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34

Rev. D. Wilson to John King.

To Mr. John King

9, Chapel Street, Bedford Row,
London, March 18-1814.

My dearest friend

It has given me great pain of mind not to have heard from you for so long a time. The great affection I have ever borne you makes me feel sensibly every appearance of separation or coldness of affection. I have felt this the more, because our excellent Secretary, the Rev. Josiah Pratt, has told me that there seemed to be some uneasiness between the Rev. Mr. Marsden and you. My Dear John, did I not forewarn you of this? did I not most affectionately tell you that human passions and prejudices in a foreign land, would be your chief enemy? Do you not remember that I pointed out to you that you were to consider yourself as under the guidance of Mr. Marsden and were to act as he should direct? Oh, did not you yourself go out from England to be the means of saving the souls of the poor perishing heathens? Oh, look back on the days that are past - remember the love, the zeal, the humility, the teachableness, the tenderness of conscience, the submission to your superiors, the meekness, which, in some good measure, as I thought, once marked your character! I know nothing particularly about you, John; only I fear every thing is not as it should be between God and your own soul - This, this is at the bottom - the heart, I fear has departed from the simplicity which is in Christ. You have become too vain, worldly, selfish, and indifferent. The

Mar. 18/14

30
flame of zeal for the salvation of the New Zealanders, is almost
gone out! You are at ease in worldly security. O, remember your
first love! O, be zealous & repent. O, return unto the Lord
your God! I do not mean to say you are immoral in your
conduct, or even positively wrong in any thing you have done—
God alone is your Judge— but still I am afraid you are
less zealous, less devoted, less modest, less teachable than you
were. Nor, again, do I mean to say that there may not be
mistakes in the Committee of the Missionary Society here, or in
Mr Marsden in Port Jackson— but whatever there are,
your duty, my dearest John, is meekness, forbearance, obedience,
prayer. Further, it is quite possible there may be faults in
your companion Mr Hall— I do not say there are, because
I never saw him, and have heard very little of him— but if
Mr Hall would advise you to what is against the sweetness
and zeal of a sincere Christian, you must never follow him.
My dearest son, pity my earnest affection for you, bear with
my entreaties, seek again the Lord God from whom we are
all so prone to depart. Let no one, not even the wife of your
bosom, draw you away from God. Yea, my son, let me
have joy of you in the Lord, refresh my bowels in the
Lord. Let me hear of your welfare, and how you do.
Let me hear of your simple & obedient affectionate and
obedient and zealous spirit of mind. Be not ashamed of
Christ, nor of me your spiritual father. I have no greater
joy than to hear that my children walk in the truth. Be
not discouraged & dejected, if you wish to return to the Lord.
Despair is as bad as presumption. Melancholy and gloominess
are the enemies of contrition on the one hand and diligence on
the other. The path of the just is as the shining light. God
will welcome the returning penitent. Jesus receives with
joy the poor wandering Sheep. The Spirit of God is able
to give more (mark that) more grace. To Him I
commend you.

(Signed) D. Wilson