

**AN ADDRESS TO RICH  
PROFESSORS OF VITAL  
GODLINESS, THE HOMEWARD  
BOUND, AND OTHER ORIGINAL  
POEMS**

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An Address to Rich Professors of Vital Godliness, The Homeward Bound, and Other Original  
Poems by John Neale

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**JOHN NEALE**

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An Address

TO

RICH PROFESSORS OF VITAL  
GODLINESS ;

The Homeward Bound ;

AND OTHER

ORIGINAL POEMS.

BY JOHN NEALE,

*Baptist Minister, Elsworth, Cambridgeshire.*

LONDON :

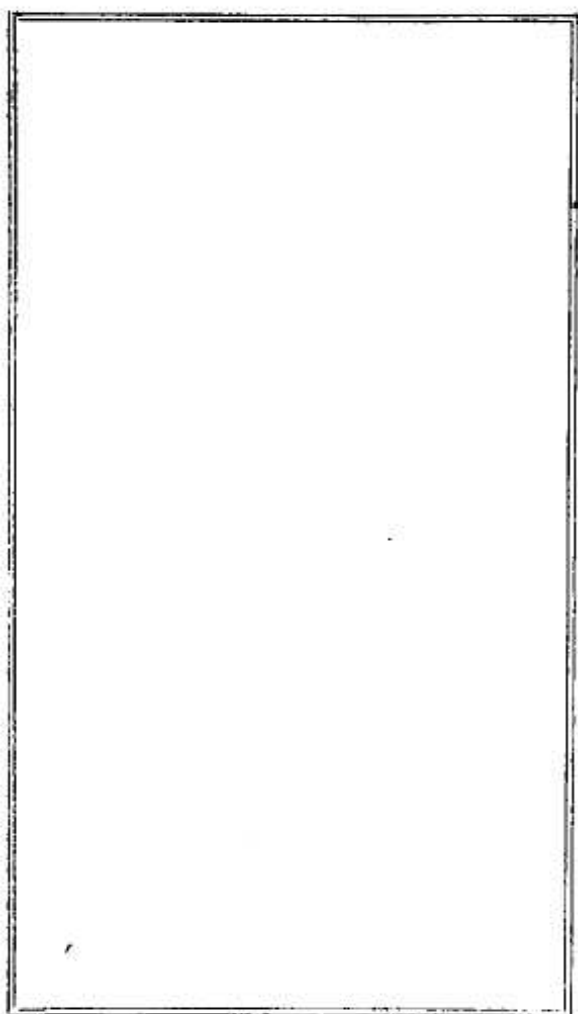
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1853.

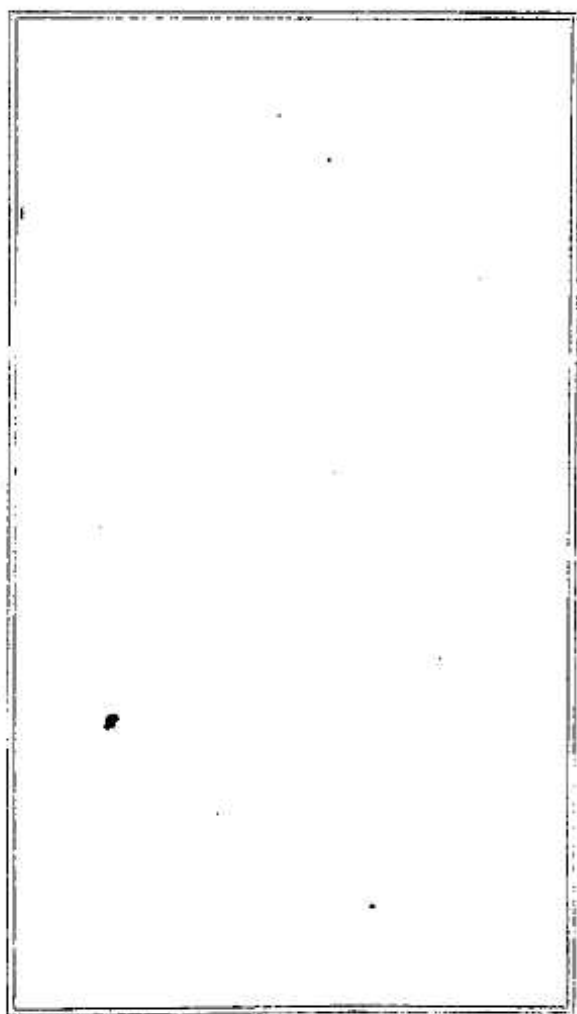
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## Preface.

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"Of making many books there is no end," is one of the sayings of the wise man. I will give my reason for making one.

One Lord's-day morning, previous to going into the pulpit, a poor labouring man (whose praise is in the church) called to see me, and in conversing upon the influence of Divine Grace, with a smiling countenance he said, that the last time he paid one shilling for his seat in the chapel, he had to deprive himself of flesh-meat for all the week, as he had to labour for seven shillings and sixpence per week, and a wife and five small children to maintain out of the scanty pittance. On hearing this, my bowels were moved within me, and my peace of mind departed for a season, I could not bear to think that a poor man was depriving himself of necessary food for my support—my income being derived from the seat rents. After sorrowful days and restless nights, I mentioned the circumstance from the pulpit, when reading Romans the 2nd chapter and the latter part of the 22nd verse: "Thou that abhorrest idols, dost thou commit sacrilege?" I said not wilfully, remarking that no poor man must deprive himself of food for my sake, if he did not wish to break my heart.

This was the cause of my writing "Lines to Rich Professors of vital godliness;" having written them, I wished them a circulation for the sake of the "poor of the flock," but was not sure that any Publisher would insert them in his publication. They were too few for a book, and as I had some half-dozen pieces by me, written a few years ago, I determined they should keep company with the address, in the form of a small volume.

The "Landlord" and the "Drunkard," were written for the teetotalers previous to my call to the ministry. The first may not apply to the respectable inn-keeper, or the second to the gentleman drunkard. Should they cause such characters (who may read them) to forsake such destructive vices, I shall feel amply rewarded.

The story of the "Wasp and the Spider" was written twenty years ago. Mr Gadsby related the circumstance one Monday evening at the prayer meeting; his remarks on temptation were very solemn, and I wrote the piece for a Sunday school recital.

In my "Address to the Cuckoo," my eye was not single, but glanced at a great number of Adam's fallen posterity, who are as "sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal."

The verses on The Standing Still of the Sun, were

written from a solemn view I was favoured with, of the glorious work of redemption, as set forth in Isaiah, chapter 28, and the 21st verse: "He shall be wroth as in the valley of Gibeon, that he may do his work, his strange work, and bring to pass his act, his strange act." I know my mind is inadequate to set forth the "strange act" of the standing still of the Son of God, for the redemption of his people; 'as a sheep before her shearers, is dumb,' so stood the Lamb of God, and I am persuaded that the standing still of the universe, would fall short of a comparison.

As I am not pleased with myself, I can scarcely expect to please others. Some of my friends will bear with me, for I am not ashamed of the leading principles set forth in the few lines which I have written. I do hope the Lord will bless the address to rich Professors for the sake of "the poor of this world, rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom of Heaven." The rich will have a miserable futurity if they fare no better than the despiser and neglecter of Lazarus.

JOHN NEALE.

*Elsworth, Cambridgeshire,  
Sept. 20th, 1852.*

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