permission of best wisdom, into such a depth of darkness and discouragement, without any perceptible glimmer of alleviation or ray of comfort, that my poor, tossed, troubled soul seems on the very point of giving up the contest, and losing hold of its only support and security. While the heavens are as brass, and the earth as it were iron, what is frail, helpless man to do for himself? It seems to my view, that there is nothing left for him to do to aid himself, or to deliver himself out of his forlorn situation, but to sink down into his own nothingness; and there, as in the dust, to remain all the Lord's determined time, until He shall see meet to appoint unto him “beauty for ashes,

the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness.” When I took my pen to write what has thus been written, I did not expect to come to the preceding conclusion, or that any such reflection would arise out of the subject. The Lord grant that what I have written, may be more than mere words; and that through and over all difficulty and distress, I may come forth the wiser and the better, and more devoted to his disposal, and more patient under his dispensations.

17th.—I believe myself called upon to bear an open, unequivocal, unflinching testimony, not only against all pride, extravagance, ostentation and excess, but also in a peculiar manner against all the secret insinuations and covered appearances, under which they are creeping in, and growing up amongst us as a Society. I have for years believed, that the declension amongst Friends from the true standard of simplicity is great; and I am of the mind, that if they had diligently hearkened unto, and implicitly obeyed the dictates of best Wisdom they would have been led to ‘apply all the gifts of Divine Providence to the purposes for which they were intended.’ I believe that it is my duty to live in such a humble, plain, homely, simple manner, as that neither in the furniture, food, nor clothing used, any misapplication of the gifts of Divine providence be admitted or encouraged.

Ninth month.—“Day unto day utters speech, and night unto night shows knowledge;” and where is an end to praising the Lord for his mercy, which “endures forever,” and which is abundantly shed abroad, to the rejoicing of the hearts of those that seek to serve him, and to the great comfort of their souls in the midst of much tribulation. O! that there may be more and more reliance, unshaken, immoveable reliance on Him, who thus daily scatters and profusely deals out tokens of his loving kindness. That there may be an increase of faith experienced, an increase of resignation proportioned to the nearer approach of perplexity and difficulty and embarrassment on every hand. And now when the waves of affliction run high, and the floods seem irresistible, may the Lord Almighty, who “is mightier than the noise of many waters,” in his own time lift up a standard against them,—saying, “thus far, but no farther.” Surely, He who remains as ever to be the only sure “confidence of all the ends of the earth,”—He who can overrule events for the good of those that sincerely seek him, will not overlook or despise any of those who desire to look unto, and who lean upon Him alone in all their troubles, “O! Lord God of my fathers, are you not God in heaven? and do you not rule over all the kingdoms of the heathen? and in your hand is there not power and might, so that none is able to withstand you?” Are you not my God, are you not my joy, my delight, my glory, the crown of my rejoicing? Are you not He, that has hitherto helped me, that has brought me out of much evil, that has inclined my heart to seek you, and my soul to love and fear you? Will you not arise for my help in the time of trouble, of temptation, of darkness, of distress, from whatever cause these may proceed, whether by your permission, or by your appointment?

Lord, you know perfectly, what are the causes of my present disquietude, and how to dispose of all things for the best, both as to the present and as to the future: you know how poor, and weak, and utterly incapable I am to help myself in any exigency that may arise; and that without you, nothing but confusion, and sorrow, and desolation, is likely to be my portion: make me yet more deeply and lastingly sensible of this, and that “I have no might against this great company that comes against me, neither know I rightly what to do.” I beseech you, renew daily and hourly my faith and dependence, and watchfulness unto prayer, and my love and fear of you. Arm me with your glorious impenetrable armor; and make me strong in you and in the power of your might; that through your abundantly sufficient grace and truth, I may be fit for all occasions and trials, to which you may see meet to call me; that so, my eye being continually upon you, your precious cause may prosper, and your name be exalted by me, in me, and through me, both while my soul is confined in this frail body, and forever and ever. Amen.

CHAPTER VI.

Ninth month 20th, 1817.—Truly do I rejoice in believing, that I find myself losing more and more of that authority and ability to do anything for the service of the blessed cause, which proceeds from the creature; and in this happy experience, I see advancement as well as safety. O! that all shadow and appearance of confidence in the fleshly part, may be still further removed; that there may follow a yet more firm establishment on the Rock of sure strength, the immoveable foundation of all true wisdom. Man may possibly think in his reasoning that a smooth path is best for the Christian pilgrim; little knowing how it is, that “we must through much tribulation enter the kingdom,”—except perhaps as it respects outward affliction. Yet we do see, and some of us feelingly know, that deep plungings with buffetings and toilings and groanings of spirit, are the “bonds and afflictions that await us,” down to the final hour, it may be, of our departure hence; and we can of a truth declare at times, that such heavily distressing dispensations are by the permission of the Author of all good in love to our souls; and we are sometimes enabled, in the blessed moment, when we feel ourselves on the banks of deliverance, to extol His holy name; who has made us a path through the mighty waters, and sustained us in the wilderness.

How shall my soul forbear to sing aloud unto Him, who has preserved it in its travel through a land of pits and of snares, through unspeakable darkness, and an almost utterly disconsolate state; and has given me this hour of rest and of peace, this little interval of refreshment and joy and great consolation.

O! that this precious season had never been graciously given unto me, rather than that I should after such tender mercies, turn away from following the Lord in the “little moment,” when he may again be pleased to “hide his face.”

London, 23rd of Ninth month, 1817.

My dear friend, J. F. Marsh,

There are some bright spots in this wilderness journey, and I think you will recognize them by my faint description; when as from an eminence we are enabled to see to a considerable distance both before and behind us; feeling ourselves as it were removed into a purer atmosphere. We can even distinguish the little stumbling blocks that have impeded our progress, the rough and rocky ground that has sorely wounded our feet, the very brambles and briary thickets that have jaded us, the narrow passes and threatening precipices through which we have escaped, and on the edge of which we have been preserved.

Here it is, on this interesting elevation, while the eye of the mind is rapidly traversing over and tracing the windings of the road by which we have come, that we remember where and when “the troubles of our hearts were enlarged;” we call to mind the perplexity that befell us, the secret conflicts that attended, and the temptations that waylaid us;—we can precisely point out the spot where “we sat down by the rivers of Babylon,” where “we wept when we remembered Zion,” and “hanged our harps upon the willows,” and refused to be comforted;—we can tell where it was that we “fell among thieves, who stripped and wounded” us, and left us, as it were, half dead; and we shall not easily forget where the good Samaritan found us, and had compassion on us, and how tenderly he treated us, how diligently he took care of us, and provided for our needs. Which of us at such a time can fail to discover, and to admire the hand that is over us continually for good; how seasonably it has been stretched out for our deliverance, for our encouragement, when there seemed no one near to help, and nothing to do but to give up the tedious travel. It is in such a season that we are truly enabled to “praise Him, who is the help of our countenance and our God;” and to repose anew in Him our confidence and trust for the time to come. Your very affectionate,

John Barclay

28th.—During the present and past fight of afflictions, which the Lord has in wisdom appointed unto me, I have at times, through the assisting grace of Him, who has been pleased to fight for me, maintained a fierce and desperate contest; and in degree have been enabled to stand firm against the fury of the enemy.

Yet at other seasons, after having been a long time under arms, and very weary with watching and fasting, there has been a relapse or retreat experienced; and the ground that had been gained by hard fighting, has been lost or relinquished. How difficult at such a moment, when harassed and oppressed, faint and ready to drop, to keep from utterly falling away, and fleeing before the emboldened adversary; who, exulting in his success, is proudly pushing forward at this critical juncture, to make the most of his advantages. But firmly persuaded I am, that with the Lord there is sufficient strength and power to enable us to overcome all our enemies; I do very earnestly desire to trust in Him, and not be afraid, to repose my reliance upon him afresh day by day, to keep near to Him at all times, to be very faithful unto, his requireing, to be very patient in waiting for his aid and counsel, and increasingly watchful against the snares of the enemy. And may His blessing come upon me, and prevent my utter destruction, which at times seems fearfully impending. Where is there hope, but in the Lord!

29th.—How shall words set forth the dispensation of desolation as to anything like good, that seems to have come over my soul? Darker and darker,—deeper and deeper; what will be the termination of this distress? Yesterday, I attended Westminster meeting; upon sitting down, my sorrows began to arise like a whirlwind, and I was ready soon to burst into tears, exclaiming in secret, “the Lord has forsaken me, he has utterly forgotten and rejected me.” After a time of great trial and tossing, a young Friend got up with these words, “Fear not, for I am with you, be not dismayed for I am your God; I will uphold you by the right hand of my righteousness.”

Soon after which, F. Smith rose, and in a very tender manner addressed the poor, afflicted, tossed, tried servants, whose conflict he described as being so heavy, and their souls almost in despair; he expatiated on the number of promises contained in Scripture for such as these, if they still continued faithful and stedfast to the end, if they still persisted in hoping in, waiting for, and trusting to the Lord alone. He said he believed there were some present, whose language was,—“the Lord has forsaken and forgotten me:”—with much more for the encouragement of such to patience and perseverance under suffering. As for me, I seemed utterly unable to receive any comfort or hope, as if all hold was gone and out of reach, and like poor Job, who refused to be comforted. This evening, after a day of heavy exercise and tears, my brother read a portion of the Psalms. While he was preparing to read, my heart said, ‘It is all over with me, there is no good at all for me; I am rejected of the Lord, his presence and blessing are departed:’—however, when he began to read, the first words awfully ran through me, “My God, my God, why have you forsaken me, why are you so far from helping me, and from the words of my roaring? O my God! I cry in the day time, but you hearest not, and in the night season I am not silent.” Then I was somewhat comforted in remembering that this was the language of David in great distress; yet he was not forsaken, but was greatly helped every way by the Lord in the appointed time.

Ninth month.—It is good to trust in the name of the Lord, to repose in his arm of strength, his parental tenderness and compassion.

It is good to have our many strong holds invaded, our misplaced confidence unhinged, our secret props struck away; that we may more closely cling unto that which is not of ourselves, nor of our brethren, but comes only from the source of all might and of all mercy. Oh! it is good to have all sense of hope and of help withdrawn,—to be laid low in the dust with all our pride and selfishness; that we may feel that which is good to flow in upon us in the Lord's own time as an unmerited gift, and thus be enabled to give the praise to Him alone, from whom come grace and glory, and every good thing. How great is my desire, that the Lord would rather give me darkness and distress; than that, enjoying his favor and blessing, I should be unmindful of the Giver, or grieve him by saying or doing anything inconsistent with his blessed will concerning me.

Date uncertain.—My mind has been much burdened, and weightily affected with the present aspect of things, relating to the growth and prosperity of the ever blessed truth; and not only do I allude to the low state of things within my own bosom, and in the circle of our privileged Society, but also in the world at large. Under a very humbling sense of the infinite condescension, which still spares us from day to day, and from year to year, and of the unfathomable compassion which still pities, helps, preserves, and provides for us with paternal tenderness, I am ready to cry out,—‘ Who will not love, and fear, and obey you, O! Lord; and give themselves up to be moulded into accordance with your blessed will?’ But Oh the ravages, the desolations, which the enemy has effected on the face of all the earth; how has he blighted the blooming bud, and blasted the richest grain, and parched up the fruitful field; so that the time of harvest is become the hour of desolation and darkness! Here and there, through the gloom of this vast howling wilderness, a patch of green revives the drooping eye, and cheers the desert scene; here and there, amidst the straw and stubble in this great field, the earth, a few single ears are to be discovered raising their heads, and are just sufficient to show what the glory of the crop and of the harvest would have been, had it escaped the destroyer's hand, and not been trampled down by the wild beasts.

Tenth month 2nd.—“When the Lord turned again the captivity of Zion, we were like them that dream. Then was our mouth filled with laughter, and our tongue with singing; then said they among the heathen, the Lord has done great things for them. The Lord has done great things for us, whereof we are glad. Turn again our captivity, O Lord! as the streams in the south. They that sow in tears, shall reap in joy. He that goes forth and weeps, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.”

Oh! the precious applicableness to my present condition, which my soul perceives, and warmly

feels in the above written Psalm. I seem as though I dare not omit testifying of the abundant riches of his mercies and of his grace, which the Lord has profusely shed upon me to the joy of my heart, to the very lighting up of my countenance. Weeping may endure in the night season, but joy comes in the morning, when the Sun of righteousness arises with healing in his wings, and gladdens the face of all things, making the whole heritage of God shout for joy. My soul did, during the several opportunities which were permitted us through this quarterly meeting, earnestly crave and wrestle for a blessing, even for the slightest token of the Lord's compassionate regard; and Oh! how sweetly he has condescended to answer my petitions, my cries, my longings for a little of the living bread,—that precious power and presence, which is only of and from him, and is in his wisdom allotted or withheld. Much instruction and comfort were also verbally conveyed at this time; and I was rejoiced to see some young persons, who appeared to have the cause of truth and righteousness at heart, as well as their own individual advancement and preservation in the strait and narrow way in which they have happily set their feet. Yet alas! what a number of this class seem to be ready to leave us! I believe with some confidence, that but few of those who do leave our religious Society, truly thrive in a spiritual sense:—not that I confine true religion to our own profession by any means; but that I believe there is that grace and truth to be met with, in a diligent and patient waiting for the teachings of the heavenly Guide, which they who leave us are in great measure unacquainted with, or do not much regard or value. This I have found to be the case, even with some of the few who profess to leave us on conscientious grounds.

But if all left us only for something, which, after solemn inquiry, they believed to be nearer the truth, how few should we have to lament the loss of. I was very earnestly desirous for our dear young Friends, during our sitting together in the youths' meeting, appointed at the request of Mary Dudley, as well as during the first sitting for worship; that they might come up, in the strength and power of the living principle of grace and truth, to the help of the great cause;—that they might in some measure make up for the deficiency of standard bearers apparent among our sex; even by such a steady, firm, consistent life and conduct,— by such an abiding in the blessed life and power and strength of the gospel, as is now too rarely to be discovered amongst us.

Same date,—I have been fearful of leaving any thing on record behind me, but what upon clear conviction has appeared to be right; and have often seen the necessity of looking as closely to what is thus committed to paper, as to anything that may be said or done, it being my earnest desire, that nothing may even in secret be done or said, but what will bear the test of being brought to light.

It may seem to many, who have not hitherto been much, if at all, brought under the reducing and refining power of Truth, that such heavy exercises as have been permitted to come upon

me, and as have come upon others, are nothing but the effects of a weak mind and a bewildered imagination; and such may not enter into any understanding or feeling of these trials, which are described in such strong terms. These may be yet more surprised when they read of such sudden changes and revolutions, as some experience in their religious states. Yet in the natural world, how often do we see the greatest storm preceded, and at other times followed, by the smoothest calmest weather. The analogy is striking, and it may be safely concluded, that all these reverses are designed to produce a beneficial effect.

17th.—About a month ago I was at a young Friend's house, concerning whose zeal and sincerity in the blessed cause, I have not a doubt. He has appeared in the ministry, I believe acceptably to Friends in general, and is a promising, growing character. In the course of much intimate conversation, we approached the subject of prayer. Upon which he asked me, whether I did not think that the end which Friends had in view, by the practice of private retirement, was vocal prayer, that is, the outward act and attitude of kneeling down and using words, I felt very much at this question; and an awfulness came over me, and exercise, lest either this person or myself should be adventuring, without taking off our shoes upon holy ground. In replying to him, I could scarcely refrain from using the language of William Penn, 'Words are for others, not for ourselves, nor for God, who hears not as bodies do, but as spirits should.' It is the heart or soul that can alone cry acceptably through the drawings of that spirit, which inclines to good and to the source of all good; the mouth may speak out of the very abundance of the heart:—there is nothing however in words as such, nor in outward silence as such. So that our prayers are none the better for being clothed in words, nor the less likely to be accepted when not clothed in words. There may be words when none should be used, and there may be a silence when words are called for; and herein stands the snare which should be carefully guarded against.

Eleventh month 10th.—I think I have seen the danger of young men or women dwelling anywhere else than in the valley of humility. Human learning, human attainments and excellencies, I mean all those things that are obtained by the memory, judgment, reasoning powers, and mental abilities, separate from any immediate influence and assistance derived from the source of all true wisdom,—these natural acquisitions and talents are well in their places and are serviceable to us, when kept in subjection to the pure teachings of Him, "who teaches" by His Spirit "as never man taught." But when any natural faculty or talent of the mind, or acquisition by virtue of that talent or faculty, usurps and domineers over the little seed of the kingdom sown in the heart, it had been better that such an enemy were cast as it were into the sea, than that such mischief should be done. I have been in company with some young persons of our Society, who have been not a little injured by giving way to pride and foolish talkativeness, in respect to many matters, in which, though they seem well informed, yet not

keeping in the littleness and lowliness, they have acquitted themselves but ill, through letting in a forward, prating spirit. Now, the best light in which we can view true talents and virtues, and in which they are set off to the best advantage, is the sombre shade of humility. For the more the frame-work is colored, or gilt, or carved, or ornamented, the more there is to take off the attention of the eye from the picture itself. So that it seems to me best for each of us to dwell in the littleness, in the lowliness; always bearing in mind from what we are, even from the dust, and where we shall return even to the dust; and that we should not forget from where all that is good, either immediately or mediately comes, even from the source of all good. This would make us backward and timid at giving our judgment; it would render us ready and willing to esteem others better than ourselves; quick to hear, slow to speak, slow to wrath; because we should be patient, humble, forgiving one another, loving one another, pitying one another; for we should then know how frail man is.

To a Friend

London, Tenth month 10th, 1817.

This morning upon calling at J. S's., I found Samuel Alexander within and alone, and spent about twenty minutes pleasantly with him: upon inquiring after the American Friends, S. A. said, they were both there, and that Hannah Field was unwell; but that I should see Elizabeth Barker. Upon this he left the room, and soon returned, introducing E. B., whom I had felt dear to me, indeed before I saw her:—she took my hand with the affection of a near relative, and addressed me in as moving and affecting a manner as I remember ever witnessing. She seemed to be speaking to one, whom she believed to be under the powerful, refining, and preparing hand of the Lord, and with whom she tenderly entered into sympathy, under His necessary provings and purgings; using several times the words ‘dear exercised child,’ and speaking especially of the overruling power that is to be regarded and trusted to in all our affairs, both temporal and spiritual: and these words, (as it were,) still ring in my ears,—‘ He can bless a little, and he can blast a great deal.’ Oh! that we may all keep in the littleness, in the lowliness; remembering what we are in the absence of our Beloved; how poor, how mean, how unable to preserve ourselves from falling, or to keep our souls alive to what is good; that so we may truly know wherein our strength lies, from where our qualifications come, how we may be, what we ought to be, and how become instrumental to good in any way.

You know that I have wished, in regard to my settlement in the world, far more earnestly to obtain the blessing which makes truly rich, than any other acquisition; you are also fully aware, that, as this blessing is annexed to obedience, so the nearest way to

partake of it in our outward affairs, is to submit to that which may be required of us. I am ready to think if there be any thing for me to do in the line of business, it will, be in a very humiliating way: that I must, whether in business or not, descend into a rank far below the wishes of my dear relatives and friends, and be subject to the needs of those poorer brethren and sisters, who are often meanly esteemed and little regarded:—that I must thus enter into their sufferings and taste of their cup of bitters; and thus also loudly testify against the prevailing prejudices, pride, and luxury of this age, but more especially against many notions and opinions that are creeping in amongst us as a people. Oh! how is the prosperity of the precious cause of Truth obstructed and impeded;—how grievously is it suffering under some who call themselves its friends:—“you are my friends, said our Lord, if you do that which I command you;” you are the friends of Truth, who obey the dictates of Truth:—But those would rob her of her simplicity, and have her disguise the distinguishing features of her countenance, and cover her with their own deceitful embellishments, their own vain inventions.

But I cannot express to you the warmth of feeling that prevails with me, when I look around and consider the situation of that numerous class, the full, the rich, and the gay; nor can I convey to you the pity that I have in my heart for them: how are they encompassed about by their own selfish, earthly satisfactions and comforts,—how are they snugly nestling themselves, in that which is likely in the end to prove to them a bed of briars! May we be favored to subject our own fallible faculties and powers, our own reason and natural understanding, which are ever apt to busy themselves in things that cannot rightly be brought under their decision; that we may each (I repeat) endeavor to sink down low and dwell low in that, which shows indubitably the good from the evil in all our undertakings and designs. Oh! this is an attainment that comes only by a diligent attention to the voice of the true Shepherd. Your very affectionate friend,

John Barclay

To Lydia A. Barclay

Tenth month 31st, 1817.

My dear sister,

You are very near to me in the best sense; how precious to feel one another to be under the continual observation of One, who cares for us and watches over us for good. Though I have passed over some wild heaths and dry deserts since I last saw your face,

and have been, as it were, parched with thirst and panting for the water-brook, longing also for the shadow of the great Rock in this weary land yet there has met me the good Samaritan, while I lay by the road-side, bruised and buffeted by him who way-laid me. What shall I say of all that has been done for me, by Him who had compassion on me; how precisely can I point you out the spot where he saw me as I lay: it was even at that spot where every human help forsook me, and every hope seemed to be taken away;—the priest and the Levite had passed by! I have, I think, seen by experience, somewhat of the narrowness of the right path; and in prospect (as regards myself,) I see it more and more narrow: still have I day by day the portion of encouragement that is best for me, the good that is convenient, and such timely support as enables me still to struggle forward, still to journey on. May we be both aided to look over and beyond our trials, to the inheritance laid up for those who persevere in faith and patience to the end. Let not your feet slip insensibly from off the sure foundation, the Eternal Rock, the unchangeable Truth; but often be concerned to survey your building, and upon what it stands; to examine whether it be firmly fixed upon that which is immoveable, or whether it be in any degree propped up by inferior dependence: also, inquire whether, if outward means, aids and instruments were removed, your building would still withstand the inclemencies of the varied seasons. For when the floods of affliction outwardly or inwardly arise; when the winds of opposition or of persecution assail, and when the rains descend,—it may be too late for any to lay to heart these things; for their ruin may be at the door. The approbation, the regard, the sympathy of such as love what is good, have required from me all the watchfulness, all the earnest desires for preservation that I have been blessed with.

How needful then is it that our foundation be on that, in which there is no variableness neither shadow of turning. Thus we may come to know in whom we have believed, and to see who is our Teacher, and to feel Him a present help in the time of need, — a shield, a tower, a rock, a refuge, our joy and crown of glory.

I have longed that, amongst the many deceits of the enemy, you may not be taken by a very subtle one—discouragement. Oh! how many have set out well, have made some strait steps with firm foot and steady eye, have begun to show forth by some sweet fruits, the great and marvelous power which has visited them; yet through giving way to the wiles of the enemy, they have let in discouragements like a flood, which have borne down everything before them. All unprofitable discouragement, all undue lamentation on account of frailty, folly or disobedience may be considered to be the work of him, who was a liar from the beginning.

We read that “godly sorrow works repentance;” and it is indeed nothing short of an

ungodly sorrow that induces despair. Oh! that we may be content at such times of discouragement to sink down with that which suffers within us; that we may there wait in patience, in humility, in true prostration and silence of all flesh, being determined to hope against hope, being resigned to acquiesce in whatever may be called for.

We profess to believe, that that which is to be known of God, is manifested within; and that there, is revealed or manifested what the Lord requires at our hands. I believe that we have need to exercise a daily and hourly watching and waiting in the light, in order to be favored clearly to discover those things that belong to our peace.

Eleventh or Twelfth month.—The Lord ever hears and answers the prayers, which he has put into the hearts of those that desire to fear him. As far as I can recollect, those daily formal repetitions of words, in the practice of which I was brought up, were but seldom accompanied with that which is the essence of true prayer, that is, a reverential breathing unto the Lord, and a longing of the soul after those things that we need. There were times too, in which my soul did ardently crave the attainment of best things; but then my prayers being confined to certain times and certain words, and I being taught this restricted notion of the act, it did not allow of the springing forth of those secret desires, which the Lord raised in my heart; so that these seasons wherein true prayer was begotten by Him, who teaches when and how to pray, were not rightly availed of or profited by.

I remember that after I refrained from repeating those forms of prayer, which were taught me in my childhood, I was much in the habit of kneeling down and repeating extempore prayers, by dint of my natural abilities: this I did for some little time with great fervor of youth and eloquence, even sometimes aloud, both morning and evening; until the Lord opened my eyes in this respect, and gave me clearly to see, that these attempts in my own will, way, and time, were but sparks kindled about me, and which availed nothing with Him, whose own sacrifices (of his own preparing and kindling) were alone acceptable. Thus in obedience, I was made willing to be silent and seek the Lord; who is nigh at hand, and dwells in the hearts of his people, and is not far from any one of us, if we look for and unto Him. This silence of all the creaturely reasoning powers was very hard to something in me, which would be judging and questioning; very unmeaning did it appear; yet dared I not forbear to meet with my Lord and Master, or to strive to meet with him, day by day, and oftener than the day; and frequently crying in the depth and sincerity of my heart unto Him, that he would be pleased to show me the way to call upon him aright, and what to pray for, I was often in tears and lay down my head in grief upon my pillow, fearing I should never be made sensible of true prayer, and partake of the privilege of “praying always.”

The Lord did not long leave me without his blessing, his blessed countenance and presence and

comfort; no,—he showered at times of his merciful goodness into my poor heart, and kindled such love towards Himself, such earnest breathings after the further arising, the glorious spreading and increasing exaltation of His name, and power, and truth, as enabled me truly to praise and bless His holy name; engaged me still more to cleave unto, obey, and follow Him in whatsoever he might require.

My soul was also filled with living warmth of love and charity towards his creature man, whom he created in his image; with great pity also towards such as had deviated from the path in which He would have had them to go, and who had thus turned away from the Lord their leader: an unspeakably sweet feeling of fellowship and sympathy arose in me, towards those in whom the Lord had excited a love or desire of Himself. Thus was true prayer in and by the true Spirit, in measure raised in my heart, not according to the way or time which man's wisdom or inclination would lead and teach, but the very contrary; for even to this time, I am often so situated, as not to have any words for long seasons together to utter, either audibly or in my heart; and still more often am in dryness, distress, and apparent desolation: yet through all I can praise the Lord.

Eleventh month 27th.—I question whether they who go empty away from our religious meetings, or from those gatherings of two or three in the name of the Lord Jesus, where He himself is in the midst, ready to heal each one of his diseases and infirmities;—I question much whether such as go home none the better for meeting with those thus gathered together, are not “rich,”—are not full,—are not satisfied, confident, “settled on the lees,” sluggish and sleeping in security. We may remember, there is a woe against “those that are at ease in Zion.”

It is also worthy of remark, that all those that came to Jesus, when personally on earth, to be cured of their maladies, were in a very opposite state to that of those of whom I have spoken above; these were destitute, afflicted, forsaken, despised; and what is still more, they were sensible of their lamentable situation, their helplessness and distress; and they knew or believed who it was, that had power to stem the current of their troubles, the tide of their calamities. “Speak the word only,” said one, “and my servant shall be healed.” “Believe you that I am able to do this’.” said Jesus to two, who answered, “Yes, Lord.” “Lord I believe,” said another, “help my unbelief.” So that the blessing which makes truly rich, shall assuredly and inevitably come down in abundance upon those, who with a humble and a contrite heart, wait upon the Lord, and are exercised and engaged in truth and earnestness to seek Him. What a rich reward of peace at times flows into the hearts of these true disciples, these poor publicans, these buffeted, bruised, broken-hearted little ones; whose help is placed, and hope fixed upon Him that is mighty, the giver of glory and grace, and of every good thing; but whose hands are ready to hang down, their knees to smite one against the other, and their hearts to fail, because they find not Him whom their soul loves, and feel not his aid “who is able to save unto the

uttermost.” These are the poor of the everlasting kingdom, and are richer than the richest in outward mammon, or even than the richest in good works, (though these also will not be lacking herein,) because they are the “rich in faith,” whom God has chosen as heirs of the kingdom, which he has prepared for them that love him.

Twelfth month 10th.—I can look back upon many a favored season, many an availing prayer,—sometimes a single sigh after what was good,—sometimes the mental eye turned inward during a few spare minutes of intermission or leisure from the hurry of business, when in my father's banking-house; sometimes as I went and returned to and from town, but especially before dinner. At that particular time, I was in the regular habit of secluding myself for a short season in private, and either devoting that opportunity to reading the Scriptures, or more commonly to silently seeking the Lord, and waiting upon him for support, strength, sustenance, and whatever he saw needful for me. After this period, the efficacy of the same spirit of dependence and reliance, which the Lord had begotten and kept alive in me, was striking; and it has been memorable to me since, when I was engaged in the business of an attorney's office, and lived at lodgings: there the same power, as I was concerned to keep close to it, preserved me through all the difficulties and trials that were strewed in my path. What sweet first-days have I spent at a disagreeable dull lodging; what meetings have I had, what sweet meetings in the middle of the week, when I gave up every thing that stood in the way, and thus procured liberty to attend them. What sighs, what cries unto the Lord in secret corners, when a few minutes could be spared in the midst of the bustle of worldly engagements:—when walking through the noisy crowded streets, what songs unto the Lord God of all tender mercies, who overshadowed me;—and when occasionally an afternoon was allowed me, wherein to be absent from business, what sweet contemplative walks in the meadows and country, a few miles out of town! But how shall I stop, or where shall I end, in speaking of the merciful compassion of Him, who regards the prayer of the humble, under many circumstances which I have not mentioned.

How has the Lord ever had his eye upon and over me, to turn all to good, as long as I have regarded, trusted in and resigned myself unto, his preserving power; when I have been enabled to say, “I am yours, do with me what you will.” So that surely we may never doubt but that “whosoever calls upon the name of the Lord shall be saved.”

17th.—In the midst of much drought and distress and apparent desertion which have encompassed me for a long season, I cannot forget the grievous sufferings which the greater part of my fellow-creatures are daily undergoing.

How my heart has been this evening affected with the sight of a heap of human creatures, nestling together under the shelter of a wall, striving to cover each other's half bare limbs from the piercing cold. Ah! you rich, you gay, you proud, you professors of good words and good

works, the charity of this starving family will sooner be accepted of their Maker than yours; for you of your abundance have cast the paltry pittance, while they have in their wretchedness sheltered each other from the piercing cold, and wept over each other's woe. Surely, surely, (I have been ready to exclaim in my heart at this, and at other times,) the Lord Almighty will arise for the cry of the poor and the sighing of the needy;—surely, he will take vengeance upon such as spend their lives in fulness of bread and abundance of idleness,—upon such as abuse his gifts, and forget his creatures, and shut up their bowels of compassion against their own flesh, and do not remember the many good things which the Lord has showered upon them. Oh! how heavily has my soul been burdened, because of such who live in pleasure, in luxury, and extravagance; and how deeply have I felt for the poor and needy.

Date uncertain, perhaps twelfth month, 1817.—It seems as if, after such exercise and trouble as can scarcely be expressed to another, I had now at length a glimpse of light thrown on the path before me, through the free extension of abundant mercy. Yet what a spark, what a faint flash, what a slender beam! When I consider how easy it is, to mistake the true shinings of the heavenly star, to listen to the whisperings of the deceitful one, and to take them for the manifestations and leadings of the best Counsellor, the infallible Guide;—my spirit is engaged in earnest desire, that I may be preserved on every hand and protected from the evil. How strongly does the instance of faithful Abraham, come to my mind, while writing these lines; and firmly am I encouraged to believe, that He, of whom it is said, “faithful is He that has called you, who also will do it,” even the Father of faithful Abraham, whose tender mercies are over all his works, and who remains even now the same unfailing source of help and strength that ever he was,—will be near to the very least of his contrite little ones; even those that are bowed down and bruised and buffeted. He knows indeed who these are, though no one else may cast an eye upon them, esteem or regard them. He knows their sufferings, their sighs, their tears; and oh! what a sweet savor, what an acceptable incense, arises from the hearts of these, even though no knee be bent or mouth be opened.

Surely under the shadow of His wings, under the blessing of the strength of His extended arm shall these go forth through this vast howling wilderness; the floods and rivers shall be divided and dried up before them, and the parched desert shall become a fruitful field.

Date unknown.—We are placed here on earth only for a season: like travelers at an inn, we are permitted to take shelter for a night in this frail habitation:—it is a strange place, and has but temporary and middling accommodations; and all the comfort it affords, is far inferior to the abundance, which we have to expect will be dealt to us in our Father's mansion, our heavenly home. None of those numerous objects which we see around, rightly belong to us; they are not our property, strictly speaking; but are lent to us for the supply of our necessities, for our comfort, for the right enjoyment of them. I have often wished that this view of life might

occasionally occupy our minds. Let us consider what would be some of the consequences of taking such a view of life, as I have ventured to point out.

Let us see what ought properly to follow, from the establishment of such a principle as this, that the earth we inhabit is not our rest, that we are but pilgrims and wanderers upon the face of it, that none of those things which our senses can perceive, are our own; but that we are only for a time permitted the use of them: how could we, with this principle in sight, abuse those innumerable blessings, which the great Giver of every good and perfect gift, has been pleased to bestow;—how could we do otherwise than apply all those natural things, which are in mercy provided for us, to the purposes for which they were intended.

Then among many other good effects there would be no servile and degrading obedience to custom and fashion; but such simplicity in our way of living, such denial of whatever is superfluous, expensive, useless, or productive of injury to the mind, as is now scarcely thought of or understood.

CHAPTER VII.

First month 12th, 1818.—The struggle which I have been enabled to sustain against a flood of affliction and deep exercise, still goes on, through unutterable mercy and condescension; but it is daily with me a question how each succeeding day's conflict will terminate.

It seems sometimes as if there was no other language in my heart, but—‘ If it be possible, forsake me not, O! you Most High!’ again, when a little relieved, something seems to arise like this,—‘ Save me from myself, leave me not to myself; spare not, neither pity, but utterly destroy all that in me—which is not of and from you.’ What tomorrow's light may bring forth, what it may find me, or in what condition, I know not; but this do I desire to know and to be assured of,—that the Lord is, and that he is good, and to feel his goodness overcoming and taking the place of the evil, both in me and in all the world.

Oh! that I might be delivered from all looking out for release from this chastising and purifying dispensation, which has been in an increasing measure allotted me ever since I was made willing more fully to follow the Lord in the way of his requirings. Oh! that I might be preserved from all desire to take myself under my own care, or to walk in the way which my own will approves: and as to outward matters, that I might be made more and more entirely disposed to acquiesce in whatever is manifested unto me, to be the will of the Lord concerning me. The highest good that I or any can attain to in this life, seems to me at this time to consist and center in the ability to say and feel always,—“Your will, and not mine be done, O Lord.”

20th.—How much dross, how much evil is there still lurking within me, how many and how deceitful are the modes by which the enemy contrives to keep up his kingdom, his seat in my soul; when shall I, through Him that fights for me, utterly expel, subdue, and tread under foot, this unwearied enemy! The Lord, my strength, give me patience; that I may quietly confide in Him yet more and more; and permit all the exercises, chastenings, withdrawals, judgments and afflictions, which he is pleased in mercy and love to bring upon me: for I think I see plainly that his scourge and severity is not dealt out to his tender babel-like nature, but to that nature which is not of Him, but of the wicked one,—even that selfish, unfeeling, Egyptian spirit, which is to be destroyed. How much of this do I feel continually within me, lurking in secret under cover of many plausible pretenses, eating out any appearance of good with which the Lord is pleased to favor me, appropriating to self any good action, motive, or thought; endeavoring, when it cannot hinder the entrance of good, to make me proud of it, and so convert it into evil:—thus the best friends, the best books, the best feelings, the best intentions with which I am at any time privileged, these the wicked one endeavors so to pervert, as to render them a snare to me. He cares not how busy I am in reading good books, how fond I am of waiting on the Lord, how great a lover I am of the Lord's people and the Lord's cause; if I will but fall down and worship him, all shall be mine,—all the honor and praise of being a great and good character, a saint, shall be mine, if I will but let him have a little share, a little corner, in my heart. 'O Lord! disappoint him, cast him down; deliver my soul.

Let not your hand spare, neither let your eye pity, till all be utterly purged away, which defiles and is unseemly in your sight.' When mine eye is opened rightly to see these things, my heart craves that I may abide in patience, under the operation of proving and refinement, however severe it may seem, to wean me from this world and the wickedness thereof; not only from gross sins, but also from hidden and secret faults, and from the deepest insinuations of the enemy in my heart, in the semblance of an angel of light. I have had of late such a time of this discipline, as had never before befallen me in my life;—such apparent desertion of every thing like good, such distress in consequence of outward circumstances of various kinds, that at many intervals, a deep conviction of the certainty of a future judgment, seemed to prevent my choosing death, rather than life. Yet through inexpressibly tender mercy, I have been preserved to this day in earnest seeking after the Lord, and with great desires after submission to his will, cost what it may. And even in the hour of desolation and darkness, I have often experienced such a sweet cessation from suffering, and such an influx of love from the inexhaustible fountain, as has enabled me still to struggle and hold on my way, in a degree of hope, almost imperceptibly small, that all would be well in the end, if I was concerned to look unto Him, who is the author, and also the finisher of our faith.

To S. A.

Second month 1st.—I have been apprehensive that our views of these doctrines [of Immediate Revelation, and the true and saving knowledge of God, and of his Truth] which are closely accordant with those of the holy penmen of Scripture, are but little known among the many religious denominations. I have believed, both as to those within and without the pale of our own Society, that there is in this day, (as there ever has been,) more need of leading people, in the first place, to the fountain of truth, the foundation-stone, than to the beautiful harmonious superstructure of doctrines, which arises from that base, and can stand only upon it. This corner-stone we well know is Christ, not merely testified of without us, but also manifested within; and as we closely attend to, and obey the manifestations of his Spirit and power in our hearts, we come truly and savingly to know something of Him and his holy religion, according to our present ability and growth: and in following him in his leadings, we are best able to receive those true testimonies of him recorded in Scripture, and livingly to understand, as well as availingly to believe, what is there said of his appearance in the flesh, with all that he said, did, and suffered. There has been, and still continues to be a great deal said and written, respecting correct and scriptural views of the doctrines and duties of Christianity; but I believe until men come to that, which can alone give the true discernment of these spiritual things, they will, they must continue to grope as in the dark, not knowing the Scriptures neither the power of God; and it is feared, resist Him, who the apostle said, “has shined in our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ.” It seems to me, that under the constraining influence of the love of Christ, we should earnestly recommend people to believe in and obey his light in their hearts; that by following him in this manifestation, they may have the light of life, as he himself has graciously promised. No pointing to the written testimonies borne to the existence of this light within, will avail, but as the mind is gathered, in some measure, however small, to that which witnesses those testimonies to be true, and alone enables to receive them. I cannot think that that scripture, “the letter kills,” if rightly made use of, could hurt any, but those who walk not closely in accordance with that Spirit which gave it forth, and which is able to give a true understanding thereof. No man can availingly know or follow the directions laid down in Scripture, but as he bows to the appearance and openings of that Light, which enlightens every man more or less in the day of his visitation.

It seems to my view, that the greatest thing which we all have to guard against is, the leaving our heavenly guide; and this may easily be done, both in reading Scripture, and in every other religious engagement: if this be the case with us, we cannot but wrest them, some way or other, to our own condemnation or even destruction, whatever we may think or imagine; it may be by thinking to have life in them, as the Jews did, whom

Jesus reproveth. It was not that the Jews did wrong in diligently searching those writings, or that there was any harm or noxious influence in Scripture,—it was not in that sense that the letter killed, or does kill; though on the other hand, we know, that they cannot give faith, and that all their authority and excellence, and efficacy in the work of salvation, are only from that power and life from which they came. But it was by reading in the light of their own reason, which is indeed darkness; heaping up a dead set of doctrines, in their own wisdom, which is foolishness; presuming to pry into things too high for them, things into which the Spirit of Truth led them not, but their own speculations and imaginations; thus they made the commandments of God of none effect, as many now do, by their own traditions, and expositions, and interpretations, adding to, and diminishing from, the true meaning of the Scriptures. Being unstable and very unlearned in the Word, which spake forth the Scripture, though learned ever so much in the words, they cannot reach the essence; but must stumble, as Nicodemus and other learned Jews did, who knew nothing of the new birth; though they could easily tell by the letter of the book, where Christ was to be born.

It is such, in this day, who are crucifying unto themselves the Son of God afresh, notwithstanding all their high professions about the atonement, etc.; which they have very clearly in the notion and dead apprehension, but out of the life of these things:—the evil spirits could testify of Christ, and say, “I know you who you are, the holy one of God;” and, “these are the servants of the Most High God, which show unto us the way of salvation;”—for even these had a knowledge of God, and belief in him, a knowledge of Christ and confession of him, a knowledge also of Scripture. The enemy also himself was ready at quoting Scripture; witness the temptation of our Lord; and he can put men upon studying the Scriptures, so long as through the carnal mind he may but interpret and apply them to their states; for by all this he has the poor soul the safer in his net. He is not deterred from prosecuting his evil designs, by our holding the Scriptures in ever so high estimation; if, in studying them, we lean on our own understanding, although with great and apparently laudable zeal; though we apply one part to confirm another,—though we get them by heart,—though we extract all the doctrines and duties that are testified of therein,— though we are able by this skill to give an expert answer to such as may inquire a reason of the hope that we have adopted, and the faith which we have formed out of the letter of the book,—though we even set ourselves to do all that is commanded;—yet all these willings, and runnings, and strivings, do not overthrow his government in the heart: no, his snare is not broken, but made more subtle and intricate. It is the simple, and those that abide in the simplicity of the Truth, that are kept by the Truth out of his beguiling snares; the Spirit of Truth is their shield and sure defense on the right hand as on the left; and they lean not unto their own understandings; so that the

Scriptures and every other outward means are blessed to them, as they keep to the anointing which they have of him; by which, whether with or without instrumental aid, they know all things requisite for their present need; having “an understanding given them to know him that is true.”

Third month 3rd.—I believe if young persons were more fully open, and implicitly given up to acts of dedication apparently small, and were willing to go, to stay, to do, or to forbear in minor matters, as seemed best; that they would thrive more vigorously in religious stature and strength. One thing after another came gradually before the view of my mind; all that I had to do, or believed was required at my hands, came not upon me at once; for there was no hard task-master to obey, but one who knew my weakness, and my inability to give up even to the least matter of duty, without His special aid. As I was concerned to keep my eye open, to see whatever He might show me was to be given up to,—and as my desire was from day to day unto Him, and the accomplishment of His will respecting me; first one thing, then another, at seasons opened before me with sufficient clearness: sometimes these apprehended duties were very little matters, at other times they were of fearfully great importance; and often were they of a nature and complexion, which the worldly-wise part in myself and in others, could not bear or understand.

Yet after having gone through and been favored to stand faithful in the performance of these things, I have often seen the propriety of them; and I have felt it a precious thing to be “led about and instructed” so suitably, so seasonably, so safely.

To E. H.

16th of Fourth month, 1818.

Dear E. H.

It is my belief, that, according to your own expressions, “the Master is come,” and coming, (what if I say,) to plead as in old time, with the modern money-changers in the temple, who turn the holy house of Him that is most holy, into “a den of thieves;” to upset their tables and to scatter their silver and their gold; the “love” of which, is said to be the “root of all evil.” His scourge is, as it were, in his hand; and the buyers and sellers being cast out, the blind and the lame shall yet come to him in the temple, the house of prayer for all nations, and he will heal them. The little children shall yet cry in this temple, saying, “Hosanna to the Son of David;” and out of the mouths of the very

“babes and sucklings,” whose hearts he has fed with “the milk of his Word,” praises shall yet come forth unto Himself.

It is my belief, and I feel freedom to mention it to you, that there are or will arise, those who will, in some sense, “build the old waste places.” I live in the faith that the Truth shall spread; and the number of those that are guided and governed by the teachings of that Spirit, which leads into all truth, will be greatly multiplied. Surely there are even now those that “are left of the captivity,” who “are in great affliction and reproach; we may also say, that, in some acceptation of the passage, “the wall of Jerusalem is broken down, and the gates thereof are burned with fire.” May I not also add, that there are, even in this day, those, who can in measure adopt a similar language with that of Nehemiah,—“When I heard these things, I sat down and wept, and mourned certain days, and fasted, and prayed before the God of heaven.” Surely there are those that can say, “I arose in the night, neither told I any man what my God had put in my heart to do at Jerusalem:—then went I up in the night by the brook, and viewed the wall and turned back; and the rulers knew not where I went, or what I did: neither had I as yet told it to the Jews, nor to the priests, nor to the nobles, nor to the rulers, nor to the rest that did the work.” There are doubtless some that are ready to laugh these to scorn, and to despise them; and to say, “what is this thing that you do?”—and I judge there are those that can reply, “the God of heaven, he will prosper us: therefore we his servants will arise and build.”

To such as endeavor to entice the sincere hearted, and to take them off, by whatever specious pretense, from their watch and work, their unceasing concern and travail for the prosperity of the great cause; I am clearly of the mind that the reply should be, “I am doing a great work, so that I cannot come down; why should the work cease, while I leave it and come down to you?” Now the work that is lacking, as far as I have in this and some other favored seasons had capacity to see, is, a sinking down and bowing down yet lower and deeper than many of us have hitherto humbled ourselves,—even under the government and dominion of the holy Seed, Christ Jesus; that so we may, through subjection to Him, be led to “cease from our own works,” and to let Him do and work all things in us according to his own divine will. Wherever this blessed work has gone forward with strength and beauty, wherever this constraining power has been fully and faithfully given up to, I believe a necessity has been sooner or later felt, to make a full surrender and sacrifice of every thing, which the law written in the heart may call for.

From one, who is much more often than otherwise, plunged into the depths, and who finds himself yet weaker and weaker in himself to will or to do any thing as of himself,

but is at times favored to see still greater necessity for a daily waiting upon the Lord, that so his will may be daily known and done through his Spirit, which brings unto and preserves in a watchful, weighty frame of mind at all times,—and who is, with feelings of affectionate regard, your friend,

John Barclay

To E. S.

Russel Square, 17th of Fourth month, 1818.

Dear E. S.,

The true authority as well as beauty of our religious meetings, in which I cannot exclude those for the right ordering of the affairs of truth, stands upon and consists in that, without which the observance of the form is a mockery, though it be the best of forms. It is not age, it is not any station in the church, it is not an outward knowledge or experience in the letter of those laws which the Spirit of Truth has led our forefathers to adopt,—much less is it any repute among men, grounded upon outward possessions,—which will make one living stone for the Master's use, in the building up of his beautiful city, the new Jerusalem.

Now, if any man build with the straw and stubble, or even with that which appears like gold or silver;—“every man's work shall be made manifest of what sort it is; for it shall be revealed by fire, and the day shall declare it.” How much need then is there for all amongst us, who fill any of the offices in the church, and even for such as may be in the highest stations, and may have been made of eminent service therein, again and again to wait upon the Lord, yet again to bow down their souls; so that every high thing, that would exalt itself within them, may be abased, under the humbling influence of that power, which bruises and breaks in pieces, which brings us low, and keeps us low, even as children and babes, willing to be led about and instructed, and ready to esteem another better than ourselves. Now as individuals are brought into such a feeling tender state as this, they become sweetly qualified to take those places, which the master-builder orders for them in his house, in his family, in his vineyard.

They thus receive capacity and authority to labor for the great cause, and in the name and power of their leader; they have strength to bind and to loose, to help and to heal the weak and the wounded; and they have the spirit of patience and of pity given them, to

plead with and to pray for the tempted, the tossed, the tried. And O! the tenderness that is shown by such as these, on behalf of their poor fellow-creatures, who may be overtaken or overcome of evil or error; knowing that they themselves stand, only through the mercy of the Most High.

John Barclay

21st.—How little do we know what is best for us:—O! how good a thing it is, to be led about and instructed by our tender Parent, even as little children; seeing that we, no more than they, can run alone with safety. When I am ready to receive hurt from some precious gift or other, which He has lent me;—when I am likely to be elated by seeing myself so favored, or to assume any thing to myself because the Lord showers upon me his blessing;—then in the abundance of his compassion he takes away that which I was ready to abuse, and leaves me in darkness and in the deeps, it may be without a shadow of comfort or a ray of his heavenly presence. And then, in the bitterness of my soul, in the absence of my Beloved, I cry out and weary myself with bewailing; being in my own apprehension on the point of despair. But He, even my Father, regards not my crying, nor my weeping; he knows best what is good for me, and continues his dispensation of afflicting darkness and drought, until in his wisdom he sees that the set time to favor me is come.

22nd.—Was much instructed by looking over a monthly meeting's early minute-book, dated about 1666. I thought I clearly saw that our Friends in the beginning, were a simple plain set of people; and that they mostly had but a very small proportion of learning or general knowledge. Divers advantages have we above them in several respects; yet it has seemed to me, that some of these very advantages have proved our hurt and stunted our growth, so that we have not arrived at their stature or strength. “The love of other things,” we read, choked the good seed; and this seems to me to be applied to our case, who have many “other things,” (some of them very good when kept in subjection,) which draw away our minds from the simplicity of the Truth, and from a patient, humble, waiting frame of mind, in which alone true safety can be witnessed.

26th.—I desire greatly not to be led away and ensnared, by coveting or looking for the esteem and notice of any, even of religious characters; I pray in my heart, that I may be preserved from liking to hear my own voice and tongue in company, and from the least approach to any thing like a love of showing off even good qualities. If we are in the right spot, we shall forget ourselves, and not esteem those things as our own, which are wrought in us, or which we have been enabled rightly to do or say.

I have also seen, that much care is needful not to be endeavoring or presuming to correct the

views and sentiments of others, by our own strength and in our own will and time. I see danger in this for all, but especially for young people, who are so likely to get into argument and much talking. Nothing is gained often thereby; but the way to openness and conviction respecting any matter, is much blocked up. But after long patience and waiting, and much uneasiness has been undergone, lest the right thing should by any means suffer; and after not a little exercise of mind on account of the person who may hold such a wrong sentiment,—then have I seen a word in season put forth in meekness, do more than all the ill-timed efforts of a man's own will and strength.

Fifth month 10th.—The day before yesterday, I completed my twenty-first year. I may say, with some feeling, that my breathing in secret is unto the Lord, that he would in mercy continue near to me, to help in time of need; for I am still unable to take one right step, notwithstanding any thing already attained; but have need day by day to wait upon him again and again, for a renewal of strength: for assuredly He alone, who began the work, can safely carry it on, and bring it to such a conclusion as will redound to his own praise.

19th.—The day before yesterday, it seemed right for me to give up to go and sit among Friends at their monthly meeting at Kingston. I had no probable means of conveyance but on my feet, and it was a very rainy morning; but I cried unto the Lord that he would direct me, and give me sufficient strength to do whatever might be best. I got there, it being, I suppose more than thirteen miles, some time after the hour of assembling, much wearied in body, but sweetly fresh and lively in mind, through the extendings of mercy; so that the driving rain and the length of my walk had not much effect upon me, who am but a poor weakly one. On my way there, it rather vividly came to my mind,—‘ what if I should have to speak in their meeting?’ But the Lord quieted that spirit within me, which would be questioning and reasoning; and I was favored to feel great composure and calmness, notwithstanding that suggestion. And O! the melting power and glorious influence which was enjoyed by me, and I believe by others, in the meeting for worship! how precious a half-hour did I spend among them! so much so, that my heart was filled with the song of praise unto that great Being, who remembers and cares for his poor little ones; and who in his own time fills his hungry ones with good things—yes, with the choice dainties of his table, so that their cup runs over! O! the tears of joy that were shed! may I never forget the renewed mercies of the Lord my God, while I have my being!

The next day, was our monthly meeting at Westminster, where were present some choice servants; through whose ministry the language of encouragement was held out to the little ones, but especially to those young in years, whose hearts the Lord had in measure melted into a willingness to be conformed to his holy will respecting them. O! the unutterable condescension of Him, whose mercies are new every morning! may the objects of his bounty be yet more and more mindful of him, and of his goodness; and be induced yet more fully and faithfully to give

up to his requirings; to bring all the tithe into the Lord's treasury, as two dear Friends said in the meeting, and prove him therewith, and see if He will not open the windows of heaven and pour them out a blessing, until there be no room to contain.

To E. J.

Isle of Wight, 30th Sixth month, 1818.

Dear E. J.,

I have felt so much dissipation of mind since I arrived here, as to unfit me for a calm enjoyment of the beauties of nature, so profusely mingled as they are here. The cares devolving upon me, not a little tend to lead away the mind from that retired, strict, and watchful frame,' as I think William Penn calls it, which seems to be the safest and most profitable state for me as an individual, and a soil most conducive to my present growth. I may truly say, that though I desire not to prescribe for any, otherwise than seems to be my especial duty; yet I believe that an approach to unwatchfulness or levity is dangerous—is ensnaring.

How often have I been in different degrees unfitted thereby for that sweet retirement of mind, which seems to be, as it were, the element and atmosphere of the true Friend. I think of you at your quarterly meeting this day.—I long that the many Pharisees, who are in the formality, and obtrude their services and 'much speaking' in meetings for discipline, and some even in those for worship, may be kept under; for assuredly, the wisdom that is from below, is at enmity with the pure lowly seed of the kingdom, and will do only mischief to the good cause; its nature and tendency being to exalt itself, while its pretension is, to forward the right thing. But the foolish things of the world, and the weak things, and the base things, are still preferred and chosen, to confound the wise, and to bring to nought every thing else, but the power, the life, the wisdom, the nobility of the Truth. Paul, the learned Paul, the enlightened Paul, when he came from the feet of Gamaliel the Pharisee, and sat at the feet of Jesus, would not even speak in the words which man's wisdom taught: he came not with enticing words or excellency of speech, lest his hearers should admire him or his words, rather than the power; and so their faith should stand in the wisdom of man, and not upon that foundation, than which no other can be laid, and besides which Paul determined to know nothing,—even Christ, the wisdom and power of God.

Dear E, you know all this, yet I long that we both may keep to those things which we have in mercy been made sensible of; that so we may be enabled to stand for the Truth and its simplicity, over all that which looks like Truth, but is not,—being only an image,

which the enemy has patched up and established, wherewith to deceive the simple; and he would have us worship this image, and highly esteem such as sacrifice to it. But Truth needs no ornaments or paint; none of the “vain philosophy” of the learned; the polite airs and customs which are in the world, she shrinks from and avoids: the studied maxims, and gathered wisdom, and logical conclusions, and distinctions of the schools, only clog and impede our growth in the Truth.

How little of the innocence and artlessness, and openness and simplicity, and natural beauty of the Christian religion, is to be seen and felt thriving amongst us at this time! The state of our Society not a little reminds me of that of a large machine or mill, which was made skillfully, and set a going admirably, and went well at the first: and when one wheel broke, the master took it away and supplied its place; and when any part of the machinery was worn away through much service, the master took care the work should not suffer thereby, but raised up other instruments. But at length the dry rot or some terrible mischief gets in and spoils it, so that the sound parts can hardly act or work, because of the number of unsound members. In such case, surely the machine must undergo a thorough repair; surely every member of the body must come under and submit to the reforming and refining hand: even the sound parts must, as it were, be taken to pieces for the sake of the rest; that all may be re-established in their several places, and according to their different capacities, by the ordering of the great Workman, whose workmanship they are.

To J. F. Marsh

London, 29th of Eighth month, 1818.

I believe there may be much show and appearance of excellent dispositions in some, who have not had any call to service in the line which they may have set their feet in, as well as in some that have not abode long enough under the refining hand, which was fitting them for their allotted post. These may talk of the degeneracy in the faith or practice of others who profess with them, and may lament or seem to lament the innovations or backslidings of their fellows; and they may for a time keep within the limits of consistency, imitating the actions of those, whom they apprehend to retain something of primitive zeal and uprightness.

Some also of these may, in the heat and warmth of the sparks which they have kindled, and with which they have compassed themselves, begin the work of reformation, or rather set about it in their own wills, and after their darkened apprehensions; and when

they see their endeavors not owned or seconded so readily or quickly as they deem them worthy, for the faithful cannot own them, then it sometimes happens that these spirits burst out into open variance with the body; and so manifest their foundation to the faithful, whose eyes the Lord opens to see and to discern the good, from that which only appears to be so. Such a one, if he is ever favored to see the error of his way and to turn from it, will have to acknowledge, that all his stirrings, strivings, willings, runnings, his labors and services, even to promote good, were out of that Spirit, whereby alone good can be discovered, embraced, or promoted in his own heart, or in the hearts of others. There is then great need for all, to wait upon the Lord, to feel his power discovering the evil and the good in us, raising up the one, and enabling us to overcome the other: and as we continue faithful to these discoveries, we shall be made partakers of more of his gifts, and grow in a living experience of his Truth, and in a lively understanding as to such things as are best for us to know; until it please the Lord to dispose of us in that part of his vineyard, where he “has need of us.” Then as we abide in Him, from whom we derive our strength and vigor, we shall bring forth much fruit, not only to his praise and our own peace, but to the edification of the church, and to the comfort of its living: members.

John Barclay

CHAPTER VIII.

Tenth month 11th, 1818.—I have of late put but little to paper by way of remark, as to the state of my mind, not having felt much freedom this way; yet I may here acknowledge, that the same Power, that has all along helped and sustained me, is not, nor has been, lacking in the needful hour; of which the Lord is the best judge, and not. My feeble cry is yet unto him under all my discouragements and exercising seasons. The little lowly tender seed which he has quickened, and in measure raised in me, does still look unto its Parent for daily sustenance; his ear is ever open unto the cry of his poor; and his eye of pity and compassion is still upon that birth which is of him, to cherish and to care for it, and to provide all things needful.

Oh! for a continuance of his fatherly goodness, and for the renewed extension of his preserving arm of power around me; that so I may be restrained thereby from all hurt and harm through this vale of tears and temptations, and sustained by the same through all the depths of affliction, into which he may see it best for me to be plunged, to my purification and peace. My heart is much tendered and impressed, while writing these lines; for indeed I am not able sufficiently to mention how good the Master is,—how worthy to be glorified, trusted in, obeyed, and loved,

by all his servants and children.

19th.—O! the sweet influx of the Father's peace, of the Father's joy and comfort, with which he is pleased at times to refresh and revive the hearts of his humbled contrited ones,—those that are through his mercy prevailed upon, and through his heavenly help and strength enabled to count all things but as nothing, that they may be found in him, and to suffer for his name's sake the loss of all things! What a blessed evidence of his continued goodness have I been favored with this morning, during the short space of a few minutes, in my retirement to seek the lifting up of the light of his countenance, and to wait for the shedding abroad of his love in my heart.

What encouragement does it afford me, to continue steadfastly looking unto Him, the author of all my blessings, the director of all my footsteps, the restorer of right paths to walk in. What assurance have I had renewed at this season, that I am, through his daily help and strength, in the way of his leadings; so that in a fresh feeling of his directing and protecting power being about me for my preservation on every hand, I may boldly say with the Psalmist,—“Though a host should encamp against me, mine heart shall not fear,” the Lord being “my light and my salvation.”

To an Unknown Recipient

Twelfth month 21st, 1818.

I have often thought _____ to be, what our early Friends would have called a ‘tender spirited young man,’ but oh! how much must such go through, who have been made willing to come to the Master, in the full belief that he is the Way, the Truth, and the Life. The Master looking upon such, loves them; yet must these give up their all, as and when he calls for all or any of their ‘great possessions.’ We read that Zion was to be redeemed with judgment; and with the spirit of judgment and of burning was her filth to be purged away.

O! this fiery baptism! few of us know enough the necessity of it;—it is hard coming under it, it is hard keeping under it:—then and not until then, do we really know the full import of these deep expressions, “baptized into his death,”—“planted in the likeness of his death,”—“crucified with him,” “that I might, (as the apostle says,) know Him, and the power of his resurrection, and the fellowship of his sufferings, being made conformable to his death.” There is, as you know, a refiner's fire; where the things that are even the most precious, the most pure metal, the most fine gold, are to be put in, and to be again and again melted down and softened, and rendered susceptible of the impression that they are designed to receive: they must be passive as the clay; they cannot impress themselves. No more can we as creatures humble ourselves, truly and

acceptably and profitably, in or by our own will or way, or by the voluntary exertion of any parts or powers of our own; no, we must not choose our own way of being good, neither do good according to our conceits and conceivings, else another thing is exalted in reality, than the principle and power of Truth.

I have been often instructed very deeply by these expressions;—"but we have this treasure, (that is, the Light shining in our hearts) in earthen vessels; that the excellency of the power may be of God, and not of us;"—"always bearing about in the body the dying of the Lord Jesus, that the life also of Jesus might be made manifest in our body." I think Penington says, that we are but vessels, wherein the pure excellent oil may appear or disappear; and some one says, these vessels must be emptied, before they can be cleansed from any dirt or sediment, which they may have contracted while in use in this filthy world.

I remember John Churchman wrote, that the vessels in the potter's house were to be set on the shelf to dry, after they had been formed on the wheel; and then to be baked in the fire.

These things I write to you, dear _____, as they occur; much more of this nature often passes through me, unsought and unstudied in times of retirement, which are seasons of refreshment to me oftentimes; and in them, I think, I have learnt more effectually, and been strengthened more availingly, than in any other way: and though speaking of _____ seemed at first the occasion of them, yet it is not for me to cast a stone; though from the very little experience which I have had of these things, I begin to see the necessity, and somewhat of the beauty of those deep baptisms, and desire greatly that dear _____ may bear me company in coming and keeping under them, this being the true way of the cross.

For a cross that bears any marks of being our own manufacture will never do, so at least I have been favored clearly to see; it is no cross at all in reality. The mind is a very active busy part; and if it be at any time quickened into a sensibility and admiration of what is excellent, unless kept down in the true subjection by that which quickened it, it will speedily put itself forth and rush into such actions, or words, or thoughts, as it apprehends to be of a good tendency or nature, and is very ready to hope and believe that these things are required: forgetting that that which quickens in us the first spark of good, and raises up the least desire after it, the, very same must preside over all our steppings, the last equally with the first stepping; the very same must strengthen us to choose the good and to follow it, which gives us ability to refuse and shun the evil. In this way self is cast out, and the principle and power of Truth alone exalted, and then the

Seed reigns and is over all, as G. F. says; for that is to govern, guide, and go before, in this gospel day, and that is to lead; and when it stops we are to stop and stand still, and when it goes forward, we are to move with it and in it, as Israelites indeed.

27th.—At this time it lay upon me to set up my Ebenezer, as decidedly as this perishable method with paper and ink, and this feeble representation by words, which are at best but inadequate symbols, will allow of.

My soul has been hitherto helped by the immediate handing forth of that power, wisdom, support and indescribable consolation, which comes from the holy sanctuary of the most High. My heart has been sweetly engaged at seasons to praise, honor, and glorify Him, who lifts up the poor out of the very dunghill, setting them among princes: verily, He gives power to the faint, “and to those that have no might, He increases strength.” And this is He, who was called the God of Abraham, and of Isaac, and of Jacob; and who continues to be to all His living Israel in this day, as He ever was in old time. For the devil is the god of the dead in trespasses and sins; but the Lord has bruised his head by his seed, Christ Jesus, who has purchased life for those that are willing to be made partakers thereof.

30th.—O Lord! if David your servant did say of the love that prevailed between his fellow-servant Jonathan and himself, that it was “wonderful,”—if we may also say of those whom you have knit and bound up together with us in the fellowship of your Gospel, that they are as nursing fathers and nursing mothers, as endeared brothers and sisters in your Truth;—O Father Almighty! how shall we sufficiently commemorate your loving-kindness towards us, your poor creatures; whom you have been pleased to gather into the heavenly relationship, into the joyous fellowship, into the blessed flock of your family, and have deigned to acknowledge as your children. I thought I felt the scepter of your paternal love stretched out, renewedly inviting me to partake of the blessing that makes truly rich, and adds no sorrow therewith,—inviting me to draw near, and to make my request unto you, and to plead with you in the power of your love; into which you have gathered me, and by which you may be prevailed with. I am emboldened to ask of you at this season the continuance of your holy help from time to time, under all the provings and afflictions and chastenings, which may in your wisdom be allotted me. As all your servants of old, even unto this day, have shared in the cup of bitterness, and partaken of the water of affliction, so O! Lord, may I also endure chastening, and partake of the evidence of sonship; remembering the language of your servant, “If we suffer with Christ, we shall also reign with him.” This accept and grant, if it please you, O! my Father; who have never yet denied that which you have put into my heart to offer unto you in the prayer of faith: and if I need at any hour any thing of you, I know that you hearest me and are with me, while I abide with you, and am in submission to your manifested will. To you, therefore, I desire at this time afresh to commend and commit all that I have or am, and increasingly to become your child.

To a person under convincement of our religious principles.

25th of First month, 1819.

When the Master sent forth his chosen ones to do the work which he had appointed for them, he said, "Behold, I send you forth as sheep in the midst of wolves; be therefore wise as serpents, and harmless as doves."

These few words of Scripture sprung up so forcibly in my mind, in the midst of no little anxiety for your real welfare, and sympathy with you under your various and peculiar trials, that it appeared right for me to convey them in this way, and to relieve myself of some weight of solicitude on your account; earnestly desiring that this little stepping-stone, thrown in your way, may not in any sense prove a stumbling-stone, hurtful instead of helpful. First then, and first and last, I would direct your attention to the Comforter, the heavenly Instructor, the Spirit of Truth; under whose precious teachings, I am persuaded you have been already brought, and so, in that measure most profitable for you at present, are partaking of the refreshment, peace, joy, faith, hope, strength, and holy fortitude and wisdom, which are richly in store for all such as submit themselves to its guidance. The apostle John directed the minds of those whom he addressed, to the anointing which they had from the Holy One, whereby they "knew all things" necessary to their growth in grace.

Though I know but little of you in an outward sense, yet I am persuaded, that the hand of the Lord is truly upon you; and greatly do I crave, that your continual care and caution may be, to keep close to this anointing. That which anoints is Truth, the Spirit of Truth, the Power of Truth: this is what secretly works upon the soul, bruises our self-confidence, breaks our false peace, awakens out of our dreams of pleasure, riches, honor and acquirements, shows us our real state, where we are, how far we have missed the road, whether in principle or practice, and clearly points the way to true and everlasting peace;—giving us also such full directions that we cannot possibly miss of it, if we do but follow them, and not our own reasonings and imaginations. What holy invincible armor does our great Captain clothe his little striplings with,—those that are after his own heart, as young David was; those that lay aside all their own or other people's weapons and strength, laying hold only of the hope set before them.

May your desire be unto your Lord, that He may furnish you with the sling, and give you the smooth stone, as you are in the way to meet your enemy; and may your true dependence be, yet more than ever you have known it to be, immovably fixed on your Rock, your Redeemer: and do not let the enemy put you on any improper leaning on

books or men, but lean upon Jesus, as all his beloved disciples ever have done. It is a safe spot to be sitting at the feet of Jesus, rather than at the feet of Gamaliel; and be not cumbered about many things: remember one thing is needful, and this one thing is a learning of Him who is meek and lowly in heart,—that true learning which is not merely a hearing, but a doing also his sayings; who speaks with such authority and power in the secret of the soul, as to make us cry out, “He told me all that ever I did;” is not this the Christ within, the teacher, who it was said should never be removed into a corner, as the Gospel-day prevailed? There is indeed a proclaiming to others, by our life and conduct, the name or power of Christ, as he has been pleased to manifest himself unto us, opening in us the well of water, which springs up into everlasting life. But how seldom, (as Fenelon expresses it,) does the soul keep silent enough to hear His voice, who speaks as never man spake; how seldom are we simple enough to follow Him whithersoever he leads; and when persecution or affliction arises because of the word nigh in the heart, by and by we are offended or afraid;—forsaking our leader, when he leads in the straight and narrow way of the cross; and denying him, in whose name we may have done even some mighty works,—saying with poor Peter, “I know not the man.” There is, as you well know, a going before our guide, a kindling of sparks and warming ourselves at them, an offering of sacrifice before the prophet come; and what burdens have the upright in heart at times made hereby; what a “lying down in sorrow,”—what a close rebuke from our great prophet and high priest, “You have done foolishly.” We may remember Saul said, “the Philistines will come down upon me, and I have not made supplication to the Lord;” and he waited seven days for Samuel, and the people were scattered from him and trembled for fear of the enemy.

Here was an offering of something good, in the time and will of the creature; but it was not counted good nor accepted, because it was not prepared of the Lord's prophet, neither offered in faith, but in faithless fear. Truly I say not these things to cast any thing like discouragement in your way, but rather as an encouragement for you to look up for help, to steer clear of all things that would hurt or hinder your steady progress and inward growth downward in the root and life of religion. Be not very anxious about making fruits appear; if you are chiefly seeking to be grafted into the true vine, the precious fruits of that righteousness, which He is the author of, will not be lacking in their season. But there is a winter, when not a leaf appears; insomuch that a superficial observer would say.

What good comes of this graft? Of what use has religion been to him? Yet the husbandman knows the times and the seasons, and that if even a bud were to be put forth, it would be struck by the frost. There is a time to be empty, to be stripped, to be

poor, to be buffeted by the wintry winds, to be deprived of all sense of life, any relish for, or savor of good: and then I have found it safe to lie low in the littleness, in patient poverty, in the true insignificance;—waiting in the abandonment of self, in the silence of ail flesh, for His re-appearing, “in whose presence there is fulness of joy” and abundance of consolation, says my soul from undoubted experience.

Then wait in the filial fear, in the living faith, though it seem small as the grain of mustard seed, though it may lie very low: wait thus, I say, upon the Lord; occupy with this your talent, it is enough for your present needs; the master knows what things you have need of, before you ask for the food and raiment, even the daily bread, the wine of the kingdom. He will not withhold the oil and the wine from your wounds or weaknesses; neither do you know how much he has in store for you, as you follow him in the way of his leadings in faith and faithfulness. Keep not back part of the price—part of the inheritance which you did inherit from your fallen father Adam, and came into possession of by actual transgression; but give up all, that you may be clothed as his lilies are, with his innocence, not with your own righteousnesses, which are but as filthy rags. Be wise then as a serpent; be wiser than the serpent that beguiles, that lies in wait sometimes as an angel of light, to deceive the hearts of the simple. He suits his baits with much artful wisdom, according to the state and temper of mind in which he finds people. Do they love what is good? he is ready with an appearance or resemblance of good to entice them: and how can any discover his deceits, or keep out of his snares, but as they come to that which alone can give the true discernment.

What is that which enables us at any time to distinguish between the good and the evil, to choose the one and to refuse the other, though ever so much gilded? It is the true wisdom, of which Solomon wrote in his Proverbs, which preserves out of the snares of death.

How clear, how intelligible is her voice, in and unto the awakened upright soul; this word of wisdom is nigh you, as you already know,—you need not go far away to find it, you need not mind the “Lo here's,” and “Lo there's,”—the kingdom is within, the king's laws are written in the heart. Receive not then for doctrines the commandments of men: try all things by this infallible touchstone, which never yet led any into error, but out of all error into “all truth.” And when you are examined concerning those principles or practices, into which the Truth has led you, and which nothing short of the same I trust, has given you strength to profess before men, be not dismayed, be not discouraged, be not disturbed; let the Truth plead for you, “for it is not you that speak;” nor can you by any ability short of that which the Lord gives in the very hour of need, do any thing availingly in support of the great cause. Remember those faithful valiants who replied to

the king Nebuchadnezzar, “We are not careful to answer you in this matter:” and remember how our great Master was silent, and as one dumb before his accusers, though Pilate put a very short question to him,—“What is truth?” yet we read not of any answer being given, to feed the subtle ensnaring wisdom in him who made the inquiry.

I desire for you an increase of the true strength and stability; and that is to be had by daily waiting on the Lord in the closet of the heart. A humble weighty deportment shows forth and best upholds the dignity and beauty of the Christian religion; it becomes and adorns the gospel. A retired, calm, and watchful frame of mind is, in many respects, a hedge and preservation about us, when thrown among those who are not acquainted with our high profession of a principle of Truth sown in every heart as a seed; which is truly the grace of God that appears unto and in all men, leading them out of all evil into all good.

We have perhaps but few examples of what this heavenly influence would do, for those who are passive as the clay under the potter's hand. Look not out at the example of others, so as to stop short where they do; look rather to your Master, and follow with a simple, submissive, grateful spirit, all his secret intimations, wheresoever He leads: follow such, only as they follow Him, not by imitation but conviction; for there are many services and sacrifices into which others are led, which possibly you may never be called upon to evince your love for the Truth by engaging in; and some requirings may not be called for at your hand, in the same way or time as they were at the hand of others: it is also possible you may have a narrower path than any brother or sister that you know of.

Keep then “your eye single” to the light of Christ; let that lead you whithersoever and whensoever it will: then only is the language of the heart, ‘Your will be done, O Lord, in and by and through this poor earthly vessel.’ Then only do we availingly know and feel the blood of Jesus, the Mediator, to cleanse from all sin, while we “walk in the light, as God is in the light.” For it is not the outward name of Jesus, but his power revealed in us, changing our hearts, that saves; neither is it an historical faith alone in what the Savior did for us while on earth, that will avail any thing; for if we reject him as our sanctifier, none of us can truly know him to be our sacrifice, (as William Penn wrote.) We read that the very devils could acknowledge that Jesus was the Christ; yet they did not submit to his government, but rebelled against him, or they would not have been fallen angels. There are many that can talk about the atonement, the intercession, the justification, the redemption of Christ, and about baptism and the communion and heavenly union between the saints and the King of saints, who nevertheless confess they are ‘miserable sinners, bound and tied by the chains of their sins,’—notwithstanding it is

written, “let him that names the name of Christ depart from iniquity.” My desire is for you, and for all men, that they may come to the true and saving knowledge of God and our Savior; which is only to be attained unto, through obedience to the manifestations of his Spirit in the heart, “given to every one to profit withal;” without which none can fear him acceptably, or have true faith in his Son; for the things of God knows no man, but by his Holy Spirit.

Farewell; keep to the Truth, and it will keep you. Remember, “He that dwells in the secret place of the Most High, shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.”

John Barclay

29.—This may I say, and leave upon record, that though many almost indescribable temptations and presentations of evil have been permitted to come about me, sometimes like a mighty flood, so that in hours of extreme weakness and infirmity, I have been many and many a time ready to give up the fight of faith;—yet to this day, the Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle, has been pleased in his abundant compassion to encamp around me, and to give me songs of deliverance, songs of triumph and of praise. In his name will I set up my banner, who is a Rock of defense and sure refuge to my poor weary soul in all her afflictions as there is a concern to flee unto, abide in, and under the shadow of this mighty rock in a weary land. O young man or young woman, to whom this may come,—my friend, my brother, my sister; who are seeking the better country, and Him who is the way and the guide; though you be weary and heavy-laden,—take courage! There is a staff, a stay, and strength and succor with Him and in Him, who has gone before; and who leads on his little ones gently and sweetly, as they are able to follow.

Take this as the counsel of one, who has known His name (which is above every name,) to be a strong tower. He will be with his, even to the end of the world.

CHAPTER IX.

To an Unknown Recipient

Dear 3rd of Second month, 1819.

I have often believed that the blessing in store for those who hand “the cup of cold water,” may not pass from you and yours, as you are yet concerned to struggle on in the narrow way. I desire to be your companion therein, and an example in giving up faithfully to all that is set before me, whether in the line of doing, or of suffering; who

am often sensible of something still blotting out and wiping away many a spot contracted through unwatchfulness.

There is a very precious feeling that seems to prevail with me, while saying thus much; and I may add, that though nearly day by day bowed down and broken, under a view of the low state of things at home (in the heart) and abroad, and of many sacrifices for the cause which are called for at my hand; yet I may acknowledge that showers of refreshing help and strength have descended, so that the encouragement is great for me and you and all, yet to struggle on; laying aside that which hinders. From your affectionate friend,

John Barclay

To an Unknown Recipient

Fifth month 4th, 1819.

I have sometimes remembered the language or sentiment of a tried servant, who, by being resigned to the Divine will through the tribulations that were in wisdom handed, was enabled to comfort a brother in words like these; ‘if we be but clean vessels, no matter how empty;’ and I may add, ‘no matter how long on the shelf,’ and as one says, like ‘a pitcher placed upside down, on its mouth,’—to keep the dust out. The only danger I have found, when counted worthy, or clean enough to be set in this trying position, has been that of repining at the dispensation allotted, or not quietly seeking after acquiescence. If we were but willing to abide the operation of the Almighty hand, which would make all of us vessels fit for a place in his holy temple, and a service in the Lord's house; and were but enough sensible of the benefit of these turnings and overturnings, and of the blessing that they are to those that are patient enough to profit by them; surely some of us who are now ready at seasons to give over struggling, and to think it is to no purpose endeavoring to hold out in faith and faithfulness any longer, (presuming the Lord has forgotten us,) would rejoice that we are counted worthy to drink of the cup, and to be baptized with the baptism, which alone can purify and prepare for a seat in the heavenly kingdom. “It shall be given to those for whom it is prepared,”—“I go to prepare a place for you;”—and did He not go through suffering;—was He not said to be made perfect through the same;—and shall we find a safer path than in His footsteps, “who endured the cross and despised the shame.” Some in this day of great profession and performance, have to be renewedly baptized into a deep sense of the state of things, both without and within; and to labor earnestly after the pure and

unshackled arisings of the seed,—which is often very low, and burdened with much that seems to be favorable, but yet greatly oppresses.

I desire for you, dear J., that you may not be without your full appointed share of such conflict of spirit, and even apparent desertion of heavenly help and strength, as is best for you; and that you may have the grain of faith renewed day by day, the hidden manna, the secret sustenance which enables quietly to wait and patiently to hope, even through all things: so that if these dispensations should be in judgment or in mercy, you may be favored through submission, to rise above all that has stood in the way, steadily persevering in a course of humble, dependent, watchful, innocent conduct. I believe that marriage is often made a means of furthering the religious growth, and strengthening the mind in that which is good, as we look to the Lord in our proceedings, having him in our eye, above and before all idols. But few measures taken in life, perhaps, are so likely to entrap the unwary, as an injudicious engagement therein; it unsettles and uncenters the mind from the great first object, if much care be not exercised, and diligent watchfulness maintained.

To E. S.

Seventh month 22nd, 1819.

The examination of religious tracts proposed to be printed, is a weighty service. If it were only to judge of words, the consistency of the sense and meaning with the principles which we profess, as far as human wisdom can distinguish, this would be easy, and could be compassed by the spirit of a man: “but the things of God knows no man, but the Spirit of God;” so that man's spirit is unequal to it, but must be in subjection, with all the vain reasonings which he can muster up and contrive by the natural powers of his understanding, or by his acquired learning and erudition; and he must wait to feel that raised up in him, which is able rightly to discern and comprehend the precious, and to distinguish it from the vile.

I believe a time may come, when the writings of many of our early members, who shone brightly in their generation, may again rise into universal repute among us, and also among others; notwithstanding the unfashionable garb in which many of these writings are clothed, so unsuitable (apparently) for these times. So that one would like to see the avenues kept open, and the channels clear, and the conduits clean; that whatever is to flow in the ordering of best Wisdom, may flow freely.

As to what you say of the fear of some, about the style of our early Friends' writings, I think this fear is a weakness, and proceeds from a sort of doubting in the mind about the writings themselves, and not merely about the language. I would ask these fearful ones, whether in reading a peculiarly interesting history or travel, the subject of it does not carry them above the style, so that almost any style, however prosy and dull, is overlooked; and this is the case tenfold more strongly with the humble seeking soul in religious matters, by whom the words are overlooked in the earnest desires after the substance. Those who are admirers of words, whether they be words printed or words preached, are very unlikely to be benefited really and truly by either, having gone from that which is beyond words, and which alone can make words effectual.

Sixth month 5th.—Great have been my temptations: yet abundantly manifest through all, have been the out-stretchings of the ancient and eternal arm of power: so that to this hour, it is alone through the Lord's eminent mercy and long suffering, and by his preserving strength and help daily extended toward me, that I am yet alive in Him, and able to celebrate his name, and seek his face, and wait for the fresh arisings of his holy heavenly virtue; by which alone I can do any thing acceptably for his great and glorious cause in the earth, or be his dutiful and faithful son and servant.

Date uncertain.—O holy blessed Father! your love shed abroad in the heart, your sweet refreshing influence, can make up for all your softening, healing balm makes us forget our wounds and weeping. O! how good you are to those who still struggle after resignation, and sigh after submission to your holy will Though they fall many times, yet how is your strength manifested for their recovery and relief, for the renovation of their faith and courage; so that all their transgressions are blotted out, and their unfaithfulness is wiped away. This is precious indeed—to feel access to the fountain set open for sin and iniquity; and thus to be brought nigh by the blood of the Lamb, and to feel its cleansing virtue.

Seventh month 15th.—O my Father! how precious is your love to my soul at this time, and the manifestation of your life-giving presence, in and unto my poor tabernacle! How has the sweetening, sustaining influence of your pure and Holy Spirit refreshed and animated my inward man!—how has it even invigorated the frail and slender frame of this perishable body! so that you have, at this season, prevailed upon and reduced into true passiveness, every thing that is within me; and I am renewedly prepared, to offer unto you all that I have, or am; and can say, in the ability which you give,—‘ I am yours, and you, blessed Lord God of power and of everlasting praise and of mercies infinite, are mine;’ I live by you, and know, and love, and glorify you and your Son, the Lamb, Jesus my Savior, through the eternal Spirit; praises, praises to your name for evermore. Amen.

Written in a grove at Knapton, in Yorkshire.

Eighth month 25th.—O! You that see in secret, that know all things, that searches the hearts, and tries the inward parts of all men, and in whose pure sight iniquity is discerned and judged, may it please you yet once again to regard and pity your frail and faltering servant; who am not worthy to be accounted of your household; and yet cannot rest satisfied, in any thing short of a pure and perfect surrender and sacrifice of my all unto your service.

Your presence, your purifying, preserving energy and virtue inwardly communicated to my soul,—how has it helped me along in my earthly pilgrimage,—how has it sustained me in the year of drought, and in the hour of temptation and of trial! In all the depths into which I have been, and may be, cast or permitted to be plunged. Lord! you know that nothing has been able, or I trust shall be able, to induce me to deny, that you have blessed me and done me good. Though you slay me, yet will I endeavor after resignation and submission; for, without you what am I? O my Father! is there yet a door of hope for me, yet a little access left for me, before I go hence, and of men am seen no more? May I presume to plead with you for forgiveness and pardon, who am unworthy to hope for it; having so often transgressed and offended by unfaithfulness and many backslidings.

Written in a wood at Yealand, near Lancaster.

Ninth month 5th. (First-day.)—What a mixed race we are, even the brightest and best,—what a dwarfish set:—it is most true indeed that we have not attained to the stature, strength, or standing of our fathers. Yet oh! how bright in the horizon was the opening, the breaking forth of the morning of the day of the Lord's everlasting power! Verily his hand is not shortened, the glory of his excellency and of his strength will yet be manifested more and more; he will beautify his holy Church and peculiar people, and brighten up his jewels; and they shall shine as the stars forever and ever. And many nations shall flow together, and become one fold on his holy mount; and he, the Shepherd, shall feed and lead them; and they shall lie down in his green pastures, and drink of the pure river of his satisfying pleasures: and as they abide where he would have them, nothing shall harm them, nor any iniquity prevail against them; and they shall never perish, neither shall any pluck them out of his holy hand.

To S. A.

21st Tenth month, 1819.

I omitted to mention our quarterly meeting: it was held to satisfaction. It is lamentable to think how much harm is done, by the talkativeness that sometimes manifests itself after such very solemn occasions; and in meetings for discipline, there are those, who

knowing much of the outward rules which Truth has led our Society to adopt, are not sufficiently careful to act in the life, in the liberty, in the sweetness, in the dignity of it; but allow their mere adherence to rules, without subjection to the power in which they were set up, to mar at times the beauty, the benefit, and the glory of these meetings; which should be religious meetings, and would often be made meetings of worship, to those whose minds are rightly engaged. Surely the authority of these meetings is not the mere Book of Extracts; nor does their excellency consist in a mere mechanical compliance with what is there laid down; nor does much talking in favor of any point, prove that the sense of Truth is that way, though it may prove that the sense of the majority leans so.

To a Friend

London, Eleventh month 6th, 1819.

My dear love has often been as fresh and warm towards you, amidst much sympathy and solicitude on your account as on my own, that we might both be preserved by the invisible, invincible power and principle of Truth, through our patient seeking after, waiting for, and following its pure and sure guidance: amidst earnest desires that this may be your, and also my, experience, it has not seemed unpleasant nor unexpected that little should hitherto have passed between us in this way, which true friends have found and do yet find to be but a feeble channel, though profitable and comforting, when the reader can discern and read the language of the heart of his friend.

It is a certain axiom, though a strange paradox to such as have not yet come to witness the truth of it in their own experience, that the true silence speaks louder than the best words. I sometimes think that I, for one, have enough to do to steer my own frail vessel in the stormy sea of life, with the aid afforded; being willing often to leave others to the like engagement for themselves. For one finds it is a good thing to mind one's own business,—to endeavor to rule one's own little house well in the first place; then will there be the better qualification to have charge over the house of the Lord; and this latter is a duty, which all will find, in some way or other, in due season to devolve upon them, if they are faithful, and as they through obedience, come into a capacity for usefulness. The useless members are to be cut off,—no, they drop off as a withered bough that receives not the sap of life. As soon as any have grown to the stature and strength for labor, they are undoubtedly put out to service, and earn their livelihood, even that which nourishes to life, and liveliness, and healthfulness,—even the heavenly bread.

And every son and daughter are to mind that portion of work, which is set them by their parent to do in his family; and they are to do nothing else, but to attend thereto cheerfully, handling the tools and implements that he supplies them with, and at the seasons of his appointment.

To these diligent day laborers, the times of refreshment indeed come, when it is seen to be needful,—in order that they faint not. But in the Lord's family, those that will not work, must not eat, nor sit at his table, nor have their penny of peace, nor the reward of “well done.” The domestic economy here exercised, and the excellent discipline kept up, and the comely order and beautiful harmony of all the true members of this spiritual house, I have seen and known to be wonderful in all its bearings and branches: but those that are not of it, cry out, “He is a hard master;” and would exact the uttermost farthing. Yes, He is a hard master to the rebellious, and terrible will they find Him in the reckoning day; but very tender and pitiful is He found unto them, who are tender of His honor, even before that day; for they feel his unfailing mercy still blotting out and wiping away, and extending afresh his hand of help, to such as are willing to work out their own salvation with the true fear and trembling. That you, my dear friend, by diligent and close attention to none other than the Shepherd's voice, and by a co-operation therewith, even a simple subjection to that which it makes manifest to be the duty of each day, may come to have this and much more verified with yet greater satisfaction to you in your measure, is often my desire. The way of the Lord's coming, is even as a refiner with fire, and a fuller with soap,—to melt, and to purify; and blessed are they that so receive him. Thus the house of Saul will become weaker and weaker, and that of David stronger and stronger; though the latter may be hunted, as the partridge on the mountains, for a long season, pursued yet escaping: and the seed of David to this day, have often to “abide in the wilderness in the strong-holds” and in the mountains, and are ready sometimes to say, “surely I shall one day fall by the hand of Saul.” This is a sore conflict, yet a glorious and honorable warfare; and the victory is certain to all those that hold out unto the end in faith and faithfulness.

I trust, my dear friend, that by this time many of your soul's enemies, that have stalked their forty days like a Goliath, are laid low; and that many of your doubts and fears, are in measure done away; that with renewed vigor, courage, patience, and perseverance, you are journeying onward, even with steady pace and simple eye; not moved by the “trial of cruel mockings,” if that should be your lot; nor yet dismayed by the many tribulations that are permitted to attend the path of the righteous. Yet I trust, that an equal if not a greater degree of care and caution will yet mark your every movement and stepping, as you go along: I speak not of a silly slavish fear, which keeps some far

behind the footsteps of Christ and of his companions; or of that weakness which would let the enfeebling reasoner prevail, to the hindering or even stopping of a vigorous healthy growth.

Some have I known, who have permitted such an argument as this to nip their bud, and so to check its putting forth, in the due and appointed season, its natural blossoms and fruit; saying, ‘others have professed great things, and have come to nothing; who am I, that I should pretend or presume so high ‘i Surely I shall disgrace the cause,’ etc. Such reasonings are, as we abide in the light, clearly manifested to be of the enemy, though greatly disguised: and he sometimes lays hold of good kind of people, who, with upright intentions for the best, and desiring our preservation from hurtful extremes, are induced by a mistaken and blinded judgment, to advise us against running risks (as they think,) by such a bold, firm, and decided conduct, as we apprehend is required at our hands. I have had to tread much alone; and I have found it safe, and conducive to my true growth, to look mainly, and in the first place, to that which is truly an infallible Teacher, and which leads out of all error and evil, into all truth and goodness; and after sometimes great delay, (not through willfulness or weariness, but an upright desire to be led by nothing but the true guide,) I have been made willing to resign myself to what has been cast up, I trust with something of that singleness of heart and simplicity, which the right thing does undoubtedly induce. O! the comfort and divine consolation, which such a procedure has drawn upon my poor soul, even in the midst of much trouble and suffering.

The Truth does undoubtedly lead into a oneness in principle, and even in practice as to generals: yet in regard to particular sacrifices and services, very various are the allotments for each member of the church,—very different are the gifts and dispensations which are meted out to each, and the administrations of them also. Blessed are those who know and keep their several places in the body, always eyeing the Master, even the holy Head thereof. These shall not be unduly moved by the revolutions and convulsions, which may be permitted to arise, and to surprise the hypocrites, whether from within, or from without;—these abide in their habitation and safe shelter during the storms, nor are they supine and confident in the day of ease and of calm weather, but are prepared, no are (if it be best) forewarned often of the judgments that may be impending or ready to be poured out upon the head of the disobedient.

Well, my dear friend, be valiant for the Lord and his precious Truth, while you have a day in mercy granted you; joyfully and unreservedly yield yourself and all that you have unto his disposal. Keep to the root of righteousness; and as the divine sap of life is

permitted to ascend, and to circulate in and through your soul, you shall in due season be clothed, or be strengthened to put on the excellent fruits of righteousness, to the praise of Him who has chosen and ordained us, that we should go and bring forth much fruit, and that our fruit should remain; and who is ready thoroughly to furnish us unto every good word and work required of us. Farewell, and believe me to be your affectionate friend,

John Barclay

Falmouth, 17th of Twelfth month, 1819.

Dear My dear love is to you, though from a low spot, which has more or less been my experience of late: but I can truly say, in the lowest seasons I have longed for nothing more than for preservation through all things; even though there should be but little going forward, or any vigorous growth in that which is good. Yet should I be content in this the Lord's will, who does all things well, could I find an assurance, that finally the eternal rest of the righteous might be mine; and that while buffeted and tempted here, no reproach might be reasonably thrown on the blessed Truth, through any unfaithfulness of mine.

A degree of sweet calmness seems to arise, while writing to you; in which I feel you near to me, and myself still bound in a degree of tender love, and refreshing fellowship unto the faithful every where. At such seasons, how strongly does the sentiment recur,—testimonies are nothing comparatively,—words are nothing—outward, perishable, changeable things are nothing;—but to know our sustenance, standing, strength, and life, to be in the only unfailing Source, and to feel that which is immortal, invincible and unchangeable to bear up our minds above the billows; this is worth living for, and suffering for, and dying for.

[In a letter to a friend, dated the 6th of first month, 1820, speaking of drawing up accounts for Piety Promoted, which he had diligently taken in hand as a duty ever since the year 1817, also collecting and copying letters of Friends,—he says;] If these labors of love for the cause's sake should ever come to much, or be made of extended utility,—if they be rightly carried forward and introduced to public view,—I trust I shall rejoice, whoever may have it laid upon him to undertake this part of the business.

It is enough for me, quietly to devote myself to the accomplishment of such share, in laying the foundation and erecting the scaffolding, as seems required at my hands;

leaving the completion thereof to the disposal of the master-builder, who knows the several abilities of his workmen, and portions out their duty according to their day and strength:—He knows how comparatively short and small mine are; yet He withholds not the penny.

[And in another letter on the same subject, he says:]

My powers are very weak and small, I think, in comparison to those of almost any one else, also shattered, and partaking of my feeble frame of body: but there is no knowing what the great “I AM,” may choose to do with such; and those things are ever best left with Him, who can do all things for me.

I have had nothing in view in this work but the great cause, and have sometimes thought I should leave it as a legacy among Friends; but it is as my Master wills to this day, as it was when I set a hand to it. If He please to take me from it, or it from me, it is well.

First month 19th, 1820.—I have had from one season to another, up to the present time, many teaching intimations and timely warnings, from within and from without, that there is no trust to be had in length of days, nor dependence to be placed on health or strength or youth, no nor yet on any services or sufferings for Truth's sake; but only upon the Rock, Christ Jesus, the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world. To know that renewed in us, which rightly gives an interest in his blood, and in the salvation he purchased for us,—to feel the spring of immortal, immaculate life and goodness, bubbling up and breaking forth in and over us,—to be assured by hearing, knowing, and following the Shepherd of Israel, that we are his sheep,—to have a sure and satisfactory evidence, that we are more and more coming out of the world's spirit, into that of the weaned child,—becoming more and more separated from sin and self,—more and more seasoned with and leavened into the nature of a child of God; this is sweet, and a safe spot, says my soul, for any poor mortal to be found in, when the summons may be sounded forth.

“The time is short,” said the apostle; and it remains for us all, whatever be our situation in this life, or our station in the Church, or our standing in a religious sense, to remember that “the fashion of this world passes away.”

These things that are mutable must pass away, and shall be as though they had not been: yet shall the righteous stand and be established, when the earth is removed out of its place, and the firmament swept away as with a flood.

Greatly do I desire to be found amongst those, who stay themselves upon the living, eternal, Almighty Father and Savior; and to be increasingly concerned to pass the remainder of my time

in true filial fear and faithfulness.

Fourth month 15th.—Surely my soul can praise and bless your holy name at this time, O Lord Almighty! who are just and faithful, and true to one of the least of the poor of your flock; you are the compassionate friend of those who are prevailed upon to surrender up all unto you, to commit all into your care and keeping. O! you Shepherd of Israel, what can I render unto you for all your benefits and sure mercies, which are new every morning? How shall I exalt and extol your goodness, your tenderness, your long-suffering compassion, manifested renewedly towards your unworthy servant? Words cannot celebrate your wonderful bounty; but the hearts of those that are concerned to yield themselves unto you, can sing unto you of mercy, and of judgment, and of truth, eternal, glorious and unspeakable.

O! you all-wise and Almighty one, bring to pass whatever is for your glory, your honor, your majesty; and overrule the rest.

Limit the rage and roaring of the enemy, who still seeks to devour your seed, and to cut up your people. O! preserve your poor dependent ones, wherever or however gathered or scattered all the world over, within the holy and sure enclosure of the hollow of your hand, from this time forth, even to the end of all things here below:—still stretch out the arm of your power;—still cover them with the wing of your care and protection, from the storms and from the blast;—still command deliverance for Jacob, and send forth salvation for such as are your people, who are seeking your face, and longing after you. Still also, O Lord! plead with the rebellious, who indeed dwell in a dry land; who know not the unutterable sweets of your holy religion. If it be possible, yet lengthen out the day of your mercy towards these, as you did unto me, O blessed God! and give them yet to see the things that concern their real peace and everlasting happiness. For what is equal to the joy that your righteous have even here: in the midst of all their trials they are with you, and you lead and feed them, and are their strong-hold in the day of trouble, sanctifying all their afflictions to them; adored forever be Your name! In a sense of your living presence, and many mercies vouchsafed unto me in an especial manner of late, I thus commemorate your praise; desiring to return you thanks, and to commit the keeping of my soul unto you henceforth; and to crave of you that I may be preserved humble, holy and blameless unto the end, increasingly consecrated in heart and life to your pure service; so that my soul may be fitted, at the end of all things here, to enter into that rest, which our blessed Savior, your beloved Son, promised he would give unto those who come unto Him and keep with Him. Amen.

[In a letter to a Friend, dated from Poole, 3rd of sixth month, 1820, he writes:—]

I may say that I have never considered it my place to maintain that station in the world,

or live in that mode of life in which I have been brought up, however mortifying to poor self, and contrary to the habits and views of others. It was one of the earliest convictions that settled on my mind, when brought under serious impressions, that I must come down and set an example of moderation and self-denial, being content with such things as I have; so that I have been most easy to decline even such opportunities of advancing my condition, as others, no doubt may, in many instances, wisely and rightly seek for and improve. Some again may throw themselves into extensive channels of usefulness, by increasing their outward means: I can only say, I am to do good in another way, if my life be spared. I have looked, with much solicitude, for best guidance in this matter: and the comfort and peace with which, during my stay here, I have been wonderfully favored, have been such, as to enable me at times even to sing for joy. I have also been greatly broken down, under a sense of that hand, which is so eminently over me for good, enabling me to look the greatest of my difficulties, perplexities, and discouragements in the face, as it were, with a degree of calm confidence. My heart and life, and all that I am and have, are to be surrendered up in such a way, as may answer the Lord's holy will and purpose concerning me. On this groundwork, and on this principle, I have not hesitated cheerfully to relinquish those views of outward gain, and habits and station in life, to which my education tended; but which I have clearly seen are not exactly such, as harmonize with the Divine intention respecting me, and with that sphere I should occupy.

What I have expressed herein, is not the feeling of yesterday or to-day, but gradually confirmed and rooted in my mind, through much secret conflict, and a long course of humbling exercises, and such as some of my sympathizing friends have been remarkably made sensible of from time to time. With much affection, I am your friend,

John Barclay

To Poole

24th of Sixth month, 1820.

Oh! it is a sweet thing to get into calmness,— to that spot where all our cares, fears, and doubts are swallowed up.—It is that which our sickened souls often need as a cordial to revive and to recover us from the nausea of this world's joys and cares. I often feel full occasion to press after a further purification, from that which yet hangs about me, and which my spirit loathes: to be released from the bondage is a great matter, even to come into a degree of freedom from the workings of evil. I wish many of our reformers, and

some youthful ones especially, knew more of this great work; they would have shone brighter as vessels in the house of the Lord, had they gone through the seventh furnace; they would have taken a better polish, and the dust would not hang upon them, as it now lamentably does. To feel something good visiting us, is one thing;—but patiently to endure all the turnings of the holy Hand upon us, both in breaking down the old nature, and building up the new edifice on the sure foundation, is another matter. I fear too many amongst us, content ourselves with knowing but very little of the latter operation.

Since coming here, my mind is more thoroughly set at rest on some points than ever, especially as to the propriety of my not entering into business, a subject which used to harass me much; fearing sometimes, that by this conclusion, I had given occasion for the cause to be evilly spoken of, and the testimony of Truth to be let down. The path is very narrow in many respects, which I have to tread in, I have had glimpses of it for several years; “the pride of life” must be laid low, however mortifying to the poor creature, as well as to those whose eyes are outward.

You see how much occasion there is for the help, the secret help, of those who can intercede for me, and sympathize with me; there is that which can preserve on every hand, as hitherto it has marvelously done and as faithfulness is abode in, and watchfulness with patience, who can doubt that the issue of all our movements will, through holy help, be for the honor, and tend to the promotion of the great cause?

[In the tenth month of this year, he was married to Georgina Hill, daughter of Major Hill, of Kingsbridge, Devonshire:—she had joined the Society by conviction.

To a much valued friend, he wrote:

Penzance, 13th of Third month, 1821.

Often have I thought on you and your endearing friendship, as commenced in days that are past, and strengthened in hours that are over and gone, though not soon to be erased; for to those winter-evening opportunities of comfort and favor I enjoyed with you and others, may I not refer much of the benefit and instructive growth my soul received instrumentally, at that period of my pilgrimage, when it seemed to be a time of espousals, and when it might be said truly, “Your time was the time of love.” In reverting to such seasons, I have often been sensible of many short-comings, many wanderings, and much unwatchfulness; and I am sometimes ready to apply to myself the language respecting Israel, “Of old time, I have broken your yoke, and burst your bands; and you said, I will not transgress;”—though some consoling hope attends, that the succeeding complaint of degeneracy does not altogether belong to me.

To be bowed down under a sense of our infirmities, is profitable to the best, and safe at seasons for all; and while we may look upon these dispensations, as some small proof that we are not left without chastisement and fatherly correction; they turn out not unfrequently, to be the forerunners of further displays of mercy, and wholesome preparatives for usefulness and enlargement. We often mar the benefits that are in store for us, and the intended effects of our trials, by too great eagerness for deliverance.

We have great occasion to stay ourselves upon the holy Rock in the day of trial and affliction, having known favors beyond many; the high hand made bare, and extended renewedly to deliver and protect. That we may attend with vigilance to the fresh openings of duty in every respect, is my earnest desire, amidst a deep consciousness of much to deplore, as regards lack of more steady adherence thereto.

I hear you are richly visited in the ministerial capacity. O! it is easy work to love them and their testimony from the very heart, and to be attracted by the sweet influence of that which they live in; but it is hard to labor in the desert for food and raiment, and to have no intermediate helping-hand, to cheer and to animate to constancy and endurance. Oh! the extent of that labor and daily exercise, which I feel needful for myself to be found in, lest my soul lose its hold! Farewell. John Barclay

Fourth month 18th.—Quarterly meeting at Exeter. Oh! that my soul may be moved effectually to strive for further liberation from the borders and boundaries of sin; when shall I have a conscience void of offense toward my good Lord, who daily heaps favors upon me! Paid a sweet and solemn visit at J. D.'s.

Oh! that I may walk worthy of these renewed seasons of mercy and favor; may I double my diligence, fight the good fight of faith, and strive earnestly for the hope of the Gospel, while it is held out in unmerited goodness to me, a poor backslider.

20th.—Reached Poole. Blessed be the Lord who has preserved my soul and body through many tribulations and temptations and dangers, since I was last here. O! my hardness of heart, not to be overcome by his abundant long-suffering and kindness, and constrained to fall in with his designs respecting me, which most assuredly are full of tenderness.

Tenth month 29th.—I set out from Poole, for London, with my beloved wife, who has of late been a greater sufferer from illness, her complaint being thought inflammation of the lungs. At one time she seemed brought near to the gates of death; but she was not taken from me, though I fear, I deserved it. The Lord omnipotent preserve us in faith and patience, and content under all the provings He is pleased to permit. Oh! how much have we to be thankful for! What great cause to live unto Him, who has thus spared the rod in pity, and heard our cry. Many

vicissitudes my poor soul has had; His dispensations towards me have been wonderful, past all mention! Twelfth month 25th.—Attended the London quarterly meeting, and was comforted. The Lord will yet help and redeem my poor spirit, if I earnestly look unto Him always. I was dealt with in mercy this day, both publicly and privately.

To S. A.

Cheltenham, 18th of Seventh month, 1822.

We have had an account of the decease of our beloved and valued friend, Charles Parker; my fellow-traveler, as I may call him, truly in more senses than one; having had, as you may remember, the privilege of his company through Hampshire last autumn: it affected us considerably. Past events connected with him, dear and faithful man, were much revived in my own mind; and I thought much of him on the day of the burial. I bless the Giver of all good that I have sat under his ministry; and I remember that the tenor of it often was, the shortness and vanity of earthly enjoyments and trials, the certainty and speed of death, and the goodness and grace that visits and would gather all unto God, the eternal excellency.

My soul is profitably instructed while I write; and that may be the best use of my writing to you, my dear, valued, and now ancient friend and brother, who have so often helped me to think of these things; and who, I fully trust and believe, are looking for, and desiring at times, the winding up of all things that are transitory and perishable. O! that we who are young, may so tread in the path of the just, that we may be prepared to fill up the vacated seats in the militant church, of those who are gone before, and who have filled up their measure of enduring. As to my poor self, if any thing may be said, it should be but a middling account,—as hitherto, for a long season past; often surrounded with fears and failings, sensible of short comings, and a pensioner on that forbearance and pity, which is not enough (I fear) regarded and remembered. Watchfulness unto that which is good, seems to me the great thing in the work; I am sensible we can thus only walk worthy of our vocation and privileges.

To Penzance

Ninth month, 1822.

My beloved partner's present state is comparatively very free from suffering, or from

symptoms that cause uneasiness. After eight months of vicissitude in London, she was removed to Cheltenham, where she had some drawbacks from the climate, which was cold and changeable, also at Clifton, where we rested. But, through a merciful hand, by which she seemed directed to a religious physician, she was soon so much relieved, that we could set forward on our journey into Cornwall, being very anxious to do so; though from the severity of the attack, it seemed as if we should hardly be able to winter here.

I trust we are both holding on our way, and partaking at times of the brook by the way; blessed be the great Name, the Giver of life, and of all our many blessings! We seem remarkably resigned and prepared for whatever may be meted out; though we have our trials, and besetments, and infirmities.

On the 23rd of sixth month, 1823, my dearly beloved partner passed away to her blessed eternal rest in the Lord Jesus Christ, the beloved of her soul and her Redeemer.

On the 29th, the poor body was committed to the earth, to return to the dust as it was. (She died at Marazion, in Cornwall, and her remains were interred in Friends' burying ground, at that place.) At the grave's mouth, I was strengthened to utter these words in public, on bended knees;—'Blessing, glory, honor, thanksgiving, and praise, be given unto you, O! Father of mercies, and God of all consolation! both for that you have given, and for that you have taken into your resting place; Amen, O! Father, for so it seemed good in your sight:—your holy will be done!' The Lord did marvelously regard and strengthen me: He will be my guide and refuge, even to the end: surely he will, says my soul. The Lord does daily help and comfort me; he is with me a poor creature, and his strength is manifested in my abundant weakness: He is my portion even forever!

CHAPTER X.

Ninth month 18th, 1823.—The sweet incomes of Divine love this day, were such as made me very contemplative, so as unusually to absorb my mind, especially while engaged in working in my garden. I betook myself to a retired walk on the sea-shore to enjoy the goodness of the Lord more quietly: the outward beauty of the creation, and the calmness and harmony of all things around, seemed in sweet unison with the state of my soul. Oh! how I longed to be fully prepared for, and wholly made partaker of, the joys of the blessed,— of them who live to the Lord, and die in the Lord! I have a hope that I am journeying forward to this state.

Tenth month 9th.—My poor mind has been much under exercise since I left home, and more particularly on one account; apprehending some pretty strong drawings to stand up in a meeting

and express a few words. This was the case first at Truro, then at Falmouth monthly meeting, and then in degree at the quarterly meeting. But I trust it was not in disobedience that I forbore; many things seemed to stand in my way. I desire not to be expecting great things, but I long for clearness; and I believe I shall be favored with it.

The consideration of many infirmities, and in some sense unfaithfulness, and lack of fitness for the work affects me often; but I long that it may not hinder the setting of my hand to what is laid upon me to do. I believe there is nothing to be done, unless through a simple surrender and submission. I can fully believe that the Lord may call to some, who may have had no previous expectation of such a call to service; which indeed is by no means my case. One thing is worthy of commemoration,— that whereas I besought the Lord to be assured that such a thing was required at my hands, he gave me evidently some strong signs, in the frequent testimonies of his ministers from meeting to meeting; even very closely urging to faithfulness, so as almost literally to say,—“You are the man.” But though I could not gainsay, yet I did not feel as though I had any very strong sense as to that being the right time: for this I am now thankful; for, when the constraint was laid upon me afterwards, not by man nor of man, I knew it to be of God, and beyond any man's appointment, but a great cross to my own nature, and under a sense of the Divine authority and presence. May the Lord God of salvation and of mercy, be pleased to show me the path of peace and of joy; and may He lift up His countenance and light upon me, that I may see and do His will!

At several opportunities, in company with two dear Friends in the ministry, who were visiting this meeting, I had a distinct sense of what was to be the service, and what were the needs of the parties visited; especially was this the case, in the public meeting held at Redruth. At one family visit in this neighborhood, I was sensible of the evident call and requiring of the Lord to utter a few words, in addition to what dropped from others, to the young people present, on this wise:—‘and then you will find fulfilled in your own experience this language, as it has abundantly been mine;—“Though I walk in the midst of trouble, you will revive me; though I walk in darkness. You, O! Lord, will be a light unto me;—though I pass through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil.”’

The weight and sweetness that dwelt on my mind, after this surrender, cannot be set forth. It rested on my spirit all the day, in an unutterable manner; I felt so comfortable, and at ease in my mind; it was a heavenly feeling, and nothing short of Him who is in heaven, could give it! At Wadebridge, in the public meeting, I had to speak to the people, and in a way remarkable to myself. In this and other service hereafter mentioned, I had, (praise be to the Lord! who turns the hearts, and influences his own simple ones,) the countenance and encouragement of those, who, I believe, know the voice of the true Shepherd from that of the stranger. This often humbles me greatly; for next to the answer of peace from God in my own bosom, what I have

desired has often been, the unity of the church and the love of the brethren.

I went into Devonshire, and on my return home, I had something to say in the next meeting I attended at Marazion: also at one monthly meeting held at Falmouth, on the true church: and again, in the chamber of a Friend, who had been long an invalid,—“Behold we count them happy which endure;” take, my sister, the prophets, who have spoken unto us in the name of the Lord, for an example of suffering affliction, and patience: you have heard of the patience of Job, and have seen the end of the Lord, that he is very pitiful, and of tender mercy. Behold, we count them happy which endure. It is a blessed thing indeed, when flesh and heart fail, to know God to be the strength of our heart and our portion forever. God shall redeem your soul from the power of the grave, for he shall receive you! Thus my Master, my tender Father and Teacher dealt with me; and now, what should I wait for, but the continuance of his mercy and his light to preserve and sustain me henceforth, even forever.

I may add, that it was evident to me, that he who in simplicity surrenders any thing to the Lord, which in any wise seems called for, will not lose his reward; but will find his way to open and enlarge, his peace extend, and he will know more and more of the requirings and business of the Lord consigned to him; and the evidence and motions will often increase after the will is resigned. Wonderful is the Lord's goodness to me from time to time, beyond words! He fills me “with the finest of the wheat;” and he reveals unto me “the abundance of peace and truth.”

How precious a season was our quarterly meeting (14th of first month, 1824,) held at Austle. Is there any thing too hard for the Lord? “Call unto me and I will answer you, and show you great and mighty things, which you know not.”

First month 22nd 1824.—Under a feeling of great discouragement at both meetings today, I trust my mind was sensible where all-sufficient help lies; though so little of this seemed manifested, or my soul so little capable of enjoying it.

23rd.—Found the overshadowing sweetness of Divine mercy renewed to me this morning, in a large degree; so that my soul seemed to receive it, as a token and foretaste of a more full fruition in a better state of being. Blessed be the Lord, who can raise out of the dust! 27th.—I thought I saw very clearly, that it is through obedience even in small matters, that our Society, in some respects, has attained a standing beyond most: obedience is indeed, a striking feature in the Christian dispensation.

To an Unknown Recipient

Marazion, 12th of Eleventh month, 1824.

Dear _____

I have heard scarce a word respecting you for a long time, but nevertheless I hold you very precious before my view; and your humble waiting and walking is often encouraging.

I should be much pleased were you inclined, in the freedom of old friendship, to salute me by letter at any time. You know not of what service it might prove to me, and be made instrumental to build me up in the most holy faith, as heretofore used to be the case, when we were nearer in the outward one to another, and at times blessed in each other's society. I have a full persuasion, however varied our habits and however distance as to space may have operated, together with other circumstances, that we are under the special keeping of the heavenly Shepherd who can feed, and lead, and cause to lie down, and will permit nothing to make afraid, or to scatter from his pasture of life and fold of eternal rest. "My Father is greater than all," and none shall pluck out of his hand those who keep near Him, and lean upon Him. For he restores the soul, and leads in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake. So that though we may have to walk through the valley of the shadow of death we need fear no evil,—He is with us, his rod and staff they comfort us. And when he is pleased to anoint the head as with oil, does not our cup flow over; and are we not ready to cry out, "Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life, and I will dwell in your house forever?" This is, I believe, at times your experience, as it is my own. Then for us the feeble ones, who may, under discouraging apprehensions of our own state, be walking fearfully along, as with our heads often hanging down very low, and who may be said, in some sense, to have answered the call of the Lord, as in Joel, "Turn you even to me with all your heart, and with fasting, with weeping, and with mourning,"—even to such the language will go forth,—"be glad and rejoice, for the Lord will do great things," "for the pastures of the wilderness do spring, the fig-tree and the vine do yield their strength; and you shall eat in plenty, and be satisfied, and praise the name of the Lord your God, that has dealt wondrously with you: and my people shall never be ashamed."

Truly in respect to these things that have happened unto me, they have turned to the furtherance of the work of His glory and grace, who does all things well; and up to this day, through heights and depths, my experience is consistent with the language, "The right hand of the Lord is exalted,—the right hand of the Lord does valiantly;" for though he cause grief, yet has he compassion, such as will carry through all. The manifestations of Divine goodness and wisdom, are indeed very great to the willing and attentive soul; and while there are seasons when we are not so sensible of them, others are vouchsafed, in which we cannot doubt or fear but that as we continue the diligent and patient

followers of our crucified Master, we shall reign with him in a glorious eternity of peace and joy. My mind has been of late more or less, since the decease or release of my beloved Georgina, set on its treasure in the heavens, which will never pass away; and I have been assured, that if I continue in faith to the end of my day, a place will be prepared for me; it seemed almost as if permitted by foretaste, to lay hold of eternal life. Such views are very awful, yet very sweet to me; so that whether they are premonitory, or only admonitory, they have the effect of quickening me in the duties of life, and of increasing my true enjoyment therein.—“Work while it is day;” for “this is not your rest.” Believe me, with warmth of affection, your friend,

John Barclay

Third month 22nd, 1824.—I desire, when the hour of my departure draws nigh, to be clothed with faith towards God, and with resignation to commit my dear and only little one into His hand, who gave him to me: “leave your fatherless children unto me;” “let their widows also trust in me,” “the Father of the fatherless.”

Fourth month 2nd.—I was this day inclined to believe, as I have been often of late, that the bereavement I have sustained in the loss of my tender partner, was intended in a peculiar manner for my good. I have been led to think, that as my dear wife was given to me at a time when I greatly needed a helpmeet; and as she was one of a noble and capacious mind, inured to trouble and difficulty, able to counsel and to assist me; so when the time was come, for her to show me how to pass through the dark valley, she fulfilled the Divine will in a wonderful degree, as I believe, by setting me an excellent example, through Him who strengthened her, and who bore up her afflicted spirit through all that was permitted to assail. Oh! it is often wonderful to me, to think how suddenly at the last, she was summoned to take her leave of all that was near and dear in this life, and how this was accomplished; so that there seemed no agitation or disquietude, but a holy magnanimity, a deep and solemn reflecting on her condition, and a reverting to her only hope of glory. And now I am left, with the image example of a dear devoted child of God, my soul's fellow, often brought before me; to show me how to lay down these shackles, how to put off this outward man, and yield up my spirit to my God and her God!—How strongly has the uncertainty of my continuance in life been before me; and strong have been my hope and humble assurance, that mercy will compass me about, and that the rest and portion of the righteous will be mine. I am ready to say, that those that come after me, will be helped, as I have been; at least in proportion as they follow the Lord's leadings: for this has truly been my inexpressible desire and comfort; and such will never be forsaken.

London, fifth month 11th.—I have had many bright seasons, much assurance and earnest of a better state, as I have walked by the way, and as I have been on my bed. “In all their

afflictions,” it is said, “he was afflicted; and the angel of his presence saved them.”

This language has been fulfilled towards me, and towards my dear deceased partner; and those that come after me will find, to their unspeakable support and consolation, that the same Divine Being is rich toward all that call upon him: if faithful, “this God will be their God forever and ever; he will be their guide even unto death.”

To an Unknown Recipient

Russel Square, 21st of Sixth month, 1824.

My dear friend,

It is pleasant to salute you thus, and to remember you from time to time, as a brother and companion in the heavenly way and warfare, striving together with me for an increase of strength and wisdom, to enable us to stand stedfast, immoveable, and abounding in the work appointed us. I trust, that as the circumstances of trial and distress, which were on this very day last year, consummated in the release of my dear wife, and of which my mind feels often keenly sensible, were all turned to an unspeakable account and benefit, especially with regard to myself; so the precarious delicate state of my own health for some time past, has operated, and does continue to operate advantageously on the better part; and although in this visit to London, I may have been deprived of many seasons and showers of Divine good, there has been no lack of the care and safe guidance of that invisible hand of Him whose visitations uphold or preserve the spirit, and whose comforts delight the soul.

Seventh month 16th.—So far recovered (from illness in London) as to go to C. The Lord Almighty was eminently near me, by support and help in the needful hour, and through days and nights of tedious ailing and irritation; my situation often caused many tears in my retirement, but the Lord was near and comforted me, and helped me to gratitude as well as acquiescence: my tears were often turned into tears of joy. Much have I thought in my distresses of that sweet answer of my dear partner, which she quickly and smilingly gave me, when in great depression, observing a sparrow on the house-top, opposite to her window, I said, “Like a sparrow alone on the house-top;” she replied,—“Not one of them forgotten before God:” I find it so to my unspeakable consolation in low seasons. And I think, since my trials and bereavement, that more of the consolations of Christ are poured into my soul, than used to be the case. Many have been the blessings shed on me abundantly in this tedious, though short confinement.

May the Lord have the honor and praise, not only now, but for evermore! 17th.—Went out to

ride with; a sweet day! What a change from my sick room and sofa and the smoky city, to the extensive prospects on the Downs, and the richness of nature's verdure. Was engaged in conversation with: I feel an interest in young invalids. O! that the ends of Providence may be answered in them, and in me also; then all will be well. These light afflictions;—what a moment do they last, when compared with the rich eternal recompense, reserved for those that commit the keeping of their souls in patient well-doing unto a faithful Creator.

18th.—First-day; at Croydon meetings. I had a sweet night of pouring forth of the heart unto the Most High. “I will cry unto God Most High, unto God that performs all things for me!” Floods of tears,—tears of joy, because the Lord God sees me, and has mercy on me. I had reference to my forlorn state and to the circumstance of my late afflictive bereavement; and I had a wonderful evidence that the Lord would be all in all to me, as he had been to my beloved partner.

25th.—First-day. Went to Gracechurch Street meeting, and had my mouth opened by the Lord. O! the peace—the rich flow of it in my bosom, at dear P. B.'s, after dinner; the Lord was with me: melting sweetness came over me in again giving up to express these and other words, “This God is our God forever and ever; he will be our guide even unto death.”

[In a letter to a person under serious convictions,— he wrote:]

To M. B.

In taking up my pen to reply to your letter, I have felt the occasion to be no small trial of my little measure of faith, and have desired greatly, to be preserved in that pure and precious fear, which is said to be the very “beginning of wisdom,”—to have my own mind renewedly subjected to, and seasoned by, and stayed upon, that which can alone enable me availingly to lift up a finger in the cause of Truth. I may tell you, that I have had no little experience of the long-suffering lovingkindness that has followed and been with me, even as long as I can remember, unto this day; through many difficulties, discouragements, dangers, distresses, and what if I add deaths, (for he that lives in pleasure is dead while he lives.) When it pleased Him, whom to know is life eternal, to reveal his Son in me, (for “no man knows the Father but the Son, and he to whomsoever the Son will reveal him,”)—when it pleased Him, in whom are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge, to give me an understanding that I might know him that is true, then it was I was given to see that “God resists the proud, and gives grace to the humble,”—that “the secret of the Lord is with them that fear him, and he will show them his covenant,—the meek also will he guide in judgment, and the meek he will teach his way.”

But I found that these things were and are hid from the wise and prudent of this world, and that the Scribes and Pharisees of this day, as in old time, are spoken unto in parables; because they looking see not, and listening hear not, neither do they understand; so also they ask and receive not, for the same reason, even because they ask amiss; and they look with that eye of reason which can never see, and listen with that ear of pride, prejudice, or passion, which is shut out from any capacity to hear the things which God has prepared for them that seek him. So that of all things I was very solicitous, that I might have mine eye rightly anointed with the eye-salve of the kingdom, and be sent to the pool of Siloam; for I met with many whose eyes had been touched, and they seemed satisfied with seeing men only as trees walking, and others who, not having known the scales of mistaken zeal removed from their eyes, were going about seeking some one to lead them by the hand.

But surely blessed are the eyes that see things as they really are, in regard to religious truths, and those ears that hear, and who hearing, obey Him that speaks from heaven; these I considered to be the babes, to whom these truths are revealed, and to whom it is given to know the mysteries of the kingdom; whose ears are not dull of hearing, nor their eyes have they closed, neither have they hardened their hearts; nor are they the stiff-necked generation, that do always resist the Holy Ghost: but unto them is given the spirit of wisdom and revelation in the knowledge of Jesus Christ, the eyes of their understanding being enlightened by Him, who said, "I am the light of the world," and who told his disciples that he would be with them even to the end of the world.

Now mark, my friend, no sooner did the enemy of my soul's peace and welfare, perceive that his power of darkness was broken in upon, by the dawning of the day-spring from on high, and that he, the god of this world, could no longer keep me in blindness and bondage to himself, and thus prevent the light of the glorious gospel of Christ from effectually and availingly shining in my heart; than he, as it were, assumed the appearance of an angel of light; and thus he laid a more subtle snare and gilded bait for my poor weary soul, than even I had known before. For the unwearied adversary observing, that through the precious powerful visitation of the Almighty, my mind was quickened and awakened to a lively sense of the exceeding sinfulness of sin, began himself to set me at work to recover from it; which indeed can only be begun, carried on, and accomplished by God, through faith in the operation of the Spirit of his Son, Christ Jesus; who remains to be the only sacrifice for sin, and Savior from sin, and sanctifier of sinners. And now being little by little led arid enticed to try, in my own will, wisdom and way, to get to heaven and having let in the reasoner, the serpent, in this his refined transformation, I soon forgot that it is not to be attained by works of

righteousness, which we can do or have done in our own creaturely ability, strength and activity but by an unreserved and simple submission to the forming hand of Him, who made all things good in the beginning, and who can alone restore and bring back man into the holy heavenly image, in which he was created.

So that instead of being created in Christ Jesus unto good works, I, having the understanding darkened, and being alienated, in some degree, from the life of God, became vain in my imagination; and my foolish heart would be exercising itself in things too high for me in my present growth; and busying itself and wearying itself with my own conceivings, speaking evil, or at least thinking lightly of things, which as yet I knew not. Thus, though I professed myself wise in the knowledge of religious truths, I became foolish. For all the fine show of doctrines, and of duties, and of ordinances, and of prayers in the market places, and as it were in the corners of the streets, and in the synagogues, and the giving of one's body to be burnt, and one's goods to the poor, or such of these great performances as were not the product of his holy aid and influence renewedly extended in the time of need,—were found to be but at best a hindrance to the free course of that well-spring and water of life, which had been opened within me. Although through the delusion and deceit of the enemy, I was thus tempted to build a very Babel of doctrines, heaping up scripture upon scripture, text upon text, to support my fabric of confusion; and although I was very zealous in searching into these things in my own spirit and strength, (notwithstanding it is written, “No man knows the things of God, but by the spirit of God,” and no man can rightly and really own Jesus to be the Lord, but by his Holy Spirit;)—yet in the midst of all this departure from the fountain of living waters, and this hewing out broken cisterns, that cannot receive or retain the water of life, I was not altogether left desolate; but the Lord regarded the integrity of my heart towards Him, even in those very performances and high profession, which displeased Him. Again and again he was pleased in unutterable mercy, to make known unto me that way, which he would have his single-hearted, simple, lowly babes to walk in:—no galley with oars, neither gallant ships could pass that way;—nothing that was high or lofty, or lifted up, however secretly, in its own estimation,—nothing of self, or of that wisdom which is foolishness with God, and which he will utterly confound and destroy, and by which the world never knew neither can know Him. I found all my own strivings, and the strugglings of the will of the creature, could not carry me one step forward in the narrow way; neither was I able by taking thought to add one cubit to my stature, in a religious sense; for I then saw it was not of him that wills, neither of him that runs, but of God and his grace, that cast up day by day the holy highway before my view,—giving me the strength sufficient, and the sustenance that was meet, and that degree of satisfaction, in regard to religious truths, which was best for me. And in that

day, as also even to this very hour, the language often was to me,—“I have yet many things to say unto you, but you can not bear them now.” But as I came from the feet of Gamaliel, to sit with Mary at the feet of Jesus, and to be taught by Him in his inward and spiritual appearance, (who is said to be the wisdom of God, and teaches as never man taught, speaking with authority and not as the Scribes,)—I found that this Minister of ministers, did more for me as to the true and saving knowledge of Himself, and the things relating to his kingdom, than any man or book whatever. He (as his servant the apostle Paul said,) fed me with milk; and as I grew to riper years, in a spiritual sense, he gave me stronger meat. I found Him no hard master, nor austere man, requiring more of me than He had given strength to perform. In this humble, simple state, resting in the Lord, and waiting patiently for him,—not stirring up nor attempting to awake him whom my soul loved before he pleased,—not desiring to have every thing all at once cleared up before my view,—not seeking great things for myself in any sense,—but only longing for a seat, if it might be the very lowest at his spiritual supper, or even to partake of the crumbs that might fall from his table,—willing also to fast long, if it so pleased Him, until the times of refreshing should come from his presence,—how was and is my safety, my sure standing, my strength, my salvation, known and felt to be wrought out, even with fear and trembling. For here in this lowly valley, where self was of no reputation, and the bleak gales passed over, and cut not the tender plant, the quiet habitation was known, the still small voice was distinctly heard, which said, “This is the way, walk in it.” I then knew my peace made and daily kept; even a holy assurance was given me, a holy confidence and repose, as in the arms of a faithful Creator,—agreeably to the language of the prophet, “You will keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on you.”

Here was communion and union with the Father and Fountain of mercies experienced; joy such as no man could take from me; a peace which passes the natural understanding, and a holy heavenly fellowship as with the just of all generations. Here I could call God Father, because he had sent forth the Spirit of his Son into my heart, and I had received the spirit of adoption, whereby I could cry, Abba, Father. For as many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are his sons. How precious is this passive, patient, submissive state of mind,—a giving up of all into His holy care and keeping,—a resigning of our own wills, wisdom, and the workings of our own spirits and nature, to be melted down, and moulded into accordance with His divine and glorious nature and image. Thus are we alone true witnesses and partakers of the first resurrection,—over such the second death has no power; that part in us which is to die, being crucified, dead, and buried, according to the apostle's testimony, where he says, “knowing this, that our old man is crucified with Him, that the body of sin might be destroyed, that henceforth we should

not serve sin.” How clearly, even with unclouded clearness, were things opened to me while in this state and condition; or rather how was my mind prepared and qualified (through a being clothed with humility, and the meek and quiet spirit, and by a daily waiting on the Lord for a renewal of spiritual strength,) to comprehend, apply, and attain unto the blessed commandments, injunctions, and instructions left on record in the Scriptures of Truth. The Psalmist said to this effect; “Open you mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of your law;”—a proof he needed this best aid, or we may suppose, he would not have thus supplicated.

Now the divine law was to be written on the heart, and put into the inward parts under the Gospel dispensation; and Solomon says, “The law is light:” and we read that “whatsoever makes manifest, is light:” so that according to Scripture, we have light sown in the heart, unto which if we attend, it will manifest darkness, and the works of darkness, and reprove them; and this we read is to be the law under the new covenant. Then as I gave up, and was prevailed upon to yield unto the enlivening, operative influence of this inward principle, it came to work out the evil, and leaven the heart more and more into its own pure nature; so that instead of the light within me becoming darkness, my path seemed like that of the just man, which shines more and more unto the perfect day.

Whatever profession we make among men, we must serve the Lord in newness of life, and be born again, born of the Spirit, for the carnal mind is enmity against God; and without holiness no man can see God, or his kingdom, (which is “righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost;”) neither can he enter therein; however high the profession, yet so much the greater may be the condemnation. I have felt it to be a very awful consideration, my friend, that the enemy of our soul's eternal welfare, hunts for the precious life, the substance and root of religion; if he can eat that out,—if he can deprive us of that, though our branches of profession be spread forth as Lebanon, we shall be cut down, and cast into the fire, as a tree that cumbers the ground of God's vineyard. He, even the enemy, cares not how busy and eager we are, in what we may be pleased to think is religion, and to call so; and though we may hold the doctrines of the very apostles and primitive Christians, yet he knows very well that a man's creed being scriptural and correct, is no certain criterion or proof whereby to judge what spirit it is that rules him. For we read, that the very devils believe and tremble; and they could easily cry out, in the days of our Savior's appearance in the flesh, “You are Christ the Son of God;”—and again, “I know you who you are, the Holy One of God.” But Jesus rebuking them, permitted them not to speak; because, no doubt, their testimony of him, though given in respect to the matter of fact which they declared, was as it were a lie in

their mouths,—agreeably to what Jeremiah says, “Though they (wicked men) say, the Lord lives, yet verily they swear falsely.” And we see in the account of our Savior's temptation in the wilderness, how aptly Satan could quote scripture and bring texts to support his own vile purposes.

Now we may remember, that when Peter confessed and said, “You are Christ, the Son of the living God;” Jesus answered and said unto him, —“Blessed are you,—for flesh and blood has not revealed it unto you, but my Father which is in heaven.” Here was an acknowledgment and profession, arising out of and flowing from a measure of the true, living, operative faith, which works by love, to the purifying of the heart and life. Here was something more—something far beyond, a mere hewing out of systems of faith, and holding them merely in the dead notion in the will of the creature. Few follow or feel after the spiritual guide and leader, which is Christ Jesus in his inward and spiritual appearance; who said, “I will not leave you comfortless, I will come to you;” and who further promised, that he would manifest himself unto such as loved him; and that those who followed Him, (who is the Light of the world,) should not walk in darkness, but should have the light of life.

It is indeed the Spirit of Truth that can alone lead us into all truth; and it is the Spirit which quickens, for the flesh, and all that the creature can do by its own strivings and stirrings, profits nothing in the work of God; and the spirit of man as well as the wrath of man, cannot work the righteousness of God, but hinders and obstructs it greatly. Now, the Lord Jesus Christ, the Lord from heaven, is that quickening Spirit, who is the Way, the Truth, and the Life; whom the world cannot receive, (nor those that are in the spirit of the world,) because it sees him not, neither knows him; but to those that leave all, and are willing to deny themselves, and renounce this world's spirit, and follow Him in the regeneration, the blessed promise and assurance is, “He dwells with you, and shall be in you.” “I am the living bread,” said Christ; “he that eats my flesh, and drinks my blood, dwells in me, and I in him;” such spiritual communicants know Christ in them their hope of glory; and thus are they built up and elected in Him, the corner stone, elect and precious.

We also own all that the Scriptures speak of, respecting His most satisfactory sacrifice, and that he tasted death for every man, purchased eternal redemption for us; and that “through this man is preached by us the forgiveness of sins:” none are saved but by and through Him; for we are reconciled to God by the death of his Son, and thereby put into a capacity to lay hold of that salvation which is freely offered, on condition that we repent and believe.

CHAPTER XI

[In the autumn of this year, 1824, he visited Malvern for the benefit of his health.]

Ninth month 9th, 1824.—At Worcester meeting. The Lord gave me some service in a private way these two days, though at L_____ I was much shut up. There is cause to remember how my mind was opened and enlivened at this time, in a feeling of the good Hand that had been over me, in days that were long passed; and how I was enabled to recount to others the mercies that had been granted, and many deliverances which the right hand of the most High had wrought for me. Surely He is ever worthy to be honored and served! In meeting this day, my poor soul was constrained, in the powerful feeling of gospel love, to manifest by a public exhortation and testimony, my allegiance to my God. The peace that flowed was very precious; my soul would have been content to praise Him the Giver in secret, had this been all that was required. But I must bow down before the Lord, which I was enabled to do in much resignedness, and holy fear; craving earnestly the continued favor and preservation of the Almighty, on behalf of the visited ones; the savor of the precious life vouchsafed, remains freshly with me. Thus did my visit close in this part of the heritage, to my humble admiration at the goodness of the Lord.

Twelfth month 20th.—This day, as during many others of late, the gospel light has risen in me with much and indescribable strength; so that my poor vessel has seemed too full to contain, and I have been ready to pray, that the oil might be stayed. I have thought much of the language uttered by a worthy ancient; ‘The Spirit that now rules in me, shall yet break forth in thousands.’ I have fully seen and been assured, that the gospel day shall rise higher and higher upon the faithful; and with regard to my poor soul, that the Lord, whom I am concerned to serve and trust in, will carry me through, even to the end. The Lord be magnified, and He only, —whether by life or death.

To J. F. Marsh

Marazion, 24th of First month, 1825.

My beloved friend, The hearing of your late bereavement has affected my heart, but to hear that you are, or have been, supported in calmness, is no surprise.

Nor do I think to add any thing to this gift and qualification,—a resignedness to do and suffer whatever is, in the ordering of the Divine will, meted out as your lot in life. But as we may be animated and comforted by the mutual faith one of another, it seemed as though it would be so to me, to address you at this time, even in the love of our common Father; who brought us acquainted with each other, and who knit us together in His

blessed fellowship, and has preserved us in the Truth to this day, so that we are members one of another. I am persuaded, that nothing shall be permitted to shake our faith, or separate us from his love, as we continue to be concerned to cleave to it, in the heights as in the depths; but that in the end we shall be more than conquerors through Him who gave himself for us, and is very tender of us. And though we are appointed unto such afflictions, there is a time when the eye of the soul can see in these, far more of the compassions that fail not, and of the gentle leadings of the Shepherd of Israel, than in seasons of prosperity and ease. It is in these afflictions, that we see how in love and in pity He redeems, bearing the lambs as ever in His bosom; so that under a sense of these things, we are constrained, like the prophet, to “make mention of the loving-kindnesses of the Lord and his praises, according to all that the Lord has bestowed on us, and His great goodness.”

Dearly beloved, what a fine thing it is to be able to look beyond all outward things, and to feel that our rest is not in this frail passing scene; but that we are bound for a glorious state, and are continually wrestling for an advancement in the way which leads to it; none of the tribulations we meet with, can then move us away from the joyful hope set before us, nor deprive us of that, upon which alone we can place our hearts. This is the language and experience of the faithful in all ages, and what is taught the least scholar in the school of Christ. And though there may be many, many seasons, when we cannot sensibly get at this measure of experience; yet the lowest smallest grain of true faith, that was ever yet permitted or dispensed to the upright, brings with it a sufficient “evidence of things not seen,” to support and preserve from condemnation and despair.

Many, no doubt, continue to be your discouragements, independent of this late source of trial. O! dear brother, be animated,—put on strength in the name of the Most High God; who is surely with you, and will help you, in every hour of need, and enable you to rise over all that would keep you down,—over all that would oppress his own precious life in you. There is work for such as you are, up and down in the earth, and in this part too, where there is much seed sown, and in ground prepared for its reception. I hope you and others, often strengthen one another's hands in the Lord, and in his work and service; for the time is short, at the longest; and it is good to work while the day lasts, and to glorify the great name in the way of his own leadings; on which his blessing abundantly rests as ever! Ah! what can we render unto, or do for Him, who has done so much for us! With my dear love, from your old and true friend,

John Barclay

To an Unknown Recipient

Marazion, 8th of Second month, 1825.

Dear tried souls.

Cast down, but yet not forsaken, nor forgotten, but rather highly favored, and under the peculiar care and preservation of the Shepherd of the flock,—my soul salutes you. Oh! think you in any hour of deep plunging, that a hair of your head, (figuratively speaking,) shall be singed in the fiery furnace,—or that they are not all numbered, or that your tears are not treasured up in His bottle,—put into his book,—that they do not come up continually before Him as a memorial! Surely His wonderful, unsearchable purposes and wisdom, shall be all duly accomplished; and his dealings will be found to have been in loving-kindness, in tenderest mercy. Be then animated afresh to commit all into his hands, to resign yourselves again and again unreservedly; retaining nothing but the desire to do and to be what He would have you, and to suffer all that He has or may permit, or purpose for you to pass through. O! then, with what invincible meekness and patience and long-suffering, will you be endued; then nothing will be impossible to you, all things will be made sweet; your goings forth be even prepared like the morning, and all the way cast up clear before you; and abundance of peace will be your crown and portion forever.

But do I only say this; do you not know it at times; and are not his promises stedfast, and his covenant sure? Will he forsake those that seek to serve and to please him, or forget the cry of the afflicted and the bowed down soul? “I am the Lord; I change not; therefore you sons of Jacob are not consumed.” Whatever may be the turnings or overturnings of His holy hand, may He have all the glory in your entire dedication; and then no heights or depths will be able to separate you, or to shake your faith; nor will you in any hour rest unduly by the way in any attainments, but aspire after the further manifestations of His holy will and power; that so you may prove a blessing to many upon His earth, while ripening and brightening for a better world. I know not whether we may meet, yes or no, in this state of being; if not, be it so: but let us struggle on, let us be willing to endure all things. Be valiant in suffering; it is far beyond all service, to be made willing to partake of deaths oft, as a great Apostle; and to be conformed to the image of the dear Son—the Lamb that was slain, to suffer with him, that we may be clothed and crowned with his glory.

John Barclay

[It was in the fourth month of this year, 1825, that he was acknowledged a minister by the

monthly meeting of the West Division of Cornwall.]

To Lydia A. Barclay

Bradpole, 29th of Fourth month, 1825.

My dear L.,

When we think what unworthy creatures we are, even at the best, and how goodness and mercy follow us, sustaining us under our trials, and turning them all to our good, we have surely great occasion to lay hold of hope, to take fresh courage, to put on strength, and be armed with patience, cheerful submission, and full assurance of faith for the time to come. My mind seems equal to very little beyond my more immediate calling, and when not so engaged, it feels as poor, weak, and empty, as ever I have known to be the case.

O! what a comfort from time to time to feel the Lord with me, strengthening me and prospering his work in my hands, again and again, to my humbling admiration at the power of his might, the excellency of his loving-kindness and his grace. It has more than once struck me forcibly, that if this work be of the Lord, and I be engaged in it according to his will, some that have been concerned to strengthen my weak hands, will participate in the division of the spoil, that is, in the earnest of the reward of the faithful. These who have given the cup of cold water, have done what they could; and what they have done in simplicity, on behalf of the poor servant, it is esteemed as done to the Master himself; though they may be ready to say, "When saw we you in prison," etc.

To Lydia A. Barclay

2nd of Fifth month, 1825.

Having been helped to get over another mountain in the attendance of this meeting yesterday, and having been favored to wrestle and struggle with the powers of darkness, and to suffer with a suffering seed in this desolate region, my heart feels comparatively light, hoping that I stand acquitted of the blood of some, and that through deep suffering,—yes, wading of spirit, the good cause has been espoused in some sort, however feebly, and the way of life set forth; in abundant condescension, I was favored to get along safely, without, I trust, stumbling; though truly it was hard work.

O! the lethargy, the lifeless, lukewarm condition of many: no hunger or thirst, no sense

of eternal things, no relish for heavenly goodness; and such as are otherwise, sunk into a low, discouraged, dying state. Yet even here, the spark of divine love is not wholly extinct and taken away; but the Lord is waiting to be gracious, his repentings kindled together, and his pleading voice to be heard, "Why will you die?" I conclude, if it be his good pleasure, that this place be favored with those professing the pure spiritual way of Truth, there will yet be preserved a hidden remnant, who will not be utterly given over, nor give over the pure Truth to utter reproach; but in their measure, or according to the light received, will glorify, however imperfectly, the great Name! You will feel tenderly for me; but I have been helped, so that I can say, the Lord has been sufficient for me in this great time of need and stress upon my mind and feelings. I know not, in the retrospect and amidst all the reflections that have been brought before me, that there has been any other than a peaceful satisfaction respecting the past, mixed with much occasion for gratitude, in considering how bountifully and wonderfully I have been dealt with, led about and instructed, kept from utterly perishing, amply provided for and sustained hitherto; favored also with ability at times to trust that all will be well with me and mine, so long as we continue to seek and serve so good a Master, who will never try us above our strength, nor afflict us willingly.

At, I called on a Friend, and had a refreshing little opportunity of handing encouragement to himself and wife; heavenly goodness seemed near us. Oh! the work is very weighty, and the trials thereof are many; but the Lord is sufficient, as he is trusted in. I have not an anxious thought about you at home: I know who will watch over you, and help you every way; only let not the tempter discourage you; for it is the Master that says, "Fear not little flock;"—"Be of good cheer;" "Be strong," yes, be strong. Your very affectionate brother,

John Barclay

To P. H. G.

Sixth month, 1825.

After a considerable space of intervening time, I take my pen to salute you, though scarce knowing in what circumstances this may find you. If the best of us are but in the land of the living, partakers of life invisible and divine, how much have we to be thankful for,—how much to answer for!

Whenever I address you, my dear cousin, in this way, the slender tenure we each have of

all things here below, seems to recur to my thoughts; with earnest desires that my own state of mind and conduct, may increasingly be moulded to the image of the heavenly Pattern, and so be prepared to meet Him at His coming: who Comes in one sense as a thief in the night.

But seldom have I known the evidences of divine peace and favor so veiled from me, I think, as at times since publicly engaged in this awful line of the ministry. To you, I need not expand my views by much expression hereon; no doubt, you have known for many years, the dealings of inscrutable Wisdom, and the discipline of heavenly love and mercy, in strippings, in tossings, in wadings of the poor spirit; nor will it surprise you, should I say, that sometimes it is so with me, that I seem pressed out of measure, so as to despair of even the outward life, as well as that which is described as being “hid with Christ in God.” marvelous goodness however has provided all things well for me outwardly and inwardly, especially during my deeply proving prospects and journey; I have, as I suppose you have heard, taken meetings in Devon, Dorset, and Hants, on my way to the yearly meeting, and being likely to take the remaining ones in those counties with one or two in Surrey, as I return, after attending the six London monthly meetings. This last is to me in prospect crucifying, beyond what I can express, especially as I have believed it best to go single-handed.

10th—At night under great anguish of spirit, I wrote as follows, my heart being turned towards the Lord: O! God, most holy, and almighty, all wise and gracious,—regard me with your pitying eye; spare me, help me, save me in this depth of need, which you only know, is beyond words. Deliver and preserve me to the end, and through all that which may in your wisdom be permitted. Haste you to help me, O! my God—my all! Let not my cruel enemy devour me; let not your Truth be dishonored by me; conduct me safely, and, if it be best, speedily, to my everlasting rest with you and with your Son. Amen! Amen!

To Lydia A. Barclay

15th of Sixth month, 1825.

On the 7th, I attended Devonshire House monthly meeting, and on the 8th that of Gracechurch Street; in both which I had to declare the excellency of that spiritual dispensation committed to us. What arduous work it is to minister, where the attention and desire of those present is very outward after words.

The extent of my wadings and exercises no one knows but the great Master; they have

been various and abundant indeed, since the yearly meeting; the discouragements of the day I have never seen so deeply before, though I am not blind to the encouraging features.

How short are we of what the Lord would do for us as a people, were we only simple, sincere, plain, humble enough! If we go on but as we do, I fear, notwithstanding all that is stirring, we shall as a Society be weaker than we now are.

On first-day evening, after due deliberation, (which indeed had been going on in my mind many days, being much exhausted in powers, both of body and mind,) I concluded it best to suspend all further proceeding, with regard to visiting meetings in this city. As my mind settled under this act of resignation, I was confirmed in its being of the Lord's ordering, and of his abundant mercy; who tries not any beyond what he sees good, and whose service is a reasonable service. I wish greatly to be preserved on all hands, and in all things from hurting the good cause, which is dearer to me than my life. I am very feeble, and obliged to use the sofa very much, taking frequent nourishment, etc. I propose going with my brother to Bognor, in the hope of being better able (after ten days there) to undertake the journey home. I desire for you as for myself, that endeavoring to live in Christian faith and simplicity, we may have our minds deeply centered and set upon nothing short of the unerring and Divine will in all things; then nothing that can happen to us will any way move us, but all will work together for our good, and for the honor of the great name.

You must be sensible that this turn in my course, though by no means one previously calculated upon, was no great surprise to me; the wonder was, that I should be enabled to go through any part of the prospect set before me on quitting home, indeed that I was strengthened to entertain it at all, considering my weakly condition.—Give my love to Friends. I am a poor creature, but I trust not out of the reach of the infinite compassion of the Shepherd of Israel. Farewell!

Carshalton, 20th of Sixth month, 1825.

My dear _____

I may state to you, that on sixth-day and seventh-day week, my powers of body and mind were so exhausted and enfeebled, as clearly to excuse me, in my judgment, from any further proceedings in my engagement for the present. I saw I had no hard master, nor unreasonable service,—that He knew what had been given up and undergone for his pure name's sake; and,

were it called for, that I was ready to give up my natural life, rather than shrink from suffering or from shame.

Deep indeed have been the conflicts and the baptisms,—crucifying, yes mortifying have been the often silent labors of my soul before Him, on account and on behalf of this people, and especially in this great city, since coming to it:—whether I may ever complete what was presented to my mind, as a religious obligation, I know not; but I am very comfortable in an entire relinquishment of that part which respects London.

To Lydia A. Barclay

Bognor, 24th of Sixth month, 1825.

I am favored indeed in being able to say how greatly the change of air, and the suspension of mental exercises have revived me.

Truly, I felt both in mind and body, failing beyond the usual vicissitudes or ups and downs that attend. It was a great convulsion to my faith, though relieving to my poor frame, to have to resign what had been received as clear duty; and I trust, that if in any wise there was occasion for me at that crisis to remember Jonah's case, when he was angry, because his Master's will declared through him was reversed, the feeling was nothing worse than a jealousy for the honor of the great name, and the high vocation professed by me, lest the Truth should suffer, or any cause of offense be given. I am altogether in the hands of One, who can see if I have gone down to Joppa, and paid the fare to Tarshish. It is an awful thing in this day, as ever it was in any other, to take the name of the Most High into our lips, and to declare his commands; but if so, how awful is the situation of those who reject these messages,—who do not, like “that great city” of old, “cry mightily,” and turn from their evil ways. The longer I was in that great city, the more was I baptized, (as I thought,) into a sense of that which is lacking, in an especial manner in our favored Society; until the burden became more than I could sustain: and yet for a time, I could not see any way rightly to get from under it.

When we consider what must be, and ever is, the condition of those who follow not the Lamb in the leadings of his pure light, and that it is said of them that love the world and the things of it, that the love of the Father is not in them,—that the friendship of the world is enmity against Him,—with many other such truths; what shall we think the fair profession of many is worth, in the sight of the Searcher of hearts. How glorious a thing, to be daily growing in grace, daily receiving heavenly bread, daily partaking of the Divine blessing, and in that, moving and acting towards others in our several duties. It is wonderful to me, how my constitution seems in so short a time to have rallied.

To a Friend

Bognor, Sussex, 30th of Sixth month, 1825.

My beloved friend,

What a wonderful course have believers to tread in;—how led about, and in all things instructed,—how wonderfully and wisely dealt with! What a process it takes to purify us from self, and completely to redeem. Nothing less than an infinite Hand can do it for us; both as to mercy, wisdom and power, and that continually exerted in our behalf. I feel these things more than ever I did, and feel that I am yet but a child in the experience of them; because that which is attained, is as nothing compared with the fulness that is set before us. I trust we are companions in this path, wherein we are through many tribulations and chastenings and even apparent desertion and death, taught that we are poor creatures, able of ourselves to do nothing, neither to keep ourselves alive in a spiritual sense. It is hard work to endure patiently all that is needful for this purpose, and to accept all the painful operations of the Holy and High One for our good: yet there is no safety for us, but in submitting thus to what may be called the death of the cross; and “if we be dead with Him, we believe that we shall also live with Him; if we suffer, we shall reign with Him.” I continue to feel peace of mind in the step taken or concluded on, when under your roof. What a shelter, dear friends, it felt to me to be with you; I wish often to be with you in spirit, and to partake of that which refreshes you, and which animates to hold on to steadfastness.

My situation since I left you, has been one calculated to discourage; but I trust the Lord is my stay, though little evidence seems extended of that sensible support which poor nature looks for. It has been a sifting, searching time with me; the being thus suspended, shall I say thrown on my back, and my purposes turned aside, causes much scrutiny; but I cannot find that I have missed the way,—no, the language presents, “It was well it was in your heart;” yet as regards the future, I am earnest for clearness, though remembering that we are to “be careful for nothing.” Alton quarterly and monthly meetings are to be on the fifth and sixth-days next week; in being at these, I may see further what is best. My health is certainly better for being here, the bracing sea air has been very beneficial; but while this is the case, every day shows me proofs of my exceedingly delicate state. A religious meeting costs me much travail, much wrestling of spirit; so does going about among Friends occasion much suffering and watching, though often with a cheerful countenance. If we are but kept simple, humble, patient, resigned to do or suffer,

nothing can harm us, nor will a hair of our heads be singed or fall to the ground; all that can happen to us will only turn to our benefit, and not one of our sacrifices but will accomplish that for which it is designed by Him, who works in us and for us.

Ninth month 15th.—I got well home, with a peaceful mind, empty and low enough, though not so as to be insensible of the powerful hand that had been over me for good, and over all things else, to make them good to me. In the midst of much bitter conflict, which has since been in wisdom dispensed, it is a favor to have nothing to look back upon greatly to grieve or condemn the poor tried spirit, ready as it has been to halt, and to drink in discouragement; and in the feeling of it, one is ready to exclaim, how wonderful is the preservation and condescension handed to the poor instrument, when it has thus given up all for the name of the Lord!—and yet on the other hand, what weakness in any of the Lord's people can be greater than that which such feel; so that every day and every way they would err and fall, and do evil, were it not that an omnipotent power is ever near to uphold, to prevent and to restore! The monthly meeting soon occurring, I returned my certificate to my own satisfaction, and I believe that of my friends.

Tenth month.—Low times often: but out of the depths did I cry, and He made these “depths of the sea a way;” He led me through them as on dry ground, and showed me His wonders in them; so that I have been enabled to pass on, leaving them behind, yes, leaving every thing past and to come, in his hands, who can do all things for me.

New duties, new and arduous paths not cast up, no mark, no trace, no footing, but just in His footsteps, who puts forth and goes before. O! for a free, simple, entire throwing myself into His care and keeping and disposal in all things, now and evermore! for no one else can deliver or preserve, or carry through, or enable to glorify Him, or bring about things, that so they shall all redound to His praise.

[In the third month, 1826, he quitted his residence at Marazion, and in the fifth month following, he again entered into the married state, and settled at Alton, in Hampshire.]

Sixth month 22nd.—I have at times been almost ready to conclude it a vain thing, to attempt in this way to commemorate the innumerable blessings and mercies from day to day, from week to week, from month to month, which have been heaped upon me; and yet pure desires.

Intrust are at times known to arise, that others may be induced to come, taste, and see, how good the Lord is,—how wonderful are his dealings to the poorest, most unworthy of his creatures. Words cannot set forth what He is, and will ever remain to be, towards those that trust in Him, and hope in his mercy; and who still endeavor through all that may happen to them,—through all weaknesses, repulses, temptations, and exercises, to strive with a true heart

to serve the God of their lives.

Oh! what has he wrought for me, more than in past times, if possible, more than in years that have long passed over! My removal out of Cornwall, my settlement in this allotment (Alton,) my many, many comforts, a beloved and loving partner given me in the place of her, that has been safely landed from this sea of troubles! how shall my soul ever repeat all that God has wrought for me in these matters? Yes, how has he preserved my goings out and my comings in, my up-rising and my down-sitting; so that notwithstanding the many baitings, stumblings, slippery and exceedingly difficult places, the Lord has in good measure been my confidence, and kept my foot from being taken, and my life from being smitten to the ground by the enemy.

He has made for me a way, where I could see none; he has made that to be possible; yes, brought it to pass, which seemed impossible,— and brought me safely through; so that I can indeed yet praise him for his goodness.

To E. S.

Alton, Fifth month, 1826.

My dear friend,

To say that my soul does tenderly and deeply sympathize with you under your sore bereavement, is saying little at such a time as this; and yet well knowing how wonderfully the Divine compassions are extended in such an hour, I cannot be anxious that my pen should be made helpful to you. It is indeed a season when “the powers of the world to come,” and the “heavenly gift” are to be tasted and deeply drunk of; for whatever be the nature of man's extremity, it is then the Lord is most inclined to draw near, and manifest the excellency of his never-failing arm; inviting, no, urging the sons of men to take refuge under his healing wing. My belief is firm, that it is not only possible but easy, through submission to this inward operation and aid, for the soul to be raised above the outward, and settled in a holy calm, where it can bless, and praise, and magnify through all, the name of Him, who does all things well, and nothing in vain. It will no doubt be your concern, as it is our duty, to dwell on the various blessings connected with this painful dispensation; that your dear wife should have reached her home, is one that strikes me forcibly. But there is much of tenderness and gentleness in the Lord's severest dealings, and in those which seem darkest or bitterest.

We know not the end and meaning of many designs, but they are developed by and by, even to our own astonishment and satisfaction.

Yet in respect to these, and all other indirect alleviations or abatements to the acuteness of feeling, it may be said, at least for a time, in the language of Jeremiah, “When I would (thus) comfort myself against sorrow, my heart is faint in me.”

Your dear little eldest child will often, I trust, beguile away a heavy hour of musings and of mourning, and take you from too selfish an indulgence in what has been termed, ‘the luxury of grief,’—and help you also to cast an eye on the future, rather than to dwell too much or unduly on the past,—and lift your tried spirit out of the unprofitable depths of sorrow; and her little prattle may sound like a call—‘lead me to follow her you mourn.’ What a spur to diligence, to increased care in all the allotment of duty, does such a loss as you have sustained, if rightly borne, bring with it. If thus I have been favored to see “the end of the Lord,—that he is very pitiful and of tender mercy,” and that “blessed are the dead who die in him,”—what shall I render, and how shall I give, and what shall I not endure for the sake of “so great salvation,” so excellent a Savior. Truly, dear E., I look for something out of all this; for the Lord has done great things for you, as for her, your precious partner; and I cannot but think, you may lift up your head in hope, and go on in the strength of the Lord. For though many may be and must be our remaining tribulations, before it be said to us, “Your warfare is accomplished;” yet while our dependence and surrender of soul is maintained in even a small degree of simplicity. He whom we serve will never leave nor forsake us, nor fail to make good all that He has promised.

May the consolations of God be abundant with you; and may nothing of this transitory world, whether heights or depths, come between Him and you, to deprive you of the richness and fulness of his blessing, yet poured on them that mourn.

My dear love attends you. May we abound in grace, and every good fruit, even by abiding in the vine, being often purged as fruit-bearing branches, and chastened as dear children.

Farewell, I remain your affectionate friend,

John Barclay

CHAPTER XII

[In the eighth month, 1826, he informed his monthly meeting (Alton) of a religious concern to visit the meetings of Friends in Scotland; also, some other meetings in his way there and in

returning; a certificate was granted, and he left home on the 19th of that month, taking the meetings of Newcastle and Edinburgh in his way; he then proceeded to Aberdeen, and there attended the half-year's meeting. The following are extracts from his letters written during this journey.]

25th of eighth month, 1826.—[From Edinburgh he writes:]—How poor do I feel, and yet an engagement of heart in this line of duty—how humbling is it! What but the power of Truth, livingly and fresh communicated can preserve, much more enable to do any thing to the glory of God. I feel my own childish growth, as well as that inability we all share as men and creatures; and I long that the Lord would be pleased to endue me with more skill and capacity to advocate His cause, as well as with simplicity to lay aside every weight, and keep clear of every snare.

Do often think of me for my good, and help me with your most earnest fervent desires to the fountain thereof, that I may be thoroughly furnished for every needful time,—endued with wisdom and an understanding heart, with clearness also of spiritual sense, and with might in the inner man. The Lord direct my way and prosper it, for He knows that in integrity I have sought His will only to do it.

Ury, near Stonehaven, ninth month.—Our meetings (the general meeting,) have been pretty large, and much favored with the manifestation of the ancient arm of power; so that in the strength thereof a remnant could say,—“one generation shall praise your works to another, and declare your glorious name and goodness.” I had, on first-day morning, my time of silent admiration at this, which is the Lord's doing; but in the afternoon meeting, which was very largely attended by strangers, I was led to stand up and open that great mystery, but to us most true ordinance, of waiting on the Lord, with the excellent benefits to be derived from this practice in respect to spiritual attainments. The people were very quiet and attentive, though still flocking in. There were many Friends in the ministry who confirmed these things, and further set forth the Christian life and doctrine. Second-day, the general meeting was held, when the Lord was pleased to appear amongst us to our great refreshment: much instrumental labor was bestowed, especially on the unfaithful, who were warned in a solemn manner again and again.

On fifth-day, I was at the Aberdeen meeting, in which I had under a sweet feeling to encourage the little flock to hold on their way. How precious did the Lord work that day; I shall not easily forget it. This place (Ury) has for some years been surprisingly improved, especially of late, the walks and woods planted by the father of the present proprietor, are beautiful; a bold rushing stream winds not far from the house, through a bed of rocks; and the inequality of the ground is pleasing indeed. It is a sweet spot. The proprietor, Robert Barclay, received me very

kindly, and welcomed me. I am made very comfortable here, but must get through my business and be gone: accordingly, I have this morning examined the library throughout, and found already several interesting things; but the correspondence is what I want, and hope to see.

On second-day, I completed my business here to my satisfaction, having brought with me what was valuable.

Fourth-day, 16th.—Was at Dunfermline, where a little solid company sit together: none of them are yet acknowledged members. The Lord was good to us, in bowing our hearts together low before him, and I trust it was a favored time; pretty much counsel was handed. I thought there was evidently to be felt a good work upon some, and I trust it will stand, even in the face of a crooked and perverse generation of professors of the Christian name, among whom, living, powerful, operative religion is much needed. On fifth-day, I attended the meeting at Edinburgh in course; I took my seat, hardly knowing any besides the family in which I was received; but the Lord gave me to labor abundantly, for their arising out of their present low state: I rose early in the meeting, going into things very particularly, laying before them the causes of weakness, under which I apprehended they labored; with much more respecting the only sure foundation and resting place, and what a building on this would make them: the Lord was near to help,—blessed be his name.

At Carlisle, I attended the meetings on first-day; wherein the great heavenly Shepherd's crook was extended, and his care was over us.

Wonderful is the help handed to me, to do whatsoever I find to do. Many hearts were I trust humbled that day; for the Lord was surely among us. I met with some young plants, and made a call on a precious family, and my heart was refreshed in the hope that they are bowing under the yoke of Christ. I sometimes feel a temporary disadvantage in my youthful appearance, until my Master makes way for me in the hearts of my friends. I went to the monthly meeting held at Pardshaw, a country meeting mentioned in George Fox's Journal as 'Pardshaw Cragg:' here, as I went, my friends pointed out the rock, where he preached among the mountains: they also showed where John Burnyeat, John Banks, James Dickinson, and others lived. At this meeting at Pardshaw the Lord was pleased this day to manifest his name, and glorify it, which is as ointment poured forth. O! he worked marvelously, giving His blessing and presence amongst us, who were a large company; so that the flow of exhortation was as a mighty stream. I felt the Lord to be very near, and my poor spirit was greatly refreshed; and my soul somewhat filled with their company: but I find day by day, that former things must be left, and not rested in, that the mind may be free and unshackled against the next service.

To E. S.

Edinburgh, 14th of Ninth month, 1826.

My beloved friend, On the receipt of your account respecting our endeared companion, who is gone before to his rest and reward, my heart was wonderfully helped to a degree of quiet acquiescence in the blessed purposes of Divine wisdom and goodness; so that though few, very few were nearer to me than he among the flock of the faithful in Christ Jesus, I could not hold him on this side the grave; but seemed entirely prepared and resigned to lose him, as to the outward; well knowing our oneness was not to be destroyed by death. Ah! Dear _____, when we can look with anointed eyes on these things, and are permitted to enter into the purposes and will of our heavenly Father, whose ways are higher than ours, who does all things well, nor any thing in vain,—what a favor, what a mercy is it, that the message is given to the quickened soul, “Time to you here is no longer,”—“Come up here.” O! what a release, what a dismissal, what an enlargement to the poor tribulated spirit, laboring amidst temptations and the assaults of the prince of darkness, yes amidst many infirmities, afflictions and doubtings: but how unutterably awful is the voice of warning conveyed in this dispensation to others, among whom that dear servant has gone testifying in his lifetime of the powers of the world to come, and of the terms on which alone the gates of heaven are opened. Surely, my soul said, on first hearing of his illness, this was a seal to his testimony, and a crown to his labors of love, which the Lord has set; and let his will be done. And now how is such a circumstance calculated to bind us who remain, one unto another, and above all, to the great Head of the church,—to stimulate us to an earnest heed to the things that make for such peace as our beloved Edmund had, and is centered in;—for here is a fresh and indisputable evidence, that “these things are faithful and true,”—that “the Lord is at hand,” and watches over us for good,—that “verily there is a reward for the righteous,”—that “in due season even we shall reap, if we faint not.”

My heart flows in gratitude to the fountain of good, in remembering all that He wrought for our dear E.; for truly the Lord was with him, whatever were his snares or infirmities in common with many of us: my prayer is, “let my last end be like his;” let me only get to the end of this appointed warfare safely as he has! There is a blessing upon those who hold fast the beginning of their confidence in the Lord stedfast to the end; who mourn not as those that have no hope: for as certainly as he who is taken from us, has “received the end of his hope, even the salvation of his soul,” so in due season they also shall surely reap, who faint not; their tribulation will work patience; and though they cannot as yet go to him, yet those who follow the Lamb whithersoever He goes, after their measure and testimony for Him are filled up, we well know, will have of Him a place prepared for them.—Wherefore the language runs in me, “let not your hearts be

troubled, neither let them be afraid.” My mind is often raised secretly in supplication, that this dispensation may prove the raising of some from their graves in a spiritual sense, to glorify the God of their lives, (in whose hands their very breath is,) both in body, soul and spirit. For the Lord has spoken to them by his servants as yet much in vain; and he has now given them a sign and token of what He can do, by even snatching them from the earth, it may be in anger and not in mercy, unless they repent and turn speedily, yes wholly unto Him.

I have been to the meetings in Scotland with a certificate. The Good Master is tender to me a poor creature; and while sufficient strength seems to come in every needful hour, I have nothing to spare, being borne along through heavy conflicts and deep baptisms.

John Barclay

[He returned home the 6th of tenth month, 1826, having attended the meetings in Cumberland, York quarterly meeting, and some meetings in Northamptonshire.]

Third month, 1827.—Attended our spring quarterly meeting at Poole, and the monthly meeting there; also our own at Andover in course. At the latter, we had the company of dear H. and M. M., who had then completed a visit to the families of Friends in our monthly meeting; in which engagement, as far as regards the sittings with the families in this place, I joined them, and had comfort therein, it being remarkably brought about, agreeably to my anticipation. How gracious and tender towards me was my heavenly Father, the Head of his church, in this opening; making a way where no way appeared, and safely leading me forth; so that I trust in this little, but to me arduous service, I could acknowledge that the Lord was near and helped.

Fifth month.—I was favored to attend all the sittings of the yearly meeting. We had very agreeably the company of dear W. and R. Byrd, on a religious visit to the families of Friends in our quarterly meeting: they stayed with us some days, and the opportunity in our family may my soul ever remember, and take encouragement from, and bless with reverence and humility the name of the Lord.

Eighth month.—My mouth, as a minister, has been so laid in the dust, that I know not what to think of it; my soul has been now a long time plunged into various discouragements respecting my spiritual condition, so that I know not where this dispensation will end.

O Lord! preserve and sustain and redeem my poor soul! Ninth month 17th.—Left home with certificate granted me by our monthly meeting, to visit the meetings in Berkshire, Bedfordshire and Herts, Buckinghamshire and Northamptonshire.

[Extracts from his letters written when on this service, are here subjoined.]

Wycombe, 20th of Ninth month, 1827.

We reached Reading in time for the select meeting, where was T. B. I was favored to my unspeakable comfort, to break through the load by which I have seemed to be enveloped for a long season, and had to declare of the goodness of the Lord, in I trust something of the simplicity of the gospel, greatly to my peace of mind; that season appearing like an earnest of future help and guidance. J. P. was there, and he and I went hand-in-hand, being greatly favored in being so one in our line of labor. The next day, I had in some degree to take the lead; others confirmed the word, to my humbling admiration at the condescension and wisdom of our Holy Head.

On sitting down in the second meeting, a sudden exercise came over me about going into the women's meeting, which endeavoring well to sift, I thought it might be passed by, unless some other had a similar feeling; when presently after, J. P. rose, and said he had such a concern, though without a certificate; he knew not why, but wished to leave it with Friends: they fell in with it, and then I named how it had been with me; when it was fully united with. We went; and I trust the work of the Lord prospered by our giving up thereto.

I have been favored to get along very simply, without reasonings, forethought, or after reckonings; all is made good to me, and my soul dwells in a calm easy way, not over careful about any thing. The Lord does all things well in and for me, and I have no lack; though nothing to boast of, yet nothing to complain of,—blessed be the name of the Lord: and may your soul continue in this acknowledgment, yes more and more ‘, for what can we render ‘? Time would fail me to say all I could of his mercy to me, even these few days back; so that I hope I may humbly say, all is well, and that I am in the line of duty.

My prayer is, that when favored to meet again, we may be enabled to build one another up in every thing good; and more and more abound therein to our mutual comfort, to the animating of others, and to the praise of Him, who has done great things for us, in helping and sustaining; so that we have not been utterly consumed, though deserving nothing short of it. Farewell.

To John Barclay

Wellingborough, 3rd of Tenth month, 1827.

My dear friend.

Truly the feeling of love towards my many dear friends in Cornwall is so expanded, that I thought it nearly impossible to confine my address to any one in particular; from this

discouragement ensued, general epistles being much out of date now-a-days. But O! how often do I think of some in particular in your district; yet longing for the preservation, yes, the growth of all. What a noble company is the Captain of our salvation seeking to gather; how glorious would be his arising among you, designed indeed to form part of his “army with banners,” and called to be more than conquerors through Him. The Lord remains to be to his devoted servants the same yesterday, to-day, and forever, unless they withdraw from his service: the Lamb and his followers shall now, as ever, have the victory.

But some are ready to say with one of old, even to the mothers in Israel, “Except you go with me, I will not go down;” and the answer to such must be expected to prove not altogether to their honor: for such look too much to the poor prophetesses, instead of diligently setting themselves about their own business,— which is, indeed, to fight the good fight of faith. The example of dedication set by many in Cornwall, oftentimes refreshes me; and the more I think of them in this way, the more I long that they may “abound more and more;” for yet these many privileges and surely gracious visitations, are to be improved accordingly.

I may now tell you how wonderfully the Lord's mercy has encompassed me about, and his aid been afforded me in every hour of need; enabling me to do, I trust, his will in some small measure, while in this awful engagement of visiting the churches in the love of the great Head thereof. O! my heart overflows, when I think how great has been the condescension vouchsafed; whereby preservation has been hitherto known in good degree from the devices of the enemy, and under all the discouragements and provings of the day, which are very many; yes, strength has been known at times boldly and largely to advocate the good and great cause, and to testify of that grace by which we must be saved through faith in its operation in the soul. I have been at all the meetings in Scotland, and at several of them more than once, and have taken some others both in going and returning: they have generally been to my great relief and comfort, and, I trust, lasting benefit; so that my soul is in degree qualified to utter the language, ‘Oh! how great is Your goodness, which you have laid up for them that desire to fear, serve, suffer for, and trust in You!’ How thankful ought we to be, dear friend, for all the mercies still handed to us, even day by day; and O! how ought we to walk before Him, who thus deals with us.

To M. B.

Berkhamstead, 25th of Ninth month, 1827.

I feel oftentimes a very poor creature; but we are not our own, nor have we any real occasion of regret or discouragement, that we have given up all for the sake of Him, by whom we enjoy all things. It is a great favor that I am enabled to say, the Lord has helped me on my way.

On sixth-day, I went to Chesham meeting: I trust the Lord was amongst us there in an eminent degree; nor do I recollect often being so enlarged in the heavenly gift. Oh! may the word have entrance and prosper, among a backsliding and halting generation. That evening we returned as far as Amersham, having a meeting there with Friends.

On seventh-day, we went by Jordan's meeting house; it is well known as the burial place of William Penn, Isaac Pennington, and Thomas Ellwood; a secret solitude in the midst of a woody and hilly district. I saw some original letters of Isaac Pennington, etc.

On first-day morning, I attended Wycombe meeting, and was favored to declare the Truth without fear of man. That evening, we reached this place (Berkhamstead,) a newly settled meeting, and were comforted, I hope, together. Yesterday we went to Hemel Hempstead, an appointed meeting, and returned here.

My health is preserved, but at the end of some days' work, I feel much wearied; it is a comfort to have some evidence, that, however small my measure of labor, it is nearly as much as my frame is equal to; yet the Lord makes up all.

Tenth month 7th.—First-day, I attended the meetings at Devonshire House; was silent in both: glory be to the great name! First-day, the 14th.—Attended the meetings at Uxbridge; on the 17th, the monthly meeting, and on second-day following, I reached our comfortable home at Alton, through the matchless condescension, goodness, and forbearance of my Maker, Preserver, and Redeemer.

To an Unknown Recipient

Alton, 15th of Twelfth month, 1827.

Be assured you have my very tender sympathy under the important circumstances your letter unfolds; and that my best, though feeble desires are, and will be for your best welfare.

I cannot doubt but preservation and sufficient help will be extended, while a simple, upright, unreserved surrender of the will is sought after and abode in. I have thought, in

a case of this kind, there is always abundant condescension, gentleness, forbearance, and long-suffering, manifested towards us poor fallible creatures.

He that puts forth and goes before us, knows our frame, and himself took our infirmities: when we take a step a little awkwardly, or with too much forwardness, or mistakingly, mercy is near to hold us up and restore us, so long as we are not willful, but singly desire to be right in our movements.

We may be, and some of us know we have been, long borne with, in much that borders on, and indeed proves to be little better than thorough unbelief and disobedience. We read that “rebellion is as the sin of witchcraft:” we may have held back on different grounds, very reasonable as we have thought; but we have been chastised for this,—leanness and feebleness have come over us, so that when we would afterwards have given up, the Divine sense, strength, and blessing have receded; neither have we enjoyed the answer of, “Well done.”

Our situation perhaps has somewhat resembled that of the Israelites, who after refusing, attempted to enter the promised land: there is, nevertheless, forgiveness with Him, that he may be rightly feared, and also plenteous redemption. I believe we are safe in resting under a holy simple fear and caution, as to so awful a proceeding as the first exercise of the ministry; but how far this should be carried, cannot well be defined for another; vessels are variously moulded, and variously dealt with or used;—there may be too much of this as well as too little, for our snares and our tendencies differ. Even though we wait for what we may suppose only adequate strength and clearness for the occasion, this may stand in the way of our having that degree of it, which was intended for us, had we used more self-renunciation, or been more disinterested in our service.

It is plain, we are not to expect to have just what evidence would please or satisfy our own feelings, which may have become somewhat morbid by dwelling on things too much. Ah! the simplicity of a true babe in Christ is what we need most, far more than that kind of assurance we covet thus greatly: a little of this goes a great way; it is the faith which pleases God, and removes the mountains; and by which we are to walk, rather than by sight: it leads to look not at self with anxiety, how we shall be provided either with discernment, courage, or what else is needed; but to rest in the Lord, and cast our burden on him, knowing he is ready to sustain such, so that they shall lack nothing; nor are they much moved by what arises to perplex, discourage or prove them, trusting over all in never-failing goodness.

I hope if what is now handed, should feel to you to be as a word in season, and in any

wise coming from the right source, you will not hesitate to accept it through the fear of leaning on man. I consider that when instruments are rightly engaged for the help of others, they act not in their own name: such are ordained and needful in the church; and if our eye be single to the great Head, the giver of every good and perfect gift, and to his inward appearing and sense as to what comes through others, we shall not be in danger of hurt,—bearing always in mind his injunction, “Take heed how you hear.”

CHAPTER XIII.

Second month 9th, 1828, (Alton.)—Thus far brought on my way, through the gracious condescending care and preservation of my God. Since I last wrote in this rough Memorial, how much do I owe for all the mercies poured upon me every day! Disease has prevailed all around; some of our acquaintance cut down in the midst of youth and health: why are we so dealt with, even in this one respect; and why in all others so blessed? O! is it that we walk more acceptably before the Lord, than those that may have been less privileged than ourselves? No, far from it! who so worthless, so graceless, in proportion to the talent bestowed as myself, in dedication either in my family or in the church! O! how the enemy wounds and smites my life down to the ground! so that my faith is ready to fail, and mine eye in looking upward. To whom shall I go, to whom flee in every conflict, if not to the only resource and refuge? O! that my poor cry may be regarded,—‘ Let not the enemy vaunt and triumph over me;—let not that which you have begun in me, O Lord! the author and giver of all good, be evilly spoken of; and they that hate me rejoice when I am moved.’ O God! the strength, the power, the victory are yours; let me at this time return you thanks out of a humbled and honest heart, for what you have hitherto effected, in drawing me out of darkness into your marvelous light. O! let me hope, that you will henceforth preserve, guide, and uphold my poor soul, amidst the sea of temptation and conflict, in which you may permit me again and again to be plunged. Let me trust you for mercy, renewed pardon,—and plenteous redemption, yes, for victory over all my besetments and weaknesses; so that I may put on strength in your invincible name, and under your holy banner make war in righteousness, against the world, the flesh, and the devil. O Lord! thus undertake and overcome for me, who cannot do any thing without you. You have been my help; leave me not, neither forsake me, O! God of my salvation. Break my bonds, I beseech you, and loose my captive spirit, which through your grace longs for deliverance more and more;—nothing can satisfy my cravings but your unbounded goodness.

Fifth month 18th.—First-day, during the yearly meeting:—every meeting day, yes, every day, every hour of my life do I stand in the presence of Him, who is the God of the spirits of all flesh, the Master of the assemblies of the faithful. King of saints, the Judge of all the earth!

“Fear you not me? says the Lord!”

To Alton

29th of Fifth month, 1829.

Our quarterly and monthly meetings were seasons of sadness and depression, as you may suppose: but some of us were given, through and over all dismay and affliction, to trust and to cling to that, which yet remains an immovable rock and refuge; and therein to rejoice and be thankful on many accounts, though in tribulation. Surely, the effect of such shakings and provings of the foundation, whether it be the true one, and whether we be rightly established and preserved on it, must be ultimately strengthening and beneficial, at least to a remnant in our poor Society, who desire in some degree of sincerity to be searched and tried, and to be purified even seven times.

[In the ninth month of this year, 1829, he removed to Croydon, within the compass of London and Middlesex quarterly meeting: he had been much engaged in the preparation of works for the press, and he believed the neighborhood of London would afford him great facilities for such engagements. One work which occasioned him great labor about this period, was the Diary of Alexander Jaffray, the original manuscript of which he had discovered at Ury in Scotland;—the deciphering of this manuscript, as well as its preparation for the press, called for much laborious exertion: memoranda frequently occur in his private note book, of his being engaged ‘at Jaffray,’ ‘seven’ to even ‘nine hours’ a day. And though it may be feared such close application was prejudicial to his health and delicate constitution, nevertheless he would often say, that he believed it to be a line of service marked out for him by the Divine hand.

In the eighth month, 1830, he obtained a certificate from his monthly meeting (Kingston,) for religious service, in the quarterly meeting of Dorset and Hants, his concern being to visit the meetings, as well as the families generally; with liberty to include the counties of Kent, Sussex and Surry, if Truth should open the way.

In the first month, 1881, he returned the certificate, at the same time acknowledging the gracious dealings of the Lord, in supporting him through this engagement, and in granting the sweet incomes of peace.

The following are brief extracts from some of his letters, written during this engagement,]

Alton, 22nd of eighth month, 1830.—Having now got through this part of our humiliating path,⁶ and being about to depart on the morrow, I thought I might attempt a few lines to tell you

⁶ He was united with his friend J. F. Marsh in the service.

that we got well here; and we have been so closely engaged, as indeed hardly to leave time for conversation with Friends, or for relaxation of any sort. It is humbling work indeed, and I have been so low, that it seemed as if I should not have held out; but the water seems turned into wine, beyond all expectation, I have not been silent in any sitting, though nearly so in both meetings this day. Oh! may the Lord continue unto us strength and wisdom; and if it be His will, may He enlarge my poor soul a little, to testify and sing of his power.

Southampton, 25th.—Though I cannot say any thing of heights or of abundance, yet sufficient strength and ability seem vouchsafed to my poor soul, to raise it to a degree of cheerfulness, and of reverent thankfulness. I find wonderful condescension and support administered in all times of need, though the path is a very humiliating one.

Poole, 30th.—The good Master, whom we are longing to serve, though in abundant weakness, is not lacking to extend his help in every needful season; so that from time to time, He raises the acknowledgment of gratitude, and renews the desire to be entirely resigned to His will and disposal. We have been kindly received everywhere, and I trust have been preserved from hurting the good cause, or those that love it. My health and spirits are tolerable; and though the weight of things feels awful, yet eyeing the Lord's mercy, I seem lifted over selfishness in some degree, and am careful for nothing.

Horsham, 1st of Tenth month, 1830. I trust I do feel, however inadequately, that it is through renewed mercy and favor I am here, and again made willing to do and to suffer, whatever may be meted out for me, if it be but for the Lord's precious cause and to His glory. O! says my soul, that the dwelling of each one of us may be so near the right spot, that we may not only truly and fully discern, but appreciate, what may make for our own peace, and our progress heavenward.

However heavily the hand of the Lord may in any wise be laid upon us, is it not for good, and should we not even kiss it, as well as bear and submit? It is but little, very little, that we can give up, and but for a short season, unto Him, who has given us all things that we hold dear: O! then, that we may prize and cherish the privilege of lending to the Lord; who will assuredly love the cheerful giver, and restore and enhance his own gifts to such with increase.

We have had a sweet, precious, uniting season together this day, not only in meeting, but since; and though with myself it has not been a high day, yet I have been sensible of that which has stayed and sustained, and even animated my soul to run on with patience, I am intending to be on first-day at Godalming, at the interment of a Friend, whose awfully sudden removal will be affecting to you: when sitting at dinner with her family, she was smitten as it were in a moment, and was a corpse in a very few minutes: I understand a striking silence prevailed with them,

from the time they sat down at table.

Guilford, 6th of Tenth month, 1830. Since I wrote last, I have been favored to get along comfortably, having been well in health and spirits, cheerful in mind, and wound up in some good degree, I humbly trust, to my business, from hour to hour. I have been enabled to go through what has come before me as duty, even with alacrity; so that often the acknowledgment has arisen, "By you I have run through a troop, and leaped over a wall."

Do not, however, suppose that I am unduly elevated; but am rather preserved in a calm, steady trust, and in resignation to the Lord and to His disposal; desiring only to do all his good pleasure, or that it may be fulfilled and accomplished in me; ever bearing in mind, that I am not yet (so far as I can see of the future) putting off the armor or harness, but have still to fight and to labor still to keep under this poor frail body; and in soul and spirit also to seek to be sustained and subjected in all things unto the end.

I attended the monthly meeting at Horsham, on seventh-day, and was (notwithstanding the flow of doctrine and exhortation we had had the day before) led pretty largely to testify among Friends. I proceeded to Godalming on first-day morning, where the interment was to take place. I concluded to join the mourners at dinner, and attended their evening meeting. We commenced the next morning visiting the families, which we have now concluded, much to my relief and satisfaction; after much exercise and endeavor for a long season to know what might be best as to this service, and as to the time, I believe that I have been well directed thus far. I feel that the Lord will fulfill his precious promises, and be unto me all I stand in need of, while I look unto Him in simplicity and faith, striving to obey Him.

Folkstone, 13th of twelfth month.—We have now completed at Dover, and have entered this day into our labor here. O! surely the Lord is no hard master, and sends not any forth at their own charges; but is very graciously disposed to fit out according to his own purposes: thus are removed all sufficiency or dependence on any thing short of the fresh and humbling ability that He gives. We have had some precious seasons, reviving to our drooping spirits, when even at the lowest ebb; and we are bound to rejoice and give thanks, and go on our way in faith, with alacrity, and patience of soul, come what may.

Canterbury, 18th.—I hope I may again say, notwithstanding low and trying seasons, we are favored to proceed comfortably on our errand; feeling where our anchorage is, and what we have alone to lean upon. We have been led into some strait places; but have always found in the hour of extremity that which has carried us through. O! it is a comfort, beyond what I can set forth, to be quitting a place, and feeling there is nothing to regret having done or not done. We have had some very precious times, and some have been remarkably melted down, in I trust

true contrition.

[He was favored to return home from this close and laborious service in peace, the 25th of twelfth month, 1830.]

To an Unknown Recipient

Second month, 1831.

While writing, I cannot well forbear expressing something of the sense I often have, of your deep unremitted interest in the welfare of our Society, and the sympathy which I believe, very many besides myself, feel towards and with you, under the many exercises and engagements that are your portion, and which may be said nearly to absorb the whole man. I trust it will not prove unwelcome, if I venture to say how I have longed that your hands may be strengthened according to all your need. No doubt you have at times occasions of dismay and discouragement on various accounts: but it is consoling and animating, to have the truth of the declared decree sealed afresh to our wearied spirits, “yet have I set my king upon my holy hill of Zion;” and again,—“the enemies of the Lord shall be as the fat of lambs, into smoke shall they consume away.” Be assured there are many with you, (and with others that desire to be true-hearted laborers,) when and wherein you little thinkest this to be the case: and though the fathers and mothers in our Israel be removed, without any doubt, it is the same almighty, all-wise hand, who removes these, that is able of the stones to raise up children.

It is often remarkable, how from time to time the Head of the church, possibly after a time of treading down and humiliation, raises up instruments and aids in all the different offices, one here and another there; even so, that we cannot find any cause to murmur against “the good man of the house,” although it be according to His own purposes, grace, and goodwill, and not according to our mere human apprehensions of what would be best. Thus he renews the face of his earth spiritually, and brings forth a song in the hearts of his children, somewhat similar to those beautiful words in Psalm 89: 6-8, 16, 17 verses. “Who in the heaven can be compared unto the Lord,” etc.

1831.—O! the glory, the excellency of the power and wisdom and truth of our God and Savior! How was he manifested, and his grace and goodness, and plenteous redemption, when the groans and cries of some of his poor oppressed and exercised ones went up as mingled clouds of incense! “For the sighing of the poor, for the cry of the needy now will I arise, says the Lord.” When things are apparently at the lowest,—when our prayers seem to return into our own bosom; when the heavens are wrapt in thick folded curtains of darkness, then the coming of the Lord on high is often as the vivid lightning, enlightening the skies, from the east to the

west; in effect declaring to poor mortals, that it is He alone who can create light and darkness, — can cause the light to shine in and out of darkness,—and can turn the night season spiritually into the noon-day.

First month 14th, 1832.—Employed on Jaffray nine hours. Some days this week, I was exceedingly stripped, low, and tempted, almost beyond measure: but on fourth-day, had a good meeting, and a sweet silent opportunity with a young person who has applied for membership. These words were impressed on my mind; “If you abide in me, and my words abide in you, you shall ask what you will, and it shall be done unto you.”

Fifth month 21st.—I resume these notes, and it is under a sense, greater if possible than ever, of my incompetency to set forth my many feelings and exercises, either in reference to my own condition, or that of the gathered church with whom I associate, I cannot recur in this place to what has transpired, since I last wrote in this little book; suffice it to say, my soul does feebly desire to bless the great name of the Lord, my Savior, for the very thought and hope now presented before me—that because He lives, I live also.

To be preserved alive in the Truth unto this day, and once more to meet with and recognize my friends in the Truth, in the life of it; this is indeed a favor. And to be given to know, in any measure, what has aimed at the life, and is yet seeking to devour, leads to some hope of a complete deliverance from the snares of death. Ever since I have attended this yearly meeting, my mind has been deeply exercised according to my capacity for the welfare of this people. As I proceed in my pilgrimage, I trust my confidence is increasing, that the great “I AM,” the King of Zion, still reigns, and will reign to the overthrow of all his enemies; and that He alone is equal to take care of his church, and to overrule all things for the good of his little dependent ones.

Yet, O I how awful do the times appear in which we live; and how awfully critical is our standing among the various professions around us. Doubtless, it always has been so, perhaps more so, than those of any particular age may have thought. Every period has had its dangers, its temptations, its responsibilities.

Yet surely ours are, if not new, very specious snares; and when I look around, I am ready to think, who, even among the highest in knowledge, in faith, or in gifts, is not fearfully liable to fall into some of these snares. O! I have this day seen, as I think, in the light of the Lord, the enemy endeavoring to deceive, if it be possible, the very elect.

There are baits already laid, golden baits, which, if they are not seen and shunned, will even devour those who devour them. I see not how some, who now take the lead amongst us, will or can escape being carried away, as with a sweeping flood, by that which they are now swimming

in; unless the Lord prevent, I see not how this Society can escape being landed, yes stranded, on a rock. Every day, every fresh occasion of witnessing the spirit and proceedings of these times, convinces me beyond all hesitation, that we are fast verging to a crisis,—an alarming crisis, and a shaking sifting crisis, when every foundation will be discovered, every covering removed. And though many will say, “Lo here is Christ, and lo there!” is he not with us, and do we not own him and follow him? Yet a clean separation will take place between the chaff and the wheat, and nothing will be able to endure the refining heat of that day, beside the beaten gold. O! how loose, how crude, how mixed are the views of many: how accommodating, how shifting is the ground they stand upon; how lofty and superficial is their edifice, though beautiful, and apparently solid also. O! for more humiliation, fasting, waiting! O! for less activity, less self-conceit, less taking of the name of Christ in vain! May such a view of things conduce to drive and keep me yet nearer to the Source of all safety and of all succor; that I may abide in Him, and grow up in Him in all things who is the Head!⁷

[In the spring of 1833, he was first attacked with an inflammatory complaint in the knee-joint, brought on by a longer walk than usual, but aggravated it was believed by a depressed state of constitution, consequent in some degree on his too close application to the Diary of Alexander Jaffray, etc.,—this left a weakness upon him so as never after to be able to take his former portion of exercise, on which he had felt his general health so much depended; the limb was kept for some time under surgical care, and many means were resorted to for its restoration, but without success.]

To an Unknown Recipient

Croydon, 17th of Eighth month, 1833.

My dear friend,

I must not longer omit assuring you of the acceptance of your letter, which was truly cordial to me; evincing that your mind through all changes has remained, as I trust, firmly anchored on that Rock which cannot be removed; and comfortably proving to me, what I sometimes seem almost unable to assume, that, my own poor tossed bark is yet preserved on the top of the waters, and this by the skillful hand of the unerring pilot. Truly it is reviving to know, that we have companions in this wilderness and warfare; that we do indeed mutually desire to walk together by the same rule and to mind the same thing; and that no temptation or strange thing has happened, or is happening to us,

⁷ These remarks will doubtless appear the more striking to those readers, who can recall to mind the circumstances of the Society in the next and the succeeding three or four years more especially: the publication of the work called the Beacon, which occasioned so much painful excitement in the Society, occurred about the beginning of 1835.

but what is common to men, yes, even the best; and that above all, He is with us who can alone do all things for us, and enable us to endure all things through faith, of which He is the author and the finisher.

I earnestly trust that your mind is too much one with the wrestling seed of Christ, to allow you to be in any way moved away from the humbling engagement of filling up your measure of usefulness, in whatever way may yet remain for you, or be pointed out; even that you are endeavoring to be looking right on, turning neither to the right hand nor to the left; allowing nothing overmuch to absorb, disquiet, perplex, or divert you from that which makes for peace; and pursuing the simple path of duty, wherever it may lead.

Ah! how easy to prescribe all this,—how difficult to get to that spot and to keep there, where the yoke, the burden, the commandment are known and felt to be easy, light, and most pleasant. I rest as ever your affectionate friend,

John Barclay

To an Unknown Recipient

Croydon, Tenth month, 1833.

Your letter, my dear friend, I believe I have never acknowledged; but be assured it was in all its parts very acceptable, although it conveyed tidings of a truly mournful aspect.

These things, however, must be expected, and those who are entering into discipleship, must bear to hear of what the Master forewarns them they must endure. Though they “hear of wars, and rumors of wars, men's hearts failing them for fear, and for looking after those things” that await, etc., yet “see that you be not troubled;” and “in your patience possess you your souls,” is still the watch word of perfect and divine Wisdom, coincident with the blessed experience of the Psalmist,—“My heart is fixed, trusting in the Lord;” by whom the very hairs of the head are numbered, and every thing overruled for the good of his chosen, now as ever! And they are directed in all their movements, so far as the Master has need of them, in steadying the ark, or bearing it aright, without over much anxiety; trusting themselves and their cause, which is his, to his own keeping.

We have signs of the times enough to assure us that there is that at work in our Society, which if not averted, may beguile and corrupt, if not shake us as in a sieve, till we be

reduced to a little remnant. O! that we may individually be concerned to know the will of our Master; doing neither more nor less, acting only in the obedience of faith, making faith perfect, as says the apostle James.

Farewell, my dear friend: think of me for good, that I may hold out to the end safely.

John Barclay

To an Unknown Recipient

Croydon, 5th of Tenth month, 1834.

Most fully do I and many more unite in all you have conveyed in your last; and especially in those clear views you have received to give forth (as I believe) relative to the state of the church. My heart salutes you, and bids you God speed on your journey, travail, and service; desiring that no man, nor thing, may hinder you from doing all that you have to do, in your measure and in your day, for Him and his glory, for his cause and people, while life and strength are graciously vouchsafed.

O! how often have I remembered you, and thought of you, as one whom the Lord has made use of in an eminent manner, to uncover and bring out to view the working of the wily enemy, as it is this day; and to manifest the path of the Just One, and the work of God in and among his people. As surely as I believe the views, which we have ever held, to be according to Truth, so I believe, that many up and down are preparing to acknowledge and embrace them; and that the old fashioned testimonies which are upheld in our early

Friends' writings, will come to be admired and sought out. O! surely, there is a goodly company without our pale, who may even take the places and the crowns of those, (be they who they may within the camp,) that desert the cause, which once was dear to them, and which they honored, but who now seek to undermine, lay waste, or make of none effect; endeavoring also to lower the standard, and make it square with their own notions and practice. It seems to me, that the snares and temptations are more and more seen through by Friends at large, especially the lowly, contrite, little, teachable ones—the poor of the flock.

I have been absent from home three months this summer in Cornwall, etc., having liberty for religious service among Friends, as way might open; and found myself obliged to join hands with a beloved Friend, in visiting the families of Falmouth

monthly meeting. I have had much occasion to notice, that, though the standing of many seems in slippery places and on shifting ground, and many of understanding may yet fall, there is nevertheless a worthy remnant, whose hands, though hanging down, I trust will not let go their hold of that which they have truly handled, and which they know to be their only hope, strength and safety. No convulsion apparently awaits us, it might be better for us if it were so;—no, no; the enemy is wiser than to foment this: only let us be induced to give up the true foundation for another, and he promises so gently and peaceably to glide us on it, that we shall not know it; except that it will be less rugged and hard to flesh and blood without any cross or struggle; and there shall be nothing taken from us that we may affect to prize, such as our customs and traditions, our church system, and so forth,—nothing shall be disturbed of all this; and all the professors, and the world too, shall love us the better.

How instructive it is to see, that the most eminently gifted instruments are only really useful, while in the Divine hand and ordering; and that the Almighty is not bound to work by them, but as he sees meet: and he can raise up striplings, that no flesh should glory! It is the distinguishing feature of this heresy, that it runs among the rich, and the great, and learned, and the eloquent, and the gifted, and experienced. O! that all who are not with us would even go out from us, and show their true colors; it would be more honorable, than to be endeavoring to insinuate something else among us, which our fathers could not, neither can we adopt,—no, which we protested against, and came out from, when we became a people.

Your affectionate remembrance of us is very precious; and it is our sincere desire, that you will continue to think of us for good, who often feel very sensible what poor unworthy unprofitable things we are, and how we are borne with and favored! Farewell, my beloved friend; may the Most High be our shield and exceeding great reward, and a very present help in trouble!

John Barclay

CHAPTER XIV.

To an Unknown Recipient

Croydon, Tenth month, 1834.

My beloved friends, I AM ready to believe you would not attribute my silence to neglect

or lack of feeling, were I even longer to forbear to communicate by pen and ink. I trust we are too much like epistles written in one another's hearts, that this should have place. Be assured, however, that it is very pleasant to me to salute you from my home.

I visited dear W. Byrd, and found him comfortable in mind; he had lately been taken into the garden, and was placed by the grave of his wife for a short time. I thought him more bright, and clear, and collected in his faculties and memory, than when his wife was living. The retrospect of my journey leaves nothing but peace hitherto; and my only disquietude is, lest I should not duly estimate this blessing, with those also that have attended me throughout. I think nothing has failed of what it seemed given me to expect beforehand would be allotted and meted out. It has been an instructive humbling time; and in this I rejoice greatly, for there is no state, I so desire to be preserved in, as that of pure dependence, fear, and tenderness of spirit. I gave in my report to our monthly meeting, and endeavored to stir up the poor flagging mind to faith, zeal, and love; but things are flat now-a-days: sometimes under a sense of it, one is ready to say, "My soul is sick with sighing," and "Oh! that I had in the wilderness a lodging place," etc. Yet at other times, when favored to rise above a selfish interest and anxiety, one cannot but see it is very needful there should be a falling away first, that the man of sin may be revealed, and more and more discovered, and that Zion may be more and more redeemed through judgment, and saved as by fire. O! may nothing in low and trying seasons be permitted to intervene and trouble us unprofitably, either as to our individual lot and state, or as regards our precious fellowship and unity in that which is unchangeable, or as to the state of the church or the world; but may we continue in faith and patience to the end.

John Barclay

[In a letter to another friend about the same date, alluding to his late journey, he says:]

'Though the humiliations have been frequent and great, a sense of preserving help has never been withheld in the needful measure, and at the needful time. I have found no wonderful enlargement; but in my little way, have endeavored to sympathize with the suffering seed, the wrestling remnant, who are concerned above all things to maintain the testimony of Jesus, by dying daily to themselves.

And the Lord will still keep these in the hollow of his hand; and, amidst all exercises and tribulations, such will grow. May we ever be counted worthy of taking our lot among this number, drinking into one spirit.'

To an Unknown Recipient

16th of Twelfth month, 1834.

Unless we have forfeited our privileges as Christians, and are utterly lost to all right feeling of Divine help, is it not natural and likely, and consistent with the provisions of Divine wisdom, that as our day is, so should our strength be. And O! the invincible, the unutterable strength of the true faith, even but a grain;— it is calculated to overcome the world and the transient things of it; as embraced and laid hold of, and cleaved unto, it makes us heirs of life, and gives victory over death. O! then, what cause, and also what ability may we find, even to “rejoice evermore, and in every thing to give thanks,” as John Woolman told his attendant,—for this is, indeed, the will and purpose of God in Christ Jesus concerning us, that thus we should ‘glorify him in the fires.’ Our business is to stay ourselves upon the Lord, and fully to realize the truth, that all things will be found to work together, and to have happened, for the very best, to those that above all things desire to love and serve Him, May we more and more exercise ourselves in these views, that we may in no wise be moved by these or any afflictions; but that the further we go, the more we may witness of the Lord's wonders in the deeps, and be confirmed in the experience of his mercy, faithfulness, and strength; though it should be continually made manifest and made perfect in our abundant weakness. The times and the seasons are well left in his hand, who orders or overrules all things well. And in the present low and trying state of things, it is not to be wondered at, that oppression and obstruction are permitted to be felt, to the bowing down of the very souls of some!

To an Unknown Recipient

Croydon, 5th of First month, 1835.

Your communication of the 6th ult, was very welcome and refreshing to us. O! how remarkable are the ways of omnipotent Wisdom, infinite love! As Penington somewhere says,—if its outgoings are stopped in one direction, it will break out with proportionate beauty and force in another. O! what can the enemy do, to hinder the glorious arising and irresistible spread of the gospel of Truth and salvation? He may vaunt and do great things for awhile, such as may, if it were possible, delude and carry away the very elect; and all the world may wonder at the beast but the Lamb and his followers must and shall have the victory; and the kingdom and dominion are given to the saints, even the tribulated witnesses and partakers of that power and faith of Jesus Christ, against which the gates of hell itself shall never be able to prevail.

Though it would be very pleasant to be personally near to you, and to the numerous company whom you and I have seen coming forth of the barren wilderness of professions into the green pastures of life, and into the quiet habitation where none can make afraid,—yet it seems as if my right allotment for the present might be far otherwise; and with that and every condition, I am desirous to be well content, in the hope and assurance, that while in this state of resignation, nothing can be better for me, and all things shall turn to my good, and tend to His honor, who is all worthy forever.

It seems indeed as if the Lord was mustering his host for the battle,—his little remnant, whom he ever delights to hide in the hollow of his hand, while they are singly given up to serve Him in true-heartedness: sometimes also he signally commands deliverances for them, though the enemy may seem to be coming in as a flood, and ready to devour all before him. But what, as you write, shall we say to these things? Is there not occasion for us, through all that we meet with here, in every thing to rejoice and to give thanks.

“The Lord lives, and blessed be our Rock;” “because He liveth,” whose mercies are so renewed to us, do we ‘live also’ from day to day, and have at times a precious degree of hope given to us, that we shall outlive all that can happen to us here, and be safely landed in the end, where joy and peace abound for evermore. O! then, may we each in our allotment of labor, suffering, or rejoicing, fill up our measure; and work with a good heart, while it is day,—while we see the way open before us,—in full assurance of faith and love; turning neither to the right hand nor to the left; and endeavoring (for we cannot always succeed herein,) to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of sound and true peace. I rejoice in every opening and appearance of good among any people; but I cannot rejoice in finding a falling short of that, in which divine grace would establish all who know its teachings.

Some of us seem to be made more use of, in the way of inviting, attracting, grafting and gathering,—others in proving, confirming, settling and furthering those, who are brought into the fold or planted in the enclosure. I long that none of the laborers, among you more particularly, may interfere in their own will and wisdom with the services of others, that our comfort in the Lord, and one in another, may not be marred. May we all be builded together, and seek also to build up one another, in the main thing—our holy faith, which stands in power, in truth, in love, in peace, and in the abasement of the creature, O! may this blessed work, with you and everywhere else, go forward, notwithstanding all opposition or misgivings; and may all that would let, with every weight, be laid aside, and removed out of the way, says my soul! Whatever may be the good pleasure of Him, who raised us up by the breath of his word, with regard to our

undisturbed enjoyment of those sweet privileges of fellowship together, as a visibly distinct body, of which we have so long and so unworthily partaken,—it is more and more clear to me, that the faithful, and those that humble themselves in the dust before Him, will never be utterly forsaken or forgotten;—that these will never be altogether disappointed of their confidence, though they have the bread of affliction and water of adversity administered for a long season and in large measure:—the Lord will still have a people peculiarly formed for Himself, who shall purely show forth his praise, and be enabled to lift up His standard to the nations.

Those who love our Lord Jesus Christ in very truth, not feignedly, and who in proof thereof are given up to follow him in the regeneration and daily cross, I trust will not be permitted to be moved by afflictions, nor carried away by delusions, nor exalted by abundance of revelations, nor turned aside by the business or the pleasures, the cares or the riches of this life, or by love of other things; but these are concerned to lie low before the Lord, and to be crucified with Christ; that so they may say in truth, “I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth” and moves and reigns “in me.”

John Barclay

To an Unknown Recipient

12th of First month, 1835.

I understood to say, that she believed, from the extensive opportunities she had had of judging among all kinds of churches and professions, that the enemy was busily at work to scatter and divide; and that, therefore, we had great need of care, that we do not his work, by giving way to unfounded or unnecessary surmisings, or misgivings, or apprehensions as to the existence of defection in doctrine among us.

So far from uniting with this sentiment in an unqualified manner, it seems to me, that though the enemy is busily at work, as has been said, this is not all; but that the Lord also is at work, breaking up the false rests and old formal settlements of people; and saying to many, “Why seek you the living among the dead?” and his design in all these shakings, and siftings, and overturnings is, that that which cannot be shaken may be manifested and may remain; that men may see, that it will not do any longer to go after the ‘Lo! heres,’ or ‘Lo! theres,’ in this or that system of observations; but that the kingdom and power are to be found within. And so is Christ's own language fulfilling, —“I came not to send peace, (that is a false peace,) but rather division:” he is

separating, and will make a clean separation, between the precious and the vile; and is purging away all old leavens, of refined error as well as open evil! And we, who look for all things being made and kept new, pure, and of God, and who desire all old things to be done away that are not wrought in God, should not shrink or be afraid. We that desire to be searched and tried, also to prove all things, and to be wholly given up to the Lord and his guidance, should not give way to unreasonable or unwarrantable fears, lest we be doing the enemy's work; but simply to eye our Captain: and if He show us the enemy at work, attempting to insinuate poison into the church, and put us upon resisting and withstanding him and those deluded by him,—this is not the work of the enemy which thus engages us; for Satan never yet did cast out Satan.

The giving place to such fears, would lead us to esteem the guidance and instructions of our holy Head by his Spirit uncertain and questionable: whereas the way of the Truth is a plain way, so that the wayfaring man, though a fool, is not to err therein; that is, as he looks to the Lord alone, and does not lean to his own understanding.

John Barclay

To an Unknown Recipient

8th of Second month, 1835.

May the blessing of heaven above and of the earth beneath attend you and yours,—the blessing which makes most truly rich, and adds thereto no sting of sorrow! This has been my secret petition in some of my best moments, when thinking of you; and surely I shall be excused for telling you so. There is that which crowns all other blessings, as you well know: there is that, (let the thoughtless, the unfeeling heart say what it may,) without which our very blessings are of no benefit to us, and every gift of Divine providence and grace is liable to be perverted and abused; instead of being faithfully held in trust, and duly appreciated and applied, to the enduring good of ourselves, and of all with whom we have to do. This is nothing less than a sense of the presence, counsel and aid of Him, who gives us all things richly to enjoy, and will graciously condescend to show us how we may use these things as not abusing them; how we may no longer live to ourselves; but whether we eat or drink, or whatever we do, may do all to His glory. May this, my dear _____, be the first object in our eye, the very business of our lives, in all we undertake, in all we have to pass through. Then shall we not fail of that inheritance, which our dear Lord and Savior purchased for us by his coming and by his death; then shall we be Christians indeed; and when our little moment of probation is

over, the eternal weight of unmingled joy and glory shall follow.

John Barclay

To an Unknown Recipient

Croydon, Sixth month, 1835.

No sooner was my eye opened to see the excellency there is in the Truth, now just above twenty years ago, than I began to appreciate the blessed experience recorded by those worthies, (our early Friends;) who in the same line of testimony were counted worthy, as it were, afresh to cast up the way and revive the ancient simplicity of the gospel.

Since that time, poor and feeble as I feel myself, and unworthy to bear the precious name by which we are called,—in the midst of blushing at my own dwarfishness and abundant occasion of humiliation and of exercise; I may say, that this feeling and love to the pure cause of Truth, as professed by our Society, has never slackened. How animating it is, and comforting to believe, as I have done at this time, in the reading of your letter, and observing your exercises and efforts [in America] on account of this most precious cause,—that the Lord has not forsaken those, who desire to cleave to him, with full surrender of themselves; that He is still near to help in the needful time, to limit the power of the enemy, and lift up a standard against him, and to overrule all for the good of those that fear Him. O! how little do we know of the designs of His wisdom and goodness to his church:—His people are permitted to be bowed down, afflicted, oppressed;—He chastens them, and minishes them; and then (as the history of the church sets forth,) He raises them up by his own arm of power, beyond all expectation;—He even works by poor, little, feeble instruments, and in unlikely ways; till he has effected, through suffering, the enlargement, strengthening, and glorifying of the house of his glory. Isaiah 40, 41, etc.

It is remarkable, that there is a numerous body of scattered and hidden seekers, who have tried all other ways, and retired from them more or less; and who are sincerely looking to the spirituality of religion, and to us as holding up this view. By these the most primitive productions are increasingly sought and prized.

With regard to cutting down some of our Journals, etc., I have always looked upon this as a delicate or difficult matter to do unobjectionably. We are too apt unconsciously to ourselves, to choose that which in our present state and turn of mind we are impressed

with, or that which the present tendencies and exigencies of the times seem to us to call for; and possibly (for often it has been so,) to the unequal upholding of divine truth, or a partial exhibition of the character and line of testimony, which a Friend in his life-time maintained.

This, doubtless, can be much guarded against by a judicious hand, and under best direction: but still I have been afraid of paraphrasing upon, or extracting the experience of others; we may so readily give an aspect or coloring different from the original document. There has been, in my opinion, ever since the creeping in of degeneracy, a correspondent endeavor to refine upon, to remodel, and soften down the rugged plain truths delivered by these ancients; and I think I see this in many of the publications that have of late years issued from the press. The more pure days of the church yield to me much the most interesting and impressive experience.

O! how is the simplicity overborne, even in dedicated minds, now-a-days; how refined, how self-indulgent, and full of reasonings are we! At what a low ebb in many places is our ministry; even strangers noticing the change, and the approach to their pulpit eloquence: Scripture words indeed there are, yet often attended with but little of that authority, weight, savor and life, which tends to baptize and bow down the spirits of all, and to humble the creature under the mighty hand of Him, who works all in all. Surely, among many causes, our being so mixed up with all sorts of people, sometimes for purposes very good in themselves, has contributed to this state of things:—"strangers" to the life of Christ inwardly revealed, have "devoured our strength."—Hosea 7:9.

I must conclude with saying, may the Lord by his power interpose, and show us from where we have fallen, and preserve us from falling still more generally and utterly! Farewell! I shall be pleased to hear from you, whenever you have occasion or liberty to address me; and sometimes, at least, think of me as one that longs to endure to the end, to hold last faith and patience, till the Lord say, it is enough. I remain a poor and weak brother.

John Barclay

[In the third month of this year, he became very ill with a severe attack of influenza, and was reduced to such a feeble state of health, as to afford little hopes of his recovery, either to himself or to those around him. In this very weak condition, he was desirous of being removed to the Isle of Wight for change of air, which was accomplished by slow degrees and great care; and at the end of ten days the improvement was surprising. During the summer of this year, by frequent change of air, he was favored to regain nearly his former state of health; but in the

ninth month, in returning with his wife from a journey in the west of England, he was again attacked with inflammation in the knee-joint, which was so severe, that he became from that time almost wholly deprived of further use of the limb: great pain and suffering came on, and it was not until many weeks after, that he could be removed home. During this afflicting dispensation, while laid up at the house of a Friend at Melksham, who with his wife, were very kind and most attentive to him, he wrote thus:]

I hope there is no cause for discouragement on my account up to this time: I trust I have some sense of the tender mercies of Him, who deals gently with me! But I think, there is no need to express much to you, as to my feelings and state of mind, in reference to this dispensation of Providence. You know I wish to hope the best, and to prepare for what may seem the worst,—to be prepared for all that may be in store for me: and this is what I desire for all who are near and dear to me.

How much occasion there is to possess, as though we possessed not, and as those that are liable to be cut off from any of these enjoyments at a moment! May we be strengthened to take every cup as at the Lord's hand, and he will not fail to sweeten it.

John Barclay

To an Unknown Recipient

26th of Eleventh month, 1835.

“Day unto day utters speech;” and while every day brings with it its peculiar duties and trials, there is enough of mercy and help manifested, to give abundant occasion for the engagement; “While I live will I praise the Lord; I will rejoice and give thanks while I have any being.” Oh! that you may have found, and may always find, the Lord near to you in the time of need, as your bow and battle axe, your shield and refuge! I feel persuaded the Lord would do wonderfully for you, and make you a blessing to many; that he waits and watches over you for good, to build you up, and to enable you to build one another up in the most holy invincible faith; to animate and strengthen each other in the good work,—to hold the beginning of your confidence stedfast unto the end,—to endure hardness—run with patience—war a good warfare, and win the unspeakable prize of salvation. Faithful is He that has called, who also will accomplish all that He has promised, if we do but cleave close to Him, and trust in Him at all times, pouring out our hearts before Him, and giving up all, even what is most near and dear to flesh and blood.

How much has He brought about, how great things has He wrought;—the strong men, the high towers and fenced walls, and pleasant pictures has He marred, and the lofty city laid low. He has in exchange given to apprehend the simplicity, the excellency there is in the Truth. What a high calling, what a talent is consigned to us! See that you magnify His work, said one: and O! that our desires may be from day to day renewed, that Christ and his thorough work may be exalted over all, in and by us, come life or death, come wintry storms or genial sunshine across our path.

John Barclay

To an Unknown Recipient

13th of Twelfth month, 1835.

I hope you both live in a thorough willingness to come up to the help of the good cause. What a self-saving, self-serving spirit is abroad; shrinking and skulking, instead of exposing all, life and reputation, laying down all for the brethren, for the church, for the Truth, for the Lord! May you be strengthened and animated to know what is your part and duty; for some are to be saviors on mount Zion, to turn the battle to the gate. He that saves his life shall lose it,—he that hates not father and mother, etc., yes and his own life also, cannot be Christ's disciple;—how awful! Why have-we not that holy zeal, and weighty concern, and true call, to break down the altars of Baal,—to warn, to rebuke sharply, to cut down deceit?—O! that I may be found, during my few remaining days, fulfilling this course; and through all, dying daily!

John Barclay

To an Unknown Recipient

Stoke Newington, First month, 1836.

My dear friend, I have delayed, longer than I wished, to answer your brotherly communication of eighth month last; one indirect cause of which, perhaps I may say, has been my own invalid condition; which has laid me by on the sofa for more than three months, a cripple reduced to crutches; and suffering some considerable pain at times, but far more from restlessness, helplessness, and various feelings of infirmity, not readily enumerated. Inflammation which had attacked my knee-joint nearly three years

ago, and by which I had been greatly tried, was renewed upon me; and notwithstanding all means used, I have not been able to bear any weight upon the leg, nor to lift it off the other, when lying across it, except by hand.

Thus situated, wearisome days and nights having been my portion; attentions to the poor body have much taken me up, and perhaps shut me out from much active participation in many things that have been passing. Yet this only in a certain way;—for never have I had a livelier interest, and as I think a clearer sense of the state of things up and down. As ‘the tidings’ reach me in my chamber, of different movements and circumstances that transpire, my mind seems permitted to travel on into the future, and to see what some are contriving and concerting to strengthen their cause, and to possess themselves as it were of the strong-holds and the passages.

O! the deceit and the workings of that spirit, in those that despise and forsake the light of Christ in their own consciences! Yet through all, though I have sorrowful cause to believe some of understanding must and will fall, yes, many tall and beautiful cedars, I never felt more strongly confirmed in the ground taken by our early Friends, and in the belief that all will be made (as you express it) to work together for the good of the poor little remnant, who are concerned through all sufferings to keep to this ground.

I often feel inwardly cheered and animated, in the midst of the most gloomy prospects: for the power of Truth is the same that ever it was; and the Lord can confound, even by feeble instruments and unlikely means. It matters not through whom help comes, so that it comes from Him that made heaven and earth, and has set a bound to the roaring waves.

I often think of the language of one of our ancients on his death-bed, ‘The Spirit that now lives and reigns in me, shall yet break forth in thousands:’—and this is my full belief, even if the number of active and influential members in our yearly meeting, were greatly diminished or even swept away.

The Lord can turn the fruitful field into barrenness, and make the desert to blossom as the rose.

John Barclay

To an Unknown Recipient

Stoke Newington, 2nd of Second month, 1836.

I can truly say, that with me often there has been no lack of feeling and sympathy, where I have been but little drawn forth into expression, perhaps checked in myself from it: not that there are in the mind unpleasant reserves in such cases; but on the contrary, this course naturally leads to great plainness, undisguised simplicity, and honesty towards all.

It is in my view of much importance, to endeavor to maintain entire the “uncorruptness,” the genuineness, the unsophisticated artlessness, which is of the Truth. Every little habit, every compliance with custom in things that are thought indifferent, and which trenches upon these, endangers the tender principle of life; and indirectly, perhaps almost imperceptibly, lands us in bondage, impedes us in a straight forward, unaffected course of acting, thinking, and judging. Thus the mind and character become involved and prejudicially affected.

The character of George Fox is as good an illustration as I can give, of what I desire in this respect for myself and for my friends. If I might venture to throw in a little counsel, who am sensible that I also am not above the need of it most certainly,—I would say, in a very tender feeling with you, under whatever occasion of disquietude, ‘Look not so much at them, as for the poor mind to be much taken up therewith; endeavor to look over them up to Him, who orders all things that concern us, and will not lay any thing out for us to pass through, but what is really needful for us.

Do not let us dwell too much upon anything that happens to us; but let us simply seek to be conducted through the circumstances that attend us, and our allotted conflicts, with filial simplicity of submission, and in a cheerful surrender of our all into the hands of our tender Shepherd and Preserver, our Father, and ever constant Friend. When we reflect upon the low condition we are in, it is seen to be a great mercy, that we are not left to ourselves; but are led about and instructed by many painful dispensations. And when we look at the trials of the faithful in all ages, bitter almost in proportion to their faithfulness; also at the sufferings of the church as well as of the Head of the church; what are we that we should be spared,—or rather what are we, that we should be honored with them? How light are our grievances, how great are our privileges and mercies, how gently are we dealt with: we are as wayward children, that are ready to complain, if aught be taken from us, with which we might have injured ourselves.

Ah! like as a father or a mother pities a babe, so does He, who watches over us for good!

John Barclay

To an Unknown Recipient

8th of Second month, 1836.

“I will show him how great things he must suffer for my name's sake;”—and great tribulations must be passed through, in order to have our garments washed and kept clean, in and by the blood of the Lamb: these have often the sentence of death in themselves, that they should not trust in themselves nor in any other, but in the Lord Jesus Christ. Bonds and afflictions may, and must await them; yet none of these things move them, for they know they are appointed thereunto, even as it was appointed unto their Captain to be made perfect through suffering. Indeed it is by these dispensations they live; that is, through their submission and faithfulness in them; and in all these things, the spiritual life is exercised, maintained, and even raised; though they, as poor worms, may be trampled upon and be very low in their own estimation, and may be ready often to say, ‘Surely I shall go softly all my days, in the bitterness of my spirit.’ I long greatly for you, as for my own soul, and for every one that is raised up to stand as a monument of mercy, truth and righteousness, in and unto the church,—that neither heights, nor depths, principalities, nor powers, things present, nor things to come, may ever be able to separate us from that clear manifestation of Divine love, in which we have felt near to Him who has visited our souls, and one to another.

May we, my dear friend, and all that are near and dear to each of us in the covenant of light and life, go onward in that faith which gives the victory; laying aside every weight, every hindering thing, every discouragement; enduring and holding out to the end of all these bonds, trials, temptations, humiliations, fastings, bruises, or occasions of disquietude, that may attend, esteeming nothing strange, which may prove even as a fiery trial; but rather counting it all joy, that we are found worthy to suffer in anywise for His cause, who suffered so much before us and for us, that He might open us a way out of this prison-house and place of proving.

My dear friend, my mind is enlarged, and my eye opened to see something of the excellency of that quiet habitation, where none can make afraid; where the Lord is “our peace,” having ordained peace for us, and being the portion of our cup: though the earth be removed, and the mountains carried away, our hearts are then fixed and stayed; though a host encamp against us—“though you yourself slay me, yet will I trust in you;”—“though I walk in the midst of trouble, you will revive me;” “though I pass through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil,” for even there shall your

right hand lead me, and help me, and save me. It is in my best moments, when such considerations as these weigh duly and fully upon my poor weak spirit, that I feel that the present afflictions are comparatively light indeed. However dark may appear to be the heavens above, however inclement the elements around, though the proud waters may seem to come in unto our own souls as individuals, and the church laboring and tossing like a little vessel in the mighty deep yet the Governor being on board, the Controller of winds and waves. He is engaged to conduct her safely through all that He permits or appoints; and not one of those who commit themselves to Him, is made desolate. Doubtless many will fall on the right hand and on the left; for it seems a time of sifting and shaking, and but only just begun. But I must not distress you,—cheer up; for if Jerusalem become as heaps, our holy invincible Head can raise up the stones of the street to be children, can comfort all her waste places, and make the streets thereof full of boys and girls playing, as the prophet says;—“therefore,” adds he, “love the Truth and peace;” —so will I save you, and you shall be a blessing: “fear not, but let your hands be strong.”

John Barclay

To an Unknown Recipient

Stoke Newington, 19th of Second month, 1836.

My dear friend.

It is a pleasure to greet such as yourself and dear husband, with others in your parts who retain, or are endeavoring to maintain, your integrity uncorrupted, uninfluenced by the changeable principles, and shifting, maneuvering, unworthy motives, and line of action, so manifestly prevalent in our day, and in our borders. I have thought, (and the thought springs up afresh while I write,)—what made them what they were, and what alone can preserve any? If they deny and turn away from this holy principle of light and life, what must they not come to, whoever they be; whatever station, gifts, etc., they may possess, or have possessed. And is it any thing very strange, that the consequences should be commensurate with the cause; and that wherever a wrong spirit is let in, it should eat as does a canker, and spread as a leprosy?

Well, these things are come to pass, as some foresaw and foretold; and unless stopped or limited by an overruling hand, they seem likely yet to extend. It is not Beaconism merely, any more than it was Hicksism alone, that the enemy has a preference for, as if

he had no other forms of delusion, or removes from the Truth, and semblances of it, wherewith to tempt the church. When discovered in one shape, he will put on another,—any thing, it matters not how refined, beautiful, and apparently excellent,—if it but be not the very “Truth as it is in Jesus.”—But I trust and believe you know this; and are perfectly and sufficiently taught, according to your need and according to your measure, to be aware of his devices. No divination can prevail against the humble, teachable followers of our Lord: they are preserved in the hollow of his hand, and under his wing; and he delights to tabernacle with them. O! that nothing may turn these aside from following on to know the Lord in the way that he leads, the good old way, in the footsteps of the flock; whose faith they may safely follow.

John Barclay

To an Unknown Recipient

19th of Third month, 1836.

Your last called forth many a fervent aspiration for our mutual preservation, support, and advancement. Ah! we must cleave to our only sure refuge, our strong-hold, our very present helper,—and then all will be well; and we shall be conducted through all our exercises and strait places, receiving the end of our faith. It is sweet to be permitted in traveling along this weary land,—to give and receive a greeting in spirit,—to be refreshed together as before the Lord, and to be made to feel that we are members one of another; that we are not without companions in warfare and suffering; and cheered up by the countenance of a friend, by even a few lines, or by a hearty extension of the right hand of fellowship. It reminds me of David, and of his friend Jonathan, who “strengthened his hand in God;” and we may instructively, and without presumption, refer to the circumstances of these individuals, with some degree of application to our own case. O! the trials and strait places, in which some of us are placed in the present day:—and how clear does it appear, that if we flinch not, but are faithful to all that the Lord requires of us, to be, to do, and to suffer for his cause and people, we shall be made instruments, in our measure, to carry forward his good work, to stand in the breach, and to be (whatever we may think of ourselves) as saviors on mount Zion, to judge the mount of Esau, yes, to turn the battle to the gate. The Lord will assuredly, in his own time and way, send deliverance for his little ones, for the Lamb and his followers must have dominion and victory. Those who are engaged on the Lord's side, and bound to stand by and uphold his pure cause, cannot escape the peculiar notice of

the all-seeing eye of the Captain of salvation; who will not fail to promote, to honor, to make use of, and to dignify, His true-hearted, firm-handed soldiers.

So look you to it; and O! my soul, look you to it,—that we lose not any portion of that weight of glory, which the Lord designs for us; any portion of that line of usefulness, or of suffering, which should devolve upon us. Let us not plead any excuses, whether it be trade, family, our own meanness or insignificance; nor yet like one of old, say to the servant of the Lord, “If you will go with me, then I will go;” etc.—lest it be said, “the journey,” or the proceeding “shall not be for your honor.” O! for an unreserved sacrifice, and a going on in the strength of the Lord, which is made perfect in weakness; and also a standing still in the true faith, to see and to wait for his salvation revealed, and his arm made bare for our help. I may assure you, my dear friend, that your exercises and self-humiliating baptisms are only such as are common to us all, and no more than needful for the best of us,—to drive us home to the preserving power, to lay us low and keep us there; and are rather marks, how tenderly and closely our holy Head and High Priest, our keeper and shade upon the right hand, hedges us about, as Satan said was Job's favored lot; not leaving us to ourselves, as we are ready to suppose; but constantly interposing with His fatherly chastenings and stripes;—because He loves us, and has a purpose of his own glory in our close proving and refining, as his choice jewels and gold of Ophir.

Dear _____, believe it is even so, in all your overturnings and tossings. Would He have received a burnt-offering at our hands, and would He have shown us all these things, if He were displeased and ready to reject us? as Manoah's wife pleaded. Yes, though He slay you, trust in Him;—humble yourself low before him, and in due season all will work together for your exceeding good; for your great enlargement in the things of God. Therefore, be patient unto the coming, and through all the dispensations, of your wonderful Counsellor. I believe the little ones have no cause unduly to fear, or to let in discouragement and doubts. However, though we may be permitted to be trampled upon and broken to pieces, yet the blessed Truth will outlive it all.

John Barclay

To an Unknown Recipient

Stoke Newington, 29th of Third month, 1836.

My beloved friend.

It is a blessed privilege to be given to drink into one Spirit, and to be renewedly baptized together; so that, whatever apparent occasions of interruption come between, or clouds of temptation, floods of affliction, mountains of opposition, wild wastes and howling wildernesses,—we know that the Lord is over all; we know in whom we have believed;—we know we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren; and we know that He is able to keep that which we have committed unto Him. Although since you wrote, I have had my portion of trial in many respects, more than my outward allotment seemed to bring with it; in looking back, however, although my tears have at times been as it were my meat day and night, yet the Lord has not been lacking to command His loving-kindness in the day time, and in the night season too; His song has been with me, and my prayer has been to the God of my life. I am even ready to think, that it is through the prayers of many, more fit to plead prevailingly than myself, that I am now in the land of the living, bodily and spiritually too;—and as earnest and as willing at least, if not as able as ever I was, to wield the weapons of our warfare, in a cause dear to me as life itself, because crowned with immortality and blessedness. I cannot say, “I shall not die, but live, and declare the works of the Lord;” but I can say, “while I live will I praise the Lord; I will sing unto my God while I have my being.”

My general health is wonderfully upheld, and I have no suffering in my knee, apparently nothing but debility from disuse and disease; yet this I am continually sensible of, that my times are in His hand, and He who has laid low, can do as it seems good in His sight, even “raise up and confirm the feeble knees.” O! what encouragement to present and commit ourselves to Him under every dispensation, and thus to be allowed to feel, that whether we live or die, we are the Lord's.

Under precious feelings like these, when unable to attend meetings, I have longed to be preserved, but as one of the wrestling seed of worm Jacob; who, when he had rested on the pillow of stone, did not forget to place it up as a pillar and a testimony to the Lord, who appeared unto him, and spake comfortably to him; even that He was with him, and would keep him in all places where he went; and would not leave him, but would fulfill all He had spoken to him of. But what shall I say, “Though bonds and afflictions” abide; yet through all, some of us are encouraged beyond expectation, and are obliged to hope against hope.—“I will leave in the midst of you an afflicted and poor people, and they shall trust in the name of the Lord:”—“a deceitful tongue shall not be found in their mouth; for they shall feed and lie down, and none shall make them afraid.” “It is enough for the servant to be as his master:”—“where I am, there shall also my servant be,” whether in tribulation or otherwise. It is a fine lesson to learn, in whatsoever state we are permitted to be therewith to be content,—every where and in all things to be

instructed.

The only time of late that I have been out to meeting, was last first-day week, when I had a sweet time; my mind was clothed with grateful and humbling feelings, to which I had to give utterance;—"O how great is your goodness," etc. There may be, you know, a great door, and an effectual one opened, where there are many adversaries. I am privileged with many visits from Friends, visitors or strangers, and sometimes have to speak very plainly to them on our duty in these times, which I believe is, to be honest, firm, and uncompromising.

I have nearly exhausted my paper, and a person would hardly know from it that I had so many near and dear to me in your county; yet they know it, whether they see these lines or not, and whether I expressly address them or not: we are as living epistles to one another, while and so long as the ministration of the Spirit is impressed upon our hearts. I cannot easily forget how my poor, dull heart was made to yearn towards your dear family, from one end to the other.

Parents peculiarly have to plough and sow with tears, often feeling their own infirmities, and how little they can do: but the Lord often interferes for their help; and perhaps, when they are laid in the dust, brings about and fulfills all their petitions, even to the letter.

My love to Friends, and to the poor of the flock, who wait upon the Lord for mercy; grace and peace be renewed unto them at all times. Farewell; your affectionate friend,

John Barclay

To an Unknown Recipient

22nd of Eighth month, 1836.

Your last seemed to convey a low account. "Behold we count them happy that endure;" the spirit of glory and of consolation is specially provided for these: and however bitter the chastening may be at the time, yet afterward it cannot but yield peaceable and blessed fruits, to those rightly exercised, and endeavoring to be given up thereto. The furnace is even made and heated for the gold, and for nothing else but that which is worth refining: therefore what a blessed thing to be counted worthy to be chastened, as a dear child of the Lord, and not to be left to one's self. You know not what are the all-wise, all-merciful intentions of our Wonderful Counsellor towards you, and how he

would work in, and for, and also through, you. Nothing is too hard for Him; and all things are possible unto his simply obedient children who believe,—He is able to do all things for them; these He will never leave nor forsake, but keep in the hollow of his hand, and as the apple of the eye.

Not one trial, not one pang will such have to pass through, more than there is a ‘need be’ for, or more than will be made to work for good unto them, both here and forever. My secret petition is, that you may each discern what his good pleasure is concerning you, and concerning each other, lest in any wise you mistake it; and thus miss of any thing that really belongs to you. May you be wholly given up, and give up each other freely to His ordering and service, whose gifts you are to one another; lest if there be even the shadow of a withholding and drawing back, the Lord should withdraw his hand so full of blessings temporal and spiritual. We may easily reason away the tender gentle touches of his hand, so as to doubt, whether they are the requirings of the Lord; and those who are very jealous of his honor, or clear in their discerning respecting the standing and steppings and outgoings of others, have the greater occasion to beware of placing so strong a guard against all outgoings, as to cramp or “cripple either themselves, or those with whom they have influence.

These are days in which the enemy would persuade some of us, that we had better do nothing, lest we should do wrong, or in our attempts to aid the cause, only give pain and trouble to the rightly exercised by our meddling. But O! how otherwise is the fact! what preservation, what help, what direction, and qualification, have the simple hearted received, whose strength is made perfect in a humbling sense of their own weakness;—out of weakness they are made strong.

My beloved friend, I must go further, and urge on you to weigh well, (but without undue carefulness, discouragement, or distrust,) whether there is not a call upon you to double diligence in coming up, in a noble, disinterested, unbending, and unblushing way, to the help of the Lord and his church,—to stand in the breach, and fill up your ranks, as those that are deeply concerned for the spreading, as well as the upholding of the testimonies of Truth. Ah! it is high time that all who have been awakened to a sense of the state of things in our poor church, were ‘up,’ to retrieve and turn the battle to the gate. The enemy and his willing instruments are busy indeed; we see the fruits springing forth on every hand; and there are few given up to withstand him in a true-hearted, uncompromising plainness and boldness.

May we then join in an unqualified surrender of our all, to the disposing of Him, who would work in us and for us, and also through us mightily, to the subduing of all within

us that would choose, or refuse, or chalk out our own line for ourselves, entrenching ourselves in the rectitude of our own wills and counsels: whereas, we should be tender as the growing vine, and teachable as the weaned babe,—no fretting,—but with mortified wills even slain and nailed to the cross. The time is verily come, when men shall be, and are, lovers of their own selves, I know; but the time is also coming, when, if I have any true vision of what shall be the end and issue of these shaking times, men shall not love their lives unto death; but lay down their lives for the brethren, forego their paneled houses, their “pleasant bread,” and their couches of ivory, their boats and their nets, and their father, to become fishers of men, and count all things but loss.

CHAPTER XV.

[In the course of the summer and autumn of 1836, John Barclay passed some time by the seaside, with benefit to his general health. While at Brighton in the eleventh month, under an apprehension of religious duty, he addressed his monthly meeting as follows:]

To Grace-Church Street Monthly Meeting Of Friends.

Brighton, 9th of Eleventh month, 1836.

Dear friends,

In the love of our heavenly Father, my soul at this time salutes his faithful children among you, of all degrees, who love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity, and can call him “Lord,” and bow before Him: desiring that an increase of all spiritual blessings may be known amongst us through Him, our Head and High Priest, and only hope of glory.

It seems best for me to acquaint you, that while at this place for the benefit of my health, a weighty feeling of duty has revived and fastened on my mind, to pay a religious visit to the Friends in this place from house to house; a work which, as regards a considerable portion of this quarterly meeting, I was enabled to perform some few years ago, but did not then see my way further, so as to embrace this particular meeting, and a few others.

Should you, on a solid consideration of my concern and situation, think it right to make way at this time for the relief of my mind herein, it may be safest for me to request the liberty to extend the family visit, should this seem required, to a few small meetings in this quarterly meeting.

Desiring we may all be kept patiently and diligently attentive to the voice of the true and

tender Shepherd, I bid you affectionately farewell.

John Barclay

[In the twelfth month, he returned to his monthly meeting the certificate granted for the above service; acknowledging the goodness of the Lord in helping and sustaining him on his way, and in favoring him with the reward of peace on his return home. He paid visits to nearly all the families of the particular meeting of Brighton, under circumstances as regarded his infirm state of health, calculated to excite much sympathy on the part of his friends of that place; he entered house after house, supported by his crutches, and it is believed his visits were peculiarly acceptable generally.]

To an Unknown Recipient

Stoke Newington, 3rd of Twelfth month, 1836.

Ah! dear _____, as you well know, home is home, after such engagements and causes of absence from what is dear to us in this outward state and lower region: and home is home, in a higher and better sense, blessed be His name, who makes heaven a home: for without Him, where is the rest, where is the refreshing to the poor, craving, immortal part? These feelings, and such as these, while they moderate or sanctify the use of earthly objects, heighten and refine. There is truly nothing here worth living for, without the good presence of our “Everlasting Father;” but with that, and in subjection and resignation to Him, every thing is to be received with thanksgiving, and used with joyfulness,—come pain of body, or conflict of mind, loss of wife or children, or dearest friends, or house, or food.

This is our calling,—this is our privilege; and O! that we may hold it up to others as such, both in life and in death.

John Barclay

To A Young Friend.

24th of Twelfth month, 1836.

Rely upon it, my dear _____, these associates of yours, whoever they be, even if they stand high in general estimation, are no friends to your true interests, your best welfare, however plausibly they reason. The very circumstance of their endeavoring to

undermine, or upset the almost unformed views of so young and artless a person, is a proof their unworthy purposes. By your own account, they are in “the seat of the scornful,” as David said; and when the subtle poison that is under their tongue, is in danger of being rejected and exposed, they can turn off the conversation with a laugh. But if you are favored to withstand their crooked twisting arguments, be also very careful lest their ridicule move you in any wise from the serious ground, the safe because lowly abiding place, of the real Christian.

My advice to you is, avoid such company, shun such associates, trust not yourself to dispute with them; you will not be likely to get good by it, nor to do them good, but to receive harm in ways little suspected. You are not to be supposed, nor shouldst you for a moment presume yourself, to be competent to enter the lists of controversy; it requires one to be well grounded, rooted and settled in the right way, to meet all the objections and cavils, that may be urged by persons of more or less corrupt and uncontrolled minds, who despise the truth and its simplicity; yet who would, even with the semblance of truth, beguile others from the reality of it.

“Be not conformed to this world,” said the Apostle, who knew that the fashions and customs of it are vain, and pass away. To a mind disposed to avoid the very appearance and approaches to evil, this text is alone sufficient to induce a hesitation, a scrupulousness or tenderness; knowing that for every idle word he must give an account, and that every thought must be brought into subjection to Christ. But these libertines, who would think their own thoughts, and choose their own ways and words, and also wear their own apparel, must needs have things so cleared up to their blinded and darkened understanding, that, like the lawyers, no express (much less implied) prohibition of Scripture, would have satisfied them: they would shuffle from it and fritter it away, bending it to their own wills. Whereas the spirit of Christianity testifies, and has ever testified, against such things, not only among Friends, but more or less, and in different ways and degrees, wherever sufficient clearness has been arrived at, even from the earliest ages.

Picture to yourself any set of people raised up to a deep sense of religion, and carrying out their watchfulness and self-denial to all branches of their conduct, and endeavoring to follow that exhortation, “Be holy in all manner of conduct,”—and whatsoever you “do in word or deed, do all to the glory of God,” etc. Would they not soon come to be distinguished from other people, who follow the course of this world, or who secretly yearn after their own heart's lusts, and comfort themselves with trying to think there is nothing in this and the other little thing, and that religion does not consist in these things? Would they not soon find themselves to be “a peculiar people,” a singular

people, a very simple people;—their outward appearance, their manners, their very gestures, restrained and regulated after a mode totally contrary to the generality of those around them? According to that striking passage in one of the Apocryphal writings, setting forth the language of the ungodly respecting the righteous, so will it be respecting such a people or person as I have described;—“He is not for our turn, he is clean contrary to our doings; he was made to reprove our thoughts; he is grievous unto us even to behold; for his life is not like other men's, his ways are of another fashion.”⁸ Indeed it has never been any wonder with me, that a people gathered and settled and preserved, as I have hinted at,—or as Friends were, when they found themselves estranged from the world at large, and eccentric through this process of following their convictions of duty,—should value this their privilege, and these outward badges, which tend to keep up this desirable distinction and separation from the world's spirit.

But they never set up a rule as to dress, or any particular color, cut or fashion, on the same footing as the livery of the Monks, or religious orders of the Papists, etc.; they only left off their ornaments, and such things as were a burden to them as unnecessary and unsimple:—it was the ever changeable tide of fashion, which did the rest, and in time caused their dissimilarity and strangeness to appear.

But as to the bare assertion, that George Fox and the early Friends, would have changed with the times, it is a conjecture which has its origin in the mere caprice and inclination of those “ho say so; and the contrary may be as flatly and broadly asserted upon far stronger grounds, even upon the actual facts of the whole tenor of their dissent, as exhibited in their lives, and especially in their writings.

The common consent spoken of, is the very conformity they objected to,—a consent of worldly men, upon worldly principles; not the consent of men redeemed from the earth. On the other hand, all that have ever rightly given up to make a plain appearance, and to speak the plain language, etc., have done it on the very same sound ground, and not merely because George Fox and others did it. They, the truly convinced, have continued to feel on the subject, as he did; and though the instances are rare, as the mercy is great, and the work marvelous, and no light and superficial one, such instances are yet from time to time occurring; they are the result of cleansing the inside of the cup, that the outside may become clean also.

My case is, I trust, one of these, and, perhaps, rather an unusual one; for I was brought up, as you know, in the entire disuse of, and I even cherished a real contempt for, such singularities; until I came to see that there was “no peace to the wicked,”—and that

⁸ See Wisdom of Solomon, 2:12-16.

“great peace have all they who love” “the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus.” Then as I yielded my mind to be in all things led and guided thereby, nothing offended me but evil;—nothing seemed too hard to give up unto, nor anything to be slighted as insignificant, which in anywise contributed to this heavenly peace and progress in what was esteemed so supremely excellent. The cross of Christ, that yoke he puts upon his disciples, was very easy and sweet; and peace was the reward of being faithful in ever so little. It is in this way, I have been made ruler over more, and not by despising the day of small things; which is the sure way of falling “by little and little.” of this we have most painful instances now around us; and even some, who have deservedly stood high in our Society, as teachers and examples to the flock, but who have even come to question, or have lost, all their former impressions and tendering convictions,—those are, it seems all gone, and almost forgotten, as the early dew that passes away,—and they have turned, as the dog or the sow, to that which they once loathed and rejected. And truly it is a striking and unanswerable fact, that there has not been one individual, who has risen to any eminence for religious dedication in our Society, but has had to tread the narrow and strait path; and has had to attribute his progress to giving up, in the ability received, to obey the secret monitions of the Spirit of Christ, even in little things: nor has there I believe, been one who has swerved from this course, that has ultimately turned out better than the salt that has lost its savor.

“The fashion of this world,” my dear _____, does indeed pass away; and as you say, custom is capricious and changeable: but Truth is the same that ever it was—unchangeable, and never fails: and it will always stand by and bear out those, who are of it, and who keep to it, “Wisdom,” we read, “is justified of her children,” and of few or none else; and the natural man cannot understand or receive the things that relate to the Spirit and kingdom of God, they are mere foolishness unto him, while in that state; for they are ever hid from the wise and prudent of this world, and revealed unto babes. Therefore, may I not fitly wind up, by subjoining to that scripture with which I commenced, the language which follows it,—“Be not conformed to this world, but be transformed by the renewing of your minds, that you may prove what is that good, acceptable, and perfect will of God.”

I would earnestly urge you to press through any indisposition or inertness of mind, and to sit down at your vacant moments to read Penn's No Cross, No Crown;—redeeming your time from idle gossip, avoiding occasions of exposure to unsuitable conversation, and either retire and go aside, or boldly and simply take up such a book, and go through it perseveringly; entering into the spirit of the writer, and bending your mind to the subject. The latter part of Jaffray, which contains the history of Friends in Scotland, is

another book which would really interest you. But after all the helps to be derived from books or instruments, I trust, my dear _____, you need not to be reminded of the inexhaustible unfailing source of all strength and goodness; who alone, if applied to, and the mind truly turned to Him in secret exercise and breathing desires, is able to solve all our difficulties, to relieve us of our doubts, to deliver us from temptation, to aid our drooping resolutions, and quicken our souls to run with patience the race set before us, and to hold out to the end in well doing.

John Barclay

To an Unknown Recipient

6th of Second month, 1837.

When the will is slain,—when we can say, “It is no more I,”—then how easy is the task of dedication, and how clear are the pointings, how light the burden of the cross of Christ. Then self is of no reputation indeed, and all crowns are laid down; nor does any snare of the enemy prevail.

The most unanswerable arguments, we of this day can give to the gain-sayers, is, to live down their mis-representations: and the best argument perhaps for the early Friends, as was the case with the primitive Christians, is their life and conduct. At times, the low standing and feeble state of those that have a love for the cause of Truth, and the shortcomings of most of us, depresses me. Those who live within the hearing of the shouts of the Philistines, are taken and perhaps disturbed by them. I trust, such as, however, know better than to give up to every “Lo here” and every hue and cry, or to be afraid with any amazement.

We must keep low, keep quiet; minding our particular calling, our inward condition, and feel the Lord inwardly as the Rock and Sanctuary, where none can make afraid. Undoubtedly it is a trying day, a sifting time,—and I think must be yet more so; for though a few leaders of faction and of error have left us, and have swept away a number of followers, whom they have deluded, and who were not settled in the faith, and some of these hardly knowing why they belonged to us;—yet of those who remain, what a remnant really are one with us! And unless wonderful mercy, wisdom, and strength, be manifested towards the unstable, as towards all of us,—what can hinder their being scattered and driven away. Though the Society seems somewhat relieved, yet grievous exercises remain to be borne,—and a great deal to be worked through and worked out,

before this once self-denying and redeemed people, can be reinstated to their former brightness and ancient purity. The Lord waits to be gracious, and I believe will hasten this work in his time. And O! that we may be so preserved and strengthened, as to be made willing, through all baptisms, to be instrumental in our day, in ever so little a way or degree, to bring about the period when the salvation of Zion shall go forth as a lamp that burns!

John Barclay

To an Unknown Recipient

Stoke Newington, Third month, 1837.

Time rolls on, and manifests things and persons quickly. So many matters have transpired, even since I replied to your letter of eleventh month, that I can hardly recur to circumstances: but may we not say, dear friend, that all our views and feelings have been fulfilled and realized, or are fulfilling, as to the state of our poor Society. The conflict and contest is pretty well over, with what was called Beaconism; but there are those still remaining, who occasion the true Friends great exercise; being unwilling to go the whole length with our ancient primitive worthies, but can readily find them in fault. I trust this also shall in due season be broken up, and the testimony of Truth, in all its completeness and simplicity, rise and shine over all opposition.

Modified Quakerism cannot stand the fire.

May we, or such of us as are permitted to continue in the warfare, be preserved firmly and truly bound to the good cause, as we have ever received it from the beginning; and may we be perfectly knit and united together in the same mind and in the same judgment; even though we be left as a little remnant, and as spectacles to the world.

John Barclay

To an Unknown Recipient

Stoke Newington, 31st of Third month, 1837.

How many and awful have been the warnings and the tender chastenings of the all-wise hand of Divine Providence of later times; all (I sometimes think) concurring with and

bearing upon, and bespeaking somewhat in relation to the spiritual aspect of things in the church and in the world. “The wine of astonishment,” indeed is given us to drink, in various ways: yet the meek and patient followers of the Lamb, who know in whom they have believed, and that He is able to keep their all, which they are engaged to commit to his keeping, are not left desolate,—are not permitted to be swallowed up of over much emotion of any kind; they cannot be unduly “afraid with any amazement;”—no, truly, “all these things,” they well know, “must needs be, or come to pass;” and they are so far from saying with one, “This evil comes from the Lord, why should I wait for the Lord any longer,” that they rather feel, “It is the Lord,—let him do what seems good to him;” and so in patience are engaged to possess their souls. May then the peaceable and peaceful fruits of righteousness, be more and more brought forth in us, my dear friend, through and by means of all the losses, crosses, over-turnings and humiliations; so that not only we may be rendered more meet for, and more earnest after, that fruition of the end of our faith, which is endless, uninterrupted, and perfect;— but even here below may be the better qualified to fill up our measure of service, and glorify the good cause and blessed name of our holy Redeemer. There is indeed great occasion to believe, though the evidences and tokens are, now as ever, sufficiently obscure to try the faith of God's dear children,—that His glorious cause is, through all discouraging circumstances, still going forward; and that His wonderful and all-righteous purposes are fulfilling in the earth. That this is substantially the case, should and must be matter of joy to us; and even make us at times, when we are given to see and appreciate it, —:exceedingly “joyful in all our tribulation;” even though we should be pressed almost out of measure, beyond strength or hope, having fightings and fears without and within. This has been the portion of the faithful, more or less in all ages; and I believe it will be so, till the end come.

Be assured, my dear _____, I do much sympathize with, and have often thought of you in several respects, both before and since we heard of your bereavement. I cannot doubt you feel your loss greatly, at times perhaps too much, though I hope not so. Surely sufficient support and consolation will not be lacking, if you do not “refuse to be comforted.”

I desire you, my dear friend, to endeavor as much as may be, to look beyond your loss, at the tabulated state of the church, stripped of many a son and daughter,—promising and once thriving branches, but now withering and corrupt, more or less dying and dead, yes, twice dead!

John Barclay

To an Unknown Recipient

Tunbridge Wells, 16th of Ninth month, 1837.

May you be strengthened and animated from time to time, and your drooping faith sustained and increased, to run with all patience and quiet confidence, the wearisome journey that is yet before us. In due season our reaping time and shouting time will come, for which we have sown in tears; laying down as it were our all, (O! that it may be our very all,) surrendering every thing that the Lord calls for at our hands,—casting into the treasury even our mites, of our poverty, being content to see ourselves to be very poor, helpless, worthless, fit to be pitied, mere pensioners, and dependents on the Lord's free mercy and renewed blessing. This is the state that draws down the Divine regard, and, as it were, commands the rich outpouring of those good and perfect gifts, which dignify and adorn poor fallen human nature;—which raise up the brother and the sister of low degree, from lying among the pots, among the things that perish with the using, yes, from the dunghill of pollution;—and from sitting like poor Job among the ashes of despondency, to reach forth, to mount up towards that inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and which never fades away. It is prepared, it is reserved, it is laid up in store, for those that are faithful unto death, who are kept by the power of God through faith, and are not moved away from the blessed hope of the gospel; continuing stedfast, immoveable, not soon shaken in mind, nor shrinking from suffering, nor afraid of temptations or abounding tribulations;—but enduring to the end.

I have been much comforted, while from home, in reading many precious letters of our primitive worthies of the first rank, who loved not their lives unto death, but gave up all, that they might keep a conscience void of offense, and be clear of the blood of all. I hope (if life be spared, and strength given,) to hand some, yes, many of these for the perusal of such as can receive and profit by them.

John Barclay

To an Unknown Recipient

Stoke Newington, 27th of Eleventh month, 1837.

My beloved friend.

My poor and often tribulated spirit does salute yours, even as deep answers deep; for I am ready to think, you have from time to time to drink into that cup of suffering, which the livingly exercised every where up and down, in this day of treading under, of rebuke, and of scattering, have more or less to partake of For, indeed, how can it be otherwise, when those who have been as leaders and way marks to the flock, and have seemed to be pillars in the house of the Lord, are ready to stagger and to stumble, to be snared, and to be broken.

But I must not here expatiate on my feelings, as to the state of things in regard to our still favored Society; but I will refer you to my Preface to Pike's and Oxley's Journals, to other parts of Joseph Pike's Journal, but especially to his letters, and some of Deborah Bell's, which show that times of trouble have befallen our Society before now, in rather a similar way and degree. The same power can rescue his tribulated remnant, and restore the waste places; nor will He ever own proceedings which are not according to Truth and uprightness. I am inclined to think that many have been, and are, endeavoring uprightly to retrieve their outgoings; seeing the palpable extremes and consequences of the track they have been on: but others seem not sufficiently warned and instructed to return, in honesty and in earnest, to original principles and practice, but are feignedly, and in part only, doing so; retaining so much of the wisdom of the flesh, and so much of self in a refined form, as they think will make the Truth more palatable to our own people and to others; thus shunning the shame of the cross, and the humiliating process thereof. It will not do: our all-conquering Captain will discover and make bare all coverings, and find out all his enemies, and pursue and overtake them in all their retreats in the precincts of and backways to Babylon.

John Barclay

To an Unknown Recipient

29th of Eleventh month, 1837.

I may truly and sincerely say, that we participated in a sense of the loss, which many (doubtless) even among the more distant connexions and friends of the deceased, feel they have sustained. Do I say loss, do I speak of deprivation, when those who have humbly endeavored to love and follow their dear Redeemer on earth, are taken from suffering and probation, as we trust, to their resting place in glory? Ah! we have them still, if the apostle's language applies to us, if we are indeed come to Mount Zion, the heavenly Jerusalem, to the innumerable company, to the spirits of the just made perfect,

to Jesus our Mediator. May we then not sorrow as those who have no such substantial enjoyment of things hoped for, and evidence of things not seen. May we be quickened on our way, and animated by the cloud of witnesses with which we are encompassed, still to persevere and run with patience; looking unto Jesus, learning of him, leaning on him in pure dependence and childlike simplicity,—loving no one, nor any one thing, better than him.

Being thus made willing to lose all, in and for him, we may be assured of the fulfillment of his gracious promise, of the hundredfold even in this life, besides the heavenly inheritance.

John Barclay

To One Of Another Profession And A Zealous Minister.

26th of First month, 1838.

My dear friend, It is time I acknowledged your favor of the 21st ult., which has not been lost upon me.

I accept your kind and sincere notice of me, and also of my books, with, I trust, the like genuine Christian feeling. That we have been made somewhat acquainted one with another has been cheering to me, as one of those many providential marks of favor shed upon us, through our whole lives by the Author of mercies. It has seemed to me sometimes, as though our dear Lord and Savior, in condescension to our frequent breathings to him, the Head of his own church, for the spread of his blessed gospel of peace, truth, and righteousness in the earth, and our jealousy for his honor, (according to our measure of light and discernment,) had caused us to come across each other's path; that he might renewedly show us, that he has other sheep who are not of this fold, where we have been accustomed with joy and comfort to feed and lie down.

That we should find, on near inspection of each other's views on sacred things, many and important shades of difference, will not assuredly either stumble or surprise us. The ways of God in his works of creation are higher than our highest thoughts of them, as are also the acts of His Providence; how much more then must we expect them to be so, in his dealings and dispensations with the soul of man individually, and with his church collectively. Truly the workings of his grace and power in and towards us, are infinitely diversified. But through all, what He looks for in us all, however variously situated,

dealt with, and gifted, is,—that our hearts being quickened and renewed by Him, should be turned towards Him, and knit to Him in faithfulness, in true uprightness, to serve and to trust in Him, with a perfect heart, and with a willing mind. Ah! how He touches, softens, humbles these proud, hard hearts of ours, these fallen, but aspiring natures, these forward, wayward tendencies; and woos us to be wise indeed, by learning of Him how to be simple as little children,—submitting, bearing, and taking His yoke upon our spirits.

How prone we still are, to take back the government into our hands, by leaning to our own understanding, by consulting with flesh and blood,—while we profess to be asking counsel of God and of Christ; and thus practically we shrink back, and shun to offer up our all, as a whole burnt-offering; but even keep back the best part of that, which is often called for unequivocally at our hands.

Alas! in reference to divine things, who is there that follows the Lamb whithersoever he leads, or looks to the puttings forth of the Shepherd's hand, and waits to hear his voice? Who is there, that in all his proceedings and speculations, or opinions, says, “That which I know not, teach me;” “lead me in your Truth and teach me, for you are the God of my salvation, on you do I wait all the day.”

Who is there, that takes up the daily cross in religious points,—casting down imaginations and selfish reasonings, despising the shame with the fear and favor of man?—Who is not conformed to this world even in little things, but transformed by the renewing of the mind, and in this way proving what is the Divine will? These effusions, which arise while responding to your communication, I trust, will not be deemed obtrusive, if they are superfluous.

After all, my dear friend, how near one to another are all those, who being once afar off, are brought nigh by the blood of Christ; who love him, and his appearing, and who follow him in the regeneration. They are brought near to each other in Him; they are baptized bygone Spirit into one body, and are given at times to drink into one cup. Have these not abundant occasion to forbear one another in love, if they do not willfully transgress against knowledge and beyond faith; for whatsoever is not of faith is sin. Surely those that are zealous for the fulfillment of what they understand to be the command of Christ and his apostles, have great need to see that they follow up all that is commanded—such as to resist not evil, to respect not the persons of the rich, as in the epistle of James; and many other precepts, that are very generally made of none effect by religious professors, and reasoned away.

To be able to say with the apostle, “I am crucified with Christ; nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ lives in me; and the life that I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave Himself for me,” etc.; how full,—how supremely desirable! Then the wisdom of man becomes fully subjugated, where the gospel, the power of God, has free course.

Farewell! the Lord be between us, and with us, henceforth and forever. With Christian love to you and your wife, and sister. I remain your friend,

John Barclay

CHAPTER XVI.

[In the eleventh month 1837, he laid before his monthly meeting, a religious concern which had rested a considerable time on his mind, to pay a visit to the families of Friends of his own particular meeting at Stoke Newington: much sympathy and unity prevailed on this occasion, and he received the encouragement of his friends. Under his very infirm bodily condition, he could proceed but slowly in this service. In the second month following, he believed it right to address his monthly meeting: a copy of his communication will best explain his views and feelings on this occasion.]

To Grace-Church Street Monthly Meeting Of Friends.

Beloved friends, brethren and sisters, Having now held a minute, granted me by the monthly meeting, for above three months, setting me at liberty to visit the families of Friends at Stoke Newington, it seems to be upon me as a duty to communicate with you on it. In the movement I made towards obtaining it, by an application rather unusually sudden, and in that respect unexpected by myself, I had, and up to the present time have had, sweet peace,—an ample reward, (however unworthy,) for a sacrifice which cost me no small degree of resignation of my own will. I endeavored to give up “in simplicity and godly sincerity,” to that which seemed to be manifested as present duty in the Divine sight; and dared not look outward in any sense or manner; and therein I desired, if a spectacle, to be also an ensample to the whole flock; for not one among us can, in my apprehension, do better under any circumstances.

On proceeding in the weighty engagement before me, I may acknowledge, that, although no wonderful outpouring of Divine power was my portion, I was mercifully favored, during the few days that I entered upon the work, with such a sense that the

Lord preserves the simple and the upright, insomuch that it was as my meat and drink, to be thus among my friends: hard things were made very easy, and bitter things full of sweetness; a gently flowing stream of heavenly goodness being extended in every hour of need, though in a way humiliating to the creature, so that nothing of the flesh could glory.

Endeavoring to look closely to my steppings and to my Master's pointings as to them, I did not see it my place to join any brother or sister, fellow-laborers in the ministry, similarly exercised; yet truly rejoicing, that the Lord of the vineyard should be pleased to lay his hand upon any, and open their way before them. With regard to myself, the burden seemed greatly withdrawn, and removed from me, even before I was wholly laid by with indisposition; and ever since, my mind has been altogether released from any further obligation to pursue the visit, and now at length in a way that makes me believe it safest for me to inform the meeting to this effect, and to return the minute to your hands.

I cannot place this conclusion to any outward account, though my heath and constitution seem more than usually affected, so as for a long time entirely to prevent my getting out to meetings; but in my best moments, I have the comfortable persuasion and trust, that He, who is no hard master, and lays no more than is meet on any of his exercised children, has an equal right to call in as to put forth;—to bring out his own purposes in his own ways, which are higher than ours; and none of us should demur against his good pleasure, or say “what are You doing?” and the wonder and the mercy is, that any are made use of.

In conclusion, it seems with me, my dear friends, to express to you my belief, that we have from time to time ample encouragement, as a meeting, in patience to possess our souls, to hold on our way steadily, and to lift up the head in hope. Although occasions of discouragement and deep conflict have attended, and may yet await the faithful and the honest hearted, these keeping the daily watch unto prayer, will be preserved and sustained, abiding in Christ, and being under his peculiar notice: after they have suffered awhile, he will establish, strengthen, and settle them more and more; and will give them to reap in due season the fruit of their often hidden exercises, both on their own account, and on account of others. Thus, those that hold the beginning of their confidence stedfast unto the end, are made indeed partakers of Christ; and the remnant who escape the tempter's crooked Leviathan, again take root downward, and bear fruit upward. Isaiah 37:31.

Desiring we may truly cease from man, and lean wholly on the Beloved of souls, with

the salutation of love in our Lord Jesus Christ, I remain your friend,

John Barclay

Second month 19th, 1838.

P. S.—Should this concern return upon me, with weight and clearness. Friends may believe, I shall not hesitate to cast myself upon them again.

To an Unknown Recipient

First or Second month, 1838,

It is little we can do for one another; yet let us be willing to do that little which offers.

I often think how short may be the season, wherein we may be permitted, or may have occasion for, the comfort, aid, and support, one of another. Many opportunities for giving a hand of help or a cup of cold water, we do not embrace; but we permit them to go by unimproved, or fritter them away in our interactions one with another, even with those nearest and dearest to us in an outward or inward sense. Everything indeed proves what poor creatures we are, and what a low, mixed, imperfect state the present is;—at times favored with a few drops of comfort, of strength, a little grain of faith, of hope, of qualification to struggle on, administered in the hour of need, and in such a way, as utterly to hide pride, and take away all occasion of boasting on the one hand, or repining on the other. If we did enough cultivate our intimacy with heaven and heavenly ones and heavenly things, and avail of our privileges, remember our heirship and calling!—Why need we tarry here; why should we grovel below? instead of lifting up the soul, and resting in the beloved! Farewell! onward, onward,—the time is short, my brother and my sister;—we linger for one another:—let us press forward;—and in due season we shall reap, if we faint not.

John Barclay

To an Unknown Recipient

1st of Fourth month, 1838.

Dear friend, Your letter of the 13th seems, in conjunction with my own feelings in

reading it, to encourage me to salute you in Christian freedom.

It was animating in this wilderness to read such lines from one unknown, trusting that we have but one object in view, and are endeavoring to be found running the same race; though occupying possibly very different posts, according to what has seemed to be committed to each, respecting the things of the blessed gospel and spiritual kingdom of our Lord and Savior. My dear friend, you know not what a poor thing your correspondent is every way,—enfeebled in powers and constitution, though but forty years old; a cripple on crutches these three or four years, by a disease of the knee joint, and still longer disabled by the same disorder, at times threatening amputation, and always bearing about a most delicate shattered frame in other respects. May I not say in every sense, ‘By You have I been upholden from my birth,’ “My times are in your hand!”—therefore while I live will I praise the Lord, and by his help keep my heart and order my conversation; and all my bones shall say, who is like unto you, who have abundantly, and are yet, restoring, renewing, and redeeming my life, my best life, from destruction.

If we do but hold fast the beginning of our confidence stedfast unto the end, cleaving to the Lord, who first loved, and quickened, and had mercy upon us; He will never leave nor forsake us; but will perfect all that which concerns us: and He will enable us to hold out to the end, in faith, patience, and well-doing.

I have had for a long season a strong persuasion, that our dear Lord has a precious people in your country; and though many may be the impediments and snares and discouragements, how do I long that there, and in every place, “a pure offering” may be rendered, with as little of creaturely policy or worldly wisdom intermixed as may be.

But as to the chief occasion of your letter, I am able to give you scarcely any information as to the Jaffray family, beyond what my book with its notes sets forth. I have from circumstances, and perhaps by providential ordering, got into a channel which I often indulge in, to search out primitive zeal,—primitive faithfulness unto death,—the path of the just, of whom the world was not worthy. I do not love old things because they are old, but because they are often more intrinsic, less superficial. I delight to restore the ancient way-marks, the foundations of many generations,— to hold up the scattered and obsolete testimonies to ancient purity under every name; many of which are purposely put into the background, slurred over, distorted, and destroyed by historians and the theologians of these degenerate days. I have a commonplace book for my collections, but my bodily and mental ability is growing less and less, and my opportunities are few indeed. O! that Christendom might return to that state she once

knew,—might recur to first principles; then would her reformation and salvation go forth with brightness, she would be fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners; and all iniquity and infidelity should stop their many mouths.

Whether we ever meet, or write again, or are as epistles in one another's hearts in certain respects and to a certain extent,—may we, “whereto we have already attained, walk by the same rule, and mind the same thing,” and follow the things that make for peace and if any thing be further needful, I believe God will reveal even this to us, supplying all our needs by Jesus Christ; who is with his faithful followers, delighting to reveal unto them the abundance of peace and truth, but in his own way, and time, and as we bow to his yoke and deny ourselves. I remain sincerely your friend,

John Barclay

To an Unknown Recipient

Stoke Newington, 10th of Fourth month, 1838.

My dear friend, I am on the eve of leaving home for Brighton, if able; for I am very poorly, “feeble, and sore broken” outwardly; though I trust alive in my spirit as ever, and resigned to all that may be in store for me. The enclosed packet came to my hand; so I take this opportunity of conveying my dear love to you, in that which changes not—the everlasting Truth.

Though unable to mingle with my Friends in person, when they come together for the sake of this blessed cause, to endeavor to strengthen one another's hands in God, and to build up one another in that holy faith once and still delivered to the saints,—my poor mind is as deeply, as strongly concerned as ever, that every part and parcel thereof, with all its genuine accompaniments and fruits in practice may be maintained inviolate, and that nothing be forborne, or let fall, or slighted, through our degeneracy, and dim-sightedness of that which our worthy ancients upheld through suffering. What has our refinement, religious or civil, done for us? and what has an approach or a condescending affinity thereto done for us?—weakness has inevitably followed, and even the strongest and the wisest have been utterly laid waste. Some are not sufficiently warned and humbled by these things; and if they are, they should openly acknowledge their error, and forsake the very appearance of this track.

I am cheerfully confident, that if those, to whom we somewhat look, as watchers, as

seers, as standard-bearers, as counsellors, are removed, (and they are removing,) to their rest,—or, if any of these that remain, should not keep their habitations firm and undeviating, but turn aside in any respect from the ancient testimony,—that He who raised up such a people as we were at the first, will never cease to raise up others, and put forth some into the foreground—into the very seats of the unfaithful. I have seen it wonderfully in my short day,—I have read it of those that have gone before: and therefore, let none ever throw away their shield, and weakly compromise the trust devolving on them.

Farewell, my beloved friend; may the Lord preserve us purely to his praise. With love from your affectionate friend, John Barclay

He left home on the 11th of fourth month, reached Brighton without much difficulty, and seemed revived by the change. Soon after his arrival, he consulted a physician, who gave a somewhat encouraging opinion of his state, thinking that with the returning spring his bodily strength would increase.

During his residence at Brighton, he occasionally appeared to rally; and at times seemed so animated and cheerful about himself, that his near relatives, long accustomed to the sight of his crippled condition, were little prepared to suspect that deceptive disease, consumption, (as it afterwards appeared,) was making its sure and rapid inroads upon his delicate constitution.

Our beloved friend, Daniel P. Hack, of that place, who evinced to the last the kindest and most tender solicitude and care respecting him, thus wrote at a subsequent period concerning him: — ‘When our beloved friend came to Brighton, it was evident to his friends, who had not seen him for a considerable time, that his general health was much impaired; and it soon became so much so, as to excite apprehensions in their minds, that the life and labors of this devoted servant were fast drawing to a close.

His mind, however, still retained its vigor; and the precious savor which was to be felt in his company was instructive and sweet, to those who had the privilege of sharing in it. His concern for the cause of his dear Lord and Master, which had so long showed itself in fruits of self-denying dedication, continued unabated. It was evident to those who had the most frequent opportunity of observing, under the pressure of rapidly increasing bodily ailments, that the object nearest to our dear friend's heart was, the spread of the kingdom of our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ;—even of that kingdom which is not meat and drink, but righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost, and which stands not in word, but in power.’—(1839.) He continued to decline, and very rapidly so during the latter part of his stay at Brighton; and on the 8th of the fifth month at his own urgent request, and with the approval of his physician, he was

removed to Tunbridge Wells; where he survived but three days.

The day after his arrival, in the course of some conversation with his kind friend, D. P. Hack, it was evident that he believed his day's work was nearly accomplished; and in the evening, on retiring to rest, his wife only being with him, under a precious sense of the overshadowing of the Divine presence, he supplicated thus: 'O gracious Father! if it please You, spare us to each other a little longer, and make us more entirely devoted to You and to your precious cause of Truth in the earth: nevertheless not our will, O Lord! but yours be done.' He continued to sink, but apparently without much bodily suffering. On the 10th, he repeated these passages,—“I am the light of the world;”—“That was the true light, that enlightens every man that comes into the world;”—and then remarked,—it does not say, that we shall all at once know all things, but as we can bear. O! it is because they desire to know all at once, not as children learn, that the light is taken away!’ And again,—‘They say there is no revelation; but that which is made manifest to us as our duty, as the Lord's will, is revelation:—this is my belief,—I am sure of it.’—‘ They slight revelation; but it shall prevail; and the Spirit of the Lord shall reign over all;’ (often repeated, with) ‘the Truth shall prevail,—the Truth shall reign over all.’ ‘None that trust in the Lord, shall be confounded; but they shall be as Mount Zion, which can never be moved,—for the mouth of the Lord has spoken it.—Praise, where it is due, and thanksgiving, and melody!’ At another time he said,—‘You all know my desire to be preserved near the Lord,—to be strengthened and upheld by the Lord,—to be found in Him;—this is the way of peace.’ Again he said,—‘ Simple texts of Scripture contain a great deal: “Walk before Me, and be perfect;”—beautiful language! Such texts involve much,—comprehend the whole of a religious walk,—the whole of what we are in the habit of referring to in a religious life. We must be faithful to what is made known,—to the smallest discoveries of the light of Truth. I trust we shall be animated and strengthened to go through our day's work; then we shall find mercy at the hands of the Lord.’—‘Let us then look to the Lord for strength at all times, and under all circumstances.’—‘The Lord will be your Lord, and a sure refuge and hiding place.’—‘Cleave unto the Lord, O! cleave unto Him; love Him with all your heart.’ To his sister, who was seated beside his couch, he remarked,—‘The quiet habitation! dear Lydia, you looks as if you loved the quiet habitation: O! how desirable!’ with an allusion also to faithfulness and greater dedication.

His difficulty of articulation was great; he often spoke of the great thickness he felt upon him, that he could not express himself clearly: and once he was heard to say, ‘This shackled state!’ and—‘ready to be offered!’ The latter part of this day his voice was lifted up in a constant melody, and for many hours together, like a song of praise; during which these words were clearly distinguished, and often repeated;—‘O Lord! dear Lord come;’—‘I bless the Lord,’—‘I am the Lord's forever.’ The name of ‘Jesus’ was often to be heard; and the word ‘Hallelujah!’

was for a long time uttered.

He many times said, 'Let us all be still and quiet. Let us be retired in our minds.' And again, after some little attention to his comfort,—'Now, shall we have the Lord with us? if not, we shall have him by and by;' and again sunk into the same sweet melody.

On sixth-day, about an hour before his departure, he roused a little from dozing: on receiving some nourishment from his affectionate wife, he took the cup; and she asked him, if he knew her?—he replied with a sweet smile, 'Yes, my Mary.' She then asked him; had he any pain?—'No, not any.'—was he happy?—'Yes; very!' He then lay down again, and gently drew his breath shorter and shorter, till he quietly and peacefully breathed his last, about four o'clock in the afternoon of the 11th of fifth month, 1838; and we reverently believe, is, through redeeming love and mercy, entered into the everlasting joy of his Lord.

A Testimony from Grace-church street monthly meeting of Friends, concerning John Barclay, who died on the Wth of fifth month, 1838, and his remains were interred at Winchmore Hill, Middlesex, on the 18th of the same.

"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

This, our dear friend, was the son of Robert and Ann Barclay, and was born at Clapham in Surrey, in the year 1797. His parents were members of our religious Society: his mother died while he was very young.

From his own memorandums we find that he was early visited with the convictions of divine grace; but becoming exposed to the influence of bad example at a public school, the sinful propensities of the natural mind were strengthened; yet the strivings of the Holy Spirit were graciously continued, and he was often brought into deep humiliation and sorrow on account of his transgressions; and his tears of repentance and his prayers for preservation were poured forth in secret places. In reference to the state of his mind at this time, he says, 'As the evil tree cannot but bring forth evil fruit, as long as it is permitted to live and thrive in the heart; so this being the case with me, the fruits did show themselves abundantly indeed. Oh! that all who have been injured by my evil example could be shown a fiftieth part of the remorse and repentance, sorrow and trouble, which has been, through unutterable mercy, experienced by me.' He was made willing to abide under the judgments of the Lord, and was favored to know that these chastisements from his heavenly Father's hand were administered in love; in a sense of which, his heart was often made to overflow with thankfulness; and he was brought into a state of submission to the Lord's will, and humble dedication to his requiremgs.

Alluding, some years afterwards, to the circumstances of this eventful period of his life, he writes thus: ‘This I may say and leave upon record, that though many almost indescribable temptations and presentations of evil have been permitted to come about me, sometimes like a mighty flood, so that in hours of extreme weakness, I have been many and many a time ready to give up the ‘fight of faith;’ yet to this day the Lord, strong and mighty, has been pleased in his abundant compassion, to encamp around me, and to give me songs of deliverance, songs of triumph and of praise. In His name will I set up my banner; who is a rock of defense, and sure refuge to my poor weary soul. O! young man or young woman, to whom this may come,—my friend, my brother, my sister, who are seeking the better country, and Him who is the way and the guide, oh! though you are weary and heavy laden, take courage; there is a staff, a stay, and strength, and succor with Him, and in Him, who has gone before, and who leads on his little ones gently and sweetly as they are able to follow.

Take this as the counsel of one who writes from a sure and living experience, and who has indubitably known His name, which is above every name, to be a strong tower indeed. He will be with His, even to the end of the world.’ His mind for several years after his father's decease, was brought under much concern on the subject of business; and he felt it to be his duty to give up an offer, which was considered to be very advantageous. In a retrospective view of this step, he says in a letter, ‘I know not that I have taken any measure that now in seasons of calmness seems to afford the like peace to me.’ Alluding to this subject again, he adds, ‘The ground upon which I think it best for me to be not much engrossed with the things of this life is, that having experienced no small share of the forbearance and mercy of the Lord,—having been delivered from the pit of destruction; having sincere, hearty, and very fervent desires for my own preservation and salvation, as well as for that of my poor fellow-creatures everywhere,—I have inclined towards the belief, that the Lord will make use of me, if I am faithful to his requirings, in the way, time, and for the purposes which he sees best: under this impression it is, and not to encourage or give way to an apathy, or lack of energy or exertion, that I believe it right for me to sit loose to this world and the anxieties thereof; lest I should be incapacitated for performing that service, which may be shown to be my duty. I believe it safest for me, if in any business, that it should be one of moderate profit, and not involving much attention.’ He believed himself required to observe much simplicity and moderation in providing the needful accommodations of life; and in reference to this subject, he says, ‘I am clearly of the belief, that it is my duty to live in such a humble, plain, homely, simple manner, as that neither in the furniture, food, or clothing used, any misapplication of the gifts of divine Providence may be admitted or encouraged.’ About this time, which was in the twenty-second year of his age, he writes thus: ‘O! the love that the Lord has shed abroad in my heart! O! the divine joy, the unspeakable peace, the blessed presence of the Most High,—how it seems to flow through me, making up for all trials, and tears of disquietude and distress! O! may this feeble testimony speak out His

adorable mercy, when this poor frail flesh shall be laid low in the dust; may it induce others to fear Him that made the heavens and the earth, and to trust in Him forever! Praises to the Lamb that lives, yet was slain!—Amen.’

Early in the year 1820, he believed it right for him to remove from the family circle, and to reside for a time at Poole in Dorsetshire; and about the end of the same year, he was married to Georgina Hill. Their union was short, for in less than three years, his dear companion was taken from him by death, at Marazion in Cornwall; where they had removed for the benefit of her health.

His mind had for several years been impressed with an apprehension that he should be called to the work of the ministry; and in the prospect of it, he was preserved in a waiting dependent state; and fervent was his concern to be entirely given up to serve the Lord in the way of his holy requireing. At the interment of his beloved wife, in the sixth month, 1823, he was engaged in vocal supplication; and in the autumn of that year he spoke as a minister. In allusion to this solemn and important work, after describing the fear and caution with which he had entered upon it, he says, ‘The weight and sweetness that dwelt on my mind after this surrender, cannot be set forth. O! how it rested on my spirit all the day in an unutterable manner! and yet such freedom of spirit,—so that nothing seemed a trial, or that to which I was unequal. I shall not easily forget how comfortable and at ease in my mind I felt. O! it was a heavenly feeling, and nothing short of Him that is in heaven could give it.’ He was acknowledged a minister by his Friends in Cornwall in 1825, and in the following year was married to Mary Moates, and removed to Alton. After a residence of three years at that place, he settled at Croydon; and in 1835, he removed to Stoke Newington, within the compass of this monthly meeting, where he resided during the remainder of his life. In the course of the before mentioned period, he paid several religious visits, with the unity of his friends; and in one of these journeys he travelled into Scotland as far as Aberdeen.

He had been from his youth of a tender constitution, and for the last few years of his life he had suffered much from a disease in his knee, which rendered walking or other active exertion difficult to him. He was, however, very exemplary in his efforts to attend our religious meetings; in which the exercise of his dedicated spirit was strengthening to many. His engagements in the line of ministry amongst us were not frequent; but he was at times led to address his friends in a weighty and feeling manner; endeavoring to turn their attention from a dependence on man, and from all that is superficial in religion, to a single reliance on the great head of the church, “the Minister of the sanctuary and of the true tabernacle, which the Lord pitched, and not man.”

Our dear friend was remarkable for integrity and uprightness of heart; and in the private walks

of life his conduct was strikingly circumspect, and his conversation, while innocently cheerful, was instructive, being seasoned with grace. Notwithstanding he was, in the ordering of unerring wisdom, much confined at home from bodily infirmity, yet his concern for the prosperity of our Society remained unabated; and his mind was actively employed in endeavoring to promote the spiritual welfare of its members. With this object, his time was much occupied in editing a series of publications, selected from the writings of our honored predecessors in religious profession.

In the eleventh month, 1836, he paid an acceptable visit, in the love of the Gospel, to the families of Friends at Brighton; and in the eleventh month, 1837, he felt attracted by the same precious influence, to a similar engagement in his own particular meeting of Stoke Newington. After going through nearly half the families, wherein his service was much to the comfort of his friends, finding his constitution increasingly enfeebled, he returned to the monthly meeting its minute granted him for that purpose, accompanying it with a letter, replete with the expression of religious concern, from which the following is extracted: ‘On proceeding in the weighty engagement before me, I may acknowledge that although no wonderful outpouring of divine power was my portion, I was mercifully favored, during the few days that I entered upon the work, with such a sense that the Lord preserves the simple and the upright, that it was as my meat and drink to be thus among my friends; hard things were made very easy, and bitter things full of sweetness; a gently flowing stream of heavenly goodness being extended in every hour of need, though in a way humiliating to the creature, and so as nothing of the flesh could glory.’ His health continuing to decline, he went to Brighton; but there his indisposition increased, and on the 8th of the fifth month, he was, by medical advice, removed to Tunbridge Wells; after which he survived but a few days.

On the evening of the 9th, when about to retire to rest, on rising from his chair, and leaning on the couch and on the arm of his beloved wife, he supplicated thus: “O! gracious Father! if it please you, spare us to each other a little longer, and make us more entirely devoted to you and your precious cause of truth in the earth; nevertheless, not our will, O Lord! but yours be done,”

On the next day, which was the one immediately preceding his decease, he uttered many weighty expressions; amongst which were the following: “The truth shall prevail.—Truth shall reign over all.—None that trust in the Lord shall be confounded; but they shall be as mount Zion, which cannot be moved. You all know my desire to be preserved near the Lord—to be strengthened and upheld by the Lord; to be found in him;—this is the way of peace. I trust we shall be strengthened and animated to go through our day's work; then we shall find mercy at the hands of the Lord.—Let us look to the Lord for strength, at all times and under all circumstances.”

In the latter part of this day, his voice was lifted up in a constant melody, and for many hours together, like a song of praise; during which, these words were clearly distinguished, “O Lord!—dear Lord!—come.—I bless the Lord.—I am the Lord's forever.—Cleave to him, O! cleave to him,—love Him with all your heart.” The name of Jesus was often to be heard, and the word hallelujah was frequently repeated.

About four o'clock in the afternoon of the 11th of fifth month, 1838, he peacefully passed away, aged forty-one years, a minister about fifteen years; and is, we reverently trust, united to the redeemed before the throne, who sing the new song, “Worthy is the Lamb that was slain, to receive power, and wisdom, and riches, and strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing.”

Given forth by our monthly meeting, held at White Hart court, Grace-church street, the 10th of tenth month, 1838, and signed by [Here follow the signatures of men and women Friends.]

Read and approved in our quarterly meeting for London and Middlesex, held in London, this 25th day of the twelfth month, 1838, and in and on behalf thereof, signed by George Stagey, Clerk.

Signed in and on behalf of the women's quarterly meeting, by Mary Forster, Clerk.