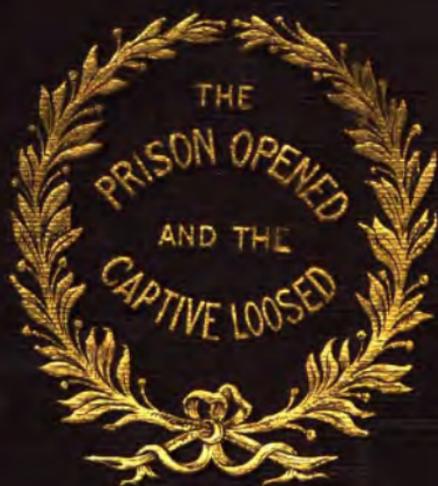


www.libtool.com.cn



www.libtool.com.cn



600024609R



www.libtool.com.cn

www.libtool.com.cn

THE PRISON OPENED,

www.libtool.com.cn

AND

THE CAPTIVE LOOSED;

OR,

THE LIFE OF A THIEF AS SEEN IN THE
DEATH OF A PENITENT.

BY

JOSIAH VINEY:

LONDON:

JOHN SNOW, 35, PATERNOSTER ROW.

1854.

210. m. 248.

www.libtool.com.cn

PREFACE.

THE following brief Memoir is published at the earnest request of a dying man. The circumstances which have led to its publication are the following:—

Some months since, during my absence from home in search of health, one of the visitors connected with my Christian Instruction Auxiliary became much interested in the case of a young man rapidly sinking in consumption, and visited him frequently. In conversing with him, she found he had been a vicious and violent character, but was sincerely penitent. After several interviews, he expressed an earnest desire to be instrumental in reclaiming some of his former associates; and for this purpose was most anxious to convey to them a written account of the change in his views, and of the sense he had on his deathbed of the enormity and wretchedness of his past life. At his urgent solicitation, a narrative of his life was commenced—he dictating, she being his amanuensis. The record became deeply interesting to both; it swelled into a considerable manuscript,

its details being very minute. Much of it was found unsuitable for publication; but in fulfilment of a promise to the dying penitent, a portion of it appears in the following pages. Many particulars which it was deemed inexpedient to publish in detail, I have embodied in general terms in the remarks with which the narrative is interspersed. It is commended to public attention with an earnest desire that it may secure the object designed; under a deep conviction of the inestimable value of domiciliary visitation, without which such a case as this had never been brought to light; and with humble prayer that He who "chooseth the weak things of the world to confound the mighty" may render it the means of promoting his own glory, by blessing it to the conversion and reformation of some who are yet "ignorant and out of the way."

J. V.

THE PRISON OPENED,

AND

THE CAPTIVE LOOSED.

DID you, dear reader, ever stand by the sea-shore and watch a piece of sea-weed, or a chip of wood, or a polypus, tossed by the billows and driven by the tide? If you have, you perchance noticed how varied and uncertain were its movements, with what force it was dashed hither and thither, and how completely it was at the mercy of the waves: you have seen it now on the surface, now engulfed; at one moment carried far out to sea, the next rolled back by the advancing tide; here caught by an eddy, there drifted by a current; ever restless, ever in motion, always agitated, never at rest. You have perhaps become interested in watching its destiny, and, though a worthless object, you have followed it in its movements with a passing regard. At last you have seen it landed—a sudden wave brought it to shore. It lay at rest on the

beach ; and as you took it up to ascertain its nature, and found it to be the marine substance I have imagined, you perhaps thought — “ If this thing were endowed with consciousness, had reason, and could think, what a wretched mode of existence it would feel this to be—without aim, useless, in constant turmoil, the sport of every wave, without beauty, destitute of attraction, belonging to neither of the great departments of the animal creation, recognized by none, injurious to many, shunned by all—who would be such a creature as this ? ” and as you have tossed it again into the ocean, you have, or perhaps you have *not*, felt thankful that you were not a polypus, and that, whatever your condition, at least it was better than *that*. In such circumstances as these, or at any other time, did it ever occur to you that there is a *sea of life*, that there are billows of time, that waves of circumstance exist as well as waves of water—that on this sea, too, and tossed by these billows, are not things, but *beings*—not chips and weeds and polypi, but living men and women— not inanimate creatures and existences born only to die, but immortal souls, beings that will never cease to live ? Did you ever notice further, that while some of these pass over the billows in a stately and dignified manner, each in his own bark, beneath his own banner, amid his own music, and surrounded by his own friends ; a great multitude are just tossed to and fro on “ the troubled sea,” and seem but “ mire and dirt ”—that yet those, like-

wise, are drifting to eternity, to that great ocean into which our little sea is continually pouring—an ocean to many, alas! not *pacific*: and if so, did you not feel that the condition of such is most fearful and demands attention. Were you not disposed to ask, “Can nothing be done for them? Must these creatures, wretched yet imperishable, toss about and dash against the rocks, and drift to and fro, for ever? Can no hand save them, no net receive them? Must this troubled sea ‘continually’ cast them up? Cannot the sea itself be purified, society and life be improved, and be made to yield only healthy influences instead of those which are noxious and putrid?” Ah, can it not? As the case is at present, this sea, instead of diffusing health, conveys pestilence and disease. It is strewn too with wrecks, the wrecks of fallen humanity, and these in the most shattered condition. God only knows, time only can reveal, but Christians ought to consider, how these wrecks can be collected, and this sea made clear and pure; how the billows of life over which we are all passing to eternity can be made, to the multitude as well as to the few, a pathway to heaven instead of the road to hell.

It is to trace the history of *one* of these portions of wreck, the following narrative is written. It contains a simple account of the life and death of one who for years was tossed about both by circumstance and sin, but who found rest at last. It has little claim to originality, for the most painful

feature of it is, that it is so common. It is not, however, destitute of interest. It depicts in graphic outline the career of vice and crime; it gives an insight into prison life; and while it shows what sin has done, it proves what the grace of God can do.

D—— was born in London, of poor but industrious parents. When but nine years of age, he lost his mother, who appears to have taken a peculiar interest in him, and who on her deathbed commended him with great earnestness to the special care of his father. The immediate causes leading him into that vicious career which he at last so bitterly lamented were twofold—the encouragement of a neighbour, and the influence of a stepmother. On one occasion, when relief-tickets were distributed to the poor in the neighbourhood in which he lived, he was induced to purloin some from his father, at whose shop they were presented, and to carry them to a neighbour, who dishonestly employed them a second time, and agreed to give him sixpence each for them; so that when, some years after, a stepmother was introduced into the family, and acted so unkindly to the orphan children as to induce them to leave home, D—— was already initiated in the art of deception, and was an easy prey to those associates whom he met in the streets. Here, as might be expected, he soon fell into temptation. “My son,” says Solomon, “if sinners entice thee, consent thou not.” Had

D— followed this advice, his subsequent ruin had been averted; but he did not—sinners *did* entice him—he yielded; and the consequence was, he was quickly led into evil. As in a multitude of other instances, the *theatre* was his first snare; in order to obtain the means of visiting which, he had recourse to theft, and was soon after committed to Clerkenwell.

“During my imprisonment,” he says in that account which was taken down from his lips on his deathbed, and from which we shall have occasion frequently to extract, “my father and sister came to see me, when I promised them if the magistrate would discharge me I would go to sea. However, when I had my hearing, instead of being discharged I was sentenced to three weeks’ hard labour at the treadmill. This made no impression upon me. I felt, indeed, quite hardened; for I had no bright prospect before me, and no place to call my home or where I could lay my head. Often at night have I slept in outhouses or any place that offered itself.”

How evident is it, from the former part of this statement, that *mere punishment* is of little avail for the moral improvement of the offender! Difficult as the subject may be, there can be no doubt that our prison discipline stands greatly in need of reform; and until more suitable means are adopted, its effect will be to harden rather than subdue. What appear most needed are, more direct moral

influence within the prison, and such arrangements as will afford something like a "bright prospect" of honest livelihood after it is left. It is believed many return to vicious courses at the close of their punishment, less from incorrigible wickedness than from sheer ignorance as to how otherwise they can live.

At the close of his imprisonment D—— went to sea—first on board a Marine Society ship lying at Greenwich, and then in a fishing smack. To this mode of life he was exceedingly anxious to have been apprenticed, but was opposed by his father, who, having been himself on board a man-of-war, objected to this inferior profession for his son. This was a sore disappointment to him. "I well remember," he says, "I burst into tears, and said to my father, 'If you don't let me be apprenticed to this fishing smack, I shall never do good for myself any more'; and I did not, for from that hour I returned to my former companions in crime. If parents could but see the evil of thwarting their children's wishes in this respect, many would be saved from the ruin into which I fell."

Being thus compelled to live on land, and having no regular employment, his habit of theft returned. Lodging with his companions in crime, he pursued his dishonest vocation. At last he was again detected, and committed for stealing a bundle of silk handkerchiefs; but in consequence of the stolen goods not being found, he was sentenced only to six

weeks' imprisonment in the House of Correction. This place, on account of the silent system pursued, he greatly disliked.

About this time his father appears to have seen his mistake in not apprenticing him to the sea, and induced him to go thither; but here his thievish propensities still prevailed, for, only three days after embarking on board a collier, he purloined one of the watches hanging in the fore-castle, and escaped to shore. He was however detected; but having, as in the former case, hidden the stolen property, he was, on the ground of insufficient evidence, discharged. His father then took lodgings for him in the Borough, where for a short time he remained steady. On Christmas Eve, however, he again broke loose.

"As I was crossing London Bridge," to use his own words, "I met a man with a load on his back and a basket in his hand. He spoke to me, and offered me sixpence if I would carry the basket for him to Mile End Gate, which I promised to do; he happened to stop at the corner of a street to tie his shoes, when I walked off with the basket to the Borough. On opening it I found half a dozen fancy linen shirts, a quantity of lace collars, and a lady's dress. I did not intend to make off with it at first, but carry it to the gate as the man wished me, and even thought at the time that sixpence earned in an honest way was better than thieving; but when the man stooped

down it seemed as if the devil had told me to steal it, and I felt I could not help it—it was the thought of the moment.”

About this time his depredations were most frequent, and are thus described:—“After this we went out cutting panes of glass from the shop windows, when we would take out whatever we wished. Sometimes we did this three or four times in an evening. At other times we watched for the shops to open in the morning, and went in as the men were taking down the shutters, catching up those things which came first; sometimes we have had piles of silk handkerchiefs, packets of kid gloves, pieces of silk, and very many other things that have been forgotten, so numerous were the robberies we committed. I well remember, one time, going to Deptford to a jeweller’s shop. I made a hole in the glass and took out the things by means of a wire. There were three of us to do this; two kept watch, while one drew out the things. That night we nearly cleared the window, and had to the amount of, I suppose, sixty pounds’ worth, for which we got twenty. We usually got one third, and often more. Our buyers were mostly Jews. We spent the money at dances, and gambled it away; or sometimes we resorted to our favourite place, the theatres, which I *now feel are the ‘root of all evil.’* The favourite pieces in these places were ‘Dick Turpin’ and ‘Jack Shepherd.’ I have often wished myself like them, and have striven to imitate

them. Then, to have been like them would have been the height of my wishes. Although we robbed others, we never robbed each other; thus fulfilling the old saying, 'there is honour among thieves.'"

The following, were it not for the iniquity of the course, which ought to make one weep, might almost produce a smile:—"The next day after the robbery at the jeweller's we again went to Deptford, to a large carpet manufactory: there I stole a roll of Turkey carpet. At this time I was disguised: my hat I pulled over my eyes, and had on a great coat which reached down to my heels. I had not gone far before I saw a policeman. I still kept on the same side to avoid suspicion, when I happened to drop the carpet. The policeman, coming up, said to me, 'Poor old man! it is too heavy for you. Let me help you put it on your back;,' which he did, and I went on with it."

It may serve to put some on their guard, and at the same time to give a little insight into the shifts and devices to which others have recourse, if we lift the veil for a moment and extract the following:—"We generally disguised ourselves—at one time we dressed like shopmen, with a black glazed apron and cap; at other times like gentlemen's sons, with tassel cap, and white collars turned over our jackets. As we were suspected we changed our dress to suit our circumstances. We have often dressed in the morning as schoolboys: then we would go into shops, and, if no one came, that

which we thought would pay us the best we would walk off with. If anyone should come into the shop, we would then ask for some person's name who we knew did not live there, to avoid suspicion. On January 13th we were going along Hackney Road, and, in a grocer's shop, we saw a lady paying a bill. As we watched her we saw her purse in her hand. No sooner had she paid the bill and put the purse in her pocket, than my companion went in for a quarter of a pound of sugar, and while they were serving him he took the purse out of her dress. As he came out, she missed it, and the shopman followed him; when I, to defend him, took up a loaf of sugar and knocked him down. I endeavoured to make my escape, but was taken, and my companion made off with the purse, which I afterwards found contained forty-three sovereigns."

That "the way of transgressors is hard" is a fact declared alike by Scripture and experience. Let the following be taken as an illustration. Being committed for six months to Coldbath-fields prison, he describes his condition as follows:—"There we were not allowed to speak, from the time we went in until the time we came out. If I talked in my sleep, I was punished by being put into a dark cell three days on bread and water. One of my companions was affected in his head from falling from the mast of a ship: ever after this he talked in his sleep; every night the turnkey or warder used to watch, and report what he said to the governor.

He was punished for this many times, till at last he grew so thin you could count his bones.

“I worked five months on the treadmill, which is like going up stairs all day long. I have often thought I should faint, I felt so exhausted. On the 28th June, 1838, the day of the Queen’s coronation, I had been in five months out of six. The governor not having any reports against me during that time, I was appointed to him: he called me from the wheel by my number, and asked me how long I had been there. He said, as I had behaved so well he would make me a knifeman—that is, to keep the knives clean—the last month; then I had an extra allowance. I had often before felt so hungry, that when I have seen a crumb lying on the ground I have wetted my finger to take it up. One day while I was at the treadmill, in the beginning of June, I felt faint from the heat and the constant exercise, and, as was usual, the doctor came round to see if any of us wanted him. I sprang from the wheel and went to him, and asked him to allow me a little extra, I felt so weak. He said, ‘Show me your leg’ (by the constant use of the wheel it often falls away). On looking at it he refused my request, saying I had a bigger leg than he had.”

In this way he went on for months, committing depredations of all kinds, and with various success—sometimes being detected and punished, but oftener escaping detection, and living with his comrades

on his ill-gotten spoils. Instances of his iniquitous course of proceeding, too numerous here to mention, were detailed by him on his dying bed with tears of unfeigned repentance, and indicated clearly the hard and imperious character of that service to which he had yielded his life. Deception, cunning, lying, disguises, false characters, were resorted to, in order to conceal his almost daily thefts. Usually his skill and sharpness carried him through, though not without many fears and apprehensions, which at times were so great that he fancied persons were pursuing him where he was quite free from suspicion. At last he was again apprehended, for a robbery in John Street Road, and, after trial at Newgate, was sentenced to seven years' transportation, on the ground of his being an old offender, though he denied having been in prison before.

How little we think of what is involved in that terrible word, 'transportation'! How little does the culprit think, when he hears this sentence, of the miseries with which it is associated! Imagine them. Not only absence from *country*, but toil, chains, hunger, thirst, exhaustion, disease, and neglect; the scoffing of companions, the scourge of the overseer, the scorching sun, the baleful climate, the pestilential marsh—above all, the remorse of conscience and the thought of home, all combine to constitute this a terrible penalty of crime. If any are disposed to think lightly of it, and to conjure up visions of "tickets of leave" and sub-

sequent success, let them read the following description, by one who had experimentally tasted the wormwood, and felt the iron entering into his soul.

“ On the 2nd October, at four in the morning, we were called out and put into heavy irons, with iron rings riveted round or chained to the ankles. These were about 10lbs. weight; they were chained to long links, and we were each chained to the other. I cannot describe what I suffered from them; when I was in the van I put up my leg, thinking to rest it, which took the weight off the other prisoners. This caused my ankle to swell so much that it was bad for days; but having good flesh, it did not break out.

“ We started at half past five o'clock from Newgate Street. There were four horses to the van, and one turnkey inside with a brace of pistols, and another with the same behind, while the governor followed in his chaise, armed. When we left Newgate, we bid each other good bye. Some said, ‘ Perhaps we shall never meet again.’ There were some persons outside, who said to us, ‘ I wish you luck;’ others said, ‘ God bless you! I have got children of my own—I don't know what they may come to.’ I don't know how it was, but the old women's talk touched me, and at the time made me feel quite faint-hearted; but my companions soon cheered me up and put the dull thoughts out of my head. As we crossed Blackfriars Bridge, we looked at the ‘ Surrey,’ and regretted that we

should never go there again. The turnkey, noticing it, told us to sing and make ourselves happy, for it would be the last chance we should have of doing so; so we sung until we got near to Gravesend. On our way the turnkey said to us, 'You have some good clothes and handkerchiefs; you may as well give them to me, for they will be taken from you.' Some of my fellow prisoners had very good clothes, besides rings on their fingers. There were twenty-one of us in the van, and many of us threw our things to some poor Irish who were going to London.

"When we arrived, we went aboard the hulks, and the blacksmith came with his hammer and chisel and punched out the rivets—in doing which, he knocked pieces out of our legs. We were then ordered into a bath, after which we were clothed in knee-breeches, jacket, and waistcoat, with a narrow-brimmed hat; our hair was cropped short, and our whiskers taken off. We happened to talk, and for this we had double irons put on, which weighed I am sure 10lbs. We were not linked together then, but were chained separately, ready for work the next day. We were then drafted into wards according to our number, and parted off like wild beasts in a den.

"I shall never forget what I suffered from sleeping in my chains; the cold iron was dreadful. I could not bear to move, and at first I could not sleep. I then began to think what would become of me—

to wear these irons day and night, and, besides this, to work in them. The next morning a bell was rung, and we arose. It was an awful sound to hear the sudden rattling of the chains of 400 men, who in a moment had to spring out of their hammocks: it frightened me. We then had to take our hammocks on deck and stow them away.

“I was sent to work in a high shed, and my duty was to sit on the rafters and hand the carpenters their nails. At dinner-time the dock bell rung for the men to muster to go on board. The first thing we had to do was to show our ankles, for the authorities to see if we had filed our irons. We were then searched, to see if we had any tobacco or money about us; if any was found on us we were put into heavy cross irons up to our waist. Our food was very bad.

“One day, at the latter end of October, I was taken with a giddiness—owing, I believe, to weakness from want of food. I fell from the top of the shed; in falling I happened to catch hold of a rope used for the drawing up of planks of wood. The swiftness of the descent caused the skin as it were to be burnt off my hands. They dipped some oakum into salt water, and put on them, which pained me dreadfully. The officer seemed to pity me, and told me not to work there, but to pick up things that were wanted, as it would be easier for me. The next day I had my irons struck off for lighter ones, having been recommended for

good behaviour. I have often thought of that time; my leg sprang up as if it did not belong to me. After the weight was off I could not hold it still. I had worn them altogether thirty-one days, and was considered lucky to have them off then. The blacksmith, a prisoner, asked me if I would not give him a loaf the next white-loaf day? I told him 'No'; though, had I known his object, I would have said 'Yes,' for he picked me out an iron that was rusty, and heavier than required. Had I consented to give him the loaf, I should have had a bright iron and a lighter one. These irons we had to keep polished; this I had to get clean in three days, like the other prisoners'. In the morning, before we mustered, and every opportunity, we were engaged with sandpaper or a bazil stone polishing them up. If any were found with rust on them, they had their bread stopped; and they were often so bright we could see our faces in them.

"We often endured much. I was sent one day with two others to the saw mills, to clean out the boilers. I had to go into one, an hour after the hot water had been run off, and when another boiler was at work close by. Our business was to scrape off the fur from the rivets. I have sometimes been in when we could not keep the candles alight for the heat. Our sufferings at times were very great, together with our scanty allowance of food. One time I was taken out of a boiler nearly suffocated.

Our hunger was frequently intense. Many a time have we watched the sawyers at dinner, and dare not touch a crumb of it, and they dare not give us any; many pitied us, and would have given us some food, but had they done so they would have been discharged. On Saturday we swept the officers' quarters; and the servants, if they had any cold potatoes or meat, would put it in the dust in a hole where we could get it. One of the officers who knew it would contrive to lock us in a closet, that it might not be found out, while we ate what was given us. One day, as I was working in the dockyard, a gentleman passed; and because I did not salute him by touching my cap, though I did not see him, I had the whole of my white bread stopped for six weeks. On Christmas-day a prisoner escaped from the hulks, and swam ashore across the Chatham river. He laid in a ditch one day. Three days after, he was taken, but not flogged because of his cold, but was put into heavy cross irons. Many were sick; and it was a general remark among us, that if a man went into the hospital he never came out alive."

Such was the mode of life which for six months he was compelled to pursue in the dockyard. This, however, was but preparatory to what was yet to come; for as the way of sin is proverbially downhill, so the experience of punishment often augments by continuance.

On the 23rd March he was shipped off for Ber-

muda. "One morning," he says, "fifty of us were picked out for a Bermuda draft; we had our light irons struck off, and were put into heavy ones, and were taken down to Sheerness and put aboard the *Boadicea* transport ship, with 100 transports. During the week, we sailed round to Portsmouth. I had sent a letter home; so that when we got to Portsmouth I found some needles, thread, and worsted, and a large cake. My companions wanted to buy my cake. I could not part with all, so I took a large piece, and shared the other as far as it went. Unknown to me, the officer had noticed it; and when we left Portsmouth, on the last day of March, he ordered my irons to be struck off, and made me a servant to the passengers. Here I fared well; whatever the passengers had, I came in for a share. After we had been out a week, my companions had their irons struck off for good behaviour. Our living here was far better than we had in the hulks; six men had the same as four sailors.

On the 15th April we sailed by Madeira and St. Michael's, not above five miles from the land. The mountains were beautiful—like clouds rising up out of the sea. We had many among us seasick; and they were so bad, that some gave themselves up to die, especially the female passengers. I made myself generally useful at this time; and the chief officer told me, as I had done so he would make me his servant. We had a beautiful passage, and arrived on the 2nd May, a distance of 3,550

miles, in 32 days—the quickest passage ever known for a transport ship. During our voyage we had no deaths. On the 3rd May, 1839, fifty of us were drafted to a ship in St. George's Island, called the *Antelope*."

It is impossible to detail all the sufferings he endured while in Bermuda, partly from want of water, and partly from other causes. As often as he could elude the vigilance of his overseers, he obtained rum, and drank to excess; and for one of such outbreaks he was ordered to the quarries. "There," he says, "I worked for several weeks. It was dreadful; for the rays of the sun were so powerful, that while working I have been obliged to keep wet cloths on my head, and my things would be wet through with perspiration. When I have been out on the rocks, I have drunk as much as a gallon and half of water a day. I have seen men die through this. I had not long been working in the quarry before I was taken ill. I well remember the time: my head was dizzy, and all around me seemed to be moving. I fell down and lost my senses, and was carried aboard by four men. When the doctor saw me, he ordered my head to be shaved, and said I had got the brain fever. I was bad for six weeks, and all the time insensible. When I came to myself, I asked if they were going to starve me. I was almost reduced to a skeleton. I have since often thought, it was sad that no minister ever felt any interest in

us, or ever came near us when we were ill, though at that time it never crossed my mind. When I began to mend, the doctor said I should never be fit for that climate, and that the ship which brought me out was coming with another draft of prisoners, and he would then invalid me home. I told him I would rather stop here, for I had suffered so much with cold and starvation at the hulks, at Chatham, that I would rather die here than be drafted home. I was bad ten weeks. At the end of that time I was sent to the works again, as labourer to the Royal Sappers and Miners, to mix mortar and cement for plastering. I generally used to work piecework, so that when my work was done I could go abroad, or sit under the shed out of the broiling sun."

Amongst other tragical scenes he witnessed at this time, was that of flogging, which appeared to have made a deep impression on his mind, and which he thus describes: "About a month after this, we had a man who committed himself by smuggling: he was put into heavy cross irons, and the next morning all hands were called on deck. The captain ordered the ladder to be rigged, and the prisoner was sent for out of the black hole. He was ordered to strip, and was lashed up by his hands to the ladder; then tied round his ankles. The doctor stood behind; and the captain called out, 'Boatswain, do your duty!' He was the biggest officer aboard that ship. He took his cat-o-nine-tails, which, as was the custom, had been

soaked in brine. We were all called round the quarterdeck to witness the punishment. Another officer was ordered to stand at the side; and as the man was flogged, he called out the number to every lash. The first lash made his flesh black and blue, which caused us to shudder, and filled us with horror. They gave him four dozen in twenty minutes; and the man's brother, who had been transported with him, was compelled with us to stand by and see it all. The offender's age was twenty-five: he was obliged to bear all patiently, and dare not say a word. He had a piece of lead in his mouth to bite (to prevent him, in his agony, from shouting out), which was all bitten to pieces.

"This flogging is not all the punishment that has to be endured. The worst is, when the back is dressed. Three or four prisoners stopped in the ship that morning to dress the back. It was done by getting the inside of two duck frocks and steeping them in lotion, when the man was laid on deck, and two of the prisoners pressed on his shoulder and chest to press the bruised blood out. This was repeated for twenty-four hours."

How much it is to be lamented, that the religious instruction of these miserable convicts is not better provided for! It is true, society has cast them out of her lap, but they are still her children: immortal too, and in circumstances in which earnest religious guidance would be of the greatest value. It is sad to think what a secular spirit pervades a large pro-

portion of such ecclesiastical appointments as those to which the following observations apply:—"On a Sunday morning we had to muster on deck for chapel: this lasted three quarters of an hour. We none of us liked the minister, so that some would be reading "*Paul Pry*," "*Bell's Life*," and novels, during the service, to annoy him. We paid no attention to what he said, for he did not care for us; he never showed any sort of kindness for us when sick. I have heard them say, when they have seen him coming along the ship, 'What do we want with a fellow like you?' Another would say, 'He would not come if it was not for his salary. What does he care about my soul? he has never said anything to me about it.'"

About this time he was again attacked with fever, which raged fearfully, and the ravages of which he graphically relates:—"One day (1843) I was taken very bad in my head and back. I was carried aboard; and when I had been there a fortnight, the men were brought as many as ten a day sick. It became worse and worse each day, and out of 330 men there were not more than 20 left to wait upon the others. Our doctor found out it was the yellow fever. One day one of our prisoners was fetching a coffin aboard. The captain said, 'Skinner, is that one for you, boy?' The boy replied, 'I hope not: it may be for you, sir'; and, strange to say, it was so, for he was laid in that coffin while his own was being made. They died hourly. I

have seen some die cursing and swearing. The fever was so dreadful that they were obliged to be brought in their hammocks on deck, to save them from falling out of them in their delirium. I have often seen them, when dying in their agony, dragging the pillows from one another's head. Some died raving mad; there were as many as sixteen who died daily, or five hundred in a month, during this time. I never saw one offer up a prayer to God, but they were continually cursing. I myself got better, and it was my office to wait on the others. One day, when my fellow prisoners were very bad, I got some biscuits and soaked them, and cut up some slices of pork and baked them, as I thought some would eat this. While I was doing it, one of the prisoners, about the biggest and healthiest man in the ship, came to me at the mess table and saw what I was doing—said, 'Do you want to turn me sick?' uttered an oath, and ran to the further end of the ship and dropped down dead. Those that were well would boast that the more brandy they drank the better, and that it would keep the fever from them: they would go ashore and get it. Many of these died drunk; many were singing songs in their last moments."

The period of his transportation now drew towards a close. Its general character may be judged of from what has preceded; and how little beneficial effect it had upon him will be evident from

what follows. One thing, however, is worthy of notice—that he did not, after his return home, yield to his propensity to steal. His habit of intoxication—of lying, deception, and craft—continued and increased; but he did not thieve. As the Israelites in Babylon, who were cured by their captivity of the sin of idolatry, so D—— appears to have been cured by his transportation of the sin of theft. The stream of evil had but changed its course, however, and, though in another direction, it still ran strong—the time not having yet come when the “bitter waters” were “healed” by the infusion of a new principle of holy and spiritual life.

“Nothing particular occurred until the 12th May, 1854, when I sailed for England with 150 of my colleagues; and when we had been eighteen days at sea we had an invalid soldier die. He was sewn up in his hammock with shot, and cast into the depths as soon as the service was read. The next day another died, and was served in the same manner; but he never sank, and the sharks came up round about the ship and had him. On the 5th June we had a gale of wind. Our captain and agent thought the ship would founder. They ordered the sailors to take in sail. One of them went aloft to take in the maintop-gallant sail; but no sooner was he on the foot rope than he was dashed down, and in a moment his breath was out of his body. The captain and doctor tried what they could do to restore him, but it was in vain; he just opened his eyes, and expired.

“I have often thought with wonder of the many deaths I have witnessed, and yet that I should have been spared. This poor fellow was thrown overboard the same evening, at half past ten o'clock. I was in my hammock that night, when I heard a cry of ‘Land ahead!’ I run on deck, but was knocked down by a wave. I started up again, and could see the light. I rejoiced, and cried, ‘Old England once again!’ I think I never had such a beautiful sight as when we were coming up the English Channel, and saw the meadows, and the men ploughing. The next day, we dropped anchor at Spithead; the following, were drafted on board a ship at Portsmouth; and the 7th July my discharge came down, with Her Majesty’s free pardon, my seven years being up all but two months. Several of the men got ashore at Gosport, and made away with all their money. I sent up £7 of mine to the General Post Office, to be called for. The next day I started early in the morning, and made the best of my way home. My friends cried for joy to see me; and the following day we had a merry-making.”

The reader will, perhaps, be reminded in these remarks of the beautiful description of the prodigal’s return, detailed with so much interest in Luke xv. 11. How long *that* prodigal had been absent we are not told—long enough to “waste his substance in riotous living,” and to feel the pangs of want. *He* returned, however, penitent, confessing

his sins—spiritually “alive,” though he had been “dead”; “found,” though he had been “lost.” It was not thus yet with D——; though at first there appeared promise of reformation.

Continuing his narrative, he says, “I drew my money out from the Post Office, and I bought myself a suit of clothes. I next gave £5 for a horse and cart, with a determination to get an honest living; and on the Friday I went about selling potatoes. Soon after, I met with a sad misfortune—my horse died. I got another, and did very well until the disease in the potatoes: then my trade began to drop off, and I was obliged to sell my horse and cart. I then went to work at a coal wharf, at 18s. per week. During this time I became acquainted with a young woman, and in a little time I made her my wife. I kept on at the coal trade until the Christmas following. I had a very kind master; but of this I took advantage, and absented myself a day or two now and then. If I had had a strict master, I should not have done it; however, I did so once too often, for on the following Easter Monday I went to my place, and never went to work again until Saturday, to get my two days’ money. My master said, ‘D——, where have you been all this week? Have you been sick?’ I said ‘No, not all the week.’ He then said to me, ‘We are rather slack at present, I will send for you when I want you.’”

“I was out of work five weeks, when he sent for

me; during that time I was on at the docks a day now and then. When he sent for me back, I had to go with the coal waggons, and had to visit many sugar houses, where we had plenty of beer given us; this brought me again into the habit of drinking. I worked in the coal trade until a fortnight before Whitsuntide, when I was run over. I was getting up between the wheels; and being at the time rather in liquor, I fell, and the wheel went over my leg. When taken to the hospital, the doctors examined my leg, and said at first it was best to take it off; but they found, owing to the thick soles of my boots, my foot went on one side, and it was better than they expected."

After being discharged from the hospital, he went on as before, sinning with a high hand and fearing neither God nor man. Love of drink was now his master passion. "I have often gone out on Sunday," he says, "and got drink from the different places I saw open. Had the day been kept as it ought, I could not have got it; and many a man would be saved from ruin.

"The week after Christmas I was going through a kitchen with some coals, and fell down a cellar flap. I finished unloading the coals, and walked to Clapham Common, when I fell down. I felt so ill, I could not go any further. My companion put me into the waggon and told me to go into St. Thomas's Hospital, and gave me two shillings and sixpence to take a cab home. When I went, the

doctor said it was a very serious case, and asked, would I come in; this I refused. He gave me some leeches, and told me not to drink spirits or beer; as if I did, he thought it would be serious, and might be the ruin of me for life. I went to bed that afternoon, and my wife bathed me with hot flannels; and how did I repay her for all this kindness? I got up and went out, telling her it was to get paid. I never returned home until twelve o'clock, and then quite drunk; and yet my poor suffering wife bore it all. I was now in dreadful agony, as the doctor said I should be if I drank; and my wife, without a murmur, bathed me again until two o'clock. On Sunday I was in very great pain, though I did not suffer half what I deserved. At night my brother-in-law came to put on the leeches; I would not have them on before, and now would only have one; this did me much good. The doctor ordered cold fomentations, and I would have them hot; I refused medicine, and would take nothing but drink. I however would have this, and went out; every time I did so I felt the injury I received from my hurt. I was in this state four weeks; and though scarcely able, at the end of that time I went to work. Up to April I always gave my wife my money, little or much. The money I spent in drink was what was given me for beer where I delivered the coals, and we were always allowed as much as we could drink at the sugar houses."

Two points in this revolting history of intoxication deserve attention and call for reprobation—the habit of giving beer or spirits as a gratuity, and the opening of public houses on the Sabbath. In how many cases is it to be feared that both these practices produce mischief and misery! When shall it be that the drinking usages of this country shall be amended, and based upon principles of humanity and common sense? Why will respectable persons encourage the habit of drunkenness by adding fuel to the flame in giving “something to drink”? Would they but consider the consequent wretchedness endured—personal, domestic, and social—they would surely hesitate before inflicting such an injury upon the community. Humanity and religion alike plead for an alteration of these vicious practices.

As to the other point: admitting that there are great difficulties in the way of legislative interference, it yet cannot but be most desirable that something should be done to remedy the crying evil of Sabbath desecration by the sale of intoxicating liquors. Justice to those who conscientiously refuse to sell—regard to the feelings of a large portion of the community—the amount of risk and confusion caused by the present system of indiscriminate sale—to say nothing of higher considerations—are motives which should induce each in his own locality to discountenance to the utmost of his power this practice of keeping open houses which,

if required only for the use of veritable travellers, might in almost every instance be closed. How much might be done by the local authorities in this respect. If licenses are required, why should they not be granted on such conditions as will avoid offence to public decency, and not outrage public morals? At all events, let each abstain from giving support to the present mode of Sabbath dealing, and rather "drink no wine while the world stands" than cause so many to "offend" as now unhappily fall.

After continuing for some time at the coal trade, D—— was persuaded by a comrade to relinquish it, which he foolishly did. About this time he walked from London to Colchester and back, to discover a friend from Bermuda who had given him £2; but found he had again got into trouble, been committed to Newgate for theft, and had been sentenced to ten years' transportation. "We were now reduced," he says, "to the lowest depths of poverty: no food to eat, nor a bed to lie on—the result of my dissipated life. This was the home of the drunkard. I tried to mend, and the next thing I did was deal-carrying. I worked from six in the morning until four in the afternoon without anything to eat. I could not stand it, and was paid off. After this I went jobbing about until the 16th September. The next day, I went to St. Katherine's Docks to work, when I broke the bones of my right arm as we were swinging off a hogshead of sugar. Had it

been at full swing, it would have dashed my brains out; as it was, I was knocked down senseless. I have been since told I was heard to say, 'God be merciful to me.' I was picked up and taken to the doctor, and then in a cab to the hospital: they set both bones in my arm, and dressed my eye. When I went home my wife began to cry, and fainted. I said, 'If this is what I am to have when I come home, I shall go out again: it is I who ought to cry, not you.'" With this I went to the Tenter Ground Fair. The doctor had told me to keep out of the night air; if I did not it might prove fatal; yet onward I went in my mad career, regardless of anything. That night no one knows the pain I was in, with my broken arm on one side and the broken bone near my eye on the other. My eyes and mouth became closed, from the swelling; but my wife, ungrateful as I was to her, was still near me in all my misfortunes."

For the next five months after leaving the hospital his course was one continued series of drunken and vicious practices, the details of which would disgust rather than edify, though he narrated them with a minuteness which is surprising.

His *domestic* history at this time was heartrending, and presents a picture of wretchedness too common, alas! to excite wonder, but still painful to contemplate. At one time he speaks of "spending in drink his club money, which his hard-working wife had laboured to obtain, and by the loss of

which he forfeited his interest in the society"—at another, of being "brought home at two o'clock in the morning, after his poor wife had been looking for him for hours"—on another occasion, of "pledging his wife's work and spending the money for liquor"—a short time after, of "selling his jacket for drink, and his wife being all day without food in consequence of his spending his money in drink"; and many similar practices. No wonder that, about a month after, they were "on ill terms together"; nor that "she almost made up her mind to destroy herself." O the domestic wretchedness produced by this demon of drink! Broken-hearted wives, wretched children, squalor, filth, disease, are the furniture of the drunkard's home. If by feminine sobriety and patience the foul spirit finds for a time his house "swept and garnished," how soon does he cover it with misery and shame; till the wife, overborne by poverty and dispirited by distress, yields at last to the pressure, and is carried into the vortex of destruction. If this should chance to meet the eye of any lover of strong drink, let him for a moment pause and listen. Drunkard, thou art not only killing thyself, thou art *also destroying thy family*. As surely as if, like the ancient Saturn, thou didst devour thy own children, or, like a modern murderer, shouldst slay the wife of thy bosom, thou art perilling both. Thy home, which might be a paradise, thou art converting into a Pandemonium—that which might be an ark,

thou art making a den ; of a garden of sweet herbs thou art forming a seedplot of noxious weeds. Thy children, who might "rise up and call thee blessed," will curse thee to thy face, and through eternity, if grace prevent not, will augment thy misery. Thou art setting fire to thine own dwelling—art consuming thine own domestic peace—art a suicide to conjugal bliss. Infatuated man, listen to the cry of thy little ones for bread ; and, if thou art not quite petrified, let the *father's* heart awake within thee—let the *husband* again speak. Before thy dwelling falls about thine ears, escape from that evil spirit which is involving thy house in thy own destruction : and while thou hast a spark of humanity left, pity thy wretched ones at home.

Shortly after the time just referred to, D—— was convicted of rioting in the streets (though, from his statement, it appears he was not the guilty party), and was committed for three weeks to the House of Correction—a punishment which appears to have had a more subduing effect than the previous ones. "This was," he says, "the only time I was in prison since my return from transportation. I was not quite so hardened this time, for that three weeks did me more good than the six months at other times. I was not well at the time ; and when I came out, I felt very ill, and I *knew I was innocent*. In the meantime, my wife was very badly off ; had it not been for a kind missionary, she must have perished."

About this period he took the pledge, which he appears to have done partly in a fit of desperation; saying, with a dreadful oath, "I hope the first time I drink anything within three months it will choke me." This pledge he kept 14 weeks, at the end of which time "things ran rather cross, and my wife's father was taken ill. She went to the hospital to see him. I took my barrow, and told the neighbours I was going to buy some potatoes; instead of which, I sold it for 35s., and sent my wife only 1s. out of it. When I put the glass to my mouth I said, 'I hope God will not let it choke me.' I felt a terror come over me as I thought of the oath I had taken; and yet I felt I could not resist the temptation; and when I began to drink, I never ceased till Sunday morning."

The following description of his state of mind at this time, and the struggles he felt between conviction and inclination, show what inward conflicts are often endured by wicked men, and the little real satisfaction their excesses yield. "There is a spirit in man." Conscience will speak: however stunned and stupified, it will now and then recover its senses, and utter its threats; and who shall describe its terror? As when the impious and drunken monarch beheld the handwriting on the wall, and "his countenance was changed and his joints were loosed," so the guilty one *feels* his doom, and the terrors of the Almighty are within him. Unable to bear the face of man, he is

wretched, miserable, almost desperate; "led captive by the devil at his will,"—chasing his thralldom, and yet unable to escape. Who would be the victim of a guilty conscience?

"I was ashamed," he says, "to go home. I happened to meet a young man I knew; I sent him home to see if my wife was alone. I sent her two halfcrowns. In the meantime, I left the place; and when I saw them coming, I ran away and hid myself—I felt I could not face her. Many a time, when I have been intoxicated, I have returned home late, and found the window shutters put to. I have opened them, and peeped through, and have seen my wife hard at work. My conscience has smote me; I have felt my treatment to her, and I have gone back again to my drink, for I could not bear it; so that while my wife was looking for me, I went home and went to bed; and when she returned, she found me lying there drunk. On Sunday morning I went out drinking again, as usual, and went from house to house, where I could get the most beer; and when I came home, I threatened to swallow the money (which would not have been the first time I had done so) when my wife asked for it. Many a time, when I have wanted to hide it, have I slept with it in my mouth."

It is not to be supposed that such a course as D—— was now pursuing could long continue without serious derangement of his health. God's laws, whether they relate to physical or to moral

life, cannot be disobeyed with impunity. If a man overbalance himself on the edge of a precipice, he will fall, and be dashed to pieces; if he lies down before the rushing train, he will inevitably be crushed; if he take poison, he will die. No power can stand against God's appointments, or contravene God's laws. There is something grand and majestic in their stately and dignified march. Obey them, and they will secure happiness, and you will have your reward; disobey them, and they will overwhelm you with destruction. It is a mighty evidence of the existence of a moral government, and of a judgment to come, that both physical and moral laws *now* work out their own issues; nor can either be disobeyed without present suffering accruing. It was so in the case before us. "At times," he says, "from excessive drink, I felt quite childish"; adding, "I was now very ill with my cough"; and he then goes on to describe the sufferings which at this time he experienced, and the frequent visits he paid—first to the hospital and then to the public house.

After so much that is harrowing to the feelings, it is refreshing now to turn to something more hopeful. The state of mind in which this miserable man had for some time been may be gathered from what has preceded. Struggling against convictions; "knowing to do good, and doing it not;" continually promising reformation, and as often breaking his vows; returning like "the dog to his

vomit and the sow to her mire"; with the consciousness of doing wrong, yet sinning against remonstrance and reproof; he could not but be wretched in the extreme. His alarm, too, was now great for his personal safety; he felt that he must *die*, yet for death he was not prepared. Under these circumstances, how happy for him that he met with one who could guide him in the right way! "In their affliction," says God, "they will seek me early"; and he now began to seek. Like the mariner near to the rock, and threatened with instant destruction, he felt aroused to do something.

"On Wednesday I had to walk to the Dispensary, Devonshire Square, but was obliged to return. The next day (Thursday, 15th April—that day which will never be forgotten by me—the most eventful day of my life), my wife, with much trouble, led me to the Dispensary. The doctor who saw me said, 'You are like many more, who drink and get cold upon cold, and let it go too far. I can do nothing for you: you are past my skill. Don't come any more; let your wife come.' It was then I felt something like an arrow shoot through me. I felt I must die; and going back I turned to my wife and said, 'He as good as said, Go home and make your peace with God.' I felt alarmed for the first time. I knew I should die. I was now quite wretched; and when I got home and up the stairs, I looked down and said, 'I shall never go down again until I am carried feet first.' I went to bed,

and thought I should not live an hour. My wife said, 'Would you like to see some one?' I said, 'Yes; send for him who was so kind to you when I was in prison.'—This person was a Mr. Jackson, missionary, of Old Gravel Lane. At one time he had some money to give away from the Needlewomen's Society School in Goodman's Yard, Minorities; he gave my wife some coal and bread tickets. I once went with her to hear him, and it so happened that night he gave a lecture on drunkenness, which touched me home so much that I thought he knew all about me; so that when she asked me who I should like to see, I at once sent for him. She went to him, and he said I was out of his district, but as I had a particular wish to see him he would come; he did so, and read and prayed with me, and told me to look to Jesus and ask him to pardon my sins. He then told me to pray, and believe Christ was crucified for me. I told him I could not pray. At that time I did not know the meaning of the word. He said, 'Ask God to give you his Holy Spirit to guide you.' " *

* I cannot allow this opportunity to pass without expressing my admiration of the disinterested and zealous effort employed by this devoted missionary for the benefit of that class to which D—— unhappily belonged. For years past Mr. Jackson has made it a special object to benefit and reform thieves. I once had the pleasure of attending one of the morning services which are daily held in his house, and was greatly interested in the methods adopted and the apparent impression produced. The service was devotional, colloquial, and expository. Several of the audience, which consisted of the lowest characters, took their turns in reading

D— now appeared the subject of a great change—such a change as the Spirit of God alone can produce. Though as yet but partially enlightened, his mind appeared gradually opening, like the eyelids of the morning, “to the reception of the truth as it is in Jesus.” That he was a great sinner he knew and felt: he began now to perceive also that there was a great Saviour—one “able

portions of the Scriptures; while others, who could not read, attentively listened. More than one was in tears; nor was it possible to feel uninterested in the earnest, original, and personal style of address which the speaker adopted.

The following brief report will indicate the extent of his labours and their beneficial results:—

NUMBER OF PERSONS THAT HAVE VISITED THE MISSIONARY
AT HIS OWN HOME, FOR REFORMATION.

Ruined young females	1,080
Ruined young men	1,820
Total number of visits	41,260

REFORMATORY RESULTS.

Restored to their homes	78
Sent to asylums	71
Procured employment	118
Emigrated	57
Become communicants	22
Couples, living together in an unlawful state, induced to marry.	180
Their children amounted to	218

Mr. Jackson is now making an effort to extend his means of accommodation, which at present are so limited as to make it surprising how he has been able to secure what has been done. I shall rejoice if this passing notice should induce any friend either to visit his asylum or to aid in enlarging its borders. With his usual benevolence, the Earl of Shaftesbury has given £20 towards this object, and other donations have been received; but £150 are still required to carry on his design. His efforts and success in the case of D— are only a sample of what have transpired in hundreds of others.

to save unto the uttermost all that come unto God by him." www.libtool.com.cn

"After Mr. Jackson's visit, several persons came to see me. My wife one day asked me if she should read to me. I said, 'Yes; read that long-neglected book'—for I could not read myself. It was, I think, about the first Sunday in May, when two persons, hearing of my illness, came to see me. One said to me, 'I knew you, my friend, twenty years ago. I little thought I should see you here in this state.' I asked him his name; he told me, and I remembered him. He then told me that he had been one of the worst of men—a great swearer, a great gambler, a great drunkard, and everything almost you could name; 'but,' said he, 'by the grace of God, I am converted—I am born again.' He then left me, and came the following Sunday, when he read to me, and prayed. Every word of that prayer seemed to pierce my heart; this was the first prayer I had really felt, and it came home with power. After this they sung a hymn from Watts—

'There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.'

When they sung I could not help joining—it seemed so beautiful; and for days and nights did the chorus ring in my ears—'Jesus died for me. Yes, I do believe, I will believe, that Jesus died for me.'

I felt those words come home to my soul; I felt they were true—that even for *me* Jesus died. From that time I trust I have had faith in Christ, and know him to be *my* Saviour.”

How beautiful, to perceive the influence of a Saviour's love for the first time apprehended by a penitent spirit! As after a lengthened frost, during which all nature has been bound in icy fetters and covered with chilling snow, the sun arises, the air becomes genial, and the winds blow softly, while at once the ice melts, the waters flow, and the landscape puts on its loveliness; so is it with the soul under the influence of the love of Christ. Before, all was cold, hard, deathlike; the storm beat, indeed, the tempest howled, the hurricane raged; but the frost yielded not. But now, the Sun of Righteousness shines with healing in his beams—the soft wind, which “bloweth where it listeth,” breathes over the iron-bound spirit, and all is changed. Affections are unlocked, tears flow, warm vapours of holy aspirations ascend to heaven and form themselves into a bow of peace; while the whole soul is melted into tenderness, and that which had been as adamant is transformed into love. Men may call this “sentiment” or “cant,” but it is such sentiment as is more powerful than philosophy—such cant as constrains to holy deeds. Would that it were more realized, and that all felt its power!

D—— now began to *pray*. “As I lay on my

bed on the Sunday, I felt I could pray; and I remember I said, 'Almighty God, my heavenly Father, Maker of heaven and earth, if it should please thee to raise me once more, I will serve thee in holiness and righteousness, and I will abstain from intoxicating drinks, and I will serve thee until it shall please thee to call me.' "

Prayer is the spirit's breath, the soul's heaving, and that which at once indicates and promotes the existence of spiritual life. Whatever difficulties reason or philosophy may start to this exercise, whether arising from the divine immutability or the divine greatness, certain it is that God's command makes it a duty, and man's experience a privilege. Without it there is no evidence of spiritual existence. It is the pulse of the "new creature," and beats strongly or faintly, habitually or by spasmodic effort, in proportion as this life is vigorous or feeble.

The penitent man shortly after *visited the sanctuary*, and found there more than he sought.

"A few Sundays after, I got better. It was now about the middle of July. I dressed myself, and went over to the little chapel in Hart's Lane. I fell on my knees in the pew, with a heart full of thankfulness that I had been spared a little longer. I lifted up my heart and offered a prayer to God that the word I might hear in his house might through his grace be grafted into my heart to 'bring forth fruit for repentance.' I think I

never heard anything so beautiful as that service. That indeed was a happy day to me. When the minister gave out the hymn, a person handed me her book. I shook my head, as much as to say I could not read. After the service was over, she asked me how long I had been afflicted. I told her, 'Between four and five months.' She said, 'Can you read?' I told her, 'No. I had thought of learning, but could not afford to pay for it.' She said, 'Do you think you could learn?' I said, 'Yes.' On which she put some money into my hand, and said she would pay for my schooling.

"When I went to school, my master put me to learn short words. I could not make it out. I do not think he thought me so ignorant as I was, for I could not tell the letters. I saw they were different shapes, but that was all I could tell. This very much puzzled me. I had to take my spelling-book home. Now my wife was a scholar, and I asked *her* what they were. I took a great deal of notice. I tried to learn, for I *wished to read my Bible*; and this was how I got on—As my wife told me the letters, I kept repeating them over and over again; at last I knew them by heart. I went backwards and forwards to my school altogether twenty-two weeks. I shall never forget how happy I felt when I could read a chapter; I had been at school but six weeks, when I read to my kind friend the 10th John's Gospel. I also learnt to write."

One of the first fruits of faith in Jesus Christ is

humility and lowliness of mind. The Saviour was humble, and those who love him will be like him. How touching, the indication of this spirit in the fact just recorded! See the strong man, who had worked at the treadmill, laboured in the quarry, sustained the iron fetters, and was proud as Lucifer, sitting like a child and learning to read—the savage civilized, the brute transformed into a man, and this man gratefully accepting instruction in the alphabet at the cost of a female Christian! “Blessed are the *poor in spirit*, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.”

Though he made great progress in writing, and soon wrote well, his state of health did not permit him long to continue the effort. With “pillows behind him and the bellows for his desk,” he pursued the exercise as long as he was able, but was soon obliged to relinquish it, and then the Bible became his sole object of attention and his great delight. From this treasury of divine thought and instruction he gained much knowledge of spiritual things, and often spent hours in hearing its sacred contents.

“A short time after this I became much impressed from the 20th John, 29th verse: ‘Blessed are they that have not seen and yet have believed.’ I felt, though I could not see my Saviour, yet I believed. And again (3rd John, 7th verse): ‘Marvel not that I say unto you, You must be born again.’ I felt this was true, and I trusted I was born again.

“My health gradually grew worse, but I felt happy in my new state of mind; and though my bodily strength grew weaker and weaker, I felt strong in faith. I was not able to go much to a place of worship: when I felt able, I went to Mr. Jackson’s. I heard him once from Isaiah xxvi. 4—‘Trust ye in the Lord for ever, for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength.’ From this I was much comforted. The next time I heard him was from Isaiah xxx. 21—‘This is the way, walk ye in it.’ I was also much benefited by the Rev. Hugh Allen’s sermons being read to me; and I went to hear him, when he preached from the words ‘I know that my Redeemer liveth’: which sermon was blessed to my soul. I longed to hear him once again, and it was with great difficulty I got to his church (St. Jude’s, Whitechapel) on the last evening in the old year. The text was from Zechariah iv. 10—‘Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts.’ I felt this sermon very much, for I knew it was God’s Holy Spirit that had changed me from the vile wretch I was. I have not been able to go out much since that time, only to the little chapel in Hart’s Lane. Once I managed to get to Mr. Jackson’s meeting; but I was so weak and ill, I was not able to walk back. My dear wife carried me, and, by resting many times, at last got me home.”

Remorse for the past, and an earnest desire to

repair the evil he had perpetrated, were both striking features of his closing experience. He felt he had been 'the chief of sinners'; and though he had reason to believe the blood of Jesus Christ had cleansed him from all sin, he did not lose the impression of his guilt.

"I often," says he, "as I lie here on my dying bed, think what a wretch I have been, what trouble I have been to my poor wife; but God has forgiven me. I feel I am a dying man, and shall not be here long. I don't fear death; I don't mind how soon I depart. My prayers have been heard. I have lived to speak of my past crimes; and oh, what a sinner I have been! I have lived to speak of God's mercy to *me*, though the vilest of the vile. I have no wish to live; but if it was the will of God to spare me a little longer, I should like to visit the sick, and go to my old companions, to tell them what a sinner I have been, and what God has done for me. 'It was good for me that I was afflicted; for before I was afflicted, I went astray.' My prayers have been heard; I have lived to see this work finished (alluding to the narrative of his past life). O that it may benefit my companions!" When completed, he said, "It is now finished; I have been spared to see it accomplished. I am now ready to die."

From this time he was unable to do more than speak occasionally to those who were about him. Having completed the narrative of his life from

which the foregoing extracts have been taken, he seemed to feel that his work was done, and that he could die in peace.

The following account of his last hours is from the pen of the friend who was his amanuensis, and who took so lively an interest in his welfare. It indicates the entire change which, by the grace of God, had been wrought in his mind, and the intense anxiety he felt for the salvation of those about him. If it should appear somewhat extended, it must be borne in mind that it gives the experience of one who felt that he could not refrain from giving utterance to the new feelings of his heart, and who had a long course of evil to review.

“On Thursday, February 12th, he appeared to be sinking fast. I saw a great change in him in the afternoon: he was not able to lie down; his cough became very troublesome. I did not expect he would have lived the day through. He was much in prayer, and it was only at intervals he was able to speak aloud. At one time I said, ‘Do you feel Jesus is with you?’ He said, ‘Oh, yes; he is my shepherd, I shall not want;’ and, ‘Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I fear no evil, for he is with me.’ He repeated this Psalm several times, and seemed to derive from it much comfort. ‘I don’t fear to die. Why should I, when Jesus is with me?’ Many of his friends came to see him, for all thought he would not live the night through. At times he was much

exhausted, and not able to speak; his lips appeared to be constantly moving in prayer. After some little time, he rallied, and began to address those around him. He was most anxious for their conversion, and was constantly interceding at the throne of grace on their behalf. On his father going to his bedside, he said to him, 'I am sorry to see you as you are. I wish you would keep from intoxicating liquors. It is not for *me* to talk to you, father, as your son; but God has permitted you to live threescore years and twelve—he may fourscore. *Now* the arm of mercy is stretched forth to save you: accept it. *Now* seek the Lord, while he may be found; call upon him while he is near. Father, do go to a place of worship. It is of no use to you if you go one Sunday and stay away three or four: go regularly, and pray to God while you are there.' On his brother going to him, he seemed to have renewed strength. He took his hand, and most affectionately said, 'I love you as my brother. Here I am, at the point of death; listen to the few words I have to say to you. You are a father, and you have six children, and you will have to answer for the way in which you bring them up. Send them to a Sunday School, to a place of worship. But that is not enough, that is not all, that is *not the thing*: you must pray for them, and with them; and you and your wife should go yourselves, and when you return home pray to God, and ask the Holy Spirit to bless the

word to your soul. You may think you do your duty by working hard to provide for your family, but that is not sufficient.'

"After a violent fit of coughing, he said, 'If I die *now*, I feel safe for heaven, for I am sure all my sins are pardoned.' After a short interval, he addressed his brother-in-law. He said to him, "Here I am. I feel I am dying; as a dying man I implore you to look to Christ. You know what a sinner I have been—what I was a twelvemonth ago, cursing and swearing; and now I am praising God. You are a father: bring up your child to attend a Sunday School, and to go to the sanctuary, to love and fear God. I am happy, but it is through faith in Jesus. He is my comfort; for he says, 'He that *believeth* hath everlasting life.' 'I know that my Redeemer liveth.' I am suffering for myself, but my Saviour suffered for us all.' On speaking to his wife, he said, 'My lamp is bright, the light is burning. Jesus upholds me; he smiles on me. I shall soon be with the Good Shepherd who laid down his life for me; for he had power to lay it down, and power to take it again. I am weak in body, and my sufferings are great; but Christ strengthens me. I know I am dying, but I know too I am going to heaven.' He next spoke to his sister—'Bring up your children in the way they should go. Send them, while young, to a Sunday School. Let them not read novels. Send them to the house of God. Teach them to kneel down and pray to God to bless

them, and give his Spirit to guide them in the fear of the Lord. Train them up in the way they should go, and when they are old they will not depart from it.' On his nephew coming into the room, he called him to his bedside, and giving him a tract, said, 'Get your brother to read it to you; and now promise your dying uncle you will go to the house of God on Sunday. Give me your hand as a token you will. Do not read novels, but read the Bible.'

"His sufferings were intense, and his patience wonderful; many times have I seen him try to suppress his groans, and vent them in praise to God. On Monday, 7th, he said to his brother, 'If I was not strengthened by Christ, I could not bear this affliction, my pain is so great. I wish my time was come for the Lord to call me.' Then, after a few moments—'I am going to die; I am going to glory.' Again his eyes closed, and he was silent. After a short time, during which he seemed by the movement of his lips to be engaged in prayer, he muttered, 'According to thy lovingkindness, O Lord, have mercy on me.' Being faint, he said, 'Man can live in many other ways than by bread alone.' At another time—'When I was returning home from transportation, I heard a cry of 'Light ahead!' and I rushed on deck to see *that* light; but what was that to the light I now have in my soul! Jesus is with me. I am weak in body, but I am strong in spirit, through Christ, *but only* through him.'

"Thursday morning he still remained the same,

though ripening fast for heaven. On his seeing the sun shine into his room, he said, 'The sun is shining; it will soon shine everlastingly on me, and will never, never set.' From this time he was only able to talk at intervals. He became exhausted from pain and want of food, felt faint, but was not able to swallow; and, though he wished me to read to him, was scarcely able to listen, his sufferings were so intense. I watched by his bed some time. He did not utter a word; he appeared inclined to sleep. I rose to go. He opened his eyes and said, 'Good bye. God bless you! If we meet not again on earth, we shall in heaven.' I left the house, little thinking it was the last time I should ever hear his voice. The next two days I could not see him. The missionary saw him on the Wednesday, and informed me he had some conversation with him, and found his mind in the same happy state. He suffered much during the afternoon just before he died. His voice was heard in earnest supplication; his last words were, 'Dear Jesus, have mercy on me, have pity on me, and release me.' A moment or two after this, his happy spirit took its flight into the regions of bliss."

Such was the life and such the death of this converted and penitent thief.

In now closing this brief memoir, two or three reflections may appropriately be offered. How striking an illustration have we, in it, of the *depravity of the human heart!* We have been considering

the history of one who was a thief, of one whose habitual propensity for many years was to steal. Was this tendency a cause or an effect? Certainly the latter. What then was its source, its spring? Listen to the words of Christ, the faithful and true witness: "Out of the *heart* proceed 'thefts.'" Yes, dear reader; the root of all sins, and therefore of this, is to be sought there. In the *heart* the inward disposition is to be found, the fruitful source of all evil. As surely as the weed springs from the untilled ground, the thistle from the rank soil; so surely does sin derive its sap and nourishment from an inward principle of evil in the nature—the heart of man. If this be the case, how evident is it that man's heart is depraved, unholy, impure! Can a "good tree" bring forth *evil* fruit? Reader, ponder the fact—man's heart is evil. However it came to be so, such is the fact. Nor suppose that it is so only in the case of such individuals as the one before us. Your heart is depraved, and mine is so. The heart of man, as such, is "deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked." Education may restrain; habit may mould; association may influence; self-interest, fear, regard for reputation, natural amiability, may secure outward decency of conduct, and even beauty of deportment; but the evil lurks still. If such be the fact, it is evident that the heart needs to be changed. This "heart of stone," to use scripture language, must be "taken away," and a heart of flesh substituted; man must

become "pure in heart" if ever he is to see God. Has this change been experienced by you? Has your heart been thus regenerated? Are you a "new creature"? How suitable the prayer, for us all—"Create in me a *clean heart*, O God, and renew a *right spirit* within me!"

Another reflection urged by the foregoing history is, the *misery of a course of sin*. We all love happiness, and properly seek its possession; for God meant us to be happy. But the question is important, how and where it may be best attained. The ways of seeking it are various: which are the most successful. This is simply a question of fact. There are two men of the same age, position, mental constitution, family, employment, in all respects as nearly identical as it is possible for two men to be. *One* is sober, industrious, honest, and frugal; the *other* is a drunkard, an idler, a spendthrift, a thief. Now, quite apart from the Bible—on the supposition, if you please, that there is none; that there is also no hereafter; that death is the extinction of our being; that immortality is a fiction; that heaven and hell are nonentities—which of these two is the happier? Both seek pleasure, both desire happiness, both love enjoyment. Which finds it most—the man who lives amongst his cups, swears, blasphemes, ridicules goodness, riots in debauchery; or the man who is peaceable, quiet, of good behaviour, diligent, and devout? You know which—fact, observation, experience, unite in

declaring, the latter; and combine to assure us that, with all his noise, and laughter, and riot, the former is a miserable man. You say these are extreme cases; I meant them as such: but remember, the principle applies to each gradation of character as well as to the ultimate points; and also, that the course which, you must admit, secures the greatest happiness, is the course which religion will be sure to produce.

The fact is, there is far more misery in sin than wicked men are ever willing to admit. Could you see the inner life of such men—go behind the scene, lift the curtain, and penetrate the interior, you would see such a picture of confusion, disquietude, disgust, disappointment, remorse, as would be the strongest illustration of the Scripture testimony—“the way of *peace* they have not known.” This is true, apart from all consideration of the future life, and simply as the result of conscious physical and moral degradation; but when *this* is added, as it often is, no words can portray the bitterness of the inward experience. Memory with its harrowing recollections, conscience with its awakened stings, disappointment with its gnawing reproach, fear with its foreboding shadows, all combine to form a condition of inward misery, compared with which mere physical suffering is complete elysium, and which foreshadows “wrath to come.” “There is *no peace*, saith my God, to the wicked.”

On the supposition that this little work may pos-

sibly fall into the hands of one of D——'s former companions, I might here say a word on this point, as well as on others, to those who are guilty of dishonest practices—to *thieves*. Imagining myself addressing one such, I would say: Friend, did you ever consider the position you occupy in society? How anomalous, how wretched, how full of misery: your "hand against every man, and every man's hand against you"! Suppose this was the condition of society generally, that *all* lived by plunder; what a disruption would there be of social order—what anarchy—what suspicion—what destruction of confidence! And why not all, as well as you? What right have you to infringe upon the existing order—to banish faith and trust—to appropriate another's wealth—to live upon others' toil? Is not property sacred; its possession in various proportions a divine arrangement, and for public good? By what authority, or on what principle, do you break down the barriers of wealth? Do you plead necessity? It does not exist. "Men do not despise a thief if he steal to satisfy his soul when he is hungry;" but you need not so to be. If labour is impracticable, public benevolence provides relief, and you need not want. Besides, it is not thus an occasional act: you make it a profession, a science—giving it laws and a nomenclature of its own. You do wrong, violence, injustice, and you "have your reward"; for need I ask you whether *you* are at ease? You

are miserable. What fear of detection, what quaking and trembling, when, "entering in at the windows," "breaking through and stealing," you disturb your neighbour's repose! How is the thief "ashamed when he is found"! What a pitiable object! how despised, triumphed over, a captive, when he is led forth to public justice, and society scorns him as he goes! What subsequent punishment likewise! Behold him branded, chained, confined, clad in prison garments and fed on prison fare. Think of his remorse—the stings of his conscience—the bitterness of his soul. Reader, listen to a friendly admonition, and try a more honourable calling. An honest livelihood! What music in the words—what sweetness in the thing! Be it at first hard fare, how does the morsel become "savoury meat" by the recollection of its honest possession! "Let none of you suffer as a thief," then, for few know what he does suffer. "Let him that stole steal no more, but rather let him labour." When thou seest a thief, "do not consent with him, for whoso is partner with him hateth his soul." Be not like Achan, who was stoned for stealing; or like Judas, who "was a thief and had the bag," but at last hanged himself in torment. Ask God to preserve you, "lest you should be poor and steal"; for though "stolen waters may be pleasant," "every one that stealeth shall be cut off," and "*thieves shall not inherit the kingdom of God.*"

Is anyone disposed to say, "Well, I know my

condition is wretched—I feel it; but there is no hope—my habits are formed—what I am, I have become as the result of years of training. Association, custom, interest, to say nothing of inclination, all bind me to my present course of life, and I must go on. It is of no use thinking of making a change—my case is hopeless.” Is it so? The foregoing history belies the sentiment. What could have been more apparently hopeless than the state of the man we have been considering, and that only shortly before his death? How entirely did he seem “given over to Satan,” having “sold himself to work iniquity”! What obduracy, blasphemy, insensibility, accumulated crime! and yet see how *he* was changed, and found mercy through Christ.

Nor was his an isolated instance. Eighteen hundred years ago there was a thief worse perhaps even than him. How had *he* sinned! what crimes had not he committed! what a pest had he not been to society! what ill-gotten spoils had he not obtained! At last he was convicted—condemned: “justice suffered him not to live;” and you might have seen him led forth to execution amid the jeers and taunts of the populace. According to the custom of the age and country, he was crucified; and as he writhed in agony, it seemed as though in a few hours he would have received his just punishment, and Satan would have claimed his own. But is anything too hard for the Lord? “Behold the

man!" his countenance changes, his eye gazes upon his fellow sufferer; he speaks, and his words betoken a change of heart. But an hour before, he was railing, reviling, "cursing God and the king"—an impenitent, blasphemous wretch; but now, listen! he rebukes his jeering companion, confessing his own guilt: "Dost not thou fear God, seeing thou art in the same condemnation" as he whom thou hast just been taunting? and "we indeed justly, for we receive the due reward of our deeds; but this man hath done nothing amiss."

What progress in moral perception was here—what evident improvement in character and feeling! And it increases; for, listen again! and as his eye fixes upon the dying Saviour suspended by his side—as his strength falters and his life ebbs low—you hear the distinct utterance bursting from a broken heart, "Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom"; while the answer immediately follows the prayer—"This day thou shalt be with me in Paradise."

Dear reader, whoever thou art and whatever thou mayest have done—can you say, after this, there is no hope? *There is*, and for thee. You have sinned grievously; years of iniquity call for vengeance; thousands of crimes testify against thee; sins against light, knowledge, conviction, judgment, warning, mercy, have been committed in fearful rapidity, and their recollection haunts your

spirit: but "it is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners;" and, "the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin." O the value of such declarations as these! They assure us there is a Saviour able to save unto the uttermost; and that, "though your sins have been as scarlet, they may become white as snow: though they be as crimson, they may be made as wool."

"The *dying thief* rejoiced to see
That fountain, in his day:
And there may *you*, though vile as he,
Wash all your sins away."

Reader, do you believe these statements? Will you trust the Saviour they present to your view? To say that he is worthy of your confidence, is to employ the feeblest language in which his value can be declared. Worthy! who can realize his excellence! His nature, how glorious—his character, how perfect—his obedience, how complete—his death, how meritorious—his work, how sufficient—his love, how passing knowledge! He *is* worthy. At this moment, myriads of happy spirits, who trusted him on earth and are now glorious in heaven, are seeking to express his value, and are singing a joyful melody—"Worthy is the Lamb that was slain;" and, could you see what is passing in their spirits as they utter the word "worthy"—what fulness of confidence and gratitude and joy—

you would be encouraged, notwithstanding all your unworthiness, to place your trust in him. Reader! he is the only Saviour, and he is all-sufficient. When he was on earth, loving and labouring for you, hundreds came to him—the poor, the needy, the diseased, cripples, demoniacs, lunatics, the wretched, the miserable, the outcast of every kind, and “he healed them *all*.” He *can*, he *will*, save you; blind, ignorant, forlorn, guilty as you are, his loving heart will bid you welcome. How tender his invitation—“Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest”! Make, then, trial of his love. Go to him in your wretchedness, just as you are, and say, “Lord Jesus, have mercy on me.” “Only believe,” and “thou shalt be saved.”

How evident is it from the foregoing narrative, likewise, that where *genuine faith exists there will be immediate and entire change of character!* It was doubtless a grief to D—— that he could not more practically exhibit the power of the new principles to which he was brought to yield: yet see how they did influence him! At once he began to *attend the house of God*. That sanctuary which he had despised, he now frequented and loved. He went with an earnest desire for instruction; not for habit or custom, or to pass away time, but to worship and to learn. “Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?” was the language of his spirit as he crossed

the threshold of the unpretending meeting; and he found what he sought. "Being in the way, the Lord met with him," and he increased in the knowledge of God. Guided by the heavenly wisdom which he thus secured, he likewise became a *student of the Bible*. At first, he could not read. He learned, and he did so that he might peruse for himself the wonderful works of God. The Bible, henceforward, became his constant companion: it was "more than his necessary food," "sweeter to him than honey," "more precious than thousands of gold and silver." Behold, likewise, "*he prayeth*"! Like the blasphemer, the persecuter, of Damascus, when his heart was touched, when "the scales fell from his eyes," when he saw Jesus and loved him, prayer was one of the first effects produced.

Whilst he thus read and prayed for his own benefit, *he did not forget others*. How earnest and touching, his appeal to those who visited him on his dying bed! Could you have heard, as did the friend who transcribed the foregoing, his almost agonizing expressions of desire for the salvation of those about him, and his intense anxiety by the record of his history to be useful to some of his colleagues in vice, you would have seen how thoroughly he was brought under the influence of religion, and how that religion produced effort for the benefit of men. Reader, have you such evidences of conversion? Do you love the sanctuary,

the Bible, the closet? Are you seeking to benefit and to bless the world? Do not deceive yourself; conversion is a change of character as well as of heart; and in vain are you hoping that all is right with you, that you have repented and believed, if you are not bringing forth "fruits meet for repentance"—if your faith is not producing "the peaceable fruits of righteousness."

It may be that this brief memoir may fall into the hands of some who are still *living in a course of sin, and are determined to pursue it*. Friend, suffer me to address to you a word of warning. Were you to see a man asleep in a house enveloped in flames, would you not rush to his rescue? Suppose you were passing along the street at night, and heard the cry of "Fire!" and as you rushed towards the spot whence the cry issued, and saw the smoke and flames pouring from the windows of the house, around which the crowd was gathering, you heard that there were inmates in the house who were not aroused, but were slumbering on; and suppose that, in the excitement of the moment, and by the impulse of a noble heart, you forced your way into the burning dwelling, and saw, in the first room you entered, one lying asleep. What would be your conduct? Would you not, in an agony of feeling, shout to the slumberer to awake? And suppose that, locked in his first sleep, he did not hear your voice; and that, deaf to the din and

confusion around, he still lay quiet, dreaming of pleasant scenes—would you be satisfied to leave him? Would not common humanity, as well as the kindly emotions of your nature, compel you to go to him, to shake him, to thunder in his ears his danger? And imagine that, besotted perhaps by his evening's carouse, he then only turned round, and coolly inquired your business—would you not be ready to drag him forcibly from his perilous slumberings, and to compel him to seek deliverance?

Reader, *thou* art in danger. True, no material flame plays around thy curtains and glares upon thy nightly repose; but there is a fire nevertheless. Our *God*, the God who made you and me, who sustains us both, who rules all things, and who will judge the world—he is a “*consuming fire*.” The *law* which he has given men to obey—which demands Sabbath observance, honour to parents, and supreme love to himself—which forbids swearing, sensuality, theft—is a “*fiery law*,” and was given amid flames and smoke. In fire this *world will one day be enveloped*, and “the elements will melt with fervent heat, and the earth and all things upon it will be burned up”—a sight which thou wilt see! “In flaming fire” *the Saviour will appear*, taking vengeance on his adversaries—a fire “devouring before him, and being very tempestuous round about him”; while out of the fire will be heard the voice, “Gather together first the tares, and bind

them in bundles to *burn* them." There is yet another fire; one more terrible even than the foregoing—one of which the gracious Redeemer has spoken in terms which seemed harsh from his lips, and yet which uttered only truth: "*hell fire*"—"the fire that is not quenched."

Reader! if thou art an unconverted man, from *each* of these thou art in danger; and who can estimate thy peril? The flame which consumes "the wood, hay, and stubble"—which scorches the flesh, and turns night into day—what is it to these—to the justice of an offended God, the vengeance of a broken law, the torment of a deserved hell? and thou art asleep in the midst of thy peril, fancying thou art happy and secure! Canst thou wonder that those who see thy danger are alarmed for thee, and that they try to "save thee with fear, pulling thee out of the fire"?

Slumberer, arouse thee, before it be too late! Rub thine eyes, man, and think where thou art, and what is before thee—God, Christ, judgment, eternity, heaven, hell! Are these idle tales, or realities—things only to swear by, or things to be seen and felt? and if the latter, as assuredly they are, how do they demand thy diligence! Now, this moment, escape for thy life; death is near thee, and the next hour thou mayest be in perdition, "tormented by *that flame*." "Behold, *now* is the accepted time, *now* is the day of salvation." "What

thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." Tarry not, till thou art safe in Christ — "Flee from the wrath to come"; for, "What shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? or, what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?"

A word, in conclusion, to those who, *having felt the value of their own souls, are seeking to benefit others.*

Christian friends, see in the foregoing narrative the value of such effort, and its happy result. Is there not something morally sublime in the scene which the narrative presents? that of a Christian sister visiting as an angel of mercy the abode of the wanderer—speaking to him of Jesus—leading him to the "fountain opened," and then penning his dying utterances, and his warnings to his comrades in sin. If there is "joy in heaven amongst the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth," think you not there is joy over such a scene as this? Would not those ministering spirits rejoice in witnessing such an act of mercy towards the outcast and the lost? Would they hover with half the interest over the hall of science, the arena of politics, the palace of splendour, the home of mirth, as over the humble garret or the lowly bed where such a scene was enacting?

O that such efforts of philanthropy were more frequent amongst Christians! Never probably will

the world be converted, until the church, in its individual capacity, is more deeply sensible of its responsibility in this matter. Ministers, what can they do? Their numbers are small, their labours "more abundant," their energies taxed to the uttermost, their strength in many cases failing, their spirits bowed down by the consciousness of inadequate power. It is the church that must "arise and shine": ye, Christians, are the "salt of the earth" and the "light of the world." The work is yours. Oh, if each would feel his and her individual responsibility, and aid in this work, how soon might the end be secured! If each would take but *one* such case as the foregoing, and make it the object of special regard, or would do something equivalent—would act in some way for the benefit of the outcast and the poor, and seek to bring them personally to Christ—our statistics of worship, yes, and of crime too, would soon show different results. This ought to be done. Of what avail is it to make a splendid profession, to ride in splendid equipages to splendid sanctuaries, while the masses of the population are perishing for the lack of the knowledge which they need but will not seek? Christians, seek to imitate your Master more thoroughly and literally. "He went about doing good:" he came "to seek and to save that which was lost:" he laboured and toiled, journeyed and watched, for the poor, the wretched, the diseased:

he visited the sick and the dying—the fevered patient and the leprous outcast he cared for and cured. His steps were directed, not to the Sanhedrim, but the synagogue—not the abodes of the wealthy, but to the haunts of the poor. “Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus.” “Learn of Him” who was “meek and lowly in heart.” Be zealous, earnest, diligent, as he was. Go into the highways and hedges, as he did. Let your “meat and your drink” be to do thus the will of your Father, and you shall not labour in vain; you shall often find a flower where you expected only weeds—a gem of beauty where all seemed worthless—and shall be frequently constrained to exclaim, in reference to some repentant one, “Is not this a brand plucked out of the burning?” “They that be wise shall shine in the firmament, and they that *turn many to righteousness* as the stars for ever and ever.”

www.libtool.com.cn

www.libtool.com.cn

www.libtool.com.cn

www.libtool.com.cn

www.libtool.com.cn

4

www.libtool.com.cn



www.libtool.com.cn

