

J. C. Ryle

Helmingham Rectory, 1st January, 1846.

A MINISTERIAL ADDRESS

FOR THE BEGINNING OF THE NEW YEAR.

“The night cometh when no man can work.”—JOHN ix, 4.

“Let every man prove his own work.”—GALATIANS vi, 4.

“Is it well?”—2 KINGS iv, 26.

MY BELOVED PEOPLE,

The second year of my ministry among you has come to a close, and you and I are so much nearer to our latter end. Suffer me once more to address you in all affection about your souls. I feel it laid upon my conscience never to let this season pass unnoticed. Hear me then before the name of 1845 is quite forgotten;— before the name of 1846 is quite familiar to your ears; hear me, while I try to speak a plain word about the things that are for your eternal peace. And may the Holy Spirit give a blessing to all I have to say.

Brethren, when I look back and consider how little I have done for you, as your minister, I find abundant reason to be humbled and ashamed. But one thing I can say, in spite of all shortcomings, and that with confidence—your souls are exceedingly dear to my heart. If I know anything of myself, it is my chief desire and prayer to God for you all, that you may be saved in the day of Christ: I should rejoice to see every man, woman, and child, amongst you, born again, washed, sanctified and justified in the name of the Lord Jesus, and by the Spirit of our God; I have no greater happiness than to find any member of my congregation walking in the truth.

But I do trust you will always find me a truth-speaking and a faithful friend. I am sure it would be no mark of affection to keep back my opinion about your spiritual state. It is no sign of love to cry peace when there is no peace, or, like a lying physician, to hold out hopes of life to souls ready to die. Bear with me, therefore, while I speak openly and unreservedly about your present condition in God’s sight. I would fain say something that may apply to every class of character among you. Believe me, if I use great plainness of speech, I do it because I love you, and not because I like to give you pain. Knowing the terrors of the Lord I would persuade you to your profit,

and I earnestly pray that God may apply my words to all your consciences with power.

I. FIRSTLY.—*Let me say there are many of you about whom I feel strong fears.*

You are those who, judging from appearances, take no thought for your souls. Your treasure is all on earth. You live for this world only, and not for the world to come. Your attention is swallowed up by the perishable things of time. You go on as if resurrection and eternal judgment were not true but a lie; and as to grace, and justification, and redemption, they are things which, like Gallio, you care not for—they are words and names which have manifestly no place in your minds. Sin is plainly not reckoned your deadliest enemy, nor the Lord Jesus your chiefest friend, nor the Bible your best counsellor, nor communion with God your highest comfort. Yet you are dying creatures, and time is short, and the Lord is at hand, and one more year has been taken from your day of grace. How can I help fearing about your souls?

And worst of all, the spirit of slumber has come over some of you, and you are at ease, self-satisfied, and content. You have got a Laodicean heart, and feel unconcerned. You fancy you are rich and increased with goods, and have need of nothing. You have closed your ears against God's counsel, and will have none of God's reproof; it may be all very good, but it is not wanted for you.

Brethren, the King of kings has spoken to you many a time, and you have given him no answer. By the weekly testimony of his sabbaths, by the trumpet of His ministers, by the hammer of His Word, by the pleasant voice of mercies, by the smarting stroke of affliction—by all these He has been calling to you, but you have refused to listen. Jesus has knocked at the door of your hearts, but you have not opened. The Spirit has striven with you, but you have resisted His hand. Nothing has touched you yet. You have been told of death, judgment, and eternity, and have remained unconcerned. You have been warned against sin, and have returned to it without shame. You have had Christ crucified for sinners set forth before you. and have gone away unmoved. There has been a place in your heart for almost every thing but God:—room for business, room for pleasure, room for trifling, room for sin, room for the devil, room for the world; but, like the Inn at Bethlehem, no room for Him who made you, no admittance for the kingdom of God, no entry for Jesus—the Spirit—and the Word. Dear Brethren, how can I help fearing about your souls?

What do I fear for you? I fear everything. I fear lest you persist in refusing Christ till you have sinned away your own souls. I fear lest you be given over to a reprobate mind, and awake no more. I fear lest you grieve the Spirit till He leave you alone and strive no longer. I fear lest you come to such deadness and hardness of heart, that nothing but the voice of the archangel and the trump of God shall break your sleep. I fear lest you should never read your

Bible, or begin to pray till it be too late; lest when you take up the Bible it seem a sealed book, in which every promise is shut up, and every page condemns you; lest you be brought to that melancholy confession, "I have tried, but I cannot pray." I fear lest you cling to this deceitful world so closely, that nothing but death shall part it and you—lest you live without peace, die without comfort, rise again without hope, and receive judgment without mercy.

But I must warn you, though I seem, like Lot, as one that mocks. I do solemnly warn you to flee from the wrath to come. I entreat you to remember that the Word of God is all true, and must be fulfilled; that the end of these things is death; that without holiness no man shall see the Lord; that not only the wicked shall be turned into hell, but also all the people that forget God; that the Lord shall one day take account of all your doings; that Christless sinners can never stand in His sight, for He is holy and a consuming fire. Oh! if the righteous scarcely be saved, where shall the ungodly and the sinner appear? You may tell me "a man must live"; I answer, "Yes, and a man must also die." You may tell me, "a man cannot starve;" I answer, "No, but neither can he burn." You may tell me, "a man must mind his business," I answer, "Yes, and the first business is that of his soul."

Once more I affectionately set before you, through Christ Jesus, the forgiveness of sins—full and complete forgiveness—free and unconditional forgiveness—ready, present, everlasting forgiveness—your sins cast behind God's back and remembered no more. I set it before you, and in my Master's name I ask you to accept it. O! turn not away from so merciful an invitation. Do not hear of the blood, the cross, and the sepulchre, and remain unmoved. Do not love this passing-away world better than eternal life. Here, at the beginning of a new year, dare to be bold and decided; come out of Egypt, repent, believe, and be saved. O! taste and see that the Lord is good; blessed are all they that trust in Him.

Dear Brethren, I do fear for you. I pray God that I may live to see you fearing for yourselves,

II. SECONDLY.— *There are not a few among you about whom I stand in doubt.*

Some of you to whom I now speak have many things about you that rejoice a minister's heart. You are regular and moral in your lives; you are not stained with glaring outward sins; you keep up many decent and proper habits; you are diligent in your attendance on means of grace; you appear to love the preaching of the Gospel; you are not offended at the truth as it is in Jesus, however plainly it may be spoken; you like religious company, religious books, and religious talk; you wish to be real Christians; you assent and agree to everything we say. And all this is well.

But I cannot see any movement in your souls. You are like those that stand still. Week after week, and month after month, rolls over your heads, and you are just where you were; nothing the better for all you receive—like

Pharaoh's kine—if not rather worse. There is the same regularity, the same constant attendance, the same wishing and desiring, the same way of talking about religion, the same assent to all you hear—but what is there more? There is no going forward from strength to strength; no continual addition to your spiritual treasures; no increase of faith, and hope, and charity; no growth in grace. Your souls would seem to be at a dead lock. And all this is wrong.

I cannot read the secrets of your hearts. Perhaps there is some pet bosom sin which you are holding fast, and will not give up. This is a worm that checks the growth of many a professing Christian. Perhaps you are kept back by the fear of man; you are afraid of the blame or laughter of your fellow creatures. This is an iron chain that fetters many a soul. Perhaps you are careless about private prayer and communion with God. This is the cause why multitudes are weak and sickly in spirit. But, whatever your reason be, I warn you in all affection to take care. Your state is neither satisfactory nor safe. O! escape for your life. Strive to enter in.

Brethren, what can I say to move you? I scarcely know on which side you ought to be placed. The bat is thought to be a creature of a doubtful nature—some call it a bird, and some a beast,—judge ye whether this ought not to be the account of your state. I dare not call you careless about religion, but I cannot call you decided. I shrink from numbering you among the ungodly, but I may not place you among the Lord's children. You have some light, but is it saving knowledge? You have some feeling, but is it grace? You are not profane, but are you men of God? You dwell so near the borders, that I cannot discern to what people you belong. You may not be dead, but like old worn out trees, I hardly know whether you are alive. Are you not, then, halting between two opinions? Yes! this is your case, and you have got no rest. Like the Gibeonites, you are found in the train of Israel, but like them you have neither Israel's portion, Israel's consolation, nor Israel's reward. I cannot help doubting about you. Surely there is a cause.

Now let me tell you plainly there must be an alteration in you; there must be a move. There is no real standing still in religion. If God's work is not going forward, the devil's is, and if we are not moving forward, we are going back. It is not enough to wear Christ's livery; we must also fight Christ's battles. It is a small thing to cease to do evil; we must also learn to do well. It will not suffice to do no harm; we must also labour to do good. Let us tremble lest we be found unprofitable buriers of talents, and barren cumberers of the ground. He that is not with Christ is against Him.

Have you grace in your heart or not? Wishes and convictions and desires, are all excellent in their way, but they alone will never save you. I like to see buds and blossoms on a tree, but I like better to see ripe fruit. You are almost persuaded; so was king Agrippa; but he was not saved. You tremble at the Word; so did Felix, but he was not saved. The way side hearers listened, but they took *no root*—they were not saved. The stony ground hearers listened

with joy, but the Word had *no depth* in them—they were not saved. The thorny ground hearers brought forth something like fruit, but the Word had *no room* in them—they were not saved. The five foolish virgins carried lamps, but they were not saved. Herod did many things and heard John the Baptist gladly, but he was not saved. Baalam wished to die the death of the righteous, but he died in sin. And shall you be saved as you are? Remember Lot's wife. Take care!

Brethren, I call upon you to be more in earnest. I ask you to put on the whole armour of God; to fight and to overcome. Surely you cannot know Jesus Christ aright, if you are content to slumber on and sit still. Surely the thought of Gethsemane and Calvary should awaken and put you to shame. You may tell me of difficulties. I answer, "the slothful never fail to see them." "A lion is in the way." "Their path is like a hedge of thorns." "They desire and have nothing." They mean everything that is good, but they get no further; their resolutions are all excellent, but, unhappily, all unfilled. Brethren, is this your case? Once more I say, "take care." If you will not stir up yourselves to "go forward," how should I feel anything but doubt about your souls?

But there are others among you of whom I stand in doubt, who are in worse case even than this. You are those who have fallen away from your first profession, and walk no more in the ways you once seemed to choose. Oh! may the Lord in mercy bring you back!

There was a time when all the saints of God who saw you rejoiced at the sight. You seemed then to love the Lord Jesus in sincerity, and to be willing to give up the broad way for ever, and forsake all for the Gospel's sake. The Word of God appeared sweet and precious to you; the voice of Christ's ministers a most pleasant sound; the assembly of the Lord's people the place you loved best; the company of true believers your chief delight. You were never missing at the weekly meeting; your place was never empty at Church; your Bible was never long out of your hands; and there were no days in your life without prayer. Your zeal was indeed fervent; your religious affections were truly warm. You did run well for a season. But where are you now?

You have gone back to the world. You lingered; you looked back; you returned; I fear you had left your heart behind you. You have taken up the old man's deeds once more. You have left your first love. Your goodness has proved like the morning clouds, and as the early dew it has gone away. Your serious impressions are fast dying off; they are getting weaker and fainter every day. Your convictions are fast withering up; they are changing colour like leaves in autumn—they will soon drop off and disappear. And the grey hairs, which tell of decline, are coming here and there upon you. The preaching you once hung upon, now wearies you; the books you delighted in give pleasure no more; the progress of Christ's Gospel is no longer interesting; the company of God's children no longer sought. They or you must be

changed.—You are becoming shy of holy people, impatient of rebuke and advice, uncertain in your tempers, careless about little sins, not afraid of mixing with the world. Once it was not so.—You may keep up some form of religion perhaps, but as to vital godliness you are fast cooling down. Already you are lukewarm; bye and bye you will be cold; and before long you will be icy, religion-frozen, and more dead than you were before. You are grieving the Spirit, and He will soon leave you; you are tempting the devil, and he will soon come to you. Oh! strengthen the things which remain which are ready to die. How can I possibly help feeling doubt about your souls?

But I will not let you go without trying to do you good. I do pity you indeed, because you are so unhappy. I know it; I am sure of it; it is useless to deny it. You have been unhappy ever since you fell away. Unhappy at home, and unhappy abroad; unhappy in company, and unhappy alone; unhappy when you lie down, and unhappy when you rise up. You may have got riches, honour, love, obedience, friends; but yet *the sting* remains. There is a famine of consolation about you; there is an utter dearth of inward peace. You are sick at heart; you are ill at ease; you are discontented with every body, because you are discontented with yourself. You are like a bird that has wandered from her nest—you never feel in your right place. You have too much religion to enjoy the world, and too little religion to enjoy God. You are weary of life, and yet afraid to die. Truly the words of Solomon are made good, “You are filled with your own ways.”

But mark now, there is hope even for you. There is a remedy—humbling, pride-lowering, I know—but a sure remedy; and I earnestly beseech you to take it. That remedy is the free mercy of God in Christ Jesus. Hear what comfortable words your Lord and Saviour sends to you; “Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.” “Thou hast played the harlot with many lovers, yet return again to me.” “Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.” “Return ye backsliding children, and I will heal your backslidings.” I do pray God you may reply “We come unto thee, for thou art the Lord our God,” and that I may yet see you doing your first works.

Brethren, till I see this I cannot help doubting about your souls.

III. LASTLY. *There are some among you about whom I feel a good hope.*

You are those whom the Spirit has convinced of sin, and led to Christ for salvation. In yourselves you find nothing but weakness and corruption, but in the Lord Jesus you find the very things your soul requires—pardon, consolation, light, health, strength, and peace. The life that you now live, you live by the faith of the Son of God: His cross, His blood, His righteousness, His intercession;—these are the things on which your minds love to dwell. You worship God in the Spirit; you rejoice in Christ Jesus; you have no confidence in the flesh. Brethren, I must feel a lively hope about your souls.

I know well that the world is full of trials: you have fightings without, and fears within; you are yet in the wilderness; you are not at home. I know well that pride and unbelief, and sloth, are continually struggling for the mastery within you. I doubt not your hearts are so treacherous and deceitful that many a day you are sick of yourselves, and say, "Never was heart like mine." But notwithstanding all this, I must hope well for your souls.

Have you not got an everlasting covenant—a covenant ordered in all things, and sure.—Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, have all engaged for your soul's salvation. Here is a threefold cord that never shall be broken. Surely here is hope.

Have you not got a Saviour whose blood can cleanse from all sin; a Saviour who invites all, and casts out none that come to Him; a Saviour who will not break the bruised reed nor quench the smoking flax; a Saviour who can be touched with the feeling of your infirmities, and is not ashamed to call you brethren; a Saviour who never alters, the same yesterday, today, and for ever, always able to save to the uttermost, always mighty to save. Surely here is hope.

Is not His love a love that passeth knowledge? So free and undeserved; so costly, even unto death; so powerful and all-conquering; so unchanging and enduring; so patient and forbearing; so tender and sympathizing. Truly our sins pass knowledge, and this is the very love our souls need. Surely here is hope.

Have you not got exceeding great and precious promises? Promises of being kept unto the end; promises of grace for every time of need, and strength according to your day; promises that never yet were broken, all yea and amen in Christ Jesus. Surely here is hope.

Brethren believers, these things are a strong foundation. If God be for us who shall be against us? There is no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus; nothing shall ever separate them from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.

Come now and let me counsel you. Let me try to quicken you in the things of God. Let me persuade you all to strive this year to grow in grace.

I speak as a fellow traveller in the narrow way. I know that this is for our peace. I charge you solemnly as ever you would have few days of darkness—as ever you would feel God's face smiling on your soul—as ever you would have joy and peace in believing—by all your recollections of past sad shortcomings—by all your hopes of comfort yet to come—I exhort you, I beseech you, to grow in grace, and go forward this year.

Here, at the beginning of another twelvemonth, I urge this matter on your attention. Standing at the head of an avenue of fifty-two weeks, I call upon all to press forward. Some days in spring the grass will grow more in a few hours, than it did before in as many weeks. Let us see to it that 1846 is a year among years,—a growing year with our souls.

Brethren believers, we are but children in the Lord's service, at our very best. There is room for improvement in us all. Listen then while I remind you of a few things which we need to know better, and shall do well to learn.

We all need more knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ. How little do we know of Him! Our cold affections towards Him are a witness against ourselves. Our eyes can never be open to what He is and does for us, or we should love Him more. There are many Christians whose minds seem ever running on the doctrine of sanctification. They can argue warmly about little points of practice; yet they are cold about Christ. They live by rule, they walk strictly, they do many things, they fancy in a short time they shall be very strong. But all this time they lose sight of this grand truth; that nothing is so sanctifying as knowledge of the Lord Jesus, and communion with Him. "Abide in me," He says himself, "and I in you. As the branch cannot bear fruit, except it abide in the vine; no more can ye, except ye abide in me." He must be the spring of our holiness, as well as the rock of our faith. Christ must be all in all. I doubt not He is precious to you that believe. Precious because of His offices, and precious because of His work. Precious for what He has done already;—He has called us, quickened us, washed us, justified us. Precious for what He is doing even now;—Strengthening us, interceding for us, sympathizing with us. Precious for what He will do yet;— He will keep us to the end, raise us, gather us at His coming, present us faultless before God's throne, give us rest with Him in His kingdom. But surely He ought to be far more precious to us than He ever has been yet. I take you to record, if it were the last word of my life, I believe that nothing but the knowledge of Christ will ever feed a man's spirit. All our darkness has arisen from not keeping close to Him. The forms of religion are valuable as helps, and public ordinances are profitable to strengthen us;—but it must be Christ crucified for sinners; Christ seen with the eye of faith; Christ present in the heart; Christ as the bread of life, and Christ as the water of life;—this must be the doctrine we must ever cling to; nothing else will either save, satisfy, or sanctify, a sinful soul. Brethren, we all need more knowledge of Christ; let us all strive and pray for it this year.

We all need more knowledge of sin. Surely we are blind to its guilt, and ignorant of its deceitfulness, or else we should never trifle with it as we too often do. Oh! if we only saw its unutterable vileness in the eyes of God, we should be amazed at our own carelessness about going into temptation; we should marvel that we had never valued the blood of sprinkling and the redemption which is in Christ Jesus, more.

We all need more knowledge of our own hearts. We fancy we are acquainted with them, and we are not. The half of the evil that is in them has hitherto been hidden from our eyes. We have not the slightest idea how much they might deceive us, if tried, or into what depths of Satan the very best of us might fall. The tongue is said to be "a world of iniquity;" think then,

brethren believers, what the heart must be. Oh let us anoint our eyes with eye-salve, that we may see.

We all need more holiness of heart and life. Truly the vessels in the Lord's house are many of them very dull and dim. I see things missing among us that Jesus loves. I miss the meekness and gentleness of our Master: many of us are harsh, rough tempered, and censorious, and we call it being faithful. I miss real boldness in confessing Christ before men: we think much more of the time to be silent than the time to speak. I miss real humility: not many of us like to take the lowest place and esteem every one better than ourselves, and our own strength perfect weakness. I miss real charity: few of us have that unselfish spirit which seeketh not its own, there are few who are not more taken up with their own feelings and their own happiness than that of others. I miss real thankfulness of spirit: we complain, and murmur, and fret, and brood over the things we have not, and forget the things we have: we are seldom content; there is generally a Mordocai at our gate. I miss decided separation from the world: the line of distinction is often rubbed out; many of us, like the chameleon, are always taking the colour of our company; we become so like the ungodly that it strains a man's eyes to see the difference. Brethren, these things ought not so to be. Let us be zealous and repent.

We all need more watchfulness in time of prosperity. We like the course of life to run smoothly and perhaps we pray for it: but how few there are who do not find it a perilous state to their souls. The seeds of sickness are generally sown in health. It is the holiday time when lessons are forgotten. Hunger is often good for us for it keeps us awake. Remember, David committed no adultery while fleeing before the face of Saul—it was when Saul was dead, and he was king in his stead, and there was peace in Israel. Let us watch and be sober.

We all need more faith in times of trial. Trial is the hand of a Father chastening us for our profit, but we are very slow to believe it. He touches us, and we cry and murmur and say "take the rod away." Yet the rod may have been sent in answer to a prayer for holiness: it may be God's way of carrying on that work of sanctification which we profess to desire. Be sure the school of affliction is the school for learning deep things: Jacob found it so. Manasseh found it so. Blessed are they who take patiently the Lord's bitter medicines, who bear the cross in silence and say, "It is well, for my Father gives it to me."

We all need more preparedness for our Lord's second coming. We profess to love His appearing, to be like servants who wait for their master's return; but who that observes the ways of some of us would ever think it? There are many hearts not quite prepared to receive Jesus; He would find the windows barred, the doors shut, the fires almost out; it would be a cold and comfortless reception. Brethren, it ought not to be so. We want more of a pilgrim spirit; we should be ever looking for and hastening towards our

home. That day is the day of rest and gathering together of the saints. It is the day when we shall see the King in His beauty. It ought not to startle and take us by surprise: we ought to be longing for it, and saying, "Come Lord Jesus."

Lastly, *We all need more diligence about the means of grace.* I tell you plainly I suspect many believers are very lazy in their manner of using them; they scarcely know what hungering and thirsting means. I doubt whether there is much private prayer before and after sermons. Yet remember, hearing alone is not everything: when all is said in the pulpit, only half the work is done. I doubt whether the Bible is as much read as it should be. Nothing in my own short experience has surprised me so much as the contented ignorance of Scripture which prevails among believers. I doubt whether private prayer is often made a business of as it should be. We are often satisfied to get up from our knees without having really seen or heard anything of God and His Christ. And all this is wrong.—It is the diligent soul that becomes fat. But we often put ourselves off with excuses little better than lies.

Brethren believers, let us lay to heart the things that I have mentioned. Let us resolve, by God's help, to set them before us this year, to pray for them, strive after them, and endeavour to attain them.

This is the way to be *useful Christians.* The world knows little of Christ beyond what is seen of Him in His people. Oh! what plain, clearly written epistles they ought to be! A growing believer is a walking sermon. He preaches far more than I do, for he preaches all the week round, shaming the unconverted, sharpening the converted, showing to all what grace can do. Such a one does good indeed by his life, and after death what great broad evidences he leaves behind him. We carry him to the grave without one unpleasant doubt. Oh! the value and the power of a growing Christian! The Lord make you all such.

This is the way to be *happy Christians.* Happiness is the gift of God, but that there is the closest connexion between full following of God and full happiness let no man for an instant doubt. A growing believer has the witness within himself. He walks in the full light of the sun, and therefore he generally feels bright and warm. He does not quench the Spirit by continual inconsistencies, and so the fire within him seldom burns low. He has great peace because he really loves God's law, and all that see him are obliged to allow that it is a privilege and not a bondage to be a Christian. Oh! the comfort of a tender conscience, a godly jealousy, a close walk with God; a heavenly frame of mind! The Lord make us all of such a spirit.

Brethren believers, I want you all to be useful and happy Christians, to have full assurance of your election of God. Once more then I say, let us pray and strive this year that we may all *grow.*

And now dear Brethren, of every class, to whom I have spoken, I heartily pray that the Lord may bless and keep you all this year.

We live in strange times. The world seems getting old and shaking. The shadows are long drawn, the evening appears to be coming on. Oh! that we may all turn in upon ourselves, while it is called to day, and consider well our own ways, each man by himself—What am I? Where am I going? What will be the end of my present way? What is my hope? Is it a Bible hope? Is it a hope ready for use? Is it a hope that will bear up my soul? Let none of us shrink and get from under these questions.

I know not what a year may bring forth;—but this I dare to say, some one of us will want a solid hope beneath his feet before twelve months are past. I pray God that that one of us may have a hope in which Christ is all; Christ the beginning, and Christ the end; the Alpha and the Omega; the first and the last; the foundation, the corner-stone, the strength, and the stay. If it be not so, alas! for his soul. But he that builds on Jesus shall never be confounded.

I commend you all to God and to the Word of His grace, which is able to build you up, and give you an inheritance among them which are sanctified.

Pray much for yourselves. “Ask and ye shall receive.” We have not grace because we do not ask it. Pray then without ceasing.

Pray much for the congregation to which you belong, that the Lord may pour His Spirit on it; that there may be no unread Bibles, and prayerless tongues amongst us.

Pray much for your minister. It is the greatest kindness you can show him. He needs much grace, and he believes the effectual fervent prayers of his people avail much to draw it down.

Now may mercy and truth, grace and peace, be with you all this year, and till the Lord comes.

I REMAIN MY DEAR PEOPLE,
YOUR AFFECTIONATE MINISTER AND FRIEND,
J. C. RYLE.

Helmingham Rectory,
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