

THE
PLEASING HISTORY
OF
EDW^D. POOLE.



~~~~~  
A Reward from the Sunday School.  
~~~~~

LONDON:

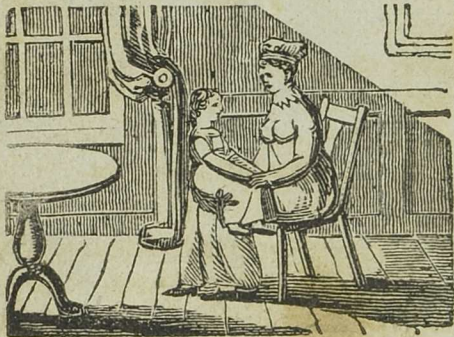
PRINTED BY J. AND C. EVANS,

Long-Lane, W. Smithfield.



1d.

FRONTISPIECE.



Happy the child who finds the grace
The blessing of God's chosen race,
The wisdom coming from above,
The faith that sweetly works by love.

THE
PLEASING HISTORY
OF
EDW^D. POOLE.



A Present from the Sunday School.



LONDON :

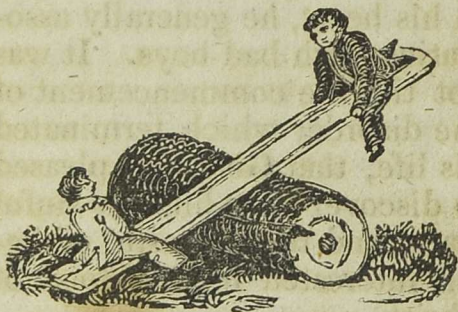
PRINTED BY J. AND C. EVANS,

Long Lane, W. Smithfield.



1d.

THE HISTORY OF
EDWARD POOLE.



EDWARD POOLE was born in the year 1802. His parents, though poor, are honest industrious people. In the year 1814, he was admitted into Mulbury Garden Chapel Sunday-School, where he remained till his illness prevented him attending any longer.

While in the school nothing was visible in his conduct to give the teachers any hopes of a work of grace being begun in his heart, he generally associating with bad boys. It was not till the commencement of the disorder which terminated his life, that God was pleased to discover unto him his sinful state, and the necessity of being interested in the blood of Christ.

On the 22nd day of August, 1816, he was taken very ill, and by his desire his teachers were sent for. Upon their first visit, he seemed to be under strong convictions of sin, but could not express his feelings: his teachers asked him what he thought of Christ, as the

Saviour of sinners, and whether he felt himself a sinner? He was unable to answer a word, but burst into tears and coughed much. When he had recovered, they endeavoured to point out the riches of grace in Christ dying for the ungodly, they then went to prayer, and begged that the Lord would bless what had been said to him. At the next visit, he was much the same in mind, but his health was decaying very fast, the teachers became seriously attentive to the state of his soul, as they fully believed he would never recover, they entreated him to seek for salvation through the blood of Jesus Christ, assuring him that there was no other name given

amongst men whereby a sinner can be saved. Although no particular effect appeared at that time, they have had sufficient evidence since, to induce them to believe the Lord had begun a good work in his soul. He oftentimes told his mother what a great sinner he was, how he used to swear, and keep company with bad boys, he one day said, 'Oh! mother, how sorry I am that I have sinned so much against such a good Saviour, who is the Saviour of the chief of sinners, and I think I may say He is the Saviour of such a sinner as I am. He used to say to his mother, what are all my afflictions, and all my pains when compared to the pains and agonies of Jesus

Christ.—Oh ! what did he go through while here below, how he suffered through life, and was at last nailed to the cross, and all this was done for such a poor sinner as I am. On the third visit, he seemed much rejoiced to see his teachers, he put out his hand, and said, ‘How do you do teachers, how are all my teachers?’ He thought himself much better, and said, he hoped he should be able to go to school next Sunday ; they asked him what he should like to go to school for ? He added, ‘to tell my school-fellows of the wonders of redeeming love ;’ but lifting up his eyes, he said, ‘not my will, Lord, but thy will be done.’ He said, ‘I was so ill

last Friday, I thought I should have died ;' they asked him if he was not afraid to die ? 'Oh ! no, I am enabled by the grace of God to say, 'O death, where is thy sting ! O grave, where is thy victory !' During their absence he used to say, 'O mother, I never shall see my blessed teachers any more ; O how I love them to be with me, they are the means of refreshing my soul ; and many times while they are speaking to me, I am constrained to cry out, what are all my pains when compared to the glory that is to follow. The next time they visited him, on entering the room, he burst into tears, and said, 'O teachers, I am glad to see you, I thought I

should never have seen you any more ; now teachers, tell me about Jesus.' One of the teachers then read the 11th chapter of John, and endeavoured to explain it. He was in great pain while the teacher was reading, and frequently cried out with pain. While reading the 33d, 34th, and 35th verses, he burst into tears, and cried, ' precious, precious Jesus.'— After the teacher had read the chapter, he went to prayer, and it was a precious opportunity to each of their souls. His strength now began to fail, and they thought it time to part with their beloved scholar, and a solemn parting it was, for they separated from each other as if they should never meet a-

gain in this world. Before they left him, they asked if he had any thing to say to his school-fellows, he told them to warn them of the danger of living without Christ, and he added, 'I should like them to follow me to the grave, and to sing the following hymn :—

When blooming youth is snatch'd away
By death's resistless hand,
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay,
Which pity must demand, &c.

They then parted with tears in their eyes, praying, if never permitted to meet here again, they might meet in a brighter and better world, where they should sing the song of redeeming love, that shall never end ; but contrary to their expectations, they had the pleasure of

visiting him again. They asked him if he could tell them where the Lord first met with him, he said, he never felt himself a sinner till he was afflicted, and what he heard his teachers say while visiting him, and what he used to read while in the school, he used to think of while on his bed, he thought these were the blessed means, he added, 'it was a blessed school to my soul.' He now began to get weaker and weaker, and seemed to be fast hastening to his heavenly Father's home. Two or three days before he died, he warned all that came to him of the danger of living without Christ, and pointed them to the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin

of the world, this he continued to do within an hour of his death, so that all heard him with astonishment. About five minutes before he died, he said, 'O mother, I have found the blessed Jesus,' and clasping his hands together, said, he was almost in heaven,—the last words he was heard to utter were, 'Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly,' and then fell asleep on Saturday, December 28, 1816, aged 14 years and 7 months.



“ A boy in a Sunday-School being questioned as to what he thought the reason that ‘he who trusted to his own heart is a fool,’ answered, because ‘the heart of man is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked, who can know it?’—A girl when asked for what purpose Christ came into the world, replied, ‘that he might purify unto himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works,’ which purifying influence she looked for thro’ the efficacy of his blood, cleansing them from all sin.”

FINIS.

