London,
July 30th, 1818.

My very dear Sister,

Understanding that a parcel was about to be sent to Mr. M. this day, although exceeding pressed for time, yet I was unwilling to let the opportunity slip without sending you a letter Now shortsoever it be! Indeed, I have long had it in contemplation to write to you, but numerous engagements have hitherto prevented.

You would be surprised to hear that, after four months absence, I am again returned to London. It was, owing to my brother having left Leicester sooner than he had intended and my Father's wish that I should not go with him, but come home, that I might be with Sarah during his absence. My brother is at present with Mrs. B.V. Littlejohn in Shropshire. He is supplying the churches of a gentleman, who is gone for a few weeks to the sea, for the benefit of his health, at Sneds Hill, near Thignal, but is not fixed in his determination where he shall be settled. I had a letter from him

yesterday in which he informs me that little John, since I left him, has had the chicken-pox, but he is now getting better.

We have heard from Father since he went. He says that he is very comfortably accomodated during his stay at Mr. Thompson-Smith's who, together with all friends, desire to be remembered to us all. You have heard I suppose Mr. Edmondson is President and Mr. Bunting Secretary. It appears that 21 Preachers have died during last year.

And now let me express my hope & prayer that you and the children will receive much benefit from the sea air and bathing. We know that all things are in the direction of all Wise Providence, and every thing will be ordered for the best, and whatever may be our lot here, however painful and distressing to flesh and blood, yet, if we be believers in Christ, and patient, and resigned to God's will, we know that we shall hereafter receive an abundant recompense in the Kingdom of our heavenly Father.

I think we should often meditate upon the happiness of heaven. It tends to raise the soul above the comparatively little and vain things of this transitory world, lightens every trouble. I was going to say, makes us almost forget that we are in the body.

Let me transcribe a few lines from Conder. I wish I could transcribe the whole poem.

"O the hour when this material
Shall have vanished as a cloud
When amid the wide ethereal
All the invisible shall crowd
And the naked soul surrounded
With realities unknown,
Triumphs in the view unbounded
Feels herself with God alone.
In what sudden strange transition,
By what new and finer sense,
Shall she grasp the mighty vision
And receive its influence?
Jesus, blessed Mediator,
Thou the airy path hast trod
Thou the Judge, the Consummator,
Shepherd of the fold of God.
Blessed fold, no foe can enter
And no friend departeth thence
Jesus is their sun, your centre,
And their shield omnipotence.
Blessed for the Lamb shall feed them,
All their tears shall wipe away
To the living fountains lead them
Till fruitions perfect day.

Tell me, is there a religion, is there a happiness to be compared to that of a christian? If the Bible be true, and the experience of many of the brightest ornaments of christianity, martyrs in the cause be real, — there is not. As for myself I hope I am willing to be anything or nothing for Christ. It is better to dookeeper in the house of God than to dwell in the tents of wickedness. I am endeavouring, with God's help,

(without which I can do nothing), to conquer myself. And I assure I find much within unopposed to God's will. I want more humility. I want to know myself more that I may be made more conformable to God's will, for I may say this lies at the root of all, for when a person knows himself he cannot long remain satisfied with his condition.

My dear Sister write to me. Write soon, and tell me how I may be christian indeed. Be plain with me. Tell me how I may conquer my evil dispositions and habits, and while you are writing to me you may be blessed in your own soul.

I sometimes think I should make a very poor martyr for Christ. —

You will be glad to hear Isabella goes on well, and I hope gains strength. The nurse has left here. My brother John and Mrs. B. desired to be particularly and affectionately remembered to you.

I am in hopes by and bye of having more time and then I will write more fully but when this will be I know not.

I very much wish you would correspond with me. I know I am not worthy to ask it. However, if you are disinclined to do it, you have only to name it.

My sisters, I. and S., and brother unite with me, love to you, Mr M., and the children, and believe me to be,

your affectionate brother,

Samuel Benson.