MEMOIR OF ELDER JOHN PEAK

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Memoir of Elder John Peak by John Peak

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Trieste



REV? JOHN PEAK,

MEMOIR

OF

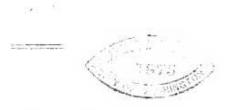
ELDER JOHN PEAK,

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WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

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" This shall be written for the generation to come."...Davtu.



Boston: 2

PRINTED BY J. HOWE, MERCHNTS ROW.

1832.

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Entered, according to Act of Congress, on the 20th say of April, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and thirty-two, in the Clerk's Office of the Distriot of Massachusetts.

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RECOMMENDATIONS.

Boston, April 12, 1832.

Having been informed, by the Rev. JOHN PEAK, that he intends to publish a brief narrative of the principal events of his life and ministry, we cordially express our approbation of the plan, and our confidence that the book will be entitled to entire credit, and will be interesting and useful. The author belongs to a class of ministers now rapidly diminishing, who, in times and under circumstances less favourable than the present preached the pure Gospel of the Saviour with simplicity and godly sincerety; and who, by the blessing of God, were the instruments in converting many souls, and founding many of our most flourishing Churches. He has been infirm for several years, and is now aged. He is unable to labour regularly in the ministry, and has no resources for his support in his declining age. We hope that his look will meet with an extensive and ready sale; both because he needs pecuaiary aid, and because the members of our churches may be profited by reading an account of some of the trials through which the cause of truth has made its triumphant progress, and young ministers may be excited, amidst their superior advantages, to imitate the humble picty and self-denying zeal of their predecessors.

> L. BOLLES, DANIEL SHARP, JAMES D. KNOWLES, WM. HAGUE,

Worcester, April 2, 1832.

Dear Sir, I have often regretted that we know so little of the character, labours and privations of the early Baptist Ministers of New England. I was, therefore, gratified to learn that you contemplated publishing a memoir of your life. It will throw hight on the early history of the Baptists in an interesting section of Vermont and New Hampshire. The first sermon I recollect to have heard was from yourself, and founded on Job vii. 6; "My days are swifter than a weaver's shuttle, and are spent without hope." It was at a funeral in my neighbourhood, when I must have been six years of age. Soon after, while seeing a woman weaving, and noticing the rapid motion of her shuttle, I found a difficulty in believing that time flew as rapidly. Experience, however, has corrected my error. How is it, that every year seems shorter than the preceding one?

I sincerely wish that your last days may be screne, and your death peaceful; and I hope that the publication of your memoir may afford you some pecuniary aid: a circumstance, quite desirable to most of those ministers who hore the heat and burden of the day.

With great respect, I am, &c.

JONA. GOING.

Charlestown, April 17, 1882.

My dear Friend, I do sincerely hope, that the account of your life, which you have informed me you intend soon to publish, will prove not only interesting and valuable to the Christian public, but a source of pecuniary aid to yourself, which aid, under your many bodily infirmities, you now very much need. The Lord grant that his blessing may attend you, and that the evening of your days may be serene and happy, and the hour of your departure, the introduction to a glorious immortality, through the grace of Him who became poor, that we, through his poverty, might be made rich.

Affectionately yours,

HENRY JACKSON,

Pastor of the First Baptist Church, Charlestown, Mass

Rev. JOHN PEAK.

PREFACE.

In attempting to write a sketch of the principal events of my life and ministry, no attempt will be made at an affected style, to amuse the fancy of the reader. Were the writer capable of eloquence of style, it would not accord with the object of giving a plain narrative of interesting facts.

To one who, through infirmities of age, has of necessity become less active, it affords a kind of melancholy pleasure, to call to mind seasons long since past; especially such as were connected with a chain of events exciting alarm and foreboding fears of some dire calamity, and yet terminating in a desirable and joyful manner. The forbearance and kindness of our heavenly Father, have been very great, which ought to be acknowledged with humble and devout gratitude; calling to mind numerous instances of the interposition of divine goodness, manifest in the preservation of a poor sinful creature, excites in me at this moment the tender emotions of overflowing gratitude to our gracious Benefactor.

It appears to me a difficult task for an old man to write a faithful impartial history of his own life. It is truly delightful to speak of the riches of divine grace in which I have been led to hope, of the consolations of CHRIST, the comforts of love, and fellowship of the Spirit. It is cheering to the believer, to contemplate the glories of the Sox of God, his attributes, offices, work of redemption, intercession, promises, &c.; but I have nothing good to say of myself. If I proceed to mention some things which I have experienced of the good hand of God, upon me, and his blessing granted to give my feeble ministry success, I wish no one to entertain the thought that it is my object to set forth myself as an example to others, for I wish no one to live such a life; to say the least, in every thing I have come short, and in many things offended.

In attempting such a history, another difficulty presents itself. By the great fire at Newburyport, in 1811, my dwelling house was burnt, and therewith the best part of my manuscripts. This I have ever felt a great loss; and now, if I proceed. I shall feel the want of those papers to assist my memory in reciting some interesting events, as well as names, dates, numbers, &c. This circumstance will be admitted as an apology for any deficiencies as the necessary result. With these preliminaries, if life and health is continued, I think to proceed to write a brief sketch of my life, to which I am stimulated by the advice of friends, whose judgment and candour I am accustomed to hold in the highest estimation.