
M.r JN.o
MASON.
Aged 46

THE

Arminian Magazine,

For the YEAR 1781.

CONSISTING OF

EXTRACTS

AND

ORIGINAL TREATISES

ON

Univerſal Redemption.

VOLUME IV.

LONDON:

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THE PREFACE.

1. *IT is a general complaint, and it ſeems, a juſt one, that moſt of our periodical Publications, do not continue the ſame as they began, but in a little time loſe their Spirit. In a few years, perhaps in a few months or weeks, the publiſhers have* (*as we ſay*) wrote themſelves out. *They have exhauſted their ſtock, or at leaſt the moſt uſeful and valuable part of it: and what remains is little calculated either to entertain or to profit the ſenſible Reader.*

2. *For many years this remark has been made concerning Magazines in particular. An immenſe multitude of theſe has lately appeared in* England, Scotland, Ireland, *and* America. *But how ſmall a number of them has retained the ſame Spirit for any conſiderable time? Yet ſome have done it: I believe the laſt of the* Chriſtian Magazines, *was not inferior to the firſt. And I ſuppoſe the* Gentleman's Magazine *has preſerved its ſpirit for upwards of forty years together.*

3. *And I believe the impartial Reader will allow, that the* Arminian Magazine *has not declined hitherto. He will eaſily obſerve, that neither the Proſe nor Verſe publiſhed*

in November and December laſt, are inferior to any of the preceding compoſitions. Certainly the Letters are not; many of which contain the height and depth of Chriſtian Experience, expreſſed in the moſt eaſy and natural, yet ſtrong and ſignificant Language.

4. *And there is no danger that* I *ſhould* write myſelf out, *that I ſhould ever exhauſt my ſtock of materials: as I have ſtill by me a large number of Compoſitions, both in verſe and proſe, the greateſt part of which never yet ſaw the light, nor probably ever would have done, had they not been brought out of obſcurity, by the preſent Publication. Add to this, that I have had for many years, and have at this day, a greater number of pious correſpondents, than any perſon in* England, *or perhaps in* Europe.

5. *But ſtill Want of Variety is objected. Yea, and it ever will be objected. For I dare not fill up any Publication of mine with bits and ſcraps, to humour any one living. It is true, I am not fond of verboſe writers, neither of very long treatiſes. I conceive, the ſize of a book is not always the meaſure of the writer's underſtanding. Nay, I believe if Angels were to write books, we ſhould have very few Folios. But neither am I fond of tracts that begin and end, before they have cleared up any thing. There are inſerted as many articles in each of theſe Magazines, as can be treated of therein to any purpoſe. If any one wiſhes rather to read a hundred incoherent ſhreds, he may ſuit himſelf in abundance of Authors.*

6. *But*

6. *But ſo far I can comply with thoſe who deſire a little more variety, as to add two or three entirely new branches to the Magazines of the following years. Several of my friends have been frequently importuning me to write a few more Sermons. I thought indeed I might now have been fairly excuſed, and have remitted that work to my younger brethren. But as they are not ſatisfied with this, I ſubmit to their well-meant importunity, and deſign to write, with God's aſſiſtance, a few more plain, practical Diſcourſes, on thoſe which I judge to be the moſt neceſſary of the ſubjects I have not yet treated of. The former part of one of theſe is publiſhed this month: the latter will follow in February. And ſo every two months, ſo long as God ſpares my life and health, I ſhall publiſh another.*

7. *I believe another Addition will not be unacceptable to the ſerious Reader. After the Life of each Preacher will be inſerted part of the Life of ſome of thoſe real Chriſtians, who, having faithfully ſerved God in their generation, have lately finiſhed their courſe with joy. One of theſe (a ſpecimen of the reſt) was inſerted in the laſt November Magazine.*

8. *One more Article may, I apprehend, be inſerted, both for the profit and entertainment of the Reader. The five volumes entitled, "A Survey of the Wiſdom of God in the Creation," are but in few hands: it is not convenient for many to purchaſe them. But particular paſſages of theſe will be carefully ſelected, and inſerted in each Magazine. I believe they will fall in naturally enough between the Hiſtory and the Letters. And theſe will all illuſtrate his Wiſdom and Goodneſs, for whom all things are and were created.*

9. *Many*

9. *Many of the Portraits are not yet ſuch as I deſire. I will have better, or none at all: although this will imply ſome delay: eſpecially, with regard to the prints of thoſe Preachers who are at a great diſtance from* London. *For I cannot truſt Country Engravers.*

10. *Theſe things will we do, if God permit. But who knows what we may* do *or* be *to-morrow? For what is our Life? Is it not a vapour that juſt appears and vaniſhes away? O let us ſecure a permanent Life! A Life that will remain when heaven and earth flee away!*

LONDON,
January 1, 1781.

ADVERTISEMENT.

NUMBERLESS Treatiſes have been written in this and the laſt age, on the ſubject of Predeſtination: but I have not ſeen any that is written with more good ſenſe and good humour, than *Caſtellio's* Dialogues, wrote above two hundred years ago. Yet I know not that they have ever appeared in our tongue. I believe therefore the putting them into an *Engliſh* Dreſs, will give pleaſure to every impartial Reader.

JOHN WESLEY.

THE Arminian Magazine,

For JANUARY 1781.

Of PREDESTINATION; tranſlated from SEBASTIAN CASTELLIO, *in Dialogues, between* Lewis *and* Frederic.

The AUTHOR's PREFACE.

ST. Paul was no friend to controverſies. Yet when diſputes were ariſen among the Corinthians, he inſtructed them in their duty with regard to them. I alſo am an enemy to diſputes, and could wiſh men were employed in the practice of religion, not in wrangling about it. But after opinions are broached, not only falſe, but alſo pernicious, they ſeem to me worthy of confutation, leſt men wander out of the way and endanger their ſalvation.

There are many opinions of this kind; ſuch eſpecially are thoſe, which are held about Predeſtination and Free-Will. As to Predeſtination, many are perſuaded that God willeth not that all men ſhould be ſaved; but from the beginning

ning created a certain number of men for ſalvation, and they cannot be damned: but others he created for deſtruction, and they cannot be ſaved. This opinion makes ſome men ſecure and proud, while they apprehend they cannot periſh, as being Elect. It drives others to deſpair, while they conceive themſelves to be Reprobates.

Concerning Free-Will, their opinion is equally hurtful; becauſe, while they make man a mere ſtock, they leave him no room to endeavour after righteous actions. And they fall likewiſe into dangerous errors as to the doctrine of Faith. Induced by theſe reaſons, I have written theſe Dialogues: how I have acquitted myſelf in the performance, let the *pious* judge, who alone are competent judges of divine things.

DIALOGUE I.

Lewis. I Wiſh, my friend, if it is not diſagreeable to you, to debate with you about a queſtion which diſtreſſes my mind. *Frederic.* If you are ready to receive truth, although it ſhall oppoſe your own opinion, you are welcome to begin the debate. But if you are reſolved to adhere altogether to your own notions, all diſpute will be needleſs. *Lewis.* Truly I think my opinion agreeable to truth, yet, I am ready to adopt a better, if a better can be advanced. *Fred.* Almoſt all perſons ſay the ſame: yet well nigh all, when vanquiſhed by the force of truth, ſtill hold faſt their own opinion. *Lewis.* Perhaps they do not ſee what is true. *Fred.* The greateſt part do not, and the reaſon is, becauſe they do not impartially attend to the arguments of their opponents. Therefore if you wiſh to diſpute, ſee that you bring a free diſpaſſionate mind, a mind prepared to embrace truth wherever you find it. *Lewis.* I hope I have ſuch a diſpoſition, and that you have the ſame. *Fred.* I believe I have. Now therefore, prepare your ſubject. *Lewis. Predeſtination.* *Fred.* The queſtion is attended with many difficulties, and the debate would be quite needleſs, had not the bold aſſertions of

of ſeveral great men at this time made it neceſſary. But if we diſcourſe of it in the fear of God, there is reaſon to hope he will be preſent with us. Tell me then, in a ſummary way, what you think of Predeſtination. *Lewis.* I think, God by an eternal and unalterable purpoſe hath appointed, once for all, thoſe whom he would hereafter ſave, and thoſe whom he would give up to deſtruction: that thoſe whom he vouchſafes to make partakers of his ſalvation, are by his mercy choſen without any reſpect to their worthineſs: mean time, to thoſe whom he gives up to damnation, the paſſage to life is ſhut up by his juſt, but incomprehenſible judgment. *Fred.* You conclude then, that ſome men by name are created by God for damnation, ſo that they cannot be ſaved. *Lewis.* Yes. *Fred.* What? If they obeyed God would they not be ſaved? *Lewis.* They would, but they cannot obey God. For God ſo excludes them from the knowledge of his name, and his juſtifying grace, that they can will and do nothing but evil. *Fred.* Have they this propenſity from God's thus creating and predeſtinating it? *Lewis.* They have: as the wolf, from God's forming it with ſuch a nature, hath a propenſity to devour ſheep. *Fred.* They were then condemned and rejected of God before they were in being. *Lewis.* Even ſo. *Fred.* They are not condemned for their ſins? *Lewis.* Yes, for they were worthy to be appointed to that condition. *Fred.* When were they worthy? *Lewis.* When they were appointed. *Fred.* They were then, before they were! *Lewis.* I do not underſtand what you mean. *Fred.* If they were worthy, they were in being. For to be worthy, is to be. But juſt now you ſaid, that they were condemned before they were; therefore they were, before they were.

Lewis. All things are preſent to God. *Fred.* The ſins alſo of the wicked were preſent to God, when he created them wicked. But if ſins are the cauſe of damnation, they certainly preceded damnation, unleſs you will place the efficient cauſe after the effect, which is contrary to nature.

Lewis. But we ſay there are two cauſes of damnation: one in God, who formed man for that calamity, under which he lies, which is indeed the juſt cauſe, but incomprehenſible. The other is the ſin of man, which truly we ought to regard as a cauſe of damnation. But into that hidden and altogether incomprehenſible cauſe we ought not to enquire. *Fred.* But which of thoſe cauſes doth God regard, when he damns a man? *Lewis.* Both. *Fred.* He cannot. *Lewis.* Why? *Fred.* Becauſe he damns man by his own eternal counſel. But ſin is not eternal. *Lewis.* But ſin was from all eternity with God, to whom all things are ever preſent. *Fred.* Therefore there could be no cauſe prior to ſin; ſince nothing can be ever conceived that is more ancient than eternity. Becauſe, if ſin was from all eternity with God, I do not ſee why another cauſe of damnation beſide ſin ſhould be ſought after, unleſs peradventure, ſin is not a ſufficient cauſe of damnation, which I do not ſuppoſe you will aſſert: but if you regard the order of the thing, not of time, ſin will be prior to damnation; ſince becauſe of ſin man is damned. It follows, that man is not damned before he has ſinned, much leſs before he is in being. But come on, ſay, what is ſin? *Lewis.* What is done contrary to law. *Fred.* What is law? *Lewis.* That which directs us what we ought to do, and what to leave undone.

Fred. Now, whatſoever things God wills, the ſame he orders us to do. *Lewis.* Yes; and not only orders, but alſo cauſes that they be neceſſarily done. For the will of God neceſſitates all things, ſo that neither thefts, nor adulteries, nor murders are committed without the interpoſition of the will of God. *Fred.* It was then a law, becauſe God willed and commanded that the earth ſhould produce flocks of trees, and moreover, living creatures. *Lewis.* It was. *Fred.* And becauſe he gave commandment that the animals ſhould propagate their own kind, and be under the dominion of man. *Lewis.* Even ſo. *Fred.* And becauſe he created the wolf

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and other ſuch animals carnivorous, they are ſo. *Lewis.* Even ſo. Whatſoever he willed, is altogether a law. *Fred.* Then there neither is, nor can be any ſuch thing as ſin. *Lewis.* How? *Fred.* Becauſe if the will of God is the law of all things, and nothing can be done againſt the will of God, it follows, that nothing can be done againſt law. But you have above defined ſin to be that which is done contrary to law: whence it comes to paſs, that no ſin can be committed. *Lewis.* But we muſt underſtand that there is a twofold will in God, a ſecret one of which I have ſpoken, againſt which abſolutely nothing can be done. Of which this ſcripture ſpeaks; "Whatſoever the Lord pleaſed, that does he in heaven, in earth," &c. Pſalm cxxxv. 6. Another will is reveal d in his word, which we ought to regard in our actions. For that only requires of us what it commands. If we intend any thing againſt the commandment, it is not obedience, but contumacy. *Fred.* Tell me, was that revealed will in God before it was revealed? *Lewis.* It was. *Fred.* And was it then ſecret? *Lewis.* Yes. *Fred.* There were then two ſecret wills in God, oppoſed the one to the other! And although the one willed ſin, the other nilled it. *Lewis.* So it ſeems. *Fred.* And one of theſe wills he has revealed to us, by which he doth not will ſin; the other he hath kept ſecret, by which he does will it. *Lewis.* It ſeems ſo. *Fred.* Now theſe two wills, are they both good? *Lewis.* They are. For whatſoever God wills, that is good. *Fred.* Tell me, can good be contrary to good? *Lewis.* No more than right oppoſe right. *Fred.* Are theſe two, to will ſin and not to will it, oppoſed one to the other? *Lewis.* Greatly. *Fred.* If therefore to will ſin is good, to nill ſin, is bad; ſo it follows, that in God there is both good and evil. Why do you heſitate? *Lewis.* It does not occur to me what anſwer to give. But ſome anſwer, God wills righteouſneſs for its own ſake, but he wills ſin, not for the ſake of ſin, but that in forgiving or puniſhing it, he may augment his own

glory. *Fred.* But that indeed is really not to will ſin; but to will his own glory. For ſay, when your ſon offends you, are you not willing to puniſh him? *Lewis.* Yes. *Fred.* Are you willing alſo that he ſhould offend you? *Lewis.* Far be it from me. *Fred.* Why then aſcribe you to God, what you would not have aſcribed to yourſelf? But let us ſuppoſe God wills ſin on ſome other account, yet to will it on another account, is yet to will it. *Lewis.* It is. *Fred.* Why then does he puniſh men for that, which himſelf wills? *Lewis.* Becauſe they do it not with the deſign of rendering obedience to him. *Fred.* What if God wills this very thing, that they ſhould not do it with this deſign? as he certainly does, if that opinion be true. For they are as much decreed to do it to a bad end, as to do it at all, if all things are done only by the decree of God; becauſe oftentimes they who ſlay the righteous, think that they do God ſervice: and the Iſraelites, while they made a golden calf, and did many other bad things, apprehended they were obeying God's will. And now while I oppoſe your Predeſtinarians (which certainly they eſteem a crime of the firſt magnitude) I do it to pleaſe God, and extirpate many errors.

Lewis. But adulterers, thieves, and other wicked perſons, ſin with an evil mind and bad intention, not with a view to ſerve God, but to gratify their own luſt. *Fred.* What, if any one ſhould apprehend that God wills ſin, and ſhould therefore ſin that he might fulfil the divine pleaſure? Why are you ſilent? *Lewis.* Let us ſpeak rather of thoſe, who ſin from an evil diſpoſition. *Fred.* Be it ſo. Anſwer me then, whence ariſes this evil diſpoſition? *Lewis.* It derived its origin from man's ſelf, not from God. Since he is ſo depraved by no other way, than by a fall from the perfection in which he was created by God, and a degeneracy into abſolute wickedneſs. *Fred.* Do you remember what you before ſaid of man's propenſity to ſin, which he derives from the creation and predeſtination of God, as the wolf does his propenſity to

devour

devour ſheep? *Lewis.* I do remember it. *Fred.* Has the wolf degenerated, who has a propenſity to devour ſheep? *Lewis.* By no means; for with this nature he is created. *Fred.* Therefore man has not degenerated, if he was ſo created, as to be prone by nature to ſin; who would have degenerated, and acted contrary to the law of nature, unleſs he had ſinned, as the wolf would degenerate, if inſtead of an eater of fleſh, he ſhould become an eater of herbs. If he degenerates by ſinning, he was not created to ſin. For creation is the efficient cauſe of the kind produced: but if man remains in that kind, for which he was created, he remains in his own. *Lewis.* You always reduce me to abſurdities. *Fred.* Nay, you occaſion it yourſelf, who from the beginning have undertaken the defence of a bad cauſe. But it would have been better, as ſoon as you ſaw yourſelf entangled, to yield to the force of truth. For if you go on, you will fall into ſtill greater abſurdities. *Lewis.* How? *Fred.* Do you own that the commandments of God were appointed for all the Iſraelites, the godly as well as the ungodly? *Lewis.* I do. *Fred.* And that in theſe commandments God revealed his own will? *Lewis.* Yes. *Fred.* When therefore he ſays, Do not kill, is it his will, that they ſhould not kill? *Lewis.* Yes. *Fred.* But if he created ſome men for death, (this is for ſin, for by ſin death entered into the world) and others for life; when he ſays, do not kill, of neceſſity by this ſame command he orders the godly not to kill; but the ungodly to kill; than which, what can be more abſurd? Now hear another abſurdity. Do you believe that two contraries, or, (as the Logicians ſay) contradictories cannot be together and at once in the ſame ſubject. *Lewis.* I do believe it. *Fred.* But to will and nill ſin, are things directly contrary one to the other; and theſe things you aſcribe to God! Hear another abſurdity. You ſay there is a ſecret will in God, whereby he wills the abſolute damnation of certain perſons. If this will be concealed, how comes it to paſs that you ſpeak of it,

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as made known to you? But if it is revealed to you, why do you call it ſecret? Attend alſo to another abſurdity. The ſpirit itſelf declares him bleſſed, who ſpeaketh the truth from his heart. And Chriſt ſaith, that out of the abundance of the heart, the mouth ſpeaketh. What then if a man ſaith one thing and thinketh another, what ſort of a man judge you ſuch a one to be? *Lewis.* A hypocrite. *Fred.* What, do you conceive your God to be a hypocrite? For if in words he forbids ſin, but in reality wills ſin, he cannot be excuſed from the charge of hypocriſy, who in words commands one thing, but wills another; and hath ſo decreed it, that it cannot be avoided. But if he is a hypocrite, why does he ſo greatly abhor hypocrites, who are imitators of himſelf? Hear another, the greateſt abſurdity of all: do you confeſs that pious men ought to imitate God, and diligently to ſtrive that they may reſemble him as nearly as poſſible? *Lewis.* I do confeſs it. *Fred.* They muſt then take great pains that they may have two wills, the one ſecret, by which they will ſin, the other apparent, by which they nill it: or rather that they may will ſin in the heart, but in words forbid it. And indeed, to confeſs the truth, I fear, moſt of thoſe who affirm that God wills ſin, are ſuch, as themſelves ſuppoſe God to be. For in this they ſeem to do what painters are uſed to do, who, when they would paint God, becauſe they know him not, paint ſuch as they themſelves are, namely, a man. Or, when they paint the Virgin Mary, becauſe they have not ſeen her, paint ſome woman whom they themſelves love. So thoſe perſons, becauſe they ſeverally love ſin, and forbid the ſame in words, conceive God to act in like manner. But ſee, my brother, (and I pray be not angry,) how monſtrous that opinion is. Do you believe the devil to be contrary to God in all things? *Lewis.* Not leſs then darkneſs is oppoſite to light. *Fred.* If then God wills ſin by his ſecret will, but forbids it by his revealed; the devil muſt by his ſecret will diſapprove of ſin, and command it by his revealed. And

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ſo the devil will be ſo much better than God, by how much it is worſe to make a pretence of good than evil. For he who pretends evil in word, has good in his heart. But he who pretends good in word, has evil in his heart, and ſuch a one they feign God to be. Deny now, if you can, that you turn light into darkneſs, and make a devil of God. For if God wills ſin, the devil does not. But if both will it, they are one and the ſame, God and the devil. O my friend, to all theſe arguments give ſome ſolid anſwer, or recede from your opinion. *Lewis.* Truly your arguments move me, nor have I an anſwer ready. Yet I cannot ſo eaſily give my aſſent to you, unleſs your anſwer be given to the objections they bring.

[*To be continued.*]

ORIGINAL SERMONS,

BY THE

Rev. *JOHN WESLEY*, M. A.

SERMON I.

On 1 TIMOTHY, vi. 9.

They that will be rich fall into temptation and a ſnare, and into many fooliſh and hurtful deſires, which drown men in deſtruction and perdition.

1. HOW innumerable are the ill conſequences which have followed from men's not knowing, or not conſidering this great Truth! And how few are there even in the chriſtian world, that either know or duly conſider it! Yea, how ſmall

ſmall is the number of thoſe even among real Chriſtians, who underſtand and lay it to heart! Moſt of theſe too paſs it very lightly over, ſcarce remembering there is ſuch a text in the Bible. And many put ſuch a conſtruction upon it, as makes it of no manner of effect. "*They that will be rich*, ſay they, that is, will be rich at all events, who will be rich right or wrong; that are reſolved to carry their point, to compaſs this end, whatever means they uſe to attain it; *they fall into temptation*, and into all the evils enumerated by the Apoſtle." But truly if this were all the meaning of the text, it might as well have been out of the Bible.

2. This is ſo far from being the whole meaning of the text: that it is no part of its meaning. The Apoſtle does not here ſpeak of gaining riches unjuſtly, but of quite another thing: his words are to be taken in their plain obvious ſenſe, without any reſtriction or qualification whatſoever. St. *Paul* does not ſay, "They that will be rich *by evil means*, by theft, robbery, oppreſſion or extortion, they that will be rich by fraud or diſhoneſt art, but ſimply, *they that will be rich*: theſe, allowing, ſuppoſing the means they uſe to be ever ſo innocent, *fall into temptation, and a ſnare, and into many fooliſh and hurtful deſires, which drown men in deſtruction and perdition.*

3. But who believes that? Who receives it as the truth of God? Who is deeply convinced of it? Who preaches this? Great is the company of Preachers at this day, regular and irregular. But who of them all, openly and explicitly, preaches this ſtrange doctrine? It is the keen obſervation of a great man, "The Pulpit is a fearful Preacher's ſtrong-hold." But who even in his ſtrong-hold has the courage to declare ſo unfaſhionable a truth? I do not remember, that in threeſcore years, I have heard one ſermon preached upon this ſubject. And what author within the ſame term, has declared it from the preſs? At leaſt in the *Engliſh* tongue? I do not know one. I have neither ſeen nor heard of any ſuch author. I have ſeen two or three who juſt touch upon it; but

none

none that treats of it profeſſedly. I have myſelf frequently touched upon it in preaching, and thrice in what I have publiſhed to the world: once in explaining our Lord's ſermon on the Mount, and once in the diſcourſe on the *Mammon of Unrighteouſneſs*. But I have never yet either publiſhed or preached any ſermon expreſsly upon the ſubject. It is high time I ſhould: that I ſhould at length ſpeak as ſtrongly and explicitly as I can, in order to leave a full and clear teſtimony behind me, when ever it pleaſes God to call me hence.

4. O that God would give me to ſpeak *right* and *forcible* words! And you to receive them in honeſt and humble hearts! Let it not be ſaid, *They ſit before thee as my people, and they hear thy words: but they will not do them. Thou art unto them as one that hath a pleaſant voice, and can play well on an inſtrument: for they hear thy words: but they do them not!* O that ye may *not be forgetful hearers, but doers of the word, that ye may be bleſſed in your deed!* In this hope I ſhall endeavour,

Firſt, to explain the Apoſtle's words. And,
Secondly, to apply them.

But O! *who is ſufficient for theſe things?* Who is able to ſtem the general torrent? To combat all the prejudices, not only of the vulgar, but of the learned and the religious world? Yet nothing is too hard for God! Still his grace is ſufficient for us. In his name then, and by his ſtrength I will endeavour,

I. To explain the words of the Apoſtle.

1. And, firſt, let us conſider, What it is to *be rich?* What does the Apoſtle mean by this expreſſion?

The preceding verſe fixes the meaning of that. *Having food and raiment* (literally *coverings*; for the word includes *lodging* as well as *clothes*) *let us be therewith content. But they*

that will be rich, that is, who will have more than these, more than *food* and *raiment*.—It plainly follows, whatever is more than these is, in the sense of the Apostle, *riches*: whatever is above the plain necessaries, or at most conveniences of life. Whoever has sufficient food to eat, sufficient raiment to put on, with a place where to lay his head, and for the rest, is *rich*.

2. Let us consider, secondly, what is meant by the expression, *They that will be rich*. And does not this mean, first, *They* that *desire to be rich*, to have more than food and *covering*: they that seriously and deliberately desire more than food to eat and raiment to put on, and a place where to lay their head, more than the plain necessaries and conveniences of life? All, at least who allow themselves in this desire, who see no harm in it, *desire to be rich*.

3. And so do, secondly, all those that calmly, deliberately, and of set purpose *endeavour* after more than *food and covering*: that aim at and endeavour after, not only so much worldly substance, as will procure them the necessaries and conveniences of life, whether to lay it up, or to lay it out in superfluities, but more than this. All these undeniably prove their *desire to be rich*, by their endeavours after it.

4. Must we not, thirdly, rank among those *that desire to be rich*, all that in fact, *lay up treasures on earth*: a thing as expressly and clearly forbidden by our Lord, as either adultery or murder. It is allowed, 1. That we are to provide necessaries and conveniences for those of our own household: 2. That men in business are to lay up as much as is necessary for the carrying on of that business. 3. That we are to leave our children what will supply them with necessaries and conveniences, after we have left the world; and 4. That we are to provide things honest in the sight of all men, so as to *owe no man any thing*. But to lay up any more, when this is done, is what our Lord has flatly forbidden. When it is calmly and deliberately done, it is a clear proof of our desiring to be rich.

rich. And thus to lay up money is no more conſiſtent with good conſcience, than to throw it into the ſea.

5. We muſt rank among them, 4. All who *poſſeſs* more of this world's goods, than they uſe according to the will of the Owner; I ſhould rather ſay of the proprietor, for he only *lends* them to us: or to ſpeak more ſtrictly, *intrusts* them to us as ſtewards; reſerving the property of them to himſelf. And indeed he cannot poſſibly do otherwiſe, ſeeing they are the work of his hands; he is and muſt be, the poſſeſſor of heaven and earth. This is his unalienable right; a right he cannot diveſt himſelf of. And together with that portion of his goods, which he hath lodged in our hands, he has delivered to us a writing, ſpecifying the purpoſes for which he has intruſted us with them. If therefore we keep more of them in our hands, than is neceſſary for the preceding purpoſes, we certainly fall under the charge of *deſiring to be rich*: over and above that we are guilty of burying our Lord's talent in the earth: and on that account are liable to be pronounced *wicked*, becauſe *unprofitable ſervants*.

6. Under this imputation of *deſiring to be rich*, fall 5. All *Lovers of Money*. The word properly means, thoſe that *delight in money*, thoſe that take pleaſure in it, thoſe that ſeek their happineſs therein, that brood over their gold and ſilver, bills or bonds. Such was the man deſcribed by the fine Roman painter, who broke out into that natural ſoliloquy,

——*Populus me ſibilat, at mihi plaudo*
Ipſe domi quoties nummos contemplor in arcâ.

If there are any vices which are not natural to man, I ſhould imagine, this was one: as money of itſelf does not ſeem to gratify any natural deſire or appetite of the human mind: and as during an obſervation of ſixty years, I do not remember one inſtance, of a man given up to the Love of Money, till he had neglected to employ this precious talent, according to the will of his maſter. After this, ſin was puniſhed by ſin, and this evil ſpirit was permitted to enter into him.

7. But beſide this groſs ſort of Covetouſneſs, *the Love of Money*, there is a more refined ſpecies of Covetouſneſs, mentioned by the great Apoſtle, πλεονεξια: which literally means, *a deſire of having more*, more than we have already. And thoſe alſo come under the denomination of, *they that will be rich*. It is true that this deſire, under proper reſtrictions, is innocent: nay, commendable. But when it exceeds the bounds, (and how difficult is it not to exceed them?) then it comes under the preſent cenſure.

8. But who is able to receive theſe hard ſayings? Who can believe that they are the great truths of God? Not many wiſe; not many noble; not many famed for learning: none indeed who are not taught of God: and who are they, whom God teaches? Let our Lord anſwer, *If any man be willing to do his will, he ſhall know of the doctrine whether it be of God.* Thoſe who are otherwiſe minded, will be ſo far from receiving it, that they will not be able to underſtand it. Two as ſenſible men as moſt in England, ſat down together ſome time ſince, to read over and conſider that plain diſcourſe, on *Lay not up for yourſelves treaſures upon earth.* After much deep conſideration, one of them broke out, "Poſitively, I cannot underſtand it. Pray, do *you* underſtand it, Mr. *L*?" Mr. *L.* honeſtly replied, "Indeed, not I. I cannot conceive what Mr. *W.* means. I can make nothing at all of it." So utterly blind is our natural underſtanding, touching the truth of God!

10. Having now explained the former part of the text, *They that will be rich*, and pointed out in the cleareſt manner I could, the perſons ſpoken of; I will now endeavour, God being my helper, to explain what is ſpoken of them, *They fall into temptation, and a ſnare, and into many fooliſh and hurtful deſires which drown men in deſtruction and perdition.*

They fall into temptation. This ſeems to mean much more than ſimply, *they are tempted.* They *enter into the temptation:* they fall plump down into it. The waves of it compaſs them about, and cover them all over. Of thoſe who thus enter

into

into temptation, very few eſcape out of it. And the few that do, are ſorely ſcorched by it, though not utterly conſumed. If they eſcape at all, it is with the ſkin of their teeth, and with deep wounds that are not eaſily healed.

11. They fall, ſecondly, *into a ſnare*, the ſnare of the devil, which he hath purpoſely ſet in their way. I believe the Greek word properly means a gin, a ſteel-trap, which ſhews no appearance of danger. But as ſoon as any creature touches the ſpring, it ſuddenly cloſes, and either cruſhes its bones in pieces, or conſigns it to inevitable ruin.

12. They fall, thirdly, *into many fooliſh and hurtful deſires*: ἀνόητους: ſilly, ſenſeleſs, fantaſtic: as contrary to reaſon, to ſound underſtanding, as they are to religion: *hurtful*, both to body and ſoul, tending to weaken, yea, deſtroy every gracious and heavenly temper; deſtructive of that faith which is of the operation of God; of that hope which is full of immortality; of love to God and to our neighbour, and of every good word and work.

13. But what deſires are theſe? This is a moſt important queſtion, and deſerves the deepeſt conſideration.

In general, they may all be ſummed up in one, The deſiring happineſs out of God. This includes, directly or remotely, every fooliſh and hurtful deſire. St. *Paul* expreſſes it by *Loving the creature more than the Creator*: and by being *Lovers of pleaſure more than lovers of God.* In particular, they are (to uſe the exact and beautiful enumeration of St. *John*) *the deſire of the fleſh, the deſire of the eyes, and the pride of life*: all of which, *the deſire of riches* naturally tends both to beget and to increaſe.

14. *The deſire of the fleſh* is generally underſtood in far too narrow a meaning. It does not, as is commonly ſuppoſed, refer to one of the ſenſes only, but takes in all the pleaſures of ſenſe, the gratification of any of the outward ſenſes. It has reference to the *taſte* in particular. How many thouſands do we find at this day, in whom the ruling principle is, the deſire

to

to enlarge the pleasure of *tasting*? Perhaps they do not gratify this desire in a gross manner, so as to incur the imputation of Intemperance: much less so as to violate health or impair their understanding by *chymy* or drunkenness. But they live in a genteel, regular sensuality, in an elegant epicurism, which does not hurt the body, but only destroys the soul, keeping it at a distance from all true religion.

15. Experience shews, that the Imagination is gratified chiefly by means of the eye. Therefore *the desire of the eyes*, in its natural sense is, the desiring and seeking happiness in gratifying the Imagination. Now the Imagination is gratified either by grandeur, by beauty, or by novelty: chiefly by the last: for neither grand nor beautiful objects please any longer than they are new.

16. Seeking happiness in *learning*, of whatever kind, falls under *the desire of the eyes*; whether it be in History, languages, poetry, or any branch of natural or experimental philosophy: yea, and we must include the several kinds of learning, such as Geometry, Algebra and Metaphysics. For if our supreme delight be in any of these, we are herein gratifying *the desire of the eyes*.

17. *The pride of life* (whatever else that very uncommon expression ἡ ἀλαζονεία τοῦ βίου may mean) seems to imply chiefly, the *desire of honour*, of the esteem, admiration and applause of men: as nothing more directly tends both to beget and cherish pride, than the honour that cometh of men. And as *riches* attract much admiration, and occasion much applause, they proportionably minister food for pride, and so may also be referred to this head.

18. *Desire of ease*, is another of these foolish and hurtful desires: desire of avoiding every cross, every degree of trouble, danger, difficulty: a desire of slumbering out life, and going to heaven, (as the vulgar say) upon a feather-bed. Every one may observe, how riches first beget, and then confirm and increase this desire, making men more and more

soft

foft and delicate, more unwilling, and indeed more unable, to *take up* their *crofs daily*, to *endure hardfhip as good foldiers of Jefus Chrift, and to take the kingdom of heaven by violence.*

10. Riches either defired or poffeffed, naturally lead to fome or other of thefe foolifh and hurtful defires; and by affording the means of gratifying them all, naturally tend to increafe them. And there is a near connexion between unholy defires, and every other unholy paffion and temper. We eafily pafs from thefe to pride, anger, bitternefs, envy, malice, revengefulnefs; to an headftrong, unadvifeable, unreproveable fpirit: indeed to every temper that is earthly, fenfual, or devilifh. All thefe the defire or poffeffion of riches naturally tends to create, ftrengthen and increafe.

20. And by fo doing, in the fame proportion as they prevail, they *pierce men through with many forrows*: forrows from remorfe, from a guilty confcience: forrows flowing from all the evil tempers which they infpire or increafe: forrows infeparable from thofe defires themfelves, as every unholy defire is an uneafy defire; and forrows from the contrariety of thofe defires to each other, whence it is impoffible to gratify them all. And in the end *they drown* the body in pain, difeafe, *deftruction*, and the foul in everlafting *perdition*.

[*To be continued.*]

An ACCOUNT *of Mr.* CHRISTOPHER HOPPER.

[*A Letter to the Rev.* J. WESLEY.]

Coln, May 20, 1780.

Rev. and dear Sir,

I Never had the leaft defire or defign to trouble others with my infignificant Life. I know how difficult it is for a man to fpeak of himfelf: but as you defire it, I will do as well as I can.

I kept

I kept a Diary the firſt year after I ſet out from *Newcaſtle-upon-Tyne*, for *Ireland*. At my return I took a fever at *Newlands*. After my recovery I looked over my journal with a view to go on; but I ſaw ſo many blunders and imperfections therein that I immediately committed it to the fire. Since that time I have kept no regular account of my little labours; therefore I am under a great diſadvantage in giving any tolerable account of them.

I have looked over my manuſcripts, and have found a few memorandums which have aſſiſted me a little. Many other things I have committed to memory, which never have, and I hope, never will be eraſed.

As I have had the pleaſure of travelling with you many hundred miles, in England, Scotland, and Ireland, theſe laſt five and thirty years; I have been much helped by reading over your Journals, to trace out my crooked path. By theſe few aſſiſtances, I have endeavoured to give ſome account of my nativity, childhood, and callings:—the various dealings of God with me from my youth up to my converſion; my call to preach the goſpel, and the oppoſition, and the ſucceſs I met with when I firſt ſet out.

But I have given very little account of any of my labours, trials, comforts, or ſucceſs, theſe laſt eight and twenty years. I apprehend theſe would ſwell too large for your preſent purpoſe: I will therefore leave them to that great day, when the righteous Judge will reward every man according to his works.

May the Lord ſucceed your labours, give you peace in the way, a joyful exit, and then a crown of glory. Pray for me, who am, Rev. and dear Sir, your unworthy Son in the Goſpel of Chriſt.

CHRISTOPHER HOPPER.

An

An Account of Mr. CHRISTOPHER HOPPER.

I Was born at *Low-Coalburne*, in the pariſh of *Ryton*, in the county of *Durham*, on the 25th of December, 1722. *Moſes Hopper*, my Father, was a farmer: my Mother, whoſe name was *Ann*, was Daughter to *George Barkiſs*, farmer, in the ſame county. They were both of good repute, and much attached to the Church of England; but ſtrangers to vital religion.

My Mother had nine children, ſix ſons and three daughters, of whom I was the youngeſt. When I was about five years old, I was ſent to ſchool to one Mr. *Alderſon*, a man of piety and good underſtanding, who taught thoſe under his care, not only the branches of learning he profeſſed, but the fear of God and the firſt principles of religion. He catechiſed us twice every week, and made us attend the Church every Lord's-day, and all holy days appointed for public ſervice. After I had learned to read, write, and underſtand a little of the Mathematics, I loſt my beloved Maſter, who made a moſt awful exit. He had been, as I thought, more devout one week than common. The Sabbath following he received the Sacrament at *Ryton* Church: ſome days after a few Gentlemen with fair words perſuaded him to play a civil game at cards: but afterwards he fell into great diſtreſs of mind, and could not properly attend his ſchool, which was often left to the care of his eldeſt ſon and me. The ſpring following, after many ſore conflicts, he ſunk into deep deſpair, and then drowned himſelf.

This melancholy event made my heart tremble, and was a means of bringing ſome ſerious thoughts into my mind about *heaven*, *hell*, *death*, and *judgment*. I began to diſtinguiſh between vice and virtue, the godly and ungodly men. Theſe impreſſions remained, till I took a ſevere illneſs which continued near two years, and reduced me to a meer ſkeleton. Mr. Foſter, who attended me, pronounced me incurable.

This alarmed me, and filled my heart with ſlaviſh fear. I judged it was high time to prepare for a future ſtate; and ac-

cording to the light I had, began the buſineſs without delay. I read my Bible with much pleaſure, prayer, and attention. The more I read it, the more I loved it. Many verſes, and ſome favourite chapters which I underſtood beſt, made ſuch a deep impreſſion upon me, that I ſoon had them by heart. The Practice of Piety, a Form of Prayers, and a Pſalm-Book, were my library. I prayed and ſung with fear, and ſome degree of joy. I had very ſlight notions of my depraved nature, and the ſin of unbelief; but clear views of my actual tranſgreſſions. I had been addicted to ſwear when I was put out of humour; and to lie when I could gain any thing by it, or cover or excuſe a fault. I had been apt to pilfer among the children when I could do it with a good grace.

I was very proud, and prone to anger; yea, of a cruel diſpoſition. I took a diabolical pleaſure in hanging dogs, worrying cats, and killing birds, and inſects, mangling and cutting them to pieces. One inſtance of my inhumanity I perfectly remember to this day. One evening as I was returning from ſchool, with ſome of my friendly aſſociates, we found a great number of frogs collected together in a marſhy place: we proclaimed war againſt them: we armed ourſelves with ſtones, and with all the fury of little fiends, murdered the poor, innocent, defenceleſs creatures. We then left the field in great triumph. But God ſoon requited me. That night I dreamt I fell into a deep place full of frogs, and they ſeized on me from head to foot, and begun to eat the fleſh off my bones. I was in great terror, and found exquiſite pain until I awoke, ſweating, and trembling, and half dead with fear.

About this time my dear Father died of a conſumption: I hope a true penitent. He was interred at *Ryton* church with great ſolemnity, among his anceſtors. I was then left to the care of my indulgent Mother and Brethren. Soon after my Father's death, my eldeſt Brother married, and they divided my Father's farm, and the goods and chattles he left amongſt them; but I was neglected and overlooked like one that did

not

not belong to the family: but *this* did not give me the leaſt *concern*. My diſorder ſtill continued, with my convictions. I prayed, wept, and looked towards the Hill of Sion. I found comfort, and a good hope through grace. I waited every day for my final diſſolution, and longed to be with Chriſt. I loved God, the Redeemer, and all mankind. I was happy. After ſome time it pleaſed God to reſtore me to perfect health, beyond all human expectation. After my recovery, my mind was quickly drawn after the world again. I ſaw tranſitory objects in another point of view, than I had done during the time of my illneſs. My love to God and religion, and my deſires after another world, ſoon grew very cold. I quenched the holy Spirit, who departed and left me again to the folly of my own heart.

As I was the youngeſt child of the family, and had nothing left me, I judged it would be proper to think of ſome buſineſs to procure bread. And my Mother and Brother being willing to put me to the *grammar-ſchool*, and give me a good *education*, I accepted the offer, and concluded it was the beſt thing I could do: but in the interim, one Mr. *Armſtrong*, a ſhopkeeper, wanted a boy, and ſent for me. I embraced the opportunity, and prepared to go without delay. I thought I ſhould eſcape the weariſome taſk of ſtudy, having nothing to do but to improve the learning I had already, to qualify me for a merchant's apprentice. My Mother accompanied me to Mr. *Armſtrong's*, and put me in poſſeſſion of my new place. I went with great pleaſure; and met with a kind reception. After I had been ſome time on trial, I was to be bound by indenture for ſeven years. This put my youthful mind into a new chain of reaſoning. I thought I would never be bound to ſtand ſo long behind a counter; therefore in ſpite of all perſuaſion, I left my place and returned home.

After this, a project entered into my head, that I would be a Muſician. I told my Brother. He approved of it, bought me a violin, and provided me a maſter. I begun with great

aſſiduity, and concluded I had found the very thing that would make me happy. I played away all my convictions, loſt my taſte for ſpiritual things, and baniſhed all thoughts of a future world. I now employed myſelf in doing ſome little things in the houſe and about the farm; and all the time I had to ſpare, I ſpent in playing, ſinging, dancing, fiſhing, fowling, and whatever came next to my hand. I was then between fifteen and ſixteen years of age, and begun to think of ſome employment whereby I might have money to ſupport my fooliſh deſires. My Brother kept waggon-horſes. When the waggon-ways were firſt framed between the new coal-mines and the river *Tyne*, the farmers were under an obligation to their landlords to employ a certain number of horſes for that purpoſe. I was a ſtrong, active young man, and thought I could manage a waggon very well. My Brother was willing I ſhould make the trial, and gave me a proper horſe for that ſervice. I ſoon made a great proficiency in this dirty, ſlaviſh, and dangerous occupation. And I was hugely pleaſed with my new department. Novelty pleaſes, whether the man ſits on a *throne* or a *dunghil*. I frequently boaſted of my ſtrength, agility, and ſkill in this ſphere of action, and thought I was arrived at the ſummit of my preferment: I found it a ſingular pleaſure in whatever company I was, to talk of feeding and guiding waggon-horſes, of waggons and waggon-ways, the nature and value of coals; and concluded I only wanted a little money to make me a Fitter, or a London Crimp. My vain mind was as much taken up with thoſe things, as the *Mathematicians* with their abſtruſe Science, or the *Philoſophers* with the Wonders of Nature. I followed this buſineſs, and the various branches of agriculture for about five years. During this period of my life, I was given up to folly. I greedily purſued, according to my ability, all the pleaſures of the world. I ſpent nights and days together in hunting, cocking, card-playing, horſe-races, or whatever the Devil brought to town or country. And, O grief of heart! *Gentlemen, Clergymen, Mechanics*

Mechanics and *Peaſants* made up the crowd! But in the enjoyment of theſe poor toys, I had many ſevere checks, and ſorrowful moments. The Univerſe appeared as a vault wherein true comfort was entombed; and the Sun himſelf as a lamp to ſhew the gloomy horrors of a guilty mind. I often ſaid in my cool intervals, Hath the great God of Love provided no better things than theſe for his reaſonable creatures? Now at this time I was my own *maſter*, and lived without controul. I followed my former pleaſures, but with a trembling hand. I found Satan's ſervice perfect drudgery, and all earthly objects empty and vain.

In this dull, melancholy round I dragged on for ſome time, without any real comfort or ſolid ſatisfaction. I was not happy, yet I believed there was ſomething which could make me ſo, but I knew not what it was, or where to find it. Sometimes I reflected on what I felt in my affliction, when I was a youth; but it appeared as a dream. I was frequently in great and imminent danger. But through the interpoſitions of a kind, unerring Providence, I eſcaped ten thouſand ſnares and deaths, by night and day, at home and abroad. One evening in particular, two of my companions and I were riding home in a waggon very jovially, and as we were paſſing over a very high battery, the horſe ſtarted ſuddenly to one ſide, and ſnatched the waggon from the planks: immediately it overſet, and turned over and over, to the bottom of the hill. The trembling ſpectators who beheld this awful event, concluded with ſhrieks and cries, "They are all killed; their bones are broken in a thouſand pieces." But to their great aſtoniſhment, and our unſpeakable comfort, we were very little hurt.

After I had recovered my reaſon, and found I was alive, and out of hell, my ſtubborn heart yielded to my almighty Deliverer. I feared his great name, wept for joy, and was overwhelmed with grief for my folly. This deliverance wrought a deep conviction in my heart. The true light ſhined on my dark ſoul, and God laid me in the duſt. I only wanted

wanted a ſpiritual Guide to ſhew me the way, but alas! I could not find him in the country.

In May 1742, we heard a ſtrange report of one *Weſley*, a Church Clergyman that had been at *Newcaſtle upon-Tyne*, and had preached in *Sandgate* to many thouſands who heard him with aſtoniſhment. This new thing made a huge noiſe. The populace entertained various conjectures about him; but few, if any, could tell the motive on which he came, or the end he had in view. He made a ſhort blaze, ſoon diſappeared, and left us in a great conſternation. Some time after, his Brother *Charles* came and preached at *Tanfield-Croſs*. I ran with the multitude to hear this ſtrange Preacher. When I ſaw a man in a Clergyman's habit, preaching at a public Croſs to a large auditory, ſome gaping, ſome laughing, and ſome weeping, I wondered what this could mean. When he had concluded, ſome ſaid, He is a good man, and is ſent to reform our land: others ſaid nay, He is come to pervert and deceive us, and we ought to ſtone him out of our coaſts. I ſaid, If he is a good man, good will be done, and it is plain we want a reformation; but if he is an impoſtor, he can only leave us as he found us, that is, without hope and without God in the world. I cannot tell what induced me to go ſo far, but I found I was in danger of being called a Methodiſt, and was glad to diſmiſs the converſation with a ſmile, and a piece of drollery.

In November, Mr. *Weſley* returned to *Newcaſtle*, formed a religious Society, and laid the foundation of the Orphan-houſe. At the ſame time he viſited *Tanfield-Leigh*, *Wickham*, *Swalwell*, and *Horſely*. His name was then well known in town and country.

All mouths were filled with *Weſley* and his Followers: ſome for, and many againſt them. I knew very little of the matter, but thought it was moſt prudent to join the general voice againſt this New Way.

The

The ſpring following, 1743, *John Brown*, a plain farmer, removed from *Tanfield-Leigh* to the *Low-Spenn*, and invited Mr. *Weſley* to his houſe. I then heard occaſionally thoſe Preachers, who I thought could tell their ſtory well, without ſtammering: but ſtill found much fault with this ſtrange method of proceeding. At this time there was a great clamour about Religion, amongſt all Sects and Parties, and I made a buſtle among the reſt. I ſaid, I will read my Bible, ſay my Prayers, go to my own Pariſh-Church, reform my Life, and be good and pious, without the ſcandal of the Croſs. Alas! I did not conſider, "No Croſs, no Crown."

I hobbled on in this lame, ignorant manner, till at laſt I became deeply ſerious. I ſaw there was more in Religion than I enjoyed or underſtood. I ſaw that God had been ſtriving with me from my infant-days. I looked back with aſtoniſhment on his loud calls, compaſſionate helps, tender mercies, and great deliverances. He had raiſed me from the gates of death, when all human help failed. He had ſaved me from perils and dangers by night and by day. He had richly provided for me, when I was left to myſelf very young. A ſight of theſe favours raiſed in my cold heart ſome ſenſations of gratitude to my bountiful Benefactor. I ſaid in my heart, Shall I ſtill trifle with the almighty God of heaven and earth? Shall I fly in the face of my infinite Creator? Shall I play with eternal things? Will God always ſtrive with the children of men? My few days are paſſing away like a ſhadow; pale Death is approaching; the Judge is ſtanding at the door; Eternity, eternity, is come! Alas! I am not ready. I am in my ſins—unholy, unhappy, and therefore not prepared to die.

I will now cry to God for mercy.—He willeth not the death of a ſinner. It is his pleaſure to ſave me from ſin and the puniſhment due to it. He waits to be gracious, that his great name may be exalted. "He is good to all, and his mercy is over all his works." I am a monument of his ſparing goodneſs, I will therefore look up and hope in his word.

Behold

Behold, this is the accepted time, behold, this is the day of ſalvation. God hath ſent his Servants to ſhew poor ſinners the way of life. I was then determined to hear and judge for myſelf. God had now prepared my heart for the reception of the truth. I ſaid, I will no longer be led by the laughing multitude, nor be deluded with the noiſe of vain tongues.

The Sabbath-day following, Mr. *Reeves* preached at the *Low-Span*, at one o'clock in the afternoon. I heard him with great attention, but found a veil on my heart. I did not clearly ſee God's method of juſtifying a guilty ſinner, through faith in the blood of his Son.

In the evening he preached again on thoſe words, *And now abideth faith, hope, and love, theſe three, but the greateſt of theſe is love.* In his plain pathetic manner he gave us a definition of theſe principal *graces*, with their inſeparable *concomitants*, and ſhewed the unſpeakable happineſs of all thoſe who had a ſaving *faith*, a good *hope*, and the *love* of God. The word came home to my heart with energy. The veil was removed. The true light ſhined upon me, and I ſaid, Alas, I am undone! If theſe things are true, and doubtleſs they are, I have only the faith of a devil, the hope of a hypocrite, and the love of this preſent evil world. My mouth was ſtopped.—I ſtood guilty before God.—My ſtout heart melted like wax before the fire.—I trembled at the word.----My ſtrength left me.—God frowned; his Law condemned; Conſcience roared; Satan raged; and the Pit was ready to receive me.

I quietly retired from the crowd into a little parlour to cover my ſhame. I ſat down on the ſide of a bed, and reclined my guilty head on the pillow, in great diſtreſs of mind. It was the cry of my heart, God be merciful to me a ſinner! Save, Lord, or I periſh! Save, or I am loſt, for ever loſt! My all is guilt, pollution, miſery and helpleſſneſs. In this wretched ſituation I continued ſome time, ſhut up in unbelief as in a priſon. I could only ſay, *Lord help me!* He then heard my cry, and ſent me relief. A glorious light ſhone into my heart, and diſcovered

diſcovered to me the bleſſed plan of man's redemption, through the blood of a crucified Saviour. I ſaw God had fulfilled his great original promiſe. He ſent his Son to ſave ſinners, the chief of ſinners. He lived, ſuffered, and died for a loſt World. *He taſted death for every man. He gave himſelf a ranſom for all.* I ſaid in my trouble, the good Shepherd came from heaven to earth, to *ſeek and ſave that which was loſt, to bring again that which was driven away, to bind up that which was broken and to ſtrengthen that which was ſick.* But I am loſt, I am driven to the mouth of hell, ready to drop into the flames; I am broken to pieces; I am ſick of ſin, ſick of myſelf, and ſick of a vain world: I will therefore look unto the Lord; *my God will hear me.* He hath died for *me.* I ſhall, yea, doubtleſs, I ſhall obtain mercy after all I have done. The *God of Truth* hath promiſed *mercy*; the *Son of his Love* hath procured *mercy*; the *Spirit of Truth* is ready to reveal *mercy*; and the Meſſengers of Peace are come to proclaim *mercy*, free *mercy*, to every periſhing ſinner, through the blood of the everlaſting Covenant! I ſaid, I *can*, I *will*, I *do* believe in the only true God, and in Jeſus Chriſt whom he hath ſent. I am freely juſtified. I am ſaved through faith in the blood of the Lamb. God is now my God in Chriſt. The love of God is ſhed abroad in my heart, by the Holy Ghoſt given unto me. The Spirit of Bondage is gone. The Spirit of Adoption is come. I can now cry, Abba Father. The ſame Spirit beareth witneſs with my ſpirit that I am a Child of God. No enmity—No wrath—No curſe—No condemnation—The ruined ſinner is ſaved. I then found a glorious, and undeniable change. God, Chriſt, Angels, Men, Heaven, Earth, and the whole Creation appeared to me in a new light, and ſtood related to me in a manner I never knew before. I found love to my God, to his yoke, to his croſs, to his ſaints, and to friends and enemies. I ſaid, This is Bible Religion, ſcriptural Chriſtianity, let men call it what they pleaſe: a Deluſion, Enthuſiaſm, Methodiſm, or Mahometiſm, that is nothing to me: hard names do not change the nature

of the thing. I then went on my way rejoicing; a wonder to my Father's family; to all that knew me; and to myself. All my idols fell to the ground, before the ark of God. I found a perfect hatred to sin, and a compleat victory over it.

The whole tenor of my life and converſation was new. *Free grace, infinite mercy, boundleſs love*, made the change. My heart, my tongue, my hands, were now, in my little way, employed for my loving God. I was no longer of the world, therefore the world beg n immediately to hate me.—Some ſaid, ah! what think you! *Chriſtopher Hopper* is converted! Others ſaid, He hath received the Holy Ghoſt! Others ſaid, He is mad, keep far from him, come not near his habitation. Some of a more compaſſionate turn, pitied me: but all agreed I had renounced my Baptiſm, left the Church, and was in a dangerous ſituation.

Soon after, Mr. *Weſley* came to *Low-Spenn*, formed a little Society, and made me a Leader, to help and watch over them. I was but a novice, a young raw diſciple, unſkilled in the Word of Righteouſneſs: but faith in Chriſt, and the love of God in my heart, overcame all the powers of Darkneſs. I found unſpeakable pleaſure in doing and ſuffering the will of God. I laboured diligently with my hands: I owed no man any thing: I had enough for myſelf, and a little to ſpare for others. I attended four or five meetings every week: we prayed, ſung pſalms and hymns, read the Bible, and exhorted one another to fear and love God. The power of the Lord was preſent to heal: he owned his own work, and gave us proſperity. Many of my old Companions were awakened; alſo my poor old Mother, one of my Siſters, and one of my Brothers, who had been a champion in the devil's cauſe, but has been an ornament to religion from that time, to this day. The fire now kindled, and the flame ſpread. I had one invitation after another, to *High-Spenn*, *Barlow*, *Woodſide*, *Prudhoe*, *Newlands*, *Blanchland*, *Durham*, *Sunderland*, and many other places.

[*To be continued.*]

An

An Extract from the DIARY *of Mrs.* BATHSHEBA HALL.

MRS. *Bathſheba Hall* was born in the year 1745. She had a ſerious turn from her childhood; and found a ſenſe of the Love of God when ſhe was about eighteen, while ſhe lived in [a]my houſe at *London*. I know not that there was then any fault in her behaviour, but a vein of Piety ran through all her Converſation. After ſhe returned home to *Briſtol*, ſhe had much pain and bodily weakneſs, with many other ſharp trials: but ſhe ſuffered all with calmneſs and reſignation. Ten or twelve years ago, ſhe began to be uſeful to others, both by her Prayers and private Exhortations. A few years ſince, ſhe married Mr. *John Hall*: after which ſhe was far more uſeful than ever. But her bodily infirmities increaſed more and more, ſo that for ſeveral months ſhe was in continual pain: yet ſhe was continually giving thanks to God, till ſhe reſigned up her ſpirit to him.

Her Journal is exceeding artleſs and ſimple, and affords little variety; but is the genuine picture of a ſoul renewed in love, and wholly devoted to God.

Dec. 12, 1765. This day, ſaid ſhe, I am twenty years old: and the Lord is now pleaſed to lay his fatherly hand upon me!

Jan. 12, 1766. O bleſſed Jeſus! Help me to declare thy goodneſs! It is a wonder to myſelf, it is a miracle of grace, that I ſtill remain upon earth.

[a] She then lived with the Editor of this Work.

Aug. 17, 1768. It becometh well the juſt to be thankful! It is now about five years ſince the Lord ſpoke peace to my ſoul. From my infancy I have been a daughter of affliction. And I am ſo ſtill. And nothing leſs than omnipotent grace could have brought me, young and unexperienced as I was, through all my trials. From the very firſt I was convinced, that I could not ſtand without conſtant and earneſt Prayer. And I never loſt a ſenſe of his pardoning Love, from the moment I received it. How does the Lord guide us in our infant days! The day of ſmall things!

About a twelvemonth after I found peace, I ſaw there was a greater Salvation to be attained: but I was not much concerned about it: though I had many ſevere plunges of illneſs, which brought me near the gates of death: but in the latter end of the year 1767, God ſent one of his dear people to ſee me, who had been long a witneſs of the Great Salvation. May that ſacred day never be forgotten! She gave me a clear and full account of what ſhe experienced. God applied it ſtrongly to my heart, and beamed forth on my ſoul in a wonderful manner. For ſome weeks I walked in great liberty, deſiring nothing but to be wholly devoted to God. And herein I received ſtrength daily, to prepare me for the following light affliction: I knew not yet, that the Lord was about to ſit upon my ſoul, as a refiner's fire. I ſoon felt, that I had an evil heart of unbelief, continually departing from the living God. He now began to break up the fallow ground, to ſhew me the mazes of ſin in my heart. How did I now feel, Salvation is of the Lord alone! I could do nothing but look to him! I could find no conſolation but in Prayer and reading the Scripture upon my knees. The more I prayed over it, the more I ſaw how dark and blind the natural underſtanding is. But O! how welcome are the ſecond rays, that break in upon the mind! Indeed, in the depth of my diſtreſs, the Lord gave me ſuch promiſes, that I could ever after reſt on his faithfulneſs. I did not remember there was ſuch a prophet as

Nahum,

Nahum, till he directed me to ch. i. ver. 7, and 13, *The Lord is good, a ſtrong-hold in the day of trouble; and he knows them that truſt in him. Now will I break his yoke from off thee, and will burſt thy bonds in ſunder.*

After every freſh degree of ſtrength, I was again tried to the uttermoſt. Thus did the Lord empty me from veſſel to veſſel, removing every prop and every ſtay: even the means of grace, that uſed to afford me ſo much conſolation, now became as dry breaſts.

The more I approached the Lord in ſecret, the more was the myſtery of iniquity diſcovered. At the ſame time the Lord permitted me to be tried with a variety of outward things: but theſe were nothing to what I ſuffered within. O who can deſcribe this ſtate of inſenſibility? When the ſoul can neither read nor pray, neither wreſtle nor ſtrive, but only hang naked upon God? For ſome weeks I was in this inſenſible ſtate. Then the Lord lifted up my head. I had no doubt, no unbelief. And from that hour my will was entirely ſubject to the will of God: yet he ſhewed me, I had more battles to fight, that my ſoul was not yet all-renewed. And as my faith grew ſtronger, ſo did my ſufferings. Meantime that word was much impreſt upon my mind, *Ye have need of patience, that when ye have done the will of God, ye may inherit the promiſe.* O what inexpreſſible privileges do we loſe, by being afraid of ſuffering!

I do not apprehend that we are fully converted, until we are reſtored to all that Adam loſt. Now, I had not yet attained this. I ſtill frequently felt anger: and I wiſhed to *feel* my enemies till they were deſtroyed. My ſoul is looking out for his ſudden appearing; and to him my every wiſh aſpires.

But the nearer the ſoul draws to full deliverance, the more does Satan rage. The time was come for him to make his laſt effort: it was a day of darkneſs and inexpreſſible horror. My heart ſeemed like the nether millſtone: Hell from beneath was moved to meet me. He told me, I had better give all up.

up. I ſtrove to pray, but could not. I could only throw myſelf at the feet of Jeſus, as loſt and undone.

In the afternoon I expected a Friend: but I did not deſire to ſee any human face. When ſhe came, I found ſhe was in the very ſame condition with myſelf. After we had freely opened our minds to each other, the horror and darkneſs diſappeared, and our confidence returned. We fully poured out our ſouls before the Lord, and had much compoſure of mind. My ſoul was more ſimplified than ever, and more athirſt for compleat deliverance. And wherever I was, or however engaged, thoſe words ſtill purſued me, *The Lord, the King is in the midſt of thee, and thou ſhalt ſee evil no more.*

About the middle of January, 1769, as I was with my dear friend, *Ann B*——, before the Lord, my mind was in a violent motion, ſuch as it is not poſſible to expreſs. It was as if my ſoul and body were ſeparated with theſe words, *I will: Be thou clean.* But ſtill there was a fear of being deceived; till as ſoon as I roſe on Sunday morning, I heard the voice of my Beloved ſaying, *Thou art all fair: there is no ſpot in thee.* I then felt nothing rapturous, but a holy joy and ſolid peace, ſuch as I expect to feel in Glory.

That day, and not before, could I ſpeak of it. I went to my dear friend *Eliz. T.* and freely told her what the gracious Lord had done for my ſoul. But I was ſenſible, I had not the Witneſs: I ſtill wanted the indubitable Seal. My dear friend appeared depreſſed, becauſe ſhe was not at liberty alſo. I prayed much for her, and was anſwered, *Her redemption draweth nigh.* And the ſame Scripture, (though ſhe was diſtant in place) was given her at the ſame time. It was much on my mind, that ſhe would come up to our houſe, and that this would be the time of deliverance. She came up on January the 30th; the Lord ordering it ſo, that moſt of the family were abroad, and no buſineſs was to be done, that could hinder our ſpending the night in prayer.

When

When we firſt went to the throne of Grace, I felt we were wreſtling with Principalities and Powers: Satan had ſtirred up all his force: but the Lord much encouraged me: and I determined to ſtand on my Maſter's ground, till Satan ſhould fall as lightning. We did not doubt but this would be the night of Salvation, and prepared our hearts to make him room. As ſoon as we bowed before the Lord, our firſt portion was, *Let there be light in our dwellings.* In that moment the Lord came as a mighty ruſhing wind, which filled all the room. So great was the glory of the Lord, we could not utter a word. Immediately I felt that I was ſealed with the holy Spirit of Promiſe. When the mighty power abated, I was permitted to plead with God, as it were face to face, for my Friend; and was anſwered, *The Egyptians whom ſhe hath ſeen to day, ſhe ſhall ſee no more for ever.* At the ſame time the promiſe was given to *me*, God applied it to *her* ſoul.

We continued before his holy Majeſty till our ſtrength was quite exhauſted. After this we read the departure of the Children of Iſrael out of the Land of Egypt. And it was a great ſtrengthening to our ſouls, whenever we were afterwards tempted to diſbelieve the work of God. And now, O thou God of our life, what ſhall we render unto thee for all thy benefits?

Feb. 28, 1771. Lord, I begin this Account, by offering it up to thee, with a ſingle eye to thy glory: I believe, thou haſt called me thus to recount thy noble acts.

March 1. I ſtand in need of much wiſdom, to underſtand the different operations of the holy Spirit on my ſoul. I feel that truth, *If the Son make you free, ye are free indeed.* And I have a conſtant teſtimony, *The Lord, the King is in the midſt of thee: thou ſhalt not ſee evil any more.*

March 2. God has favoured me with a ſpiritual Friend, *Jane Abbot.* We are ſtrongly cemented together: I truſt in an indiſſoluble union. If therefore I ſhould be called home firſt, I deſire that all my Letters and Papers may be put into her

her hands. [But this deſire was not fulfilled. For *Jenny Abbot* went to reſt before her.]

I feel at this time ſuch a ſenſe of his preſence, that I am broken in pieces before his divine Majeſty. As one ſaid, "A mote in the Sun-beam is little, but I am infinitely leſs in the preſence of God! I am much pained at ſome trifling Profeſſors: how great is the forbearance of God! This day the Lord hath been as a wall of fire, and as a wall of braſs round about me. When I go into the world, I find I am not of the world, as my Lord was not of this world. Yet if the blood of the Covenant did not plead for me, I ſhould be condemned.

Sunday 3. I feel to day, a ſpirit of deep ſorrow, ſeeing how the Lord of life is crucified afreſh, by one who almoſt all her life has profeſſed to be his Follower. Still his word is verified, *The foes of a man ſhall be thoſe of his own houſehold* But when he *was reviled, he reviled not* again. And this is a leſſon for *me* to learn.

Monday 4. I feel a great preſſure of mind, by reaſon of my many defects and infirmities. But ſtill, O Lord, thou art the one thing which I deſire in earth or heaven! O that thou wouldſt invigorate my ſoul! All my ſtrength is derived from thee! I long that all within me ſhould be Holineſs unto the Lord. I am ſunk at the foot of Jeſu's Croſs, "balm of my grief and care!"

Tueſday 5. The Lord has ſent our dear Miniſter to us once more. May we improve the few days he ſtays with us!

Wedneſday 6. For ſome days I have found a kind of dejection: and it appeared exceeding reaſonable. A cloud ſpread over my mind, and grew darker and darker, nor did I once ſuſpect from whence it came, till, as I was engaged in earneſt prayer, the Lord in a moment broke in upon my ſoul. The darkneſs was diſpelled at once, and Satan put under my feet.

[*To be continued.*]

An

An Extract from a SURVEY *of the* WISDOM *of* GOD *in the* CREATION.

TWO eyes greatly contribute, if not to diſtinct, at leaſt to extenſive viſion. When an object is placed at a moderate diſtance, by the means of both eyes we ſee a larger ſhare of it than we poſſibly could with one; the right eye ſeeing a greater portion of its right ſide, and the left eye of its correſpondent ſide. Thus both eyes in ſome meaſure ſee round the object; and it is this that gives it in nature, that bold relievo, or ſwelling, with which it appears; and which no painting, how exquiſite ſoever, can attain to. The painter muſt be contented with ſhading on a flat ſurface; but the eyes, in obſerving nature, do not behold the ſhading only, but a part of the figure alſo, that lies behind thoſe very ſhadings, which gives it that ſwelling, which painters can never fully imitate.

There is another defect, which either of the eyes, taken ſingly, would have, but which is corrected, by having the organ double. In either eye there is a point, which has no viſion, ſo that if one of them only is employed in ſeeing, there is a part of the object to which it is always totally blind. This is that part of the optic nerve where its vein and artery run; that point of the object that is painted there, muſt continue unſeen. To be convinced of this we have only to try a very eaſy experiment. If we take three black patches, and ſtick them upon a white wall, about a foot diſtant from each other, each about as high as the eye that is to obſerve them; then retiring ſix or ſeven feet back, and ſhutting one eye, by trying for ſome time, we ſhall find, that while we diſtinctly behold the black ſpots that are to the right and left, that which is in the middle remains totally unſeen. When we bring that

part of the eye, where the optic artery runs, to fall upon the object, it will become invisible. This defect, in either eye, is corrected by both, since the part of the object that is unseen by one, will be distinctly perceived by the other.

The *Form* of the eye is the most commodious which can be imagined. It is fittest both to contain the humours within, and to receive the images of objects from without. Was it square, or of any multangular Form, some of its parts would lie too far off, and some too nigh those lenticular humours, which by their refractions cause vision. But by means of this Form, the humours are fitly placed to perform their office of refraction, and the little darkned cell neatly adapted to receive the image of the object.

Again. As it is necessary for the eye to move various ways, in order to adjust itself to various objects, so by this figure it is well prepared for such motions, and can with ease direct itself as occasion requires.

No less commodious is the *Situation* of the eye: in the most eminent part of the body, and near the most sensible part, the brain. By its eminence in the body, it can take in the more objects: and by its situation in the head, beside its nearness to the brain, it is most conveniently placed for defence and security: in the hand it might have been more ready for service; but to how many dangers would it have been exposed? The same may be said, as to its site in any other part but where it is. But the head is a part that seems contrived and made, chiefly for the use of the principal senses.

Some odd circumstances relative to the eyes, are related by a physician in the *Philosophical Transactions*.

"A person had no visible disease in his eyes; yet could not see, unless he squeezed his nose with his fingers, or saddled it with narrow spectacles, and then he saw very well.

"A Maid, 23 years old, could see very well, but no colour beside white or black. She could sometimes, in the greatest darkness, see to read almost a quarter of an hour.

"A Sad-

" A Saddler's daughter had an impoſthume, which broke in the corner of her eyes. And out of it there came about thirty ſtones, as big as ſmall pearls.

" A young man in *Suffolk*, about twenty years of age, has all the day a clear and ſtrong ſight. But when twilight comes, he is quite blind; nor can he ſee any thing at all, either by fire-light or candle-light. No glaſſes give him any help. He has been thus, ever ſince he can remember. This cloudineſs comes gradually upon him, like a miſt, as day-light declines. It is juſt the ſame, both in ſummer and winter, and at all times of the moon.

" When I was about ſixty, my ſight was ſo decayed, that I could not diſtinguiſh men from women. I received no help from any glaſſes, till I took ſpectacles with the largeſt circles. Cloſe to the upper ſemicircle on both ſides, I cut the bone, and taking out the glaſſes, put black Spaniſh leather taper-wiſe into the emptied circles. Theſe took in my whole eye at the wider end, and through the narrow end I can read the ſmalleſt print. Into this end I can only put my little finger, not quite to the firſt joint. But they may be made wider or narrower, and longer or ſhorter, as beſt fits every eye.

" At firſt I could not bear them above two hours at a time: Now I can uſe them above twelve hours in four and twenty. And they prove a great help to thoſe who are purblind, who have weak eyes, or decayed with age. But for the purblind they muſt be made ſhorter; longer, for eyes decayed with age.

" Inſtead of leather, they may be made of paper, coloured black and paſted on; and with inner folds to be drawn out, from one inch to three."

In ſome men the Iris has a faculty of darting out light. Dr. *Willis* mentions one, who after drinking wine plentifully, could ſee to read in the darkeſt night. And *Pliny* records of *Tiberius Ceſar*, that if he awaked in the night, he could ſee every thing for a while, as in the broad day-light. Dr. *Briggs* gives a parallel inſtance of a gentleman in *Bedfordſhire*.

We find various ſubſtitutes for the uſe of the eyes, in many blind perſons. In ſome the defect has been ſupplied, by an excellent gift of remembering what they had ſeen: in ſome by a delicate ſenſe of touch: in others, by a fine ſenſe of hearing. So *Richard Carmichael*, of *Redworth* in *Durhamſhire*, who was foreclinid, had ſo correct an ear, that he could hear the fine hand of an hour [illegible]. In ſome it has been ſupplied by an exquiſite ſenſe of feeling: ſo that the ſame *Richard Carmichael* was able to perform all ſorts of curious works. He could not only take a watch in pieces, and ſet it together again, but could alſo make all ſorts of inſtruments of muſic. He likewiſe played on them by notes cut in their uſual form, and ſet upon protuberant lines on the wood. Yet even this hardly came up to the ſkill of *Van-Eyck*, the organiſt of *Utrecht*, who, though he had been blind from two years old, played on all ſorts of inſtruments.

Others have been able to take a face by the touch, and mould it in wax with the utmoſt exactneſs: as was the blind ſculptor, who thus took the likeneſs of the *Duke de Bracciano*, and made a marble ſtatue of King *Charles* the firſt extremely well.

But more than all this, ſome perſons have been able even to diſtinguiſh colours by the touch. *Peter* of *Maeſtricht*, though perfectly blind, diſtinguiſhed by his touch the different colours of cloth. *John Vermaaſen* of *Utrecht* did the ſame, judging by the different degrees of roughneſs which he felt.

Yet blind perſons, even though they diſtinguiſh them by the touch, have no idea of viſible objects. Thus the gentleman couched by Dr. *Cheſſelden*; he had no idea of diſtance, but imagined all the objects he ſaw, touched his eyes, in the ſame manner as thoſe he felt did his ſkin.

An extract from Dr. *Cheſſelden*'s account of this perſon, will not be unacceptable to the curious.

" This young gentleman could in a ſtrong light diſtinguiſh black, white, and ſcarlet. Yet the faint ideas he had of them before

before he was couched, did not ſuffice to make him know them after. He now thought ſcarlet the moſt beautiful of all colours. Of others, the moſt gay, were the moſt pleaſing. But the firſt time he ſaw black, he was very uneaſy; yet after a while he was reconciled to it. When he firſt ſaw, no objects were ſo agreeable to him, as thoſe that were ſmooth and regular: although he knew not the ſhape of any thing, nor could diſtinguiſh one from another, either by its ſhape or ſize. Being told what thoſe things were, whoſe forms he knew by feeling, he would carefully obſerve, that he might know them again. Thus having often forgot, which was the cat, and which the dog, he was aſhamed to aſk: but catching the cat, (which he knew by feeling) he looked at her ſtedfaſtly, and ſaid, "So, Puſs, I ſhall know you another time." He was ſurprized, that the things or perſons he liked beſt, did not appear moſt agreeable to his ſight, expecting that what was moſt pleaſing to his other ſenſes, would be ſo to his ſight alſo.

"We thought he ſoon knew the nature of pictures, but found afterward we were miſtaken: for it was two months after the operation, before he diſcovered that they repreſented ſolid bodies. Even then he was no leſs ſurprized, expecting they would feel like the things they repreſented. He was amazed, that thoſe parts, which by their light and ſhade appeared round and uneven, ſhould feel like the reſt, and aſked, which was the *lying ſenſe*, feeling or ſeeing? Being ſhewn his father's picture drawn in miniature, and told, what it was, he acknowledged the likeneſs; but aſked, how it could be, that ſo large a face ſhould be contained in ſo little room? Saying, it would have ſeemed as impoſſible to him, as to put a buſhel of any thing into a pint. But even blindneſs he obſerved, had this advantage, that he could go any where in the dark, better than thoſe that could ſee. And after he was couched, he did not loſe it, but could go all about the houſe without a light. Every new object gave him new delight, ſuch as he wanted

words

words to expreſs. He was particularly delighted when he firſt ſaw a large proſpect, and called it, a new kind of ſeeing. Being afterwards couched in his other eye, he ſaid, that objects appeared larger to this eye; though not ſo large as they did to the other, when it was newly couched. But looking on them with both eyes, they ſeemed twice as large, as if he looked with that only."

An Account of BARON SWEDENBORG.

THE following authentic Account of a very great man, was given me by one of his own Countrymen. He is now in *London*, as is Mr. Brockmer alſo, and ready to atteſt every part of it.

In the Baron's Writings there are many excellent things: but there are many likewiſe that are whimſical to the laſt degree. And ſome of theſe may do hurt even to ſerious perſons, whoſe imagination is ſtronger than their judgment.

SOME time in the year 1743, a Moravian Brother, by name Senniff, in his return to *London* from *Holland*, where he had been viſiting his children, became acquainted in a packet-boat, with Baron Emanuel de Swedenborg; who deſired to be recommended to a family in *London*, where he could live retired. Mr. Senniff brought him to Mr. Brockmer. This Gentleman was very eaſily prevailed upon to take him under his roof. The Baron behaved very decently in his houſe: he went every Sunday to the Chapel of the Moravians in Fetter-Lane. Though he lived very recluſe, he nevertheleſs would often converſe with Mr. Brockmer, and was pleaſed with hearing the goſpel in *London*. So he went on for ſeveral months, continually approving what he heard. At laſt he came to Mr. Brockmer, and told him, that he rejoiced that the Goſpel was preached to the Poor; but lamented

mented over the Learned and the Rich: who, he ſaid, muſt all go to hell. Some months after, he told Mr. Brockmer he was writing a Pamphlet in the Latin language, which he would ſend gratis to all learned men in the Univerſities. After that he did not open his chamber-door for two days, neither would permit the maid to come in to make the bed and ſweep the room.

One evening Mr. Brockmer was at a Coffee-houſe, and the maid came to fetch him home, informing him, that ſomething extraordinary had happened to Mr. Swedenborg: that ſhe had knocked ſeveral times at his door, but he had not opened it: upon this, Mr. Brockmer came himſelf and knocked; calling him by his name, he jumped up from the bed. Mr. Brockmer aſked, whether he would not let the maid make the bed? He anſwered, no: and deſired to be left alone, for he was about a great and a ſolemn work. When Mr. Brockmer retired to his room, which was about nine o'clock, he ran after him, looked very frightful; his hair ſtood upright, and he foamed a little at his mouth. He wanted to talk with Mr. Brockmer, but as he had an impediment in his ſpeech, it was long before he could bring forth a ſingle word. At laſt he ſaid, he had ſomething very particular to communicate: namely,—that he was the Meſſiah: that he was come to be crucified for the Jews; and that as he had a great impediment in his ſpeech, Mr. B. was choſen to be his mouth, to go with him the next day to the Synagogue, and there to preach his words. He continued, "I know you are a good man, but I ſuſpect you will not believe me. Therefore an Angel will appear at your bedſide early in the morning; then you will believe me" Mr. Brockmer now began to be frightened. He heſitated before he could anſwer, and at length he ſaid, Mr. Swedenborg, I am much inclined to think, that a little medicine would be of ſervice to you. There is our dear Dr. Smith, with whom you are intimate; he will give you ſomething which I am certain will be of immediate

medicine life. Now I will make the agreement with you: if the Angel appears to me, as you have mentioned, I will be obedient to the Angel; but if he does not, then you shall go along with me to-morrow morning to Dr. Smith. He repeated it over and over again, that the Angel would appear; upon which, they took leave of each other, and went to bed. Mr. Brockmer let the candle night reflector: however, he got up at five. As soon as the Baron heard him over head, he jumped out of bed, threw his night-gown over him, and with a night-cap half on and half off, came running up to Mr. Brockmer in a great hurry, to know if the Angel had appeared.

Mr. Brockmer did all that he could to divert him, before he would give him a direct answer: but he foaming continually, cried out, "But how, how, did not the Angel come!" He answered, No: and now I expect you will go with me to Dr. Smith. He replied, I will not go to any Doctor. Then he talked a long time to himself, and said, I am now conversing with two spirits, one on the right hand, and the other on the left; the one bids me follow you, because you are a good man, and the other saith, I shall have nothing to do with you; you are good for nothing. Quickly he went down stairs to his apartment, but soon returned and spoke quite unintelligible. Mr. Brockmer began to be frightened, and thought he might have concealed a penknife, or some other dangerous instrument, and spoke roughly to him, bidding him to go down stairs, as he had no business in his room. Then the Baron sitting down in a chair cried like a child, and said, do you think I should hurt you? Mr. Brockmer likewise begun to cry, and the Baron went down stairs. Mr. Brockmer dressed himself, and when he came down he found the Baron sitting dressed likewise, in an easy chair, and his door being open, he cried out, Come in, come in! Mr. Brockmer ordered a coach, but as he refused going with him, he went himself to Dr. Smith, informing him what had passed, and likewise begged of him to receive the Baron; but the Doctor having

having no room in his own houſe, took a lodging for him at a Peruke-maker's in Cold-Bath-Fields, three or four doors from his own houſe. During the time that Mr. Brockmer was gone to Dr. Smith's, the Baron went to the Swediſh Ambaſſador's; but on account of that day being poſt-day, the Ambaſſador could not ſee him. He then went to a place called, the Gully-hole, undreſſed himſelf, rolled in a very deep mud, and threw the money out of his pockets among the crowd. Some of the Swediſh Ambaſſador's ſervants happening to come by, and ſeeing him in that condition, brought him home to Mr. Brockmer's, covered over with mud. Mr. Brockmer told him, he had got a lodging for him near Dr. Smith's; aſked him if he would go there? He replied, Yes. When he arrived, he deſired that a tub with water, and ſix towels might be brought to him. Then he went into the back-room and locked himſelf in: Mr. Brockmer being apprehenſive that he might hurt himſelf, had the lock taken off. They found him waſhing his feet: he had wetted the ſix towels, and aſked for ſix more. Mr. Brockmer then left him with two men. Dr. Smith viſited him every day, and gave him medicines which did him much good. Mr. Brockmer went to the Swediſh Envoy, and told him what had happened, who thanked him much for all his trouble.

After that Mr. Brockmer continued to viſit him: he had often expreſſed his thanks to him for his great care, but would never give up the point that he was the Meſſiah; on which, Mr. Brockmer always declined to diſpute. One day when Dr. Smith had given him a purging powder, he went out into the fields, running as quick as poſſible. The man who then attended him, could not overtake him: the Baron ſat down on a ſtyle, and laughed heartily:—when the man came near him, he ran to an other ſtile, and ſo on. This was in the Dog-days, and from that time he grew worſe. Mr. Brockmer had very little converſation with him afterwards, except that he now and then met him in the ſtreets, and found that he ſtill held to his point.

LETTERS.

[I am perſuaded the preceding Magazines contain ſuch a Collection of Letters as never appeared before in the Engliſh Tongue: I mean, for depth of genuine Chriſtian Experience. But I conceive, none of them exceed, and not many of them equal the following, which I ſhall give the Readers in their native ſimplicity.]

LETTER CLIII.

[From Miſs B. to the Rev. Mr. Weſley.]

Feb. 1761.

Rev. Sir,

I Have juſt received yours, for which I thank you. But alas! how apt are we to miſtake in judging of others? You imagine *ſaying* and *doing*, are with me the ſame thing: but indeed they are not. For though, bleſſed be God, I have much light in many things, I have ſtill very little power. O how wide is the difference, between an Outward and an Inward Chriſtian! I now know, I may be outwardly devoted, and given up to the Work of God, and yet, whenever Jeſus draws near to bleſs me, never be found at home: never liſtening to the ſtill, ſmall Voice, by which alone true Wiſdom can be learnt. But I am not circumſpect in outward things: indeed I am not. I am very negligent in denying myſelf and taking up my croſs. Any thing that would help me in the practice of this, would do me much ſervice. Never was my ſoul in more danger than now; and I feel the want of inward Holineſs more than ever. It is a very dangerous precipice, to be bleſt to the ſouls of others, and needs the whole Omnipotence of God, to ſave us from being deſtroyed thereby.

For

For I often find a Work of Mercy, nay, a Means of Grace, ſtand between my Soul and Chriſt. I have toiled till my body was almoſt laid up, when all the time it would have been more pleaſing to God, had I been hewing wood or drawing water, with my ſoul evenly carried out after Him. O Sir, Holineſs, Holineſs is the thing we want; to have Jeſus our all in all! Till this is effected, whenever I point another to the Lamb of God, ſomething in myſelf cries, "Behold me! behold me!" And I feel the weight of theſe words, ✱

"Yea though by faith vaſt hills I could remove,
Yet *all* is nothing without perfect Love."

And why ſhould this be delayed any longer? What amazing Anſwers to many Prayers, have both you and I received, with regard to outward things? And will not the ſame love more abundantly conſtrain him to bleſs us in our ſouls?—— Surely this is an acceptable time! Yet the devil continually ſtrives to diſcourage me, and ſuggeſts, "God will not do for *thee* as he has done for others." But I *will* truſt him: and I *do believe*, if from this time we fix our eye ſteadily on the prize of our high calling, the Lord will ſhortly bring it into our hearts. The Lord's ear is not heavy, nor his hand ſhortened that it cannot ſave. O that we may now pierce heaven with our cries, and never ceaſe till we ſee his full Salvation! May the Lord renew your ſtrength, and fill your ſoul with love!

I am, yours, &c.

M. B.

LETTER CLIV.

'From Mrs. W. to the Rev. Mr. Wesley.'

April 18, 1761.

Dear Sir,

THE Lord has indeed done great things for me and my houſe: glory be to his name. And bleſſed be the day I was born, and made free with the glorious liberty of the Sons of God.

I dare not number the ſouls that have been bleſt under the prayers of ſuch a wretch as I am, nor under my favoured roof. We ſhall know them in their white robes, when we ſing the ſong of Moſes and of the Lamb. O what a joyful ſong! What a rapturous meeting!

Many will not believe what the Lord has done. O bear me upon your heart at the throne of grace, that I may ſo walk as to prove the work divine! I tremble now and then; but the Lord is my ſtrength, and will compleat in heaven what he has begun upon earth.

Strangers continually come and deſire me to pray with them: which I do, after I am convinced they are ſerious. In leſs than fifteen minutes the Lord juſtified three, who all rejoiced with loud cries of Deliverance. Two more received pardon three days after. Scarce a day paſſes without ſuch freſh inſtances of the goodneſs of our God, ſo that we ſtand and gaze upon each other, with tears ſtarting in our eyes, and with praiſes that our mouths cannot utter. How has my Redeemer brought me from the brink of hell, to a and flowing with milk and honey?

Yet though I find joy and peace in believing, the outworks of the ſoul are ſorely aſſaulted at times. But the Lord is the watchman who neither ſlumbers nor ſleeps, and all I have is in his hands. My joy is always heightened at the aſſurance

of

of ſeeing my Saviour's ſervant, receiving the gracious ſalutation of, "Well done, good and faithful ſervant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." Then ſhall follow, (after many others) my two maids, my ſon and daughter, together with your dutiful and affectionate Servant,

M. W.

LETTER CLV.

[From the ſame.]

April 23, 1761.

Dear Sir,

ON the Wedneſday that Jenny went to town, Mr. Guilford and ſome others came to ſee me. He aſked, If I thought the Lord was ready to bleſs me? I told him, "I know he is waiting for me," then deſired we might go to prayer directly. I found power to throw my whole ſoul upon the Lord. And he ſupported me, and brought me through Jordan. The ſame day my maid Betty, and another in my houſe, found remiſſion of ſins.

Jenny returned the next evening, and the Lord bleſt my prayer for her. She was quite diſburdened of her wiſdom, and became a fool for Chriſt's ſake. My maid Betty, not hearing me pray ſo earneſtly for her, as I did for the other, began praying the more earneſtly for herſelf: and the Lord gave her the bleſſing. Then were our mouths filled with laughter, and our ſouls with love and praiſe.

The next morning it came ſtrongly to my mind, that the Lord would hear my prayer for my children. I kneeled down and aſked. He heard and anſwered. The girl felt her ſins forgiven. Afterwards ſhe cried out, "Now, Lord, give me a clean heart; bring *me* alſo through Jordan." The Lord heard;

heard: ſhe ſoon praiſed him for deliverance from ſin, and is ſtill ſtedfaſt in the faith.

My ſon quickly after came from town: and the Lord juſtified him freely. I ſent for one who had been ſeeking God twenty years: and the Lord juſtified him alſo. The ſucceeding days were bleſt to many ſouls: and to mine in particular. Hearing of the bleſſing given to others, of having their mind continually ſtaid on God, I cried mightily to him for it: and for Chriſt's ſake it was given me. This mercy confirmed the other. I find I am a worm, and Jeſus is all in all. Pray that the Lord would keep me low at his feet, and make me uſeful to his people. I think he will ſoon ripen me and take me home, and I do long to ſee him face to face: yet I dare not wiſh for this or any thing, but that his perfect will be done.

I am yours, &c.

M. W.

LETTER CLVI.

[From the ſame.]

April 30, 1761.

Dear Sir,

AS you have not received my former Letters, I will venture to write again. Since I received the bleſſing, many poor, dear ſouls have been with us before the throne of grace; and not in vain. Mourners have rejoiced, and wiſe men have become fools for Chriſt's ſake. Lately I was called to London, not knowing for what. I went to prayer with my mother, and the Lord juſtified her. Her maid came to our houſe, longing for Chriſt: and God revealed him in her. I cannot tell you, how good our dear Maſter has been, and continues to be to his unworthy creature. O that I could declare what he has done for *me* and all the ends of the earth!

Mr.

Mr. Edward Perronet and Mr. J. Anſon came to me yeſterday. The former queſtioned me much. I ſimply anſwered him, and he at laſt prayed, that he might feel what we enjoyed. The Lord has now laid a great burden upon him, and he believes he ſhall partake of the bleſſing.

I remain, yours, &c.

M. W.

LETTER CLVII.

[From the ſame.]

May 2, 1761.

Dear Sir,

I Rejoice at your approving of my ardour for the cauſe of God, in whoſe ſtrength I hope to go on, ſo as to amaze myſelf, as well as thoſe, who depend upon ſinning as long as they live. The Lord has graciouſly given me a clean heart, and I hope to uſe it in his ſervice. I find I ſpeak leſs than I did, and what I do ſpeak, I know is according to the will of God. And he enables me to baffle the aſſaults of wiſe, reaſoning men, by ſimply declaring, "I love the Lord with my whole heart, mind and ſoul."

I was thought to be ſtepping into eternity laſt week. But the Lord ſpared me, to go up with my children and ſervants, to Jeruſalem, to worſhip. He was there of a truth: I rejoiced exceedingly, that ever I was born. I delivered my children into the Lord's hands, with all I have, and all I am. I find my love to the Lord, deep and ſolemn, and can always rejoice in him. It is not in my power to deſcribe the bleſſings that are ſhowered upon us. I truſt the Lord will enlarge my powers, and that I ſhall employ them all for his praiſe. I think, he is willing to give *me* as much as any daughter he has

has on earth. O pray, that I may ſo uſe the grace received, as to gain ſouls for him. Do not think I boaſt, I feel myſelf a ſcrap of duſt. But the Lord has lifted me up. And for his own glorious name's ſake, he will ſuſtain me to the end. I am not able to ſtir, unleſs Jeſus help me: I am nothing! Chriſt is all in all!

Before you left town I was agonizing with excels of deſire to love God alone. I knew the power was ready, whenever I aſked for it in faith. I found it was like throwing myſelf into a rapid ſtream, where I muſt ſwim or periſh. The Lord gave me faith, and a ſweet ſerenity. Satan aſſaults; but Jeſus keeps the citadel. Yet as I get ſtrength, my inward trials are ſtronger, and ſtronger. But I rejoice, knowing they ſhall all work together for good. To love Jeſus is heaven upon earth. But I know no greater pain, next to hearing his name blaſphemed, than to be debarred from declaring his mercy wherever I am. O what a day will that be, when we ſhall ſee his face, and live with him for ever!

Pray that I may be ſteady. I carry much ſail, and need much ballaſt. But the voyage is ſhort. My Pilot commands the winds, and I do not fear gaining the wiſhed-for port.

I remain, yours, &c.

M. W.

LETTER CLVIII.

[From the ſame.]

May 30, 1761.

Dear Sir,

I Cannot tell how often I have been prevented, when I have intended to anſwer your encouraging Letter. Indeed, Sir, I muſt praiſe the Lord Jeſus. O he is lovely, and is

is more precious to me every day. Glory be to his name, he fulfils his promiſes to my happy ſoul every hour: and I am in pain, when I am not ſome way employed to his honour. His tender care of me, melts me down, till I loſe myſelf in him. And when I think, how near the time is come, that will deliver me to my Beloved, my ſoul grows too big for my breaſt, and I almoſt faint for joy. O what a calling is ours! To live with Chriſt Jeſus my Lord, and that for ever! And does he not give us a foretaſte of our bliſs? Becauſe my bodily ſtrength was little, he has renewed it. Inſtead of creeping out of bed at ten, I am now waked by my Spouſe, and riſe at four, and all my family meet before five. Prayer is ſweet. I would not accept the empire of the world, to keep me from that food of immortal ſouls. When temptations harraſs, till my body almoſt faints, my Lord is preſent with me. And glory be to his name, I can count it a bleſſing, when I am the moſt tried. I know it comes through him, to me his child, whom he eyes with earneſt tenderneſs.

My ſon is much bleſt. He cries aloud for a clean heart, and attends the ordinances with keenneſs. *Harriot* is a proof of what the Lord can do in a child. Her prayers are indeed ſurprizing. Many are ſtruck at her confident petitions and boldneſs, in declaring her love to the Lord. My houſe is a heaven upon earth. Hallelujah to the Lord.

I am yours, &c.

M. W.

POETRY.

Univerſal Good, the Object of the Divine Will; and all Evil, the neceſſary Effect of the Creature's Oppoſition to it.

[By Dr. Byron.]

THE God of love delighting to beſtow,
Sends down his bleſſing on the world below:
A grateful mind receives it, and above
Sends up thankſgiving to the God of love.
This happy intercourſe could ne'er fail,
Did not a falſe, perverted will prevail.

For love divine, as rightly underſtood,
Is an unalterable will to Good.
Good is the object of his bleſſed will,
Who never can concur to real ill:
Much leſs *decree*, *predeſtinate*, *ordain* ——
Words oft employ'd to take his name in vain.

"But he permits it to be done," ſay you.—
Plain then, I anſwer, that he does not *do*;
That having will'd created angels free,
He ſtill permits, or wills them ſo to be:
Were his permiſſion aſk'd, before they did
An evil action, he would ſoon forbid.

Before the doing he forbids indeed,
But diſobedient creatures take no heed:
If he according to your preſent plea,
Withdraws his grace, and *ſo* they diſobey,
The fault is laid on him, not them at all,
For who ſhall ſtand, whom he ſhall thus let fall?

Our

Our own neglect muſt be the previous cauſe,
When it is ſaid, *the grace of God withdraws*;
In the ſame ſenſe, as when the brighteſt dawn,
If we will ſhut our windows, is withdrawn;
Not that the ſun is ever the leſs bright,
But that our choice is, not to ſee the light.

Free to receive the grace, or to reject,
Receivers only can be God's *Elect*;
Rejecters of it, *reprobate* alone,
Not by divine *decree*, but by their *own*:
His love to *all*, his willing none to ſin
Is a decree that never could begin.

It is the order, the eternal law,
The true free-grace, that never can withdraw,
Obſervance of it will of courſe be bleſt,
And oppoſition to it ſelf-diſtreſt;
To them who love its gracious Author, all
Will work for good, according to St. *Paul*.

An eaſy key to each abſtruſer text,
That modern diſputants have ſo perplext
With arbitrary fancies on each ſide,
From God's pure love, or man's free-will denyèd:
Which in the breaſt of ſaints and ſinners too,
May both be found ſelf-evidently true.

A PRAYER.

O Heavenly Father! gracious God above!
Thou boundleſs depth of never-ceaſing love!
Save me from *pride*, and cauſe me to depart,
From ſinful works of a long-hardenèd heart,

From all my great corruptions ſet me free;
Give me an ear to hear, an eye to ſee,
A heart and ſpirit to believe and ſing
Thy love in *Chriſt*, the Saviour of mankind.

Made for thyſelf, O God, and to diſplay
Thy goodneſs in me, manifeſt I pray,
By grace adapted to each coming hour,
Thy holy nature's life-conferring power:
Give me the faith, the hunger, and the thirſt,
After the life breathèd forth from thee at firſt;
Reveal the holy Jeſus in my ſoul;
That I may turn through life's ſucceeding whole:
From every outward work, or inward thought,
Which is not Thee, or in thy Spirit wrought.

An EVENING WALK *from* RICHMOND *to* KEW.

[By Miſs E. N.]

WHAT beautèous proſpects ruſh upon my ſight,
And feaſt my eyes with wonder and delight!
The fruitful valleys, and the ſmiling fields,
And all the blooming ſweets that nature yields.
The ſilver Thames, which gently flows between,
Adds to the beauty of the rural ſcene;
While flocks and herds lie ſpread on yonder green.
The featherèd ſongſters from the neighbouring grove,
Delight my ears while o'er the lawn I rove;
And gentle zephyrs waft the balmy ſweets,
From yon fair bowèr where royal George retreats.
Thus while I'm favouréd with a ſhort reprieve
From care and toil, and rove a ſummer's eve,

Charmèd

Charmèd to behold thy works, Almighty Powèr!
Raptureˆd, yet awèd, I ſilently adore.

While thus indulgèd on thy fair works to gaze,
I feel my heart o'erflow with grateful praiſe:
And O how vaſt the mighty debt I owe
To thee my God! from whom my bleſſings flow!
Thy powèrful word me into being ſpake;
When dead in ſin, thou didſt my ſoul awake;
I heard thy voice and trembling ownèd thy powèr,
Confeſſèd my guilt, and mercy did implore;
Diſtreſſèd for ſin, I ſought a place to moan,
'Twas then I firſt retirèd to ſhades alone:
The riſing ſun, and ſolemn midnight hour,
Can witneſs bear, how oft to E——d bower
I ſtrayèd with broken heart and weeping eyes,
And breathèd to heaven my ſupplicating cries.
The day I found too ſhort to tell my grief,
The ſolemn ſhades of night brought no relief;
At morn I wiſhèd for night, at night for day,
While months and years of ſorrow rollèd away.
Thus for my ſins I mournèd before my God,
And ſought redemption through a Saviour's blood.
My God! my grateful heart with love o'erflows,
I thank thee for theſe ſalutary woes.
Thy ſpirit warnèd me of deſtruction near;
My danger ſhewèd: and ſtruck with trembling fear,
I fled to Jeſus with my ſin and ſhame,
And felt the virtue of his healing name:
His pard'ning love diſpelléd my doubts and fears,
He wipèd away my floods of ſilent tears.
No penſive ſigh now heaves my troubléd breaſt,
While I in Jeſu's love ſecurely reſt.
My heart-felt groans are turnèd to ſongs of praiſe:
Be this my ſweet employ my few remaining days.

To

To SYLVIA.

[By Miſs C.]

SYLVIA, behold yon beauteous flower
Melliſluent and gay:
The tranſient charmer blooms an hour,
Then droops and dies away.
A virgin Ciſſus near it grows;
To day her race begins;
To day with charms unequall'd blows,
But ſets with yonder ſun.

Believe me, Sylvia, thy fa
That now attracts th
Shall undiſſing worm;
For Sylv ie.
Ah! t pleaſure lead
Captive thy wavering mind:
Upon the gay deluſion tread,
That's fleeting as the wind.

Nor pluck a bluſhing roſe at morn,
And claſp it to thy breaſt;
Leſt Sylvia find conceal'd a thorn
Ere night that wounds her reſt.
Earth's higheſt honours ſoon are o'er,
All ends in—Here he lies:
Then let us nobler heights explore,
And ſoar beyond the ſkies.

Often repeat the adventrous flight
Above the ſtarry plains,
Where endleſs day excludes the night,
And laſting pleaſure reigns.

Then

Then ere our weeping friends convey
Our bodies to the tomb,
Angels ſhall bear our ſouls away
To their eternal home.

An Old Man's Prayer.

THE knowledge of thy Love
O how ſhall I attain?
Its excellence is far above
The reach of fallen man:
For more than threeſcore years
I for the grace have pinèd,
And ſought with ceaſeleſs prayèrs and tears
What I could never find.

Tremendous God unknown,
Hath thy ſevere decree
Rejected, as perdition's ſon,
And ſternly paſſèd by me?
The ſaving grace with-held,
That left to Satan I,
By thy reſiſtleſs will compellèd,
Might ſin, deſpair, and die!

Blaſphemous thoughts, away!
As hell itſelf abhorrèd!
Thy attributes the lie gainſay,
Thy nature and thy word:
Thy oath forbids my fears,
And comforts all that grieve,
Thy bloody ſweat, thy cries and tears,
Thy death would have me live.

Would

Would have me love my God,
Who lovéd the world ſo well:
Then ſurely I the grace beſtowéd,
The purchaſéd bliſs ſhall feel:
Thou wilt the bliſs confer,
Before I hence depart;
And the abiding Comforter
Shall take up all my heart.

SHORT HYMNS.

Iſaiah xxxii. 2. *As rivers of water in a dry place, as the ſhadow of a great rock in a weary land.*

MY ſoul, a dry and barren place,
Gaſps for the cooling ſtreams of grace;
O might they through the deſart roll
Refreſhment to my gaſping ſoul!
Jeſus I thirſt for Thee, not Thine;
I want the well of life divine;
The well of life divine thou art,
Spring up eternal in my heart.

Eternal Rock, project thy ſhade,
Extend to me thy friendly aid,
While at thy foot a ſinner I,
Weary, and ſpent, and dying lie:
Coverèd by thee my ſoul would reſt,
With pardon and ſalvation bleſt,
Till through thy riven ſide I riſe,
And ſee thee fill both earth and ſkies.

THE Arminian Magazine, For FEBRUARY 1781.

Of PREDESTINATION; *tranſlated from* SEBASTIAN CASTELLIO'S *Dialogues, between* Lewis *and* Frederic.

DIALOGUE I.

[*Continued from page* 15.]

Fred. WHY, Lewis, do you not join to defend the juſtice of God? and confeſs that you will no longer adhere to the principles of ſuch writers as you favour, unleſs they ſatisfactorily explain the abſurdities I have pointed out? But as I ſee you are biaſſed by the opinions you firſt entertained, I muſt endeavour to extirpate them. To do this, as ſo much may be advanced on both ſides of the queſtion, and as I have already produced ſuch objections againſt your ſentiments, as the devil himſelf, (though he be the father of Sophiſtry) cannot invalidate, I will, in my turn, explain my opinion. Attend therefore to what I ſay, and if you either know, or have read any thing which ſeems to contradict my arguments, ſpeak, that there may remain no doubt or ſcruple on your mind. I own it would be diſagreeable to me to anſwer every frivolous

cavil that may be brought; but as I perceive you are piouſly inclined, and do not err deſignedly, but becauſe you are miſled by others, I will readily explain any part that doth not appear ſatisfactory. And I hope that in time you will be undeceived, though your conviction may not be accompliſhed without ſome difficulty. If that happen, I ſhall eſteem my labour well rewarded, by having gained over a brother man.

Well then, to proceed: let us firſt conſider the Creation of man, on which the whole controverſy depends. Do you believe that Adam was created a child of God? *Lewis.* Certainly; for St. Luke plainly tells us ſo in his genealogy of Jeſus Chriſt. *Fred.* Very well. Then I appeal to your own judgment and feelings, whether you would beget a ſon, that he might die an ignominious death. *Lewis.* God forbid! I do not think that even a brute-beaſt would be ſo cruel, as to wiſh to bring forth young on purpoſe that they ſhould die. *Fred.* How arrogant is it then to aſcribe to God, what you cannot ſuppoſe even a beaſt capable of? If you who are evil would not voluntarily beget a ſon whoſe portion muſt be death, how much leſs is it to be ſuppoſed that God hath created man to ſuffer eternal torments? What anſwer can you give to this, my dear Lewis? *Lewis.* I cannot indeed give any anſwer, nor do I imagine any can be readily found. *Fred.* But I do; for there is no truth ſo clear, but it may be eluded by ſophiſtry. Whether the anſwer is rational, and to the purpoſe, is to be conſidered. They will ſay, perhaps, that the compariſon doth not hold good. But let them give a ſufficient reaſon why it doth not. Chriſt hath thus reaſoned: "If you who are evil know how to give good gifts to your children, &c." From whence I argue, if men that are evil have ſo much goodneſs in them, that they will not be the means of bringing children into the world that they may be miſerable, what profaneneſs is it to think that God does ſo! Should they deny that mankind are the children of God, St. Luke will ſilence them; for he particularly

larly faith, in the pedigree of Adam, that he was the ſon of God. Should they object that this paſſage is only to be underſtood of the faithful, Chriſt will confute them, where he ſaith, "A certain man had two ſons; and he ſaid unto one, go and labour in my vineyard, &c." Mat. xxi. Now theſe two ſons evidently mean, the Iſraelites and the other nations. And if all men are by nature the ſons of God, they are all by nature heirs. Conſequently the ſaying of St. Paul, "If ſons then heirs," (Rom. viii.) is well founded. From whence it follows, that all men are created to the inheritance of God. I know that St. Paul, in the chapter referred to, ſpeaks of the children of regeneration; yet I may be allowed to convert his argument ſo far to my uſe, as to ſay, it happens the ſame in creation as in regeneration. St. Paul reaſons thus; "Whoever are children, are likewiſe heirs of their Father; but we are children, therefore we are heirs of our Father." In the ſame manner I argue, "Whoever are children of God are heirs of God: but all men are children of God; conſequently all men are heirs of God." And to this I add the following argument. Such as is the nature of the children, ſuch is likewiſe the nature of the ſucceſſion. Thoſe who are children of regeneration, are heirs to that ſucceſſion into which they are regenerated. I ſhall not here examine into the nature of that inheritance; I ſhall only ſay, that it cannot fail of being a good and profitable one. From whence I infer, that all men are created for happineſs. And, to conclude the whole, I muſt gain this point, even with the devil's conſent, —that God hath not created any one to miſery.

Will you allow that all creatures have a natural love for their offspring? *Lewis.* Yes. *Fred.* And from whence doth that affection proceed? *Lewis.* From God their Creator. *Fred.* Is it not then reaſonable to ſuppoſe that God muſt experience the ſame love towards his creatures; ſince, as from the fountain-head, he imparts it to others? *Lewis.* Certainly. *Fred.* But to create men to miſery, is a proof

of hatred, and not of Love. And therefore if you have nothing to reply, I will make bold to conclude—That God hath not created man to be miserable.

But that we may not confine ourselves entirely to reasoning, let us see if the sacred Oracles teach the same doctrine. Moses, in his account of the creation, thus writes, Gen. i. 26. "Let us make man after our own image." Now pray tell me, is sin the image of God? *Lewis.* Nay, it is rather the abolition of it. *Fred.* If then he was created after the image of God, he certainly was created to righteousness, and not to sin. Tell me also, whether the Dominion given him by his Creator, over all the inhabitants of the earth, be sin? *Lewis.* By no means; for sin doth not only destroy the Dominion, but even the Life of man. In Gen. ix. 25, we have a testimony that sin destroys the Dominion of man. Canaan, for the impudent conduct of his father Ham, receives this humiliating curse: "Cursed be Canaan! a servant of servants be thou unto thy brethren." And that it destroys the Life also, is proved by the following sentence, "The wages of sin is death." *Fred.* What you say is very true. But to proceed: doth not God's declaration, "Let us make man after our own image," imply creation? And that which follows, "Let him have dominion," doth it not point out the destination of man? *Lewis.* It doth. *Fred.* But if this be done unto righteousness, and not unto sin, it certainly follows that sin doth not take its rise either from creation or destination. Moreover, that declaration of God, when he had finished the work of creation, "That every thing he had made was very good," implies that man likewise was very good; does it not? *Lewis.* Yes. *Fred.* But had he been created unto sin, he could not have been said to be very good. From whence it appears, that he was not created unto sin. And you will no doubt allow, that the paradise in which God placed man, that he might there worship him, and be under his immediate care, was a happy state. *Lewis.* I do allow it. But at the same time

time I have ſome doubts, whether the paradiſe there ſpoken of, was a particular place, or a particular condition of life. *Fred.* I will not now enter into a diſcuſſion of that point; I ſhall only ſay, that if it was a particular place, it was an emblem of eternal life; but if it was a particular condition, it anſwers our preſent purpoſe to a tittle. When St. Paul ſaid that he had beheld paradiſe, there is no doubt but he meant that ſtate of happineſs from which man had fallen by his diſobedience, and to which he will be reſtored through the obedience of Chriſt. Do you believe that Adam was created for that happy life? *Lewis.* I do. *Fred.* But he could not have led that life, if he had not been created upright. *Lewis.* That is true. *Fred.* Adam was therefore undoubtedly created unto righteouſneſs; and when he ſinned, he acted contrary to his condition and deſtination. So much in general, for Adam.

But to come to particulars: now I ſuppoſe you will readily allow that the offspring is deſtined to the ſame purpoſe, as their primitive original? For example: the firſt of the feathered race being created to fly, and to propagate their ſpecies, the ſame is tranſmitted to all the birds which owe their exiſtence to the original pair; ſo that they alſo may be ſaid to have been created, partly for the purpoſe of flying. *Lewis.* I grant it. *Fred.* And I dare ſay, you will as readily grant the ſame with reſpect to man; when the firſt parent of mankind was enjoined to multiply, the ſame injunction was to extend to all his poſterity. *Lewis.* It certainly was. *Fred.* And ſhall we not, my dear Lewis, ſay as much reſpecting God's likeneſs? Will you acknowledge that all men fell in Adam? *Lewis.* I will. *Fred.* Will you likewiſe grant that they all ſtood in Adam, while he ſtood? *Lewis.* It is abſolutely neceſſary that I ſhould; for he certainly cannot fall, who never ſtood. I however apprehend that we have ſtood and been in Adam, in the ſame ſenſe that Levi is ſaid to have paid the tenths, whilſt he was yet in the loins of Abraham; as he was not then born.

Fred.

Fred. It follows, that we have all been created to the ſame life, on the ſame conditions; ſince we were all formed after the likeneſs of God. What do you anſwer to this? *Lewis.* Nothing. But I juſt recollect, that I was ſome time ago reading an obſervation of an eminent writer, which to the beſt of my remembrance runs thus: "The condition on which the firſt man, together with all his poſterity, were decreed unto eternal life, was expreſsly this; that he ſhould obey God's commandment: but thoſe whom the Apoſtles and holy writ mentioned as written in the Book of Life, have no ſuch condition annexed." *Fred.* This doth not by any means anſwer my firſt argument. For I do not aſſert that ſome part of mankind, but that *all* men in Adam were ordained to eternal life. If your writer will refute this, let him ſhew that *all* men were not ordained to eternal life. Inſtead of doing this, in the paſſage you quote from his works, he there ſeeks out a by-way, and pretends to prove, that the ordination relative to man had a condition annexed to it; as if we were diſcourſing of the condition itſelf, and not of the univerſality of that condition. Beſides, what he advances from the Apoſtles, and other parts of holy writ, relative to thoſe whoſe names are written in the Book of Life, makes greatly againſt his doctrine. For Adam was alſo written in the Book of Life, and choſen unto ſalvation, on which account he had reaſon to rejoice, for it was not intended that his name ſhould be blotted out, and entered in that of Death; and on this account, God, after he had created him unto life, threatened him with death, if he did not obey the command given him. And likewiſe, what he further adds, that the deſtination unto life, through Chriſt, has no condition annexed to it, is erroneous; for this deſtination hath exactly the ſame conditions as the former. "He that believeth and is baptized, ſhall be ſaved." "If ye through the ſpirit mortify the deeds of the body, ye ſhall live." Theſe, and many others, are the terms of that deſtination.

Lewis.

Lewis. Hear me a moment, Frederic. Our writer does not deny this: but he ſays, "It is by virtue of a ſure and infallible Predeſtination, that we believe the goſpel, lead a good life, and perſevere in it." *Fred.* Here again he contradicts himſelf. For he acknowledges that there are ſome terms annexed to the deſtination, which he had juſt before denied. Beſides, his ſaying that all this is effected by virtue of a ſure and infallible Predeſtination, is not at all to the purpoſe. For the queſtion is not, by virtue of what it is effected (which may have been aſked with as much propriety concerning Adam) but whether or not, ſalvation through Chriſt is promiſed and decreed unto us *conditionally*? If therefore you have any thing more ſolid to advance, pray declare it; if not, let us diſmiſs this point, and proceed to the injunction which God gave Adam.

He thus ſpeaks; "Of every tree of the garden thou mayſt freely eat, except of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil: for in the day that thou eateſt thereof, thou ſhalt ſurely die, Gen. ii." Will you not now acknowledge, my dear Lewis, that the will of God, which before was concealed, is by this command made manifeſt? Or ſhall we rather ſay, that God was a hypocrite, who thought one thing and commanded the reverſe? *Lewis.* Your former arguments on this ſubject compel me to acknowledge, that it is clear, God wills what he commands, and that he has not two wills. *Fred.* His will and pleaſure then was, that Adam ſhould abſtain from eating of the forbidden tree? *Lewis.* Certainly. *Fred.* And Adam, againſt the will of God, did eat of that tree, God permitting it: and had the faculty of eating given him by God; for he could not have eaten, had not God created him capable of eating. The faculty of eating, I repeat it, was given him by God; but the deſire of eating he had from himſelf. *Lewis.* Very true. *Fred.* Now this was the diſobedience of the firſt Adam, by which ſin entered into the world, as St. Paul teacheth. For, to act againſt the will of him

him who enjoins it to diſobey. They, therefore, who aſſert that God condemns ſin by words, and decrees it in deed, appear to me to have been taught by the Serpent, who told Eve, "Ye ſhall not ſurely die." By this perverſion of God's words, the devil inferred, that God, when he threatened them with death, ſpoke otherwiſe than he thought; thus making God ſuch a diſſembler as he was himſelf. And after the ſame manner do thoſe interpret God's commands, who ſay that he wills the contrary to what he enjoins. But as for us, Lewis, totally rejecting the doctrine of the Serpent, let us ſimply and ſincerely truſt to the holy Scriptures, which declare thoſe bleſſed, who have obeyed the will of the Father, meaning the commandments, by which the Father hath manifeſted to the world his eternal, and hitherto, concealed will. *Lewis.* I cannot object to what you ſay, my dear Frederic; yet there are many things alledged, by thoſe on the oppoſite ſide, in ſupport of their principles, which much perplex me: ſuch as *God's foreknowledge, his omnipotence*, and ſome paſſages of holy writ, which apparently contradict your arguments. If you can reſolve theſe, I ſhall not heſitate a moment to agree with you. *Fred.* Well, go on then, my dear Lewis; propoſe your objections regularly, that we may weigh them well, and examine them freely, and without obſtinacy.

And firſt, of the foreknowledge of God. *Lewis.* I muſt tell you that we do not agree among ourſelves concerning this point. Some aſſert, that whatever happens, doth not happen by God's foreknowledge, but through his will. Others contend, that all things happen by his foreknowledge; and as this is ſure and infallible, they affirm, that all things happen in ſuch manner that they cannot happen otherwiſe. And if this be true, it ſeems that Adam ſinned with the foreknowledge, and conſequently by the will of God. I wiſh you could explain this to me.

[*To be continued.*]

SERMON

SERMON I.

On 1 TIMOTHY vi. 9.

[*Concluded from page* 23.]

II. 1. I Am in the ſecond place, to apply what has been ſaid. And this is the principal point. For what avails the cleareſt knowledge, even of the moſt excellent things, even of the things of God, if it go no farther than ſpeculation, if it be not reduced to practice? He then that hath ears to hear, let him hear! And what he hears, let him inſtantly put in practice. O that God would give me the thing which I long for! That, before I go hence and am no more ſeen, I may ſee a people wholly devoted to God, crucified to the world, and the world crucified to them! A people truly given up to God, in body, ſoul, and ſubſtance! How chearfully ſhould I then ſay, *Now letteſt thou thy ſervant depart in peace!*

2. I aſk then, in the name of God, who of *you deſire to be rich?* Which of *you*, (aſk your own hearts in the ſight of God) ſeriouſly and deliberately deſire, (and perhaps applaud yourſelves for ſo doing, as no ſmall inſtance of your *prudence*) to have more than food to eat, and raiment to put on, and a houſe to cover you? Who of you deſires to have more than the plain neceſſaries and conveniences of life? Stop! Conſider! What are you doing? Evil is before you! Will you ruſh upon the point of a ſword? By the grace of God turn and live!

3. By the ſame authority I aſk, who of you are *endeavouring* to be rich? To procure for yourſelves more than the plain neceſſaries and conveniences of life? Lay each of you, your hand to your heart, and ſeriouſly enquire, am I of that number? Am I labouring, not only for what I want, but for more than

I mean, May the Spirit of God lay to every one, whom it convinces, "I *want thee man!*"

4. I ask, thirdly, Who of you are they that, *laying up for yourselves treasures upon earth*, increase in goods? Adding, as laid up as you can, house to house, and field to field? As long as *they speak well of thee*. Then will all the world say, "*A prudent man!* A man that *minds the main chance!* Such a one, and always had an eye to the wisdom of the world!" But God will say, "*Thou fool!* Art thou not *treasuring up wrath against the day of wrath*, and *not laying up treasures in the kingdom of God?*"

5. Perhaps you will ask, But do not you yourself advise, "To gain all we can, and to save all we can? And is it possible to do this, without both *desiring* and *endeavouring to be rich?* Nay, suppose our endeavours are successful, without actually *laying up treasures upon earth?*"

I answer, it is possible. You may gain all you can, without hurting either your soul or body: you may save all you can, by carefully avoiding every needless expence; and yet never *lay up treasures on earth*, nor either desire or endeavour so to do.

6. Permit me to speak as freely of myself, as I would of another man. I *gain all I can*, (namely by writing) without hurting either my soul or body. I *save all I can*, not willingly wasting any thing, not a sheet of paper, not a cup of water. I do not lay out any thing, not a shilling, unless as a sacrifice to God. Yet by *giving all I can*, I am effectually secured from *laying up treasures upon earth*. Yea, and I am secured from either desiring or endeavouring it, as long as *I give all I can*. And that I do this, I call all that know me, both friends and foes, to testify.

7. But some may say, "Whether you endeavour it or no, you are undeniably *rich*. You have more than the necessaries of life." I have. But the Apostle does not fix the charge, barely on *possessing* any quantity of goods, but on possessing more than we employ according to the will of the Donor.

Two

Two and forty years ago, having a defire to furnifh poor people, with cheaper, fhorter, and plainer books than any I had feen, I wrote many fmall tracts, generally a penny a-piece; and afterwards feveral larger. Some of thefe had fuch a fale as I never thought of; and by this means I unawares became rich. But I never defired or endeavoured after it. And now that it is come upon me unawares, I lay up no treafures upon earth: I lay up nothing at all. My defire, and endeavour in this refpect is, to "wind my bottom round the year." I cannot help leaving my books behind me, whenever God calls me hence. But in every other refpect, my own hands will be my Executors.

8. Herein, my Brethren, let you that are rich, be even as I am. Do you that poffefs more than food and raiment afk, "What fhall we do? Shall we throw into the fea, what God hath given us?" God forbid that you fhould! It is an excellent talent: it may be employed much to the glory of God. Your way lies plain before your face, if you have courage, walk in it. Having *gained* (in a right fenfe) *all you can*, and *faved all you can:* in fpite of nature, and cuftom, and worldly prudence, *give all you can.* I do not fay, "Be a good Jew," giving a tenth of all that you poffefs. I do not fay, "Be a good Pharifee," giving a fifth of all your fubftance. I dare not advife you, to give half of what you have; no nor three quarters, but all! Lift up your hearts, and you will fee clearly, in what fenfe this is to be done. "If you defire to be *a faithful and a wife Steward*, out of that portion of your Lord's goods, which he has for the prefent lodged in your hands, but with the right of refumption whenever it pleafeth him, 1. Provide things needful for yourfelf; food to eat, raiment to put on; whatever nature moderately requires, for preferving you both in health and ftrength: 2. Provide thefe for your wife, your children, your fervants, or any others who pertain to your houfehold. If, when this is done, there is an overplus left, then do good to *them that are of the houfehold of faith.* If there be an overplus

fully, according to opportunity, do good unto all men. In ſo doing, you give all you can, that is, in a found ſenſe, all you have. For all that is laid out in this manner, is really given to God. You render unto God the things that are God's, not only by what you give to the poor, but alſo by that which you expend in providing things needful for yourſelf and your houſehold."[a]

9. O ye Methodiſts, hear the word of the Lord! I have a meſſage from God to all men; but to you above all. For above forty years I have been a Servant to you and to your Fathers. And I have not been as a reed ſhaken by the wind: I have not varied in my teſtimony. I have teſtified to you the very ſame thing, from the firſt day even until now. But *who hath believed our report?* I fear not many rich, I fear there is need to apply to ſome of *you* thoſe terrible words of the Apoſtle, *Go to now, ye rich men! Weep and howl for the miſeries which ſhall come upon you. Your gold and ſilver is cankered, and the ruſt of them ſhall witneſs againſt you, and ſhall eat your fleſh, as it were fire.* Certainly it will, unleſs ye both ſave all you can, and give all you can. But who of you hath conſidered this, ſince you firſt heard the will of the Lord concerning it? Who is now determined to conſider and practice it? By the grace of God, begin to day!

10. O ye *Lovers of money*, hear the word of the Lord! Suppoſe ye that money, though multiplied as the ſand of the ſea, can give happineſs? Then you are *given up to a ſtrong deluſion, to believe a lie.* A palpable lie, confuted daily by a thouſand experiments. Open your eyes! Look all around you! Are the richeſt men the happieſt? Have thoſe the largeſt ſhare of content, who have the largeſt poſſeſſions? Is not the very reverſe true? Is it not a common obſervation, That the richeſt of men, are in general, the moſt diſcontented, the moſt miſerable? Had not the far greater part of them more content, when they had leſs money? Look into your own breaſts. If

[a] Works vol. 4. page 56.

you

you are increaſed in goods, are you proportionably increaſed in happineſs? You have more ſubſtance: but have you more content? You know the contrary. You know that in ſeeking happineſs from riches, you are only ſtriving to drink out of empty cups. And let them be painted and gilded ever ſo finely, they are empty ſtill.

11. O ye that *deſire* or *endeavour to be rich*, hear ye the word of the Lord! Why ſhould ye be ſtricken any more? Will not even experience teach you wiſdom? Will ye leap into a pit with your eyes open? Why ſhould you any more *fall into temptation?* It cannot be, but temptation will beſet you, as long as you are in the body. But though it ſhould beſet you on every ſide, why will you *enter into* it? There is no neceſſity for this: it is your own voluntary act and deed. Why ſhould you any more plunge yourſelves *into a ſnare*, into the trap Satan has laid for you, that is ready to break your bones in pieces, to cruſh your ſoul to death? After fair warning, why ſhould you ſink any more into *fooliſh and hurtful deſires?* Deſires, as fooliſh, as inconſiſtent with reaſon, as they are with religion itſelf! Deſires that have done you more hurt already, than all the treaſures upon earth can countervail.

12. Have they not hurt you already, have they not wounded you in the tendereſt part, by ſlackening, if not utterly deſtroying your *hunger and thirſt after righteouſneſs?* Have you now the ſame longing that you had once, for the whole image of God? Have you the ſame vehement deſire, as you formerly had, of *going on unto perfection?* Have they not hurt you by weakening your *faith?* Have you now Faith's "abiding impreſſion, realizing things to come?" Do you endure, in all temptations from pleaſure or pain, *ſeeing him that is inviſible?* Have you every day, and every hour, an uninterrupted ſenſe of his preſence? Have they not hurt you, with regard to your *hope?* Have you now a hope full of immortality? Are you ſtill big with earneſt expectation of all

all the great and precious promises? Do you now *live as the friend of the world*? Do you *set your affections on things on earth*? Do you *lay up treasures upon earth*?

13. Have they not so hurt you, as to flab your religion to the heart? Have they not so much as touched your *love of God*? Is not that still determined? Have you the same delight in God which you once had? Can you now say,

> "I nothing want beneath, above:
> Happy, happy in thy love!"

I fear not: and if your love of God is in any wise decayed, so is also your love of your neighbour. You are then hurt in the very life and spirit of your religion! If you lose love, you lose all.

14. Are you not hurt with regard to your *humility*? If you are increased in goods, it cannot well be otherwise. Many will think you a better, because you are a richer man: and how can you help thinking so yourself? Especially, considering the commendations which some will give you in simplicity, and many with a design to serve themselves of you.

If you are hurt in your humility, it will appear by this token: you are not so teachable as you were, not so advisable: you are not so easy to be convinced, not so easy to be persuaded. You have a much better opinion of your own judgment, and are more attached to your own will. Formerly one might guide you with a thread: now one cannot turn you with a cart-rope. You were glad to be admonished or reproved: but that time is past. And you now account a man your enemy, because he tells you the truth. O let each of you calmly consider this, and see if it be not your own picture!

15. Are you not equally hurt, with regard to your *meekness*? You had once learnt an excellent lesson, of him that was meek as well as lowly in heart. When you were reviled, you reviled not again. You did not return railing for railing, but

contrariwise,

contrariwiſe, bleſſing. Your love was *not provoked*, but enabled you, on all occaſions, to overcome evil with good. Is this your caſe now? I am afraid not. I fear, you cannot now *bear all things*. Alas, it may rather be ſaid, you can bear nothing: no injury, nor even affront! How quickly are you ruffled? How readily does that occur, "What! to uſe *me* ſo? What inſolence is this? How did he dare to do it? I am not now what I was once. Let him know, I am now able to defend myſelf." You mean, to revenge yourſelf. And it is much, if you are not willing as well as able; if you do not take your fellow-ſervant by the throat.

16. And are you not faint in your *patience* too? Does your love now *endure all things?* Do you ſtill, *in patience poſſeſs your ſoul*, as when you firſt believed? O what a change is here! You have again learnt, to be frequently out of humour. You are often fretful: you feel, nay, and give way to peeviſhneſs. You find abundance of things go ſo croſs, that you cannot tell how to bear them!

Many years ago I was ſitting with a gentleman in *London*, who feared God greatly: and generally gave away, year by year, nine tenths of his yearly income. A ſervant came in and threw ſome coals on the fire. A puff of ſmoke came out. The Baronet threw himſelf back in his chair, and cried out, "O Mr. *Weſley*, theſe are the croſſes I meet with daily!" Would he not have been leſs impatient, if he had had fifty, inſtead of five thouſand pounds a year?

17. But to return. Are not you who have been ſucceſsful in your endeavours to increaſe in ſubſtance, inſenſibly ſunk into ſoftneſs of mind, if not of body too? You no longer rejoice to *endure hardſhip, as good ſoldiers of Jeſus Chriſt?* You no longer "ruſh into the kingdom of heaven, and take it as by ſtorm." You do not chearfully and gladly *deny yourſelves*, and *take up your croſs daily*. You cannot deny yourſelf the poor pleaſure of a little ſleep, or of a ſoft bed, in order to hear the word, that is able to ſave your ſouls! Indeed, you

"cannot

"I cannot go out ſo early in the morning: beſides it is dark; nay, cold; perhaps rainy too. Cold, darkneſs, rain: all theſe together, I can never think of it." You did not ſay ſo when you were a poor man. You then regarded none of theſe things. It is the change of circumſtances which has occaſioned this melancholy change in your body and mind: you are but the ſhadow of what you were. What have riches done for you?

"But it cannot be expected I ſhould do as I have done. For I am now grown old." Am not I grown old as well as you? Am not I in my ſeventy-eighth year? Yet by the grace of God, I do not ſlack my pace yet. Neither would *you*, if you were a poor man ſtill.

18. You are ſo deeply hurt, that you have well nigh loſt your zeal for works of mercy, as well as of piety. You once puſhed on, through cold or rain, or whatever other croſs lay in your way, to ſee the poor, the ſick, the diſtreſt. You went about doing good, and found out thoſe who were not able to find you. You chearfully crept down into their cellars, and climbed up into their garrets:

To ſupply all their wants,
And ſpend and be ſpent in aſſiſting his ſaints.

You found out every ſcene of human miſery, and aſſiſted according to your power:

"Each form of woe your generous pity moved;
Your Saviour's face you ſaw, and ſeeing, loved."

Do you now tread in the ſame ſteps? What hinders? Do you fear ſpoiling your ſilken coat? Or is there another lion in the way? Are you afraid of catching vermin? And are you not afraid, leſt the roaring Lion ſhould catch *you?* Are you not afraid of him that hath ſaid, *Inaſmuch as ye have*

not

not done it unto the leaſt of theſe, ye have not done it unto me? What will follow? Depart, ye curſed, into everlaſting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels.

19. In time paſt how mindful were you of that word, *Thou ſhalt not hate thy brother in thy heart. Thou ſhalt in any wiſe reprove thy brother, and not ſuffer ſin upon him?* You *did* reprove, directly or indirectly, all thoſe that ſinned in your ſight. And happy conſequences quickly followed. How good was a word ſpoken in ſeaſon? It was often as an arrow from the hand of a giant. Many a heart was pierced. Many of the ſtout-hearted, who ſcorned to hear a ſermon,

> Fell down before his croſs ſubdued,
> And felt his arrows dipt in blood.

But which of you now has that compaſſion for the ignorant, and for them that are out of the way? They may wander on for *you*, and plunge into the lake of fire, without let or hinderance. Gold hath ſteeled your hearts. You have ſomething elſe to do.

> "Unhelped, unpitied let the wretches fall."

20. Thus have I given you, O ye gainers, lovers, poſſeſſors of riches, one more (it may be the laſt) warning. O that it may not be in vain! May God write it upon all your hearts! Though *it is eaſier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of heaven.* Yet, the things impoſſible with men, are poſſible with God. Lord! ſpeak! And even the rich men, that hear theſe words, ſhall enter thy kingdom! Shall *take the kingdom of heaven by violence*; ſhall *ſell all for the pearl of great price!* Shall be *crucified to the world, and count all things dung, that they may win Chriſt!*

An Account of Mr. CHRISTOPHER HOOPER.

AS yet I had not examined my Call to preach the Goſpel, nor conſidered the conſequences of ſuch an undertaking. I was ſtrongly carried on with a ſtrong, prevailing influence, and a loving deſire to promote the glory of God. I ſaw the world dead in treſpaſſes and ſins, void of light, holineſs, and happineſs. I therefore thirſted after their ſalvation, and thought it my duty to promote it. God bleſſed his word. Sinners were turned from darkneſs to light, and from the power of Satan to God. But the devil was highly diſpleaſed; he ſaw his kingdom was in danger, and immediately proclaimed war againſt me.

I met with great perſecution, many diſcouragements, and much oppoſition, in every place. Men of all ranks uſed their power and influence, to ſtop this bleſſed work of God. They ſpoke all manner of evil againſt the Work, and the Inſtruments employed therein. They diſpenſed with two or three awakened Clergymen, tolerably well. Theſe were regularly ordained, Men of Learning, Gentlemen, and Divines: but to ſee a Plowman, or an honeſt Mechanic ſtand up to preach the Goſpel, it was inſufferable. Hell was moved from beneath; a council was called; the edict came forth, and war commenced!

Laymen and Eccleſiaſtics joined heart and hand, to ſuppreſs theſe peſtilent Fellows: not with acts of kindneſs, ſcripture, or reaſon; but invectives and lies, dirt, rotten eggs, brick-bats, ſtones, and cudgels: theſe were Satan's arguments in vindication of his own cauſe. It was the common cry in town and country, "Preſs them for ſoldiers; ſend them

on

on board a man of war; tranſport them; beat them; ſtone them; ſend them to priſon, or knock out their brains, and diſpatch them at once, "*for there is no law for them.*"*

Several of my fellow-ſufferers had ſhared honeſt *John Nelſon's* fate already, and I expected to be the next: they had their eyes on me: they daily purſued me as *Saul* did *David*: they waited for an opportunity to ſeize on the prey, but the hand of the Lord was with me, ſo I eſcaped! He delivered me by various means, at ſundry times, and often in a very remarkable manner.

Once in particular, as I was preaching at *Wickham*, to a quiet, attentive congregation, the Conſtable came with his attendants, to apprehend me; they guarded the door, and ſtood with fierce impatience to ſeize me. When I had concluded, I ſtepped down, went through the midſt of them, was conveyed through a window, and went quietly home, leaving the peace-officer and his gentlemen, to end the diſpute with loud words, hard blows, and bloody faces!

When I firſt ſet out to do all the good I could, without fee or reward, I did not foreſee this violent ſtorm. I begun now to conſider what latitude I was in, and whether it would not be a point of wiſdom, to tack about, and ſteer for ſome quiet harbour.

There had been many things ſaid and wrote againſt this *New Way*; eſpecially, againſt thoſe illiterate Preachers who ſo exceedingly diſturbed the world. I found ſome doubts concerning my Call to the Work, and almoſt wiſhed they might be well grounded, that I might, with a good conſcience, deſiſt from preaching.

I was therefore determined to examine myſelf, whether I had a right to preach: or whether I had raſhly entered into a work that did not belong to me. One evening I

* This was a great miſtake. There was law for us: but we could not find a Magiſtrate who had courage or honeſty enough to put it in force.

went into a wood, by the side of *Dove-cliffe*, much dejected. Clouds and darkness surrounded me, and my spirit was troubled within me: I said, my enemies are too strong for me; there are few on the Lord's side, but numbers against him: what shall I do? *Alas! My father, my Master, and I am the least of Israel's sons.* I am a worm and no man. O my God! let me enjoy this sweet solitude, and see my friends and companions no more! Let me live as a hermit in this lonely desert, till my few days are ended; then shall my weary spirit be at rest.

I did not want ease, wealth, or honour; but to know, do, and suffer the will of my Lord and Master. I thought, If I have made a mistake, God will forgive me, and I will take shame to myself: I will desist from preaching, and live and die a private Christian. But if God hath called me to publish the gospel of his dear Son, I must bear a public testimony, and leave the event to him.

In the midst of these reflections, it occurred to my mind, what evidence is sufficient to satisfy me in this weighty matter? I only want a rational, scriptural evidence. Let me then enquire with prayer and fasting, what reason have I to believe that I am called to preach the gospel?

1. [a]I have heard and believed the gospel, and found it to be the power of God to the salvation of my own soul: and I believe it to be the powerful means which God hath appointed to reclaim, and save lost sinners. 2. [b]I believe all power is given to Jesus Christ in heaven and in earth, therefore he alone hath power and authority to call, qualify, and thrust out Labourers into his own harvest. Hence I learn, that this power cannot be acquired by human art or learning, or [c]purchased with gold or silver. 3. [d]I believe, those who are called, and put into this work by *him*, shall turn sinners from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan to God. 4. I have a rational conviction [e]that God hath committed unto me the Word of Reconciliation: [f]I have this treasure in an

[a]Rom. i. 16 [b]Mat. xxviii. 18. [c]Acts viii. 20. [d]Acts xxvi. 18. [e]2 Cor. v. 8. [f]iv. 7.

earthen

earthen veſſel, in a feeble, mortal body; that the excellency of the power may be of God, and not of man. I find by daily experience, "*we are not ſufficient of ourſelves to think any thing as of ourſelves, but our ſufficiency is of God.* 5. According to this conviction, I have preached the goſpel to ſinners, dead in ſin, and they have been awakened and converted to God. Children of the devil are become children of God, and heirs of eternal life.

Having conſidered theſe things, I concluded, my Call to preach the Goſpel was conſiſtent with ſcripture, reaſon, and experience. I was filled with joy: I ſaid, "I have now the countenance of my God; the hands of his dear Son, the biſhop of my ſoul, laid upon me; the approbation of three Preſbyters ſent by him; the prayers of his dear people; the teſtimony of a good conſcience, and the pleaſure of ſeeing Sion proſper. I therefore pray earneſtly that God may incline, perſuade, and ſweetly influence my heart, and open my mouth by his holy Spirit, to diſpenſe the word of truth to a world of periſhing ſinners. This I deſire to do continually, in ſeaſon and out of ſeaſon, according to the ability he hath given me." My drooping ſpirit now revived. The fear of men and devils departed from me, and I ſet out with double courage. I could ſay, *Jehovah is my light and my ſalvation, whom ſhall I fear? Jehovah is the ſtrength of my life, of whom ſhall I be afraid?* Then the word of the Lord came unto me ſaying, *Cry aloud and ſpare not, lift up thy voice like a trumpet, and ſhew my people their tranſgreſſions, and the houſe of Jacob their ſins.* My heart replied, *For Sion's ſake I will not hold my peace, and for Jeruſalem's ſake, I will not reſt, until the righteouſneſs thereof go forth as brightneſs, and the ſalvation thereof as a lamp that burneth.* The Lord was with me night and day: his threatnings paſſed over me; his promiſes comforted me; and his precepts were my delight. I could ſay,

To me, with thy dear Name is given,
Pardon, and holineſs, and heaven.

In the year 1743, I took a ſchool at *Darlton*, in the pariſh of *Ryton*. My time was employed in teaching the children, reading the Scriptures, the Church Liturgy, and the Pſalms of Davidmetry.

I ſpent every Saturday, and all my vacant hours, in preaching, reading, praying, viſiting the ſick, and converſing with all that would ſpeak to me of my ways. God was with me, and bleſſed my weak labours. Sinners were converted, believers multiplied, and my ſoul rejoiced in God my Saviour.

But Satan did not like this work: therefore he ſtirred up the Rector of *Ryton* and his Curate, with thoſe under their influence, to prevent me. They gave me firſt hard words, and then hard blows.

In a little time I was ſummoned to appear in the Spiritual Court at *Durham*, to anſwer for my conduct. I did not know what I had done. But was ſoon informed, that I was impeached for teaching a ſchool without licence; and what was ſtill worſe, for calling ſinners to repentance, and warning the wicked to flee from the wrath to come: (an offence that cannot be overlooked by men who know not God!) but God raiſed me up friends, who ſtood by me, and defended my cauſe againſt all my adverſaries.

After this troubleſome affair was ended, I met with a trial of another kind. Before I was awakened, I was deeply in love with one *Jane Richardſon*, a farmer's daughter, and an agreeable young woman. She was my firſt love: and had laid faſt hold on my youthful heart. She had every accompliſhment I wanted, but religion! Alas! She was unacquainted with God. This was a bar indeed! I found a deſire to break off all correſpondence with her; but was afraid ſhe could not bear it. I was greatly troubled, and prayed for divine direction. God was pleaſed to hear, and grant my requeſt. She was ſoon awakened, and found peace with God. All objects being removed, on May the 28th, 1745, we were joined together in *Ryton Church*. She was a loving wife, a faithful friend,

friend, and a very agreeable companion. She made my joys and ſorrows her own. We worſhipped God in ſpirit and truth, and rejoiced in the Son of his love.

The ſame evening I preached at the *Low Spenn*. The Lord was with us, and we praiſed his name together. We lived a few months with my wife's friends at the *Smeals* near *Darwent*, in a moſt loving, agreeable manner? God made us of one heart and mind, and united our ſouls together, by one ſpirit, in humble love.

In the year 1746, I removed from *Barlow*, to the Preaching-Houſe at *Sheffield*. I received the Preachers, and my other religious Friends, with much pleaſure. My heart was open; my door was open; and my little table free for ſtrangers. I gave up my ſoul, body, and ſubſtance to my adorable Saviour, and grieved I had no more to give.

I commonly preached, or met a Claſs every evening, after I had diſmiſſed my ſcholars. I preached twice or thrice, and often four times every Sabbath-day. When I had a day or two to ſpare from my preſent vocation, I viſited *Newcaſtle*, *Sunderland*, *Durham*, and many other Towns and Villages, ten, twenty, or thirty miles round. Herein I met with much oppoſition, and was frequently in great jeopardy. Indeed I did not much regard a little dirt, a few rotten eggs, the ſound of a cow's horn, the noiſe of bells, or a few ſnow balls in their ſeaſon: but ſometimes I was ſaluted with blows, ſtones, brick-bats and bludgeons. Theſe I did not well like; they were not pleaſing to fleſh and blood.

I ſometimes loſt a little ſkin, and once [a] a little blood, which was drawn from my forehead with a ſharp ſtone. I wore a patch a few days, and was not aſhamed: I gloried in the Croſs. And when my ſmall ſufferings abounded for the ſake of Chriſt, my comfort abounded much more. I never was more happy in my own ſoul, or more bleſſed in my labours.

The latter end of July, 1747, I had a Call to viſit *Cornwood*, and met with a kind reception. I preached ſeveral times among the people called Quakers; I hope good was done.

[a] It was at Sunderland, in the midſt of an outrageous mob of Sailors.

On my return, I had an invitation to preach at *Allendale-Town*. A great congregation attended, who behaved well, and heard the word gladly. The latter end of December, I visited *Allendale* again. A glorious work broke out. The Lord ſtretched out his hand to ſave ſinners. Mr. *Topping* Miniſter of that place, uſed all his art, power, and influence, to ſtop it: but he could do nothing: his ſtrength was perfect weakneſs againſt the Lord.

I went from town to town, and from houſe to houſe, ſinging, praying, and preaching the word, and great multitudes followed from place to place, weeping and feeling him that was crucified. Great numbers were awakened, and found peace with God, through the Blood of the Lamb. I have frequently ſeen a whole congregation melted into tears, and bowed down before the Lord, as the heart of one man: eſpecially once, when I was preaching in Mr. *Lowe's* old Barn, at *Dod-Bank*, the Lord manifeſted his great power. He wrought for the glory of his own Name, and I ſtood ſtill, and looked on, with loving fear, and wonder.

In the year 1748, I gave up my School at *Sheephill*, and every thing that was comfortable and convenient, and removed to *Hindley-hill*, in *Allendale*. I lodged with honeſt *James Broadwood*, and was as one of his family. The preſence of the Lord dwelt in his houſe, and we lived in peace and unity. I formed a Society at *Hindley-hill*, another at *Weſtallen*; one at *Aleſdon*, and one at *Ninthead*: the Lord was among them of a truth. I had now work enough, and God's bleſſing on my labour. In the latter end of this year I viſited *Weardale*. Some of the Brethren attended me from *Allendale*.

It was in a ſtorm of ſnow that we croſſed the Quagmires, and enormous Mountains. When we came into the *Dales*, we met with a very cold reception. The Enemy had barricaded the place, and made his bulwarks ſtrong. But the Lord made way for his truth. He opened the heart of a poor Scotch ſhepherd to receive us into his little thatched cabbin, where we lodged all night.

The

The next day I preached under the walls of an old caſtle. A few children, and two or three old women attended, who looked hard at us. When I had done, we followed them into their houſes, and talked freely to them in their own language, about the kingdom of God. They heard and obeyed the goſpel. The next evening, I had a large congregation who heard with much attention, and received the word gladly. Sometime after, I preached in private houſes, ale-houſes, cock-pits, or wherever I could find a door open. The fire then ſpread from heart to heart, and God was glorified.

This was the beginning of a good work in *Wardale*, which has continued, and increaſed to this day.

The ſpring following, in the year 1749, I began teaching a ſchool, near *Hindleyhill*. But the work of God ſo increaſed in my hands, that I could not properly attend it; therefore, in the latter end of the year, I gave it up, with all other ſecular employments, and caſt myſelf on the bounty of my Lord and Maſter.

My little ſubſtance ſoon failed, and I ſaw nothing before me but beggary, and great affliction. Sometimes I was carried above all earthly objects, and had a comfortable view of the heavenly country. At other times I was much depreſſed, and could ſee nothing but poverty and diſtreſs.

I well remember, once on the top of a cold mountain, in a violent ſtorm of ſnow, when the congealed flakes covered me with a white mantle, Satan aſſaulted me, and puſhed me hard to return to my ſchool, or ſome other buſineſs to procure bread. I ſtaggered through unbelief, and almoſt yielded to the Tempter.

But as the attack was ſudden, ſo the battle was ſoon over. The Lord ſent theſe words to my heart like lightning, *When I ſent you without purſe, and ſcrip, and ſhoes, lacked ye any thing? And they ſaid, nothing, Lord*, Luke xxii. 35. I anſwered with a loud voice, "*Nothing, Lord, nothing, Lord!*" all my doubts and fears vaniſhed in a moment, and I went on my way rejoicing!

Constrain'd to cry, I love thee, Lord,
My God, thou art for ever mine!

Since that time I have been richly supplied with all good things. This day I am full. I have all, and abound; praise God, and the Lamb for ever!

The work now began to spread in the *Dales*, *Wharnsside*, *North Tyne*, and I soon reached *Whitehaven*.

And now God raised up many Preachers: men eminent both for gifts and graces. Some of them continue local, and some are itinerant Preachers to this day. The latter end of the year 1759, I left the *Dales*, and the dear children God had given me. I rode to the *Smeals*, where I parted with my dear wife and friends, with melting hearts and many tears.

In those days we had no provision made for *Preachers' Wives*, no *Funds*, no *Stewards*. He that had a staff, might take it, go without, or stay at home.

I then set out for *Bristol*. I called at *Chester*, *Durham*, *Stockton*, *Thirsk*, and *Knaresborough*, and found the Lord in every place. I spent a few days at *Leeds*. Here God opened my mouth to speak his word, and I hope good was done.

I preached at *Bristol*, on the top of the hill, before the foundation of the Preaching-house was laid. Large congregations attended, and the power of the Lord was present to heal. I rode on to *Halifax* and found their little Society at *Skircoat-Green*. God gave us a blessing. I then rode to *Rochdale* and preached in the evening, at the widow *Whittaker's*, to as many as the house could contain. They were turbulent enough, but we were not afraid; for God was with us. Next day I rode to *Manchester*, and preached that evening in a little garret by the river side. The congregation multiplied every

* From this Period, I shall only give a short Sketch of my Travels, and now and then mention a small Incident.

meeting.

meeting. On the ſabbath-day, the old place would not contain them. The multitude was impatient to hear. The old wooden houſe ſhook under us, and put the congregation in confuſion. Many trembled, and ſome believed. The next evening they procured me an Anabaptiſt Meeting-houſe. The place was crowded. They heard with attention. Many were awakened, and joined themſelves to ſeek and worſhip God. They immediately bought a piece of ground, and laid the foundation of their firſt Preaching-houſe, which is now their dwelling houſe. I rode through *Cheſhire*, and joined a Society at *Alpraham*, and another at *Pool*. It was an humbling time among the opulent Farmers: the Murrain raging amongſt their cattle. They buried them in the open fields. Their graves were a ſolemn ſcene. The hand of the Lord was on the land. I viſited the ſuburbs of *Cheſter*. God begun a good work then, which has increaſed and continued to this day. I preached at *Birmingham*, *Eveſham*, *Stroud*, and *Kingſwood*, and then rode to *Briſtol*, where I ſpent a few days: and I hope not in vain.

March 20, 1750, I ſet out with Mr. *Weſley*, for *Ireland*. We croſſed the New Paſſage into *Wales*, and reached *Cardiff* before night.

21. We rode to *Brecknock* through heavy rain. Mr. *Weſley's* mare fell twice, and threw him over her head, but without any hurt to man or beaſt.

22. We rode to *Builth*. A congregation waited for *Howell Harris*, but he did not come at the time appointed; ſo at their requeſt, Mr. *Weſley* preached. I then ſpoke a few words. It was a time of love. The Welſh brethren rejoiced in the Lord. We then rode to *Machynleth*, and then to *Dolgelly*, wet and weary enough.

24. We rode to *Dannabull*. It rained inceſſantly all the way. Our horſes were tired, and we were ready to faint, but God was our ſtrength, and we rejoiced in our little toil.

25. We rode to *Baldon-Ferry*. Mr. *Jenkin Morgan* came to the water ſide, croſſed over with us into the Iſle of *Angleſey*,

and then conducted us to his house, half way between the *Ferry* and *Holy Head*.

Sunday 27, Mr. *Wesley* preached at *Howell Thomas's*, in *Trefadoc* parish. In the afternoon at *William Pritchard's*. The people understood no English, but their looks, sighs and gestures shewed, God was speaking to their hearts!

We then went to lodge with one Mr. *Holiday*, an Excise-man, who lived in a quiet solitary place, where no human voice was heard, but those of the family.

Monday 28, We rode to *Holy Head*, and sent back our horse with *John Jane*, who had travelled from *Bristol* to the *Head*, with three shillings, and had one penny left. About eleven o'clock we went on board. As soon as we sailed, we had wind and rain enough without, and a violent storm in the ship. Mr. *Griffith*, of *Carnarvonshire*, a clumsy, hard-faced man, saluted us with a volly of ribaldry, obscenity, and blasphemy; but God stopped his mouth, and he was confounded.

Thursday 30, We wrought our way four leagues towards *Ireland*, but we were driven back in the afternoon to the mouth of the harbour. The wind then shifted two points, and we ventured out again; by midnight we were got half-way over; but the wind turning full against us, and blowing hard, soon brought us back into the Bay again. Mr. *Wesley* preached that evening on the story of Dives and Lazarus, to a room full of men daubed with gold and silver; but they were soon satisfied with it, and went away murmuring. After they were gone, we had a comfortable meeting with a few plain Welchmen.

Saturday 31, We were determined to wait one week longer, if the wind did not serve before. Mr. *Wesley* preached in the evening. Captain *Griffith*, with his dear Gentlemen, made noise enough; but our God delivered us.

April 1, We returned to Mr. *Holiday's*, called at *William Pritchard's*, then went to *Llanerell Ymadd*; but the sons of Belial would not suffer us to enter the place.

Thursday

Thurſday 5, Mr. *Weſley* preached near the town, to a few precious ſouls, who heard and obeyed the word.

Friday 6, The wind came fair, ſo we rode to *Holy-Head* early in the morning, embarked with a fair wind, and in the evening landed at *Dublin*. I ſpent a few days in that city, and I hope not in vain. I then viſited *Portarlington*, *Edindarry*, *Mountmellick*, *Tyrrellſpaſs*, *Athlone*, *Birr*, and *Aghrim*, and found the Lord was with me in every place. I had great croſſes, but greater comforts. I then rode to *Dublin*, and ſpent a few days there with much ſatisfaction.

July 22, I embarked with Mr. *Weſley* for *England*. We ſailed about ten in the morning, and in the afternoon came to an anchor.

Monday 23, We had a vehement ſquall of wind, thunder, and lightning between the *Welſh* Sands, and the rocky ſhore of *Lundy*. We cried to the Lord in our trouble, and he delivered us out of our diſtreſs.

Tueſday 24, The wind was contrary. It blew a ſtorm. The ſeas ran mountain-high. We were toſſed in a narrow Channel, full of ſhoals, rocks, and ſands. We prayed for help; our God heard, and brought us ſafe to *Pill*.

The next day I came to *Briſtol*, where I ſpent a few days with pleaſure, and then ſet out for *Newcaſtle upon-Tyne*. I viſited the Societies in my way, and they refreſhed me in the love of Jeſus.

I ſpent a few weeks at, and about *Newcaſtle*. My dear friends were glad to ſee me. We rejoiced together. I then ſet out for *Whitehaven*, where I had a good ſeaſon. The Lord crowned my weak labours with ſucceſs. About the latter end of the year I left *Whitehaven*, rode to *Cockermouth*, then to *Penrith*, and the next day came to *Hindley-Hill*. I took a fever in my journey, but rode on to *Newlands*, where I took my bed. My dear wife met me with joy, and grief. She ſoon catched the diſorder, and we continued ſick for many weeks.

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We lodged with Mr. *George Hooper*, a friendly man. God is my portion in all things for us. He bleſſed us in our ſickneſs, and reſtored us to health. Praiſe be his dear name for ever!

[To be continued.]

An Extract from the DIARY *of* MRS. BATHSHEBA HALL.

[Continued from page 40.]

SATURDAY, March 9. My God and my all! This has been a day of trial, and alſo of ſtrong conſolation. Satan has made many fierce attacks, but through the blood of the Lamb, I have come off more than conqueror.

Sunday 10. The Lord hath been more to me than I can expreſs. This has been a day of joy and gladneſs. Rivers of ſalvation riſe, and all that is in me adores my God and my all!

Monday 11. I find within this week a much deeper devotedneſs to God. How bleſſed a thing is chriſtian fellowſhip? It does indeed, as it were, open heaven. My friend S. F. and I offered up a particular thing to the Lord: I truſt, not in vain. O Lord, do thou guard her youth! Let her be a devoted ſhrine! Make her as the poliſhed corners of the temple, a habitation of God through the Spirit.

Tueſday 12. The Lord has been gracious to me this day.

> "Thou art my King! And lo! I ſit
> In willing bonds beneath thy feet!"

I feel, that thou art ſtill the Lord of every motion in my ſoul. I was ſenſible this night, of the great importance of wreſtling with God for the ſouls of others. O what a great thing

thing it is, to be all on the Lord's ſide! O thou that neither ſlumbereſt nor ſleepeſt, preſerve me this night! While all nature is huſhed in ſolemn ſilence, how often do I find the vigilance of the Powers of Darkneſs?

Wedneſday 13. This day I have felt deep concern for a dear friend. She has ſtrong ſenſe: but I fear this ſtands in the way of her ſalvation. When will ſhe become a fool for Chriſt's ſake! She is favoured with a clear ſight of ſelf-devotedneſs. But what will this avail, if ſhe reſts here, and does not follow on to attain it? I weep in ſecret places for many. Lord! I praiſe thee, thou haſt taken all my ſoul and body's powers!

Thurſday 14. When outward exerciſes are ſuſpended for a ſeaſon, God calls me to ſuffer for others, although frequently far diſtant in body. I have been in great agonies this day for one that I hope will be ſoon ſet at liberty. I am willing, if it were the will of God, to be offered up for her.

Friday 15. The face of creation animates my ſoul. When we have God we have every thing! As the natural ſun chears the drooping plants, ſo do thy beams gladden my every power.

Saturday 16. This day I was much aſſaulted with wandering thoughts. But thou knoweſt, all my deſire is unto thee!

Sunday 17. When I am hindered from attending public worſhip, I do not find any loſs. The family being gone to Church, I was alone; yet not alone. The power of the Higheſt overſhadowed me. I almoſt forgot the veil of fleſh, my ſoul was ſo let into eternity. I ſunk beneath the mighty power of his love. I feel I am ſhut in with God. And ſtill there is a divine principle, that cries, *Give, give*! And it ever will, till death is ſwallowed up in victory. Then *ſhall the top-ſtone be brought forth with ſhouting, crying, grace, grace unto it.*

I expected to ſee a dear friend this afternoon. As the time drew near, I was afraid, that I felt too much pleaſure in it. This

This alarmed and distressed me much, lest I should grieve God or his honour. The very appearance of inordinate affection affrights me. I wrestled with God, and felt my soul was at liberty: yet Satan told me, "If she does come, you will have no blessing together." But he was found a liar.

Monday 18. My soul was not so lively as yesterday. But shall I dare to complain, who am out of hell? Nay, Lord, do what thou will with thine own! I shall be ever with thee, and all that thou hast is mine!

Tuesday 19. My body was much disordered, and I felt much dejection of mind. I was deeply concerned for a dear friend, and this day she came to see me. I find it a great task to reprove: especially those for whom I have a strong affection. I spoke with much tenderness. And though she put it off at the first, yet before we parted, God sent it home to her heart.

Wednesday 20. I received a letter from *Bath*, from one that is athirst for full salvation. How shall I sufficiently praise God for giving *me* to enjoy and witness that perfect love, which casteth out all fear that hath torment? I shall fear God, but in a manner I did not once. I come before him with holy boldness, and reverential awe! "I loath myself while God I see, and into nothing fall!" O then,

> "Sink me into perfection's height,
> The depth of humble love!"

Thursday 21. I feel to-day, holy delight and sweet complacency in Jesus. How shall I praise him, who has

> "Laid the rough paths of peevish nature even,
> And opened in my breast a present heaven?"

Every tumultuous passion is hushed, and my soul desires nothing but its primeval rectitude. For two years past, I can truly

truly ſay, I have deſired nothing but God. Through the blood of the Lamb, I continually enter into reſt. Not unto me, but unto his name be the praiſe!

Friday 22. The Lord bleſſes me much with his adorable preſence, and a deep ſenſe of my exceeding great vileneſs. Since this I have been very ill: but the Lord knows what is beſt for me.

Saturday 23. I adore thee, O thou Fountain of all bleſſedneſs, and abhor myſelf in duſt and aſhes! O that I could ſtand every moment on my watch-tower, with my lamp and my light burning!

I know I have ſpoken many words to-day that will not bear the Divine ſcrutiny. But

> "I ſee, the Lamb in glory ſtands:
> And ſpreads for me his bleeding hands."

Wedneſday 27. I find that promiſe verified, *Iſrael then ſhall dwell in ſafety alone. The fountain of Jacob ſhall be upon a land of corn and wine: alſo his heavens ſhall drop down dew.* Meeting my much loved Siſter *J——m*, our hearts glowed within us, in ſpeaking of the marvellous acts of the Lord. How ſweet is that word, *Thou ſhalt talk of them when thou ſitteſt in the houſe, and when thou walkeſt by the way, and when thou lieſt down, and when thou riſeſt up.*

Thurſday 28. The Lord is to me *as a place of broad waters, and as the munition of rocks.* My ſoul dilates itſelf in thy faithfulneſs, and finds ſweet complacency in Jeſus. I have been among the people of the world to-day: O my ſoul, who maketh thee to differ? The Lord, the Lord God, merciful and gracious: may I be for ever bowed in deep abaſement before him! He has indeed ſet his mark upon me. I pant for deeper devotedneſs to him!

[*To be continued.*]

An Extract from a SURVEY *of the* WISDOM *of* GOD *in the* CREATION.

THE Chymists say, the body consists of four sorts of matter, earth, water, salt, and sulphur, the particles of which being variously mixt together, constitute lesser particles of different kinds; out of which, more loosely or closely connected, all the parts of the body, solid or fluid are composed.

But this is far from being an accurate account. For what are salt and sulphur, but species of earth? May not we then much more properly say, with the ancients, that the body is chiefly composed of earth and water, yet it cannot enjoy even animal life, unless air and fire also be wrought into its frame? So that at whatsoever time, it is deprived either of air or fire, it is an useless, lifeless clod. And yet the manner how these are so intimately mixt, both with our fluid and solid parts, as much exceeds our comprehension, as the manner how the soul is united to its house of clay.

That much air is wrought into the whole animal frame, appears by the following experiments. The blood of a sheep fresh drawn was, in a wide-mouthed glass, put into a receiver, and the air drawn out. After a while, the subtle parts of the blood forced their way through the clammy ones, and seemed to boil in large clusters, some as big as nutmegs. And sometimes the expansion was so vehement, that it boiled over the glass.———Some milk being put into a vessel four or five inches high, when the air was drawn out, it boiled so impetuously, as to throw up several parts out of the glass that contained it.

And to shew, that not only the blood, but the other parts of animals include air; the liver of an eel was put into a receiver, and even this apparently swelled every way, as soon as the air was withdrawn.

The

The air, as a fixt element in the compoſition of ſolid and fluid bodies, has been generally overlooked by philoſophers, and even by the chymiſts, who have above all ſects, gloried in their knowledge of principles or elements; until Mr. Boyle, Sir Iſaac Newton, and more eſpecially Dr. Hales, by many experiments demonſtrated, that a great part of the ſubſtance of moſt bodies, in ſeveral, to half their weight, is a permanent or unelaſtic air, which being freed [either (1) *ſlowly*, by the air-pump, putrefaction, fermentation, diſtillation, &c. or (2) *ſuddenly*, by exploſions, fulminations, ebullitions, mixtures, &c.] from the other ſolid particles, aſſumes its elaſticity, and fills an immenſe ſpace, in compariſon of the body from whence it came. Dr. Hales found, a cubic inch of blood in diſtillation, afforded above thirty times its bulk of elaſtic air; whoſe particles are in effect, the wedges of nature, which pin and cement together the other elements, and particles of bodies, for their growth of accretion; and under other circumſtances, regaining their elaſticity, ſerve to break again thoſe parts for the diſſolution of the compound, whoſe matter may be, by the ſame inſtrument, again differently aſſembled and combined for the forming of other bodies.

It remains to add ſome reflections on the Wiſdom of God, diſplayed in the ſtructure of the human body. And how eminently is this diſplayed, Firſt, in the *ſituation* of its ſeveral parts and members! They are ſituated moſt conveniently for uſe, for ornament, and for mutual aſſiſtance. 1. For uſe. The principal ſenſes are placed in the head, as ſentinels in a watch-tower. How could the eyes have been more commodiouſly fixt, for the guidance of the whole body? The ears likewiſe, made for the reception of ſounds, which naturally move upward, are rightly placed in the uppermoſt parts of the body; and ſo are the noſtrils, as all odours aſcend. Again: how could the hands have been more conveniently placed, for all ſorts of exerciſes? Or the heart, to diſpenſe life and heat to the whole body? Or the ſinks of the body, than in the moſt remote

parts of it? 2. For ornament. Not to deſcend to particulars, what could be better contrived, than that thoſe members which are pairs ſhould be of equal length, and poſt anſwer one another on each ſide? 3. For mutual aſſiſtance. So the eye ſtands moſt conveniently to ſpare the hand, and the hand to defend the eye. The ſame may be ſaid of the other parts: they are all ſo placed, as to direct or help each other. This will clearly appear, if you ſuppoſe the poſition of any of them to be changed. Had our arms been bent backward, what direction could our eyes have afforded us in working? Or how could we even have fed ourſelves? Nay, had one arm been bent backward, and the other forward, half the uſe of them had been loſt; for one could not have aſſiſted the other in any action.

How is his wiſdom diſplayed, Secondly, in the ample proviſion made for the ſecurity of the principal parts! Theſe are 1. The Heart, the fountain of life. This lies in the centre of the trunk of the body, covered with its own membrane, the pericardium, lodged within the ſoft bed of the lungs, encompaſſ round with a double fence; both of thick muſcles and ſkins, and of firm ribs and bones; beſides the arms, conveniently placed to ward off any violence: 2. The Brain, the principle of all ſenſe and motion, is ſurrounded with ſo ſtrong a defence, that it muſt be a mighty force indeed, which is able to injure it. The ſkull is ſo hard, thick and tough, that 'tis almoſt as firm as a helmet of iron. This is covered with ſkin and hair, which both keep it warm, and ſoften the violence of a ſtroke. Yet more, a thick and tough membrane hangs looſe about it, which often ſaves it, even when the ſkull is broke. And laſtly, a fine membrane cloſely adheres, to keep it from quaſhing and ſhaking.

How is it diſplayed, Thirdly, in the abundant proviſion that is made againſt evil accidents and inconveniencies! To this end, 1. The members which are of eminent uſe are in pairs. We have two eyes, ears, noſtrils, hands; two feet, two breaſts, two kidneys; that if one ſhould be rendered uſeleſs, the other might

might ſerve us tolerably well: whereas had a man but one hand or eye, if that were gone, all were gone. 2. All the veſſels have many ramifications, which ſend forth twigs to the neighbouring veſſels: ſo that if one branch be cut off or obſtructed, its want may be ſupplied by the twigs from the neighbouring veſſels. 3. Many ways are provided to evacuate, whatever might be hurtful to us. If any thing oppreſs the head, it can free itſelf by ſneezing; if the lungs, they can caſt it off by coughing. If any thing burden the ſtomach, it can contract itſelf, and throw it up by vomiting. Beſide theſe evacuations, there are ſtool, urine, ſweat, and hæmorrhages of various kinds. 4. Whereas Sleep is neceſſary for us in many reſpects, Nature has provided, that though we lie long on one ſide, we ſhould feel no uneaſineſs while we ſleep, no, nor when we awake. One would think, the whole weight of the body preſſing the muſcles on which we lie, would be very burdenſome. And we find by experience, ſo it is, when we lie long awake in the night. Probably this proviſion is made, by an inflation of the muſcles, making them ſoft, and yet renitent, like pillows. That they are inflated during ſleep, appears to the very eye, in the faces of children; and from the common experiment, if we ſleep in our clothes, we muſt looſen our garters and other ligatures. Otherwiſe we find uneaſineſs in thoſe parts. 5. Becauſe ſleep is inconſiſtent with the ſenſe of pain, therefore during reſt, thoſe nerves that convey the motions to the brain, which excite the ſenſe of pain, are obſtructed. "This, I myſelf, ſays Mr. *Ray*, have often experienced, ſince I have had ſores on my legs. Waking ſuddenly, I find myſelf at perfect eaſe for a while. Then the pain by degrees returns."

It is diſplayed, Fourthly, in the *multitude* of *intentions* God hath in the formation of the ſeveral parts, and the multitude of *qualifications* they require to fit them for their ſeveral uſes. *Galen* obſerves, "that there are in a human body, above ſix hundred muſcles. And there are at leaſt ten ſeveral intentions in-

parts of it? 2. For ornament. Not to deſcend to particulars, what could be better contrived, than that thoſe members which are pairs ſhould be of equal length, and juſt anſwer one another on each ſide? 3. For mutual aſſiſtance. So the eye ſtands moſt conveniently to guide the hand, and the hand to defend the eye. The ſame may be ſaid of the other parts: they are all ſo placed, as to direct or help each other. This will clearly appear, if you ſuppoſe the poſition of any of them to be changed. Had our arms been bent backward, what direction could our eyes have afforded us in working? Or how could we even have fed ourſelves? Nay, had one arm been bent backward, and the other forward, half the uſe of them had been loſt; for one could not have aſſiſted the other in any action.

How is his wiſdom diſplayed, Secondly, in the ample proviſion made for the ſecurity of the principal parts! Theſe are 1. The Heart, the fountain of life. This lies in the centre of the trunk of the body, covered with its own membrane, the pericardium, lodged within the ſoft bed of the lungs, encompaſt round with a double fence; both of thick muſcles and ſkins, and of firm ribs and bones; beſides the arms, conveniently placed to ward off any violence: 2. The Brain, the principle of all ſenſe and motion, is ſurrounded with ſo ſtrong a defence, that it muſt be a mighty force indeed, which is able to injure it. The ſkull is ſo hard, thick and tough, that 'tis almoſt as firm as a helmet of iron. This is covered with ſkin and hair, which both keep it warm, and ſoften the violence of a ſtroke. Yet more, a thick and tough membrane hangs looſe about it, which often ſaves it, even when the ſkull is broke. And laſtly, a fine membrane cloſely adheres, to keep it from quaſhing and ſhaking.

How is it diſplayed, Thirdly, in the abundant proviſion that is made againſt evil accidents and inconveniencies! To this end, 1. The members which are of eminent uſe are in pairs. We have two eyes, ears, noſtrils, hands; two feet, two breaſts, two kidneys; that if one ſhould be rendered uſeleſs, the other might

might ſerve us tolerably well: whereas had a man but one hand or eye, if that were gone, all were gone. 2. All the veſſels have many ramifications, which ſend forth twigs to the neighbouring veſſels: ſo that if one branch be cut off or obſtructed, its want may be ſupplied by the twigs from the neighbouring veſſels. 3. Many ways are provided to evacuate, whatever might be hurtful to us. If any thing oppreſs the head, it can free itſelf by ſneezing; if the lungs, they can caſt it off by coughing. If any thing burden the ſtomach, it can contract itſelf, and throw it up by vomiting. Beſide theſe evacuations, there are ſtool, urine, ſweat, and hæmorrhages of various kinds. 4. Whereas Sleep is neceſſary for us in many reſpects, Nature has provided, that though we lie long on one ſide, we ſhould feel no uneaſineſs while we ſleep, no, nor when we awake. One would think, the whole weight of the body preſſing the muſcles on which we lie, would be very burdenſome. And we find by experience, ſo it is, when we lie long awake in the night. Probably this proviſion is made, by an inflation of the muſcles, making them ſoft, and yet renitent, like pillows. That they are inflated during ſleep, appears to the very eye, in the faces of children; and from the common experiment, if we ſleep in our clothes, we muſt looſen our garters and other ligatures. Otherwiſe we find uneaſineſs in thoſe parts. 5. Becauſe ſleep is inconſiſtent with the ſenſe of pain, therefore during reſt, thoſe nerves that convey the motions to the brain, which excite the ſenſe of pain, are obſtructed. "This, I myſelf, ſays Mr. *Ray*, have often experienced, ſince I have had ſores on my legs. Waking ſuddenly, I find myſelf at perfect eaſe for a while. Then the pain by degrees returns."

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in each, and as many qualifications needful: ſo that about the Noſtrils alone, no leſs than ſix thouſand ends are to be attended to. The bones are reckoned to be two hundred and eighty-four. The diſtinct intentions in each of theſe are above forty: in all about a hundred thouſand. And thus it is, in proportion, with all the other parts, the ſkin, ligaments, veins, arteries, nerves, glands, humours: but more eſpecially with the members of the body, which as to the multitude of intentions and qualifications, far exceed the ſimilar parts. And ſhould one of theſe qualifications fail, great inconvenience would enſue."

It is diſplayed, Fifthly, in the *Stature* of man, ſo admirably well adapted to the circumſtances of his exiſtence. Had man been only a foot or two high, he had been quite diſproportioned to every thing round about him. Had he been much larger, he could not well have been ſupplied with food: all the edible animals would not have ſufficed. And had they too been proportionably larger, the ſurface of the earth would not have ſufficed to feed them.

It is however a common opinion, and has been ſo ever ſince old *Homer's* time, that the people in the early ages of the world, were much larger than us. And it is true, we read of ſome men of a ſurprizing ſtature. But they were even then eſteemed giants. The ordinary ſtature of men, is probably juſt the ſame now, as it was at the beginning. This may be gathered from the monuments ſtill remaining, particularly the pyramids of *Egypt*. The cavities for bodies now viſible herein, are little larger than our ordinary coffins: likewiſe from ſeveral embalmed bodies taken out of them it appears; that men are of the ſame ſtature now, that they were when thoſe pyramids were built, which is at leaſt three thouſand years ago.——Eighteen hundred years ago, the emperor *Auguſtus* was five feet ſeven inches high: Queen *Elizabeth* was taller by two inches, being five feet nine.

But

But what a paradox is it, that all men are taller in the morning than in the evening? In a young man the difference is near an inch, try the experiment as often as you pleaſe. Does not the difference proceed from hence, that as long as the trunk of the body is in an erect poſture, there is a conſtant preſſure on the large cartilages connecting the vertebræ of the ſpine? So long they gradually contract, and conſequently a man grows ſhorter. But they again gradually expand themſelves, while we are in a reclining poſture.

THOUGHTS *on the* POWER *of* MUSIC.

1. BY the *Power of Muſic*, I mean, its power to affect the hearers; to raiſe various paſſions in the human mind. Of this we have very ſurprizing accounts in ancient hiſtory. We are told, the ancient *Greek* Muſicians in particular, were able to excite whatever paſſions they pleaſed: to inſpire love or hate, joy or ſorrow, hope or fear, courage, fury or deſpair: yea, to raiſe theſe one after another, and to vary the paſſion, juſt according to the variation of the Muſic.

2. But how is this to be accounted for? No ſuch effects attend the modern Muſic: although it is confeſt on all hands, that our inſtruments excel theirs beyond all degrees of compariſon. What was their Lyre, their inſtruments of ſeven or ten ſtrings, compared to our Violin? What were any of their Pipes, to our Hautboy or German Flute? What, all of them put together, all that were in uſe two or three thouſand years ago, to our Organ? How is it then, that with this inconceivable advantage, the modern Muſic has leſs power than the ancient?

3. Some have given a very ſhort anſwer to this, cutting the knot which they could not untie. They have doubted, or affected to doubt the fact: perhaps have even denied it. But no

no ſenſible man will do this, unleſs he be utterly blinded by prejudice. For it would be denying the faith of all hiſtory: ſeeing no fact is better authenticated. None is delivered down to us by more unqueſtionable teſtimony; ſuch as fully ſatisfies in all other caſes. We have, therefore, no more reaſon to doubt of the power of *Timotheus'* Muſic, than that of *Alexander's* arms: and we may deny his taking *Perſepolis*, as well as his burning it through that ſudden rage, which was excited in him by that Muſician. And the various effects which were ſucceſſively wrought in his mind, ſo beautifully deſcribed by *Dryden*, in his Ode on St. *Cecilia's*-day, are aſtoniſhing inſtances of the power of a ſingle harp, to tranſport, as it were, the mind out of itſelf.

4. Nay, we read of an inſtance, even in modern hiſtory, of the power of Muſic not inferior to this. A Muſician being brought to the King of *Denmark*, and aſked, whether he could excite any paſſion, anſwered in the affirmative, and was commanded to make the trial upon the King himſelf. Preſently the Monarch was all in tears; and upon the Muſician's changing his mood, he was quickly rouzed into ſuch fury, that ſnatching a ſword from one of his aſſiſtant's hands, (for they had purpoſely removed his own) he immediately killed him, and would have killed all in the room, had he not been forcibly with-held.

5. This alone removes all the incredibility of what is related concerning the ancient Muſic. But why is it that modern Muſic, in general, has no ſuch effect on the hearers? The grand reaſon ſeems to be no other than this: the whole nature and deſign of Muſic is altered. The ancient compoſers ſtudied *Melody* alone; the due arrangement of ſingle notes: and it was by Melody alone, that they wrought ſuch wonderful effects. And as this Muſic was directly calculated to move the paſſions, ſo they *deſigned* it for this very end. But the modern compoſers ſtudy *Harmony*, which in the preſent ſenſe of the word is quite another thing,

thing, namely, a contraſt of various Notes, oppoſite to, and yet blended with each other, wherein they,

"Now high, now low, purſue the reſonant fugue."

Dr. *Gregory* ſays, this *Harmony* has been known in the world little more than two hundred years. Be that as it may, ever ſince it was introduced, ever ſince *counterpoint* has been invented, as it has altered the grand deſign of Muſic, ſo it has well-nigh deſtroyed its effects.

6. Some indeed have imagined, and attempted to prove, that the ancients were acquainted with this. It ſeems, there needs but one ſingle argument, to demonſtrate the contrary. We have many capital pieces of ancient Muſic, that are now in the hands of the curious. Dr. *Pepuſch*, who was well verſed in the muſic of Antiquity, (perhaps the beſt of any man in *Europe*) ſhewed me ſeveral large *Greek* folios which contained many of their muſical compoſitions. Now is there, or is there not, any *counterpoint* in theſe? The learned know, there is no ſuch thing. There is not the leaſt trace of it to be found: it is all *Melody*, and no *Harmony*.

7. And as the *nature* of Muſic is thus changed, ſo is likewiſe the *deſign* of it. Our compoſers do not aim at moving the paſſions, but at quite another thing: at varying and contraſting the notes, a thouſand different ways. What has *counterpoint* to do with the paſſions? It is applied to a quite different faculty of the mind: not to our joy, or hope, or fear; but merely to the ear, to the imagination, or internal ſenſe. And the pleaſure it gives, is not upon this principle; not by raiſing any paſſion whatever. It no more affects the paſſions, than the judgment: both the one and the other lie quite out of its province.

8. Need we any other, and can we have any ſtronger proof of this, than thoſe modern Overtures, Voluntaries or Concertos, which conſiſt altogether of artificial ſounds, without any words at all? What have any of the paſſions to do with theſe? What has Judgment, Reaſon, Common Senſe? Juſt nothing at all. All theſe are utterly excluded, by delicate, unmeaning ſound!

9. In this respect the modern Music has no connexion with Common Sense, and is on a par with the Passions. In another respect, it is absolutely contrary to Common Sense: namely, in all the vocal, expressing different words, to be sung by different persons at the same time! What can be more directly contrary to a rule of understanding than this? Pray, which of these Sentences am I to attend to? I can attend to only one Sentence at once: and I hear three or four at one and the same instant! And, to compleat the matter, this astonishing Jumble has found a place even in the worship of God! It runs through Opera! O shame! the greatest part, even of our Church Music! It is found even in the finest of our anthems, and in the most solemn parts of our public worship! Let any impartial, any unprejudiced person say, whether there can be a more direct mockery of God?

10. But to return. Is it strange, that modern Music does not answer the end it is not designed for? And which it is in no wise calculated for? It is not possible it should. Had *Timotheus* "purified the resonant fugue," his Music would have been quite harmless. It would have affected *Alexander* no more than *Bucephalus*: the finest city then in the world had not been destroyed: but

"*Persepolis flavos, Cyrique aux alta maneres.*

11. It is true, the modern Music has been sometimes observed, to have as powerful an effect as the ancient: so that frequently, single persons, and sometimes numerous assemblies have been seen in a flood of tears. But when was this? Generally, if not always, when a fine Solo was sung: when "The sound has been an echo to the Sense:" when the Music has been extremely simple and inartificial, the Composer having attended to *Melody* not *Harmony*. Then, and then only, the natural power of Music to move the Passions has appeared. This Music was calculated for that end, and effectually answered it.

12. Upon

12. Upon this ground it is, that ſo many perſons are ſo much affected by *Scotch* or *Iriſh* Airs. They are compoſed, not according to Art but Nature: they are ſimple in the higheſt degree. There is no *Harmony*, according to the preſent ſenſe of the word, therein; but there is much *Melody*. And this is not only heard, but *felt* by all thoſe, who retain their native taſte: whoſe taſte is not biaſſed, (I might ſay, corrupted,) by attending to *counterpoint* and complicated Muſic. It is this, it is *counterpoint*, it is *Harmony*, (ſo called) which deſtroys the power of our Muſic. And if ever this ſhould be baniſhed from our compoſition, if ever we ſhould return to the ſimplicity and melody of the ancients, then the effects of our Muſic will be as ſurprizing, as any that were wrought by theirs: yea, perhaps they will be as much greater, as modern inſtruments are more excellent than thoſe of the ancients.

Inverneſs, June 9, 1779.

LETTERS.

LETTER CXLIX.

[From Miſs B. to the Rev. Mr. Weſley.]

March 7, 1761.

Dear Sir,

THE Lord has of late laid me on the hearts of many of his children: ſo that ſeveral of them ſaid, they could not reſt, till he had delivered me. For this fortnight he has been many times very nigh; but yet the ſons of Anak ſeemed to triumph, till on Thurſday morning, being at prayer, I felt an hope, that he would keep me *every moment*. Yet I durſt not ſay, "Chriſt *has* delivered me:" but "he *will* bruiſe Satan under my feet ſhortly." And I felt, as it were, a claim to

Jeſus, ſuch as I never remember before. On Friday I ſaw his exceeding willingneſs to ſave, and could almoſt believe. At Interceſſion, I felt every word ſink into my ſoul: yet ſoon after I was ſurrounded with ſuch ſorrow and anguiſh, that I could not forbear crying out exceedingly. I then felt a little power to believe; and my ſoul was calm. And I could not pray for any thing, but that he would do with me what ſeemed him good. When I waked this morning, my ſoul ſeemed abſolutely empty: only I found power to lie before Jeſus. After we left you, we went to Mr. *Jay's*, when the power of God was preſent indeed, and even I could ſay, "He *will* keep me without ſpot unto the day of redemption."

What the Lord has done, I know not; but I find an exceeding great change. Thoſe ſins that held me in the cloſeſt bondage, I know not what is become of them. I am accuſed almoſt every moment; but before I can look, the thing is gone. I feel no deſire, but for Chriſt: no fear but of loſing my hold of him. Yet I am often ſo tempted to give it up, that it is almoſt more than I can bear. I have but little love for God, though I love nothing ſo well. I feel a little difference every hour, and I long to ſee Jeſus glorified. Yet I do not ſeem to be ſo joined to him as I would: only under his peculiar care, it ſeems, the man of ſin is taken out of my heart, but I am not aſſured he ſhall never return. I find more need of watchfulneſs and prayer than ever, and of the means of all kinds. May there not be a meaſure of pure love, and doubts remain? Be that as it may, I will truſt in Jeſus. And though a hoſt of foes ſurround me, I know he can deliver me from them all, and caſt them under my feet.

I remain, yours, &c.

M. B.

LETTER

LETTER CL.

[From Mrs. W. to the Rev. Mr. Weſley.]

July 30, 1761.

Dear Sir,

MR. *Morgan* thinks Mr. *Neal* is a proper perſon to board my ſon with. But I was willing to ſee the family firſt. So I ſet out in the ſtage, for *Henley*, and took a poſt-chaiſe for the laſt ten miles. But the man being drunk, drove full gallop down *Henley* hill, and overſet the chaiſe with ſuch violence, that it was daſhed in pieces. I was taken out, with my fleſh full of bruiſes, and my ſoul full of the ſpirit of my God.

The hay-makers, who took me out, wondering I was alive, I began to tell them, how good Jeſus was. In this manner I crept over the bridge, with a train of people, all of whom I exhorted to praiſe God.

Mr. *Neal* took tender care of me. The next day I was enabled to return home; Jeſus all the time ſhining upon my ſoul. O it is ſweet to ſuffer with Chriſt! I would not have miſſed one pain, for any earthly joy. I muſt be a chriſtian indeed. I feel nothing leſs than the whole mind that is in Jeſus will ſatisfy my ſoul. But I find, I can be nothing that is good, but what the Lord makes me from moment to moment. I dare not think of taking a ſtep without looking to him. What a mercy is it, that he careth for me?

I remain, your humble ſervant,

M. W.

I can no more doubt of her then really experiencing what ſhe then wrote, than I can doubt of her vilely caſting it away.

LETTER

LETTER CII.

From Mr. J. C. M. to the Rev. Mr. Wesley.

M[illegible]. 1761.

Rev. Sir,

AS I promised [illegible] the progress of your children, I [illegible] an account of the dealings of the Lord with my soul. I have always found Jesus a gracious Saviour, doing abundantly more than I could ask or think. From the time that he cleansed my heart from sin, my soul was ever happy in his love: though, at times I was much tried and tempted, and suffered much in various ways. Satan did indeed sift me as wheat: but he gained no advantage over me. His chief temptation was, to deny the work of God: not to believe, I was sealed with his Spirit. I cried earnestly to the Lord, that if it was not done yet, he would

"Seal my soul his loved abode,
The temple of indwelling God."

And on Easter-Monday, at chapel, I found I had access unto the Father through the Son: and he shewed me, he had made with *me* an everlasting covenant. I then knew, my soul was *sealed* in heaven with the blood of Jesus. I could say, "I am the Lamb's Wife:" and was answered, "The spotless Bride." From this time, I never found a doubt, that God had taken away the root of sin: but yet, as the light shined clearer, I saw many things lacking in my soul. I wanted to have my whole *mind*, to have all my *thoughts* fixt on God. Above all, I wanted to live every moment in a spirit of sacrifice. Especially for about a week past, I could not be contented with a bare rest from sin. I longed to have every breath I drew, holiness unto the Lord. My peace did increase; yet I found Satan had power to inject wandering thoughts, and thereby cloud my understanding, so that I could not clearly discern the

the ſtate of my ſoul. But on April 30, as I was at chapel, the power of God overſhadowed me, and I was conſtrained to wreſtle with the Angel of the Covenant for near two hours. My cry was, "Let my whole *mind* be fixt on thee!" And I ſaw the bleſſing held out to my view. About the middle of the ſermon, I had power to ſay, "I will

Dare to believe, through Jeſu's power,
That I ſhall never wander more."

I truſt to thy faithfulneſs, to keep my *mind*, as thou haſt kept my heart. I *will* believe, in ſpite of all theſe ſuggeſtions, and according to my faith it ſhall be unto me." At firſt, indeed, this faith was weak: but it grew ſtronger and ſtronger. The next day, Satan aſſaulted me on every ſide, to draw my *mind* from God. He brought this and that thought before me; but none of them could fix upon me. I am enabled to ſtand on my watch-tower, and to keep the eye of my ſoul, continually fixt on the Lamb of God: and all his darts fall to the ground. My Lord ſaid to me, "I will keep thee in perfect peace, and thy mind ſhall be ſtaid on me." And it is ſo, indeed: *Salvation hath God appointed for walls and bulwarks.* He hath made my ſoul as a ſtrong city, immoveable as Mount Sion. Pray, that the fruits of righteouſneſs may appear in my life, and that I may daily grow in the knowledge and love of Chriſt.

O what reaſon have we to keep cloſe to Jeſus, to lay up every opportunity for his ſervice, and to keep our ſouls looking to the Lord, that we may be made meet to appear before him! *Happy, and holy is he, that hath his lot in the firſt reſurrection!* May this be *your* bleſſed lot! And I truſt it will. For Jeſus loves you, and longs to give you all the holineſs your ſoul ſtands in need of. The Lord, I doubt not, will come ſuddenly to his temple, and fill your ſoul with his glory.

I am, Rev. Sir, your obedient ſervant,

J. C. M.

LETTER

LETTER CLII.

[From ——— to the Rev. Mr. Wesley.]

May 30, 1761.

Dear Sir,

I Would not wish to appear more in the sight of man, than I am in the sight of God. Therefore I would willingly tell you all my weaknesses. Indeed, I am encompast with many infirmities, and can truly say,

"I loath myself while God I see,
And into nothing fall."

I have but just set out on my journey to the heavenly Jerusalem. I *would* have my religion extend to all my thoughts, words and actions. I *would* not only follow Jesus now and then, but every moment: I want my attention to be always fixt on him. I want to have *all* I say or do, bear the motto of *Holiness unto the Lord!* But in answer to your questions, I think, I have found wanderings since. I know, useless, unedifying thoughts, have passed through (though not lodged in) my mind. Therefore I judge, I have not received the blessing which others have. But from that time my soul has been greatly established. Since then I have always found a clear witness that my heart never departs from God, (which I often doubted of before) and I have had more communion with God, and am enabled to discern, that I do offer unto the Lord an uninterrupted act of love. But though I feel my soul continually go out after God, yet my attention is often uselessly employed. I live too much *without*, not enough *within*. My life is not sufficiently a hidden life. I *would* find in the whole creation, nothing but God and my own soul. I have more need of Jesus than ever. My soul is all weakness, and falls upon him who is all strength. Pray for me, that I may be *all* like him!

May

May the Lord Jeſus bleſs you, and make you ſpotleſs in his ſight, and preſerve you unto that great day!

I remain yours, &c.

Is it thus with her now?

LETTER CLIII.

[From Mrs. E. S. to the Rev. Mr. Weſley.]

Rothwell, Jan. 8, 1761.

Rev. Sir,

ACCORDING to your deſire, I have preſumed to let you know how the Lord dealeth with my ſoul. I ſtill retain the ſame happineſs I enjoyed, when I talked with you at *Birſtal*. I can truly ſay, I grow in grace, which makes my ſoul quick as the apple of an eye. Glory be to God! for he makes my cup many times to run over: my heart is in heaven; my treaſure is there: and my ſoul is lodged in the arms of Jeſus, while my body is upon earth. The goodneſs of God to *me* is wonderful, the moſt vile of all the race. O that I may ſink into the depths of humility, and be loſt and ſwallowed up in God. Indeed, I do count all things but droſs and dung, for the excellency that is in him. I find nothing moleſts me, as to the world: I am dead to it and to all creature-love. But I ſtill ſee a great need of preſſing forward, that I may have all the mind that was in him, that his whole image may be ſtampt on my heart, that I may be filled with all the fulneſs of God. I can ſay with David, Bleſs the Lord, O my ſoul, and all that is within me, praiſe his holy name! I beg the aſſiſtance of your prayers and advice, that as I have made a profeſſion before many witneſſes, I may ſtand firm, like a beaten anvil to the ſtroke, and bring no ſcandal on the good cauſe of my God!

I am, Rev. Sir, your humble Servant,

E. S——.

POETRY.

A PRAYER *made by* FRANCIS *the* First, *when he was at war with the Emperor* CHARLES *the* Fifth.

ALMIGHTY Lord of hoſts, by whoſe commands
The guardian angels rule their deſtinéd lands,
And watchful at thy word, to ſave or ſlay,
Of peace or war adminiſter the ſway!
Thou who againſt the great Goliah's rage,
Didſt arm the ſtripling David to engage;
When with a ſling, a ſmall unarmed youth
Smote a huge giant, in defence of truth:
Hear us, we pray thee, if our cauſe be true,
If ſacred juſtice be our only view;
If right and duty, not the will to war,
Have forcéd our armies to proceed thus far,
Then turn the hearts of all our foes to peace,
That war, and bloodſhed in the land may ceaſe:
Or put to flight, by providential dread,
Let them lament their errors, not their dead.
If ſome muſt die, protect the righteous all,
And let the guilty, few as may be, fall.
With pitying ſpeed the victory decree,
To them whoſe cauſe is beſt approvéd by thee;
That ſheathéd on all ſides the devouring ſword,
And peace, and juſtice to our land reſtoréd;
We all together, with one heart, may ſing
Triumphant hymns to thee thé Eternal King.

On

On ATTENTION.

SACRED Attention! true effectual prayèr!
Thou doſt the ſoul for love and truth prepare.
Bleſt is the man who from conjecture free,
To future knowledge ſhall aſpire by thee:
Who in thy precepts ſeeks a ſure repoſe,
Stays till he ſees, nor judges till he knows:
Though firm, not raſh; though eager, yet ſedate:
Intent on truth, can its inſtructions wait:
Awèd by thy powèrful influènce to appeal
To heavèn, which only can itſelf reveal;
The ſoul in humble ſilence to reſign,
And human will unite to the divine;
Till firèd at length by heavèn's enlivèning beams,
Pure, unconſumèd the faithful victim flames.

AN ELEGY ON DEATH.

[Wrote by the Author when he was a Deiſt.]

FROM heavenly fire thè immortal Spirit came,
Whoſe Maker fixt it in a mortal frame:
Confinèd to earth, ſhe takes a lowly ſtate,
And calls it life; her ranſom, death or fate;
Depreſt in life, yet courts the vapour breath,
And ſtarts and trembles at the phantom death:
Whoſe awful règions, whether deckèd with light,
Or wrappèd in ſhadows of eternal night.
If happy ſeats where endleſs pleaſures reign,
Or dreadful realms of never-ceaſing pain,
Unknown that lot of man; he ſinks to duſt,
And takes thè eternal mark, *unjuſt* or *juſt*:

There thy dear veil! ope, O Death, reveal,
What here, alas! the mift of life conceals:
Whate'er it be, nor can the curious eyes,
Nor fond opinions make it more or leſs.

All hail! great Leveller of human fates,
Receive a pilgrim at thy crowded gates:
O let me enter thy unknown abodes,
With inſects, heroes, worms, and demi-gods!
Where in one maſs, all creatures ſhall combine,
And Cæſar's duſt no more be known than mine.
'Tis there no warriors break the general peace;
The world's proud Emperors, or Kings of bees:
There the fell butcher wounds the lamb no more,
Nor ſpills the Prieſt the conſecrated gore.
Ah! how in vain aſcended myſt flames,
When ſacred altars bluſht with purple ſtreams!
Man only knew to give the deadly ſtroke,
And o'er the victim-ox his God invoke:
For man's tranſgreſſions hecatombs have bled,
That flocks and herds might ſuffer in his ſtead:
O partial man, the ſtupid earth-born clod,
This was his worſhip to the immortal God!
See Stonehenge-temple yet ſalute the ſkies,
But where the Druids? Where the Sacrifice?
Its mighty founders, all its Prieſts unknown,
Phœnicians, Romans, Britains, all are gone;
All in dark fables loſt, in duſt decayed,
In death's aſylum all together laid:
There ſhall the lofty ſound of Fame's alarms,
In ſilence ſink to low oblivion's arms;
That dream of immortality be loſt,
The Sage's darling, and the Poet's boaſt:
Through life the bright chimera's well employed;
'Twill vaniſh after in the dreary void.

O fly

O fly Ambition, all ye prudent, fly;
No riches covet, no falſe honour try;
Nor waſte in luxury the vital breath,
Delicious foods unbar the gates of death:
Not thus I'd die; through foul intemperance loſt,
But as a ſentinel maintain my poſt.
O gentle Nature, build my peaceful tomb;
Or Britain, grant in war an early doom.

Where ſhall I form, ah, where! ſome happy plan,
Within this little circling life of man?
All nature ſeems to ſay, "Go, take repoſe,
Where love unſullied ſhines, where friendſhip glows."
And have theſe powèr the ſiege of death to raiſe,
To ſweeten life, and give propitious days?
Then grant, O God of nature, this requeſt,
In bleſſing others, let my life be bleſt!
For my few years a mighty treaſure lend,
The lovèd companion and the faithful friend.

A Prayer.

Thou ſhalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart.

DOST thou requeſt a feeble worm,
To touch the ſky, to' arreſt the ſtorm,
The mountains to remove:
Doſt thou command what cannot be,
That thine apoſtate creature, thee
I ſhould entirely love?

Have I ability to' obey,
Why ſhould I then one moment ſtay?
Compelléd, alas! I own,

Forcéd

I ſeek by ten thouſand efforts vain,
There is no power in fallen man,
To love a God unknown.

The power muſt then from thee proceed,
If thee I even love indeed;
The thing thy Laws enjoin,
Thy ſpirit muſt in me fulfil,
Who aſk, according to thy will,
The precious grace divine.

If all who *will* receive it, *may*,
I humbly for the bleſſing pray,
To pooreſt beggars given:
With ſtrength of infinite deſire
I nothing but thy love require,
Of all in earth, or heaven.

What ſhall I ſay my ſuit to gain?
Father, regard that heavenly Man,
Who groaned on Calvary!
Who paid my ranſom on the croſs,
Who ever lives to plead my cauſe,
And aſks thy love for me.

In honour of the incarnate God,
The gift he purchaſed with his blood,
Father, on me beſtow!
That loving thee with all my heart,
And thus made ready to depart,
I to thy arms may go.

SHORT

SHORT HYMNS.

Iſaiah xli. 17. *When the poor and needy ſeek water, and there is none, and their tongue faileth for thirſt, I the Lord will hear them, I the God of Iſrael will not forſake them.*

POOR needy ſouls athirſt and faint,
Who gaſp for my redeeming love,
I will ſupply their ſpiri. s want,
When blindly after me they rove;
When in the barren wilderneſs,
Water they ſeek with fruitleſs care,
Seek in the channels of my grace;
Yet not one cooling drop is there.

Attentive to their feebleſt cry,
When fails for thirſt their cleaving tongue,
I mark them with a pitying eye,
I hear their ſilence aſk, "how long?"
The Lord of hoſts, the God of grace,
I never will my people leave,
But preſent in their laſt diſtreſs,
The long-expected bleſſing give.

Iſaiah xlii. 3. *A bruiſed reed ſhall he not break, and the ſmoking flax ſhall he not quench: he ſhall bring forth judgment unto truth.*

THOU wilt not cruſh the poor and weak,
Thy tender heart can never bear
A reed already bruiſed to break,
To plunge the fearful in deſpair;
Or aggravate a ſinner's load,
Or quench his fainteſt ſpark of good.

Rather

Rather thy loving ſpirit divine
Shall raiſe the ſmoke into a flame;
Support this trembling ſoul of mine,
Till ſtrong I out of weakneſs am,
And as a ſpreading cedar riſe,
Meet for the garden of the ſkies.

Bear with me then, moſt patient Lord,
(This ſmoking flax, this bruiſed reed)
Accompliſhing thy faithful word,
The heavenly light, the hidden ſeed,
Bring forth throughout my life to ſhine,
And prove thy righteouſneſs divine.

Iſaiah xlix. 8. *I will give thee for a covenant of the people, to eſtabliſh the earth, to cauſe to inherit the deſolate heritages.*

TREATY of peace 'twixt God and man,
Thee, Jeſus, thee we gladly own;
Whate'er the covenant doth contain,
Is all comprized in thee alone;
Its ſurety thou, its bleſſings art,
Its ſubſtance in thy people's heart.

Come then, thy Father's will to do,
His Wiſdom, and effectual Power:
Thou only canſt our earth renew,
Our deſolated ſouls reſtore;
And fill the drooping heart with peace,
And ſtabliſh us in righteouſneſs.

The ghaſtly waſtes, which ſin hath made,
God of almighty love, repair,
Revive our piety decayed,
Riſing out of her ruins fair:
Thy church, thy blameleſs body, ſhow,
The plenitude of God below.

Rather thy living ſpirit divine
Shall raiſe the ſmoke into a flame;
Support this trembling ſoul of mine,
Till ſtrong I out of weakneſs am,
And as a ſpreading cedar riſe,
Meet for the garden of the ſkies.

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Thy church, thy blameleſs body, ſhow,
The plenitude of God below.


Mr. THO.
Aged 45
CARLILL.

THE Arminian Magazine,

For MARCH 1781.

Of PREDESTINATION; tranſlated from SEBASTIAN CASTELLIO'S *Dialogues, between* Lewis *and* Frederic.

DIALOGUE I.

[*Continued from page 72.*]

Fred. TELL me, Lewis, do they who hold this doctrine take it ill, when they are contradicted? *Lewis* So ill, that they would puniſh thoſe who contradict them, i they could. *Fred.* Then I think they act very fooliſhly *Lewis.* Why ſo? *Fred.* Would you not eſteem that ma mad, who ſhould attempt to prevent the ſun from riſing *Lewis.* Yes certainly; not only mad, but raving mad. *Fred* Why? *Lewis.* Becauſe he would attempt an impoſſibility *Fred.* But if all things come to paſs by virtue of the infallibl foreknowledge of God, is it not madneſs to hinder any on from contradicting them, ſince it is already decreed whethe

he shall contract them or not: and if it be decreed that he shall, it cannot be avoided. I say the same of every other thing; and therefore I compare them to *Herod*; who believed the oracle which had foretold that the King of the Jews should be born at *Bethlehem*. For had he not believed it, he would not have feared it, and at the same time attempted to hinder the event. Had he looked Christ, as he designed, the oracle would not have been fulfilled. And if its accomplishment could have been prevented, there was no reason for his dreading it so much. But it, on the contrary, it was infallible, it was needless to oppose it. This is certainly applicable to your party. If they believe that all things happen unavoidably, how great folly is it to resist any thing? Or, if they think that some things may be avoided, they are undoubtedly wrong in asserting the infallibility of them. Christ thought quite differently. He checks our solicitude and care about things, over which we have no power. "Ye cannot," says he, "add one cubit to your stature." But he enjoins us, by his interpreter St. *Paul*, "To work out our own salvation with fear and trembling." If that unavoidable law of Fate, they believe in, was to take place in every thing, we may answer in the words of our Saviour, "Why are we anxious in vain!" All our care is needless. We have no more power over the things relating to our salvation, than we have over our bodies. But it appears to me, my dear Lewis, that though some things happen, over which we have no command, and therefore it would be madness to concern ourselves about them, yet there are others in which the endeavours and vigilance of man can do a great deal. For which reason, our Saviour commands us to watch. The husbandman in his profession offers us a lively instance of it. It is his indispensable business to till the ground, and to sow it; or else he can expect no harvest; but it would be foolish in him to be careful about the rain and the seasons, as these are not within his reach.

But to come nearer to the point: when we speak of those

thoſe things which are ſaid to be in God, do we ſpeak according to Nature, or contrary to it? *Lewis.* I do not underſtand what you mean. *Fred.* You will underſtand it preſently. Pray, which is firſt in Nature, *ſound* or *hearing*? *Lewis.* Sound. *Fred.* I do not then utter a ſound, becauſe you hear it; but you hear the ſound, becauſe I utter it. *Lewis.* True. *Fred.* We may ſay the ſame of ſight; I do not exiſt, becauſe you ſee me, but you ſee me, becauſe I exiſt. *Lewis.* Certainly. *Fred.* We might ſay the ſame of God; may we not? Doth God hear me becauſe I ſpeak, or do I ſpeak becauſe God hears me? *Lewis.* The latter would be againſt Nature; God certainly hears you becauſe you ſpeak. *Fred.* Conſequently God's hearing depends on my ſpeaking *Lewis.* It doth. *Fred.* And we may ſay the ſame of ſeeing. God ſeeth me becauſe I exiſt. *Lewis.* He does. *Fred.* And what ſhall we ſay of knowing, my dear Lewis? Is not to *know* and to *ſee* the ſame thing in God? *Lewis.* It is; for God hath no bodily eyes, by which he can be ſaid to ſee. *Fred.* Conſequently a thing doth not happen becauſe God hath foreſeen it; but God foreſaw it, becauſe it was to happen; unleſs you chuſe to ſpeak againſt Nature. *Lewis.* But the predeſtinarians ſay, that the knowledge of God and the knowledge of man are founded on principles totally different; for the knowledge of God is ſure, and therefore all things depend upon, and are derived from it. *Fred.* But God's hearing is alſo ſure, Lewis, is it not? *Lewis.* It is. *Fred.* Conſequently the ſound I utter muſt depend upon, and be derived from, the hearing of God. What do you ſay? Shall we admit of theſe abſurdities, *Lewis?* Or ſhall we rather return to Nature? Tell me, whatever you do, do you perform it becauſe you *know* it, or becauſe you *will* and *can* do it? *Lewis.* Becauſe I will and can do it. *Fred.* And is not the ſame will and ability in God? *Lewis.* Certainly. *Fred.* But if God's knowledge doth act, then his will and power muſt be idle; or if you chuſe to interchange the words, that

is, if we ſay, God acts not by his will and ability, but by his knowledge; we muſt likewiſe ſay, that he knows not through his knowledge, but through his will and power; which is not leſs abſurd than if you were to ſay, that he ſees through his ears, and hears through his eyes. Let us not invert the nature of things. We know nothing of the knowledge of God (nor of any other of his attributes) but as far as we perceive the image of it in the knowledge of man. And therefore, we muſt judge of it and of all other faculties which are aſcribed to God, after the manner of men. If you maintain, that whatſoever things are known for a certainty, muſt be unavoidable, you will ſubject even God himſelf to Fate; ſince all things are certain to him, which he doth himſelf, or will do hereafter; but he doth not therefore do them by neceſſity.

He knew for a certainty that he was to give me a ſon; but doth it follow from hence that he could not avoid giving him to me? Could he not have done otherwiſe? Or did he give him, becauſe he foreknew it? Indeed he gave him, becauſe he willed and decreed it through his goodneſs; and becauſe he was to give him, he knew he was to give him. He knew that Chriſt was not to aſk for a twelve legions of angels to fight for him. Was Chriſt neceſſitated therefore not to aſk for them? Could he not have aſked for them? He certainly could, as he tells us himſelf; and ſtill he did not aſk for them. And God knew for a certainty that he was not to aſk; yet there was no neceſſity for his not aſking. Thus in the order of Nature, *will* and *decree* come firſt; the *effecting* the thing to be done, comes next; and then thirdly, the *knowledge* of it. When therefore *doing* is in queſtion, no regard is to be had to knowledge. For knowledge is not the cauſing of a thing, but the perception of it, whether it be paſt, preſent or to come, whether mutable or immutable, whether happening by fate or by chance. Nor is the knowledge of a thing uncertain, though it be moved or changed. For inſtance, could the colour of a ſtone frequently change,

change, and I ſee it now white, and then black, my ſight is thereby neither uncertain nor changed; but without any uncertainty it beholds the change of the colour itſelf. Or when I ſee a ſhip toſſed by the waves, my ſight doth not move, but remains fixed on the object that is moved. We may ſay the ſame of the knowledge of God. For if a thing happens by *decree*, it doth not happen through *knowledge*; and if it happens through knowledge, it doth not happen by decree. Juſt as, if you ſee through your eyes, you do not ſee through your ears; and if you ſee through your ears, you do not ſee through your eyes.

This may be illuſtrated by many examples. God knew that none of thoſe who were in the ſhip with St. *Paul*, when it was beat about in the ſtorm, were to periſh. They did not however eſcape *neceſſarily*; for they could have periſhed, as St. *Paul* tells them; "Except theſe abide in the ſhip, ye cannot be ſaved." Acts xxvii. 31.—God knew that *Nebuchadnezzar* was to be converted into a brute beaſt. Nor did he only know it, but he had decreed it. And ſtill *Nebuchadnezzar* might have avoided that puniſhment, in the ſame manner as king *Hezekiah* eſcaped death; as appears from the words of *Daniel*, who adviſed him to avert the threatened puniſhment with repentance and alms. Dan. iv. And *Daniel* certainly would not have given him this advice, had he thought the denunciation unavoidable. Like *David*, who gave over praying for his ſon's life, when he ſaw there was no room for hope. Let us therefore ſtate the point thus: when we ſpeak of God's actions, we are to take no notice of his knowledge; for it is not material whether he knows, or not; but whether or no he has decreed. For what happens, when God knows it, would likewiſe happen if he did not know it, if the cauſes remained. As this is evident, we will proceed further, unleſs you have any thing to object to it. *Lewis.* Nothing.

We come then, as propoſed, to the Omnipotence of God. Theſe are the objections which have been ſtarted on this head. God hath certainly the power to do whatever he pleaſeth, and if he

he willed that *Adam* ſhould obey his commandment, why did he not bring it about, ſince it was in his power? But he did not do it, and conſequently he could not do it. From whence they conclude that either the commandment was contrary to his will, or, that if he was deſirous that *Adam* ſhould not fall, and did not prevent it, it was not in his power ſo to do; and of courſe, that he is not omnipotent: which it would be abſurd to affirm. Again. If God willeth that all men ſhould be ſaved, and doth not create them all unto ſalvation, it follows that he could not. Theſe are the difficulties, and indeed they are not trifling ones, which are raiſed on this ſubject; and if you could clear them up to me, you would greatly oblige me. *Fred.* God who is himſelf the author of truth, will I doubt not aſſiſt you in the inveſtigation of it. As for me, I will endeavour to explain the objections you bring.

In the firſt place, then, you will confeſs, that when God is ſaid to ſee and know all things, this muſt be underſtood of all things which *can be ſeen or known*; that is, of ſuch things as either are, have been, or will be hereafter. For it is impoſſible either to know or to ſee what never was, is, or will be. *Lewis.* That is true. *Fred.* Again, when it is ſaid that God hears every thing, it muſt be underſtood of ſuch things as fall under the ſenſe of hearing. For example; it would be abſurd to aſſert that God hears colours. *Lewis.* It would be ſo. *Fred.* Likewiſe, when it is ſaid that God can do all things, this muſt be underſtood only of ſuch things as *can poſſibly* be done. *Lewis.* You ſay very right. *Fred.* But there are ſome things which abſolutely cannot be done. For example. It is impoſſible to bring about, that what has been, has not been: that twice ten ſhould not make twenty: that righteouſneſs ſhould be the ſame thing as unrighteouſneſs: and light the ſame as darkneſs. Conſequently, the queſtion is no more, whether God can do ſuch things, than it is, whether he can hear colours, and ſee ſounds. *Lewis.* That I admit. *Fred.* Since ſuch things then

then cannot be done, God cannot even decree them. For if he could decree them, and not bring them about, he would not be omnipotent. *Lewis.* Certainly.

Fred. There are ſome things of another ſort, which are ſaid to be, in themſelves, impoſſible. For inſtance: "Without Faith it is impoſſible to pleaſe God." Again: "How *can* ye, being evil, ſpeak good things." Likewiſe, "No man *can* ſerve two maſters." And further: "Father, if it be *poſſible*, let this cup paſs from me:" which could not happen, or elſe Jeſus would have obtained his requeſt. Now God willeth none of theſe things. *Lewis.* I allow it. *Fred.* There is, beſides, a third claſs of things, which it ſeems indeed that God *can do*, but, becauſe they are contrary to Nature, he who is the Author of Nature, *will not* do them. For inſtance: I believe he could cauſe a Cat to be ſtronger than an Elephant; but becauſe the proportion of nature doth not allow, that the ſmall limbs of the former ſhould have ſo much ſtrength as thoſe of the latter, God will not infringe on the laws, which, as the Author of Nature, he has himſelf appointed. He could make the fineſt vineyard grow on the ſummit of the Alps. He could bring about, that the Sun ſhould dart his rays as intenſely in *Iceland*, as it doth in *Africa*. That grapes ſhould be gathered from thiſtles, and figs from brambles! But he will not as this is not according to Nature, and he willeth nothing that is contrary to it. *Lewis.* In this, I am not of your opinion, Frederic. *Fred.* Why not? *Lewis.* Becauſe I find that God doth many things againſt the laws of Nature. As the transforming the rod of *Moſes* into a ſerpent; turning the waters into blood; and making *Balaam's* aſs to ſpeak. In a word, all the miracles recorded in holy Writ, which are termed *miracles*, becauſe they are wrought againſt the *laws of Nature*. *Fred.* But we do not ſpeak of miracles. We mean only the conſtant, regular, and natural tenor of the works of God. However, I cannot find that there is any *inconſiſtency* even in miracles, provided you underſtand right what I mean by

by inconſiſtency. That *Adam* ſpoke, is indeed contrary to the nature of the brute creation; but there is no inconſiſtency in it; becauſe the ass ſpoke with its mouth. It would have been inconſiſtent, if it had ſpoke either with its ears or its feet: I ſay then, that the works of God are clear from ſuch inconſiſtencies; and I think you underſtand well enough what I mean. *Lewis.* What you ſay is right. I underſtand you perfectly. Pray go on. *Fred.* I will.

When we ſpeak of the *power* of God, I advance, that God can do whatever he willeth; but then he willeth nothing that is impoſſible or inconſiſtent. Do you grant me that? *Lewis.* I do. *Fred.* When we ſay then, that God willed that *Adam* ſhould obey his injunctions, or willeth now that all men ſhould be ſaved; he willeth nothing which is either impoſſible or inconſiſtent. *Lewis.* Be it ſo.

Fred. Let us now examine what Adam's nature and ſituation were, in order to diſcover in what ſenſe God willed that he ſhould obey.

Do you admit that *Adam* was created after the likeneſs of God? *Lewis.* Certainly. *Fred.* And in what do you think this likeneſs conſiſted? *Lewis.* I could rather wiſh to have your opinion. *Fred.* I ſhall not ſay much on this ſubject here. I ſhall only obſerve, that ſince God is undoubtedly good, and that, at the creation, he made every thing not only good, but *very* good; in whatever man's likeneſs to God might have conſiſted, he could not but have been created good, by him who is goodneſs itſelf. And this I think you will not deny. *Lewis.* By no means. *Fred.* Conſequently *Adam* could not have been created unto ſin. For to be good, and to be created unto ſin, that is, unto evil, are contradictions.—— *Lewis.* They are ſo. *Fred.* But *Adam* hath ſinned. *Lewis.* He hath. *Fred.* He conſequently had a free, not an enſlaved will. *Lewis.* Without doubt. For if his will had been enſlaved or confined, he could not have acted otherwiſe than what he was created for.

[*To be continued.*]

SERMON

SERMON II.

On 1 JOHN v. 20.

This is the true God and eternal life.

1. IN this epiſtle St. *John* ſpeaks, not to any particular Church, but to all the Chriſtians of that age; although more eſpecially to them, among whom he then reſided. And in them he ſpeaks to the whole chriſtian church, in all ſucceeding ages.

2. In this Letter, or rather Tract, (for he was preſent with thoſe, to whom it was more immediately directed, probably being not able to preach to them any longer, becauſe of his extreme old age,) he does not treat directly of Faith, which St. *Paul* had done; neither of inward and outward Holineſs, concerning which both St. *Paul*, St. *James*, and St. *Peter* had ſpoken: but of the foundation of all, the happy and holy communion which the faithful have with God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt.

3. In the preface, he deſcribes the authority, by which he wrote and ſpoke, chap. i. ver. 1——4, and expreſly points out the deſign of his preſent writing. To the preface exactly anſwers the concluſion of the epiſtle, more largely explaining the ſame deſign, and recapitulating the marks of our communion with God, by, *we know*, thrice repeated, chap. v. ver. 18, 19, 20.

4. The Tract itſelf treats,

Firſt, Severally, Of communion with the Father, chap. i. ver. 5—10. Of communion with the Son, chap. ii. and iii. Of communion with the Spirit, chap. iv.

[illegible] the certainty of the testimony of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, on which, Faith in Christ, the being born of God, Love to God and his children, the keeping his commandments, and victory over the world, are founded, chap. v. ver. 1 — 12.

2. The recapitulation begins, chap. v. ver. 18. *We know, that he who is born of God*, who sees and loves God, *sinneth not*, so long as this loving faith abideth in him. *We know, that we are of God*, Children of God, by the witness and the fruit of the Spirit: *and the whole world*, all who have not the Spirit, *lieth in the wicked one*. They are, and live, and dwell in him, as the children of God do in the Holy one. *We know, that the Son of God is come; and hath given us a spiritual understanding, that we may know the true one*, the faithful and true witness. *And we are in the true one*, as branches in the vine. *This is the true God and eternal life.*

In considering these important words, we may enquire,

First, How is he the true God?

Secondly, How is he Eternal Life? I shall then, in the third place, add a few Inferences.

I. And first we may enquire, How is he the true God? He is *God over all, blessed for ever. He was with God*, with God the Father, *from the beginning*, from eternity, *and was God. He and the Father are One*; and consequently *he thought it not robbery to be equal with God.* Accordingly, the inspired writers give him all the titles of the most high God. They call him over and over by the incommunicable name, JEHOVAH, never given to any creature. They ascribe to him all the attributes, and all the works of God. So that we need not scruple to pronounce him God of God, Light of Light, very God of very God: in glory equal with the Father, in Majesty co-eternal.

2. He is *the true God*, the only Cause, the sole Creator of all things. *By him*, saith the Apostle *Paul, Were created all things that are in heaven, and that are on earth:* yea, earth and heaven themselves: but the inhabitants

bitants are named, becauſe more noble than the houſe, *viſible and inviſible.* The ſeveral ſpecies of which are ſubjoined: *Whether they be thrones, or dominions, or principalities, or powers.* So St. *John, All things were made by him, and without him was not any thing made that was made.* And accordingly St. *Paul* applies to him thoſe ſtrong words of the *Pſalmiſt, Thou, Lord, in the beginning haſt laid the foundation of the earth, and the heavens are the work of thy hands.*

3. And as *the true God,* he is alſo the *Supporter* of all the things that he hath made. He *beareth,* upholdeth, ſuſtaineth *all* created *things by the word of his power,* by the ſame powerful word, which brought them out of nothing. As this was abſolutely neceſſary for the beginning of their exiſtence, it is equally ſo, for the continuance of it: were his almighty influence withdrawn, they could not ſubſiſt a moment longer. Hold up a ſtone in the air; the moment you withdraw your hand, it naturally falls to the ground. In like manner, were he to withdraw his hand for a moment, the creation would fall into nothing.

4. As *the true God,* he is likewiſe the *Preſerver* of all things. He not only keeps them in being, but preſerves them in that degree of well-being, which is ſuitable to their ſeveral natures. He preſerves them in their ſeveral relations, connections and dependences, ſo as to compoſe one ſyſtem of beings, to form one entire Univerſe, according to the counſel of his will. How ſtrongly and beautifully is this expreſſed? τὰ πάντα ἐν αὐτῷ συνέστηκε· *By him all things conſiſt:* or, more literally, *By and in him are all things compacted into one ſyſtem.* He is not only the ſupport, but alſo the Cement of the whole Univerſe.

5. I would particularly remark, (what perhaps has not been ſufficiently obſerved) that he is the true *Author of all* the *Motion* that is in the univerſe. To Spirits, indeed, he has given a ſmall degree of ſelf-moving power, but not to Matter. All Matter, of whatever kind it be, is abſolutely and totally

inert. It does not, cannot in any caſe move itſelf; and whenever any part of it ſeems to move, is in reality moved by ſomething elſe. See that log, which, vulgarly ſpeaking, *moves* on the Sea! It is in reality *moved* by the water. The water is moved by the wind, that is, a current of air. And the air itſelf owes all its motion, to the ethereal Fire, a particle of which is attached to every particle of it. Deprive it of that fire, and it moves no longer: it is fixt; it is as inert as ſand. Remove finally (owing to the ethereal fire intermixt with it,) from water, and it has no more motion than the log. Impact fire into iron, by hammering it when red hot, and it has no more motion than fixt air, or frozen water. But when it is unfixt, when it is in its moſt active ſtate, what gives motion to Fire? The very heathen will tell you: it is

Magnam Mercurius molem, & vaſto per corpore miſcens.

6. To purſue this a little farther. We ſay, the Moon moves round the Earth, the Earth and the other Planets move round the Sun, the Sun moves round its own axis. But theſe are only vulgar expreſſions. For if we ſpeak the truth of neither the Sun, Moon, nor Stars *move*. None of theſe move themſelves. They are all *moved* every moment by the Almighty hand that made them.

"Yes, ſays Sir *Iſaac*, the Sun, Moon, and all the heavenly Bodies do move, do *gravitate* toward each other." Gravitate! What is that? "Why, they all *attract* each other, in proportion to the quantity of matter they contain. "Nonſenſe all over, ſays Mr. *Hutchinſon*: Jargon! Self-contradiction! Can any thing *act, where it is not?* No, they are continually *impelled* toward each other." Impelled, by what? "By the ſubtle matter, the ether or electric fire." But remember! Be it ever ſo ſubtle, it is matter ſtill. Conſequently it is as inert in itſelf as either ſand or marble. It cannot therefore move itſelf: but probably it is the firſt material mover, the main ſpring whereby the Creator and Preſerver of all things is pleaſed to move the univerſe.

7. *The*

7. *The true God* is alſo the *Redeemer* of all the children of men. It pleaſed the Father to *lay upon him the iniquities of us all*, that by the one oblation of himſelf once offered, when he taſted death for every man, he might make a full and ſufficient ſacrifice, oblation, and ſatisfaction for the ſins of the whole world.

8. Again. The true God is *the Governor* of all things: *his kingdom ruleth over all. The government* reſts *upon his ſhoulder*, throughout all ages. He is the Lord and Diſpoſer of the whole creation, and every part of it. And in how aſtoniſhing a manner does he govern the world! How far are his ways above human thought! How little do we know of his methods of government? Only this we know, "*Ita præſides ſingulis ſicut univerſis, & univerſis ſicut ſingulis!*" Thou preſideſt over each creature, as if it were the univerſe, and over the univerſe as over each individual creature. Dwell a little upon this ſentiment: what a glorious myſtery does it contain.

Father, how wide thy glories ſhine!
Lord of the univerſe—and mine:
Thy goodneſs watches o'er the whole,
As all the world were but one ſoul:
Yet keeps my every ſacred hair,
As I remained thy ſingle care!

9. And yet there is a difference in his providential government over the children of men. A pious writer obſerves, There is a three-fold circle of divine Providence. The *outermoſt circle* includes all the ſons of men, Heathens, Mahometans, Jews and Chriſtians. He cauſeth his ſun to riſe upon all. He giveth them rain and fruitful ſeaſons. He pours ten thouſand benefits upon them, and fills their hearts with food and gladneſs. With an *interior circle*, he encompaſſes the whole viſible Chriſtian Church, all that name the name of Chriſt. He

He has an additional regard to these, and a nearer attention to their welfare. But the innermost circle of his Providence, encloses only the invisible Church of Christ; all real Christians, wherever dispersed in all corners of the earth: all that worship God whatever denomination they are of, in spirit and in truth. He keeps these as the apple of an eye: he hides them under the shadow of his wings. And it is to these in particular that our Lord says, *Even the hairs of your head are all numbered.*

10. Lastly, Being *the true God*, he is *the end* of all things, according to that solemn declaration of the Apostle, (Rom. xi. 36. *Of him, and through him, and to him are all things: of him* as the Creator; *through him*, as the sustainer and preserver; and *to him*, as the ultimate end of all.

II. In all these senses, Jesus Christ is *the true God*. But how is he *Eternal Life?*

1. The thing directly intended in this expression, is not that he *will be* Eternal Life: although this is a great and important truth, and never to be forgotten. *He is the Author of eternal salvation, to all them that obey him.* He is the purchaser of that *crown of life*, which will be given to all that are *faithful unto death.* And he will be the soul of all their joys to all the saints in glory.

The flame of angelical love
Is kindled at Jesus's face;
And all the enjoyment above
Consists in the rapturous gaze!

2. The thing directly intended is not, That he is the resurrection: although this also is true, according to his own declaration, *I am the resurrection and the life:* agreeable to which are St. *Paul's* words, *As in Adam all died, even so in Christ shall all be made alive.* So that we may well say, *Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath begotten us again unto a lively hope, by the resurrection of Christ from the*

the dead, to an inheritance incorruptible and undefiled, and that fadeth not away.

3. But waving what he *will be* hereafter, we are here called to conſider, what he *is now*. He is now the life of every thing that lives in any kind or degree. He is the ſource of the loweſt ſpecies of life, that of *vegetables*; as being the ſource of all the motion, on which vegetation depends. He is the fountain of the life of *animals*, the power by which the heart beats, and the circulating juices flow. He is the fountain of all the life which man poſſeſſes, in common with other animals. And if we diſtinguiſh the *rational* from the animal life, he is the ſource of this alſo.

4. But how infinitely ſhort does all this fall of the life which is here directly intended? And of which the Apoſtle ſpeaks ſo explicitly in the preceding verſes? (ver. 11, 12.) *This is the teſtimony, that God* hath *given us eternal life: and this life is in his Son. He that hath the Son* hath *life*, (the eternal life here ſpoken of,) *And he that hath not the Son of God, hath not* this *life*. As if he had ſaid, *This is* the ſum of *the teſtimony which God hath* teſtified *of his Son, that God* hath *given us*, not only a title to, but the real beginning of *eternal life. And this life is* purchaſed by, and treaſured up *in his Son*: who has all the ſprings and the fulneſs of it in himſelf, to communicate to his body, the Church.

5. This eternal life then commences, when it pleaſes the Father to reveal his Son in our hearts: when we firſt know Chriſt, being enabled to *call him Lord by the Holy Ghoſt*: when we can teſtify, our conſcience bearing us witneſs in the Holy Ghoſt, *the life which I now live, I live by faith in the Son of God, who loved* me, *and gave himſelf for me*. And then it is that happineſs begins, happineſs real, ſolid, ſubſtantial. Then it is that heaven is opened in the ſoul, that the proper, heavenly ſtate commences, while the love of God, as loving us, is ſhed abroad in the heart, inſtantly producing love to all mankind; general, pure benevolence, together with its

its genuine fruits, lowlineſs, meekneſs, patience, contentedneſs in every ſtate; an entire, clear, full acquieſcence in the whole will of God, enabling us to *rejoice evermore, and in every thing to give thanks.*

6. As our knowledge and our love of him increaſe, by the ſame degrees, and in the ſame proportion, the kingdom of an inward heaven, muſt neceſſarily increaſe alſo; while we *grow up in all things into him, who is our head.* And when we are ἐν αὐτῷ πεπληρωμένοι, *complete in him*, as our tranſlators render it; but more properly, when we are *filled with him*, when *Chriſt in us, the hope of glory*, is our God and our All, when he has taken the full poſſeſſion of our heart: when he reigns therein without a rival, the Lord of every motion there: when we dwell in Chriſt, and Chriſt in us, we are one with Chriſt and Chriſt with us: then we are completely happy; then we live all *the life that is hid with Chriſt in God.* Then and not till then, we properly experience what that word meaneth, *God is love; and whoſoever dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God and God in him.*

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

An Account of Mr. CHRISTOPHER HOPPER.

[*Concluded from page* 94.]

IN the Spring, 1751, I ſet out for *Briſtol.* I met with honeſt *John Nelſon* at *Leeds.* We rode on together with ſome other Preachers. We ſpoke freely to all that Providence put in our way, and God bleſſed our labours. We rode through heavy rains, and rapid floods; but the Lord preſerved both man and beaſt, and brought us to our journey's end in peace.

Monday, March 11, Our Conference begun at *Briſtol.* The more we converſed, the more our love increaſed to God and one

one another. We kept to our firſt Doctrines, and were of one heart and one mind.

I then returned to *Newcaſtle upon Tyne*, viſiting the brethren in my way. I preached every evening at ſeven, and every morning at five o'clock, and often at noon-day; the common work of a Methodiſt Preacher.

Monday, April 22, I ſet out with Mr. *Weſley* for *Scotland*. We rode to *Alnwick*. Our friends received us with joy. We praiſed God together.

Wedneſday, 23, We rode to *Berwick*. Mr. *Weſley* preached at a young man's funeral who had been cut off ſuddenly. It was a ſolemn time. Many heard for eternity.

Thurſday, 24, We rode to *Old Camus*, through a Scotch miſt. We rode paſt *Preſton Field*, ſaw the place of battle, and Colonel *Gardiner's* houſe. Here that good man, and brave ſoldier, fought and died for his King and Country. We then rode on to *Muſſelborough*, where Mr. *Weſley* preached in a large ſchool, to a company of wiſe men, ſo called.

Friday 26th, We rode back to *Berwick*. I left Mr. *Weſley*, and the week following returned to *Muſſelborough*, where I ſpent a few days. I preached night and morning, to a large congregation, who heard with great attention. This was the beginning of a good work in *Scotland*. Some years after, I preached at *Edinburgh*, *Dunbar*, *Leith*, *Dundee*, and *Aberdeen*. God bleſſed his word, and raiſed up witneſſes to teſtify that he had ſent us to the *North Britons* alſo.

In 1752, I ſet out with my wife for *Whitehaven*, where I ſpent a few days with pleaſure and profit to myſelf and others. We then embarked for *Ireland*, and after a tedious voyage landed at *Dublin*. I ſpent a few weeks in that city, and then rode to *Corke*, where I ſpent the winter with joy, and ſorrow. We had warm work in that city for a long time: but the word of the Lord prevailed, and ſilenced the Enemy.

In the ſpring I returned to *Dublin*, and met my wife and friends, who had paſſed through the fire of a ſore hot perſecution. This year I had many *Hoſtages* and *Gifts*, both by ſea and land.

I'll praiſe my God with every breath,
O! let me die to ſee thy face!
Now ſnatch me from the life of death,
O! come my Saviour, come away!

In the year 1753, I left *Dublin* and embarked for *England*. We landed at *Whitehaven*. I firſt viſited the Dales, then rode to *Newcaſtle*, and the Lord was with us of a truth.

In the year 1754, I embarked at *North Shields* for *London*. May 22, our Conference began. It was a time of love.

In June I embarked for *Newcaſtle*. I had a quick and pleaſant paſſage. I preached to the ſhip's company, who heard the word with joy. I landed at *Shields*, and then came to the *Orphan-Houſe*, in *Newcaſtle upon Tyne*, where we praiſed God and the Lamb, with one heart and voice, for mercies we had received.

May 6, 1755. Our Conference began at *Leeds*. The firſt queſtion was, Whether we ought to ſeparate from the *Church of England*? After many deep and ſerious converſations, we concluded that it was not *expedient* for many reaſons.

I then ſet out again for *Newcaſtle upon Tyne*. As I was paſſing through *Chapel-Town*, I got a dreadful fall from my horſe. My foot was much hurt, but all my bones were preſerved, glory be to God and the Lamb! I rode with much pain to *Newcaſtle*, but enjoyed great peace and a calm reſignation to the divine will. This I believe was a gracious diſpenſation, and was ſent to humble me, and prepare me for a greater trial.

Auguſt 15, My dear wife took a fever. She had great pain, and heavy affliction for about ten days, together with many violent temptations. But ſhe enjoyed perfect peace, and was fully reſigned to the will of her heavenly Father. At laſt ſhe triumphed

triumphed over death, and without a doubt, a ſigh, or a groan, breathed out her happy ſoul into the arms of her adorable Redeemer!

On the 28th, Mr. *Maſſiot* preached her funeral ſermon, to a very large congregation of true mourners. The ſame evening ſhe was interred, amongſt her anceſtors, in *Ryton* church. She was an agreeable, affectionate wife, a conſtant friend, and a pious, humble chriſtian. She is now in paradiſe, and I am left to mourn.

O may our heart and mind
Continually aſcend,
That haven of repoſe to find
Where all our labours end;
Where all our grief is o'er,
Our ſufferings and our pain:
Who meet on that eternal ſhore
Shall never part again.

In July, 1756, I ſet out for *Briſtol*. Our Conference begun Auguſt 26th. It was a good ſeaſon.

September 15, I once more embarked for *Ireland*, with Mr. *Murlin*, *Olivers*, *Gilbert*, and *Maſſiot*: on the 19th we were within ſight of land, and being well ſatisfied with a tedious and dangerous paſſage, we left the ſhip, and got into a fiſhing-boat, and after rowing very hard for ſome hours, landed at *Robertſon's Cove*, about twenty miles from *Corke*. We were poor ſtrangers now in a ſtrange land, among a people of a ſtrange language! There was not one Inn, or private houſe in the little village, that could give us a night's-lodging. It was a gloomy time. The day was gone, and we ſtood looking one at another like a company of poor priſoners. In theſe circumſtances God ſent us an honeſt farmer, who was a papiſt, and he took us home to his houſe in the country, and ſhewed us great kindneſs. We lodged that night in the midſt of our

enemies; but the Lord ſuffered no man to hurt us. The next morning our kind hoſt provided us horſes, and ſent a ſervant to conduct us ſafe to *Corke*.

Here we met with a kind reception. Our friends rejoiced with us, and praiſed God for all our deliverances. I lodged with old Mr. *Maſſot*, who kept a houſe too well provided for pilgrims. I ſpent a few days in that city, preached night and morning, and viſited the brethren from houſe to houſe. I hope good was done.

I then ſet out for *Dublin*, where I ſpent my winter with pleaſure and profit.

The ſpring following I returned to *Corke*, where I ſpent about two months. I found much ſatisfaction, but not without temptations. I met with reproaches, and many cruel mockings, but found That ſpirit reſting upon me, which gave me victory over reproach and ſhame.

I then rode to *Limerick*, where I ſpent a few weeks. I met with ſome ſevere trials in that city; but God delivered me. I then ſet out for *Dublin*. I found my body and mind very weak, yet not without many kind viſits from my dear Lord.

In Autumn I took a ſore fever. Doctor *Rutty*, that venerable and wiſe Phyſician attended me faithfully, without fee or reward. He thought my labours under the ſun were ended. I bid farewel to the world. I was kept in perfect peace, patient and reſigned to the will of my heavenly Father. I had comfortable and clear views of *paradiſe*, and a world of happy ſpirits. When to all appearance I was juſt on the brink of eternity, I fell into a ſweet reſt, and dreamt I was dead, and ſaw all things prepared for my funeral, and that my ſpirit was with Chriſt, in a ſtate of unſpeakable happineſs; but was ſent back again to call a few more ſinners to repentance.

I then awoke, my fever was gone, and from that moment I begun to recover. My ſtrength of body ſoon returned, and the Lord ſent me forth with a freſh commiſſion.

I laboured in *Ireland*, till July 1758, and then embarked for *England*, with Mr. *Johnſon*, *Greenwood* and *Gilberts*. We had

had a fine gale, and ſoon landed at *Parkgate*. I then rode to *Briſtol*. Our Conference begun Aug. 10. It was a good ſeaſon. God crowned our meeting with love and unanimity.

The latter end of September I arrived once more at the *Orphan-Houſe* without *Pilgrim-Street-Gate*, *Newcaſtle upon Tyne*. My good old friends were glad to ſee me, and received me as one raiſed from the dead.

In the latter end of this year I had ſome thoughts of changing my life again. I prayed for divine direction, and took the advice of ſome of my dear friends. One who loved me, and wiſhed me well, recommended to me an agreeable perſon of a fair character, and on April 17, 1759, we were married at St. *Andrew's*, *Newcaſtle upon Tyne*. God made his face to ſhine upon us and bleſſed us, and amply rewarded me for all my days of mourning. He doubly reſtored to me all ſpiritual and temporal bleſſings. This was a day of proſperity, therefore I thought it a day of great danger.

I was now favoured with an agreeable, loving companion, a good houſe, a pleaſant ſituation, and all things to make life eaſy and comfortable. I muſt confeſs I found a deſire to ſettle, but not to leave my dear Maſter's work. I begun a little buſineſs, and had now a fair opportunity to ſtep into the world: but my dear Lord would not ſuffer me. He ſhewed me that his good work would bring me far more gain in the end than all the ſhops in *Newcaſtle*. So I ſet out for the North, and preached at *Placey*, *Morpeth*, *Alnwick*, *Berwick*, *Dundee*, *Muſſelborough*, *Leith*, *New* and *Old Aberdeen*, *Peterhead*, and then returned to *Newcaſtle* the ſame way.

I then ſet out for *London* Conference, viſited *Canterbury* and *Dover*, returned to *London*, and then rode back to *Newcaſtle*. In all thoſe journies I found the Lord was with me, and gave his word ſucceſs.

In the year 1760, I again viſited *Scotland*. The work of the Lord proſpered in our hands. Sinners were converted, mourners comforted, and the ſaints built up in their moſt holy faith.

faith. We had now a fair proſpect of a great harveſt in *North-Britain*, till men of corrupt minds ſtirred up the ſpirit of vain controverſy; we then ſpent our time and ſtrength about the meaning of words, inſtead of promoting the fear and love of God. My ſoul was troubled, and my ſpirit grieved within me, to ſee ſo many precious ſouls turned out of the way of holineſs and happineſs, by noiſy diſputes, and fooliſh jangling. Theſe men will bluſh in the laſt day who have done this great evil. Let me live with men of peace, who love God and the brethren, and enjoy the life of religion in their own ſouls.

April 23, 1761, Mr. *Weſley* came to *Edinburgh*, and the Lord gave his word ſucceſs. Sinners heard with attention, and the ſaints rejoiced in God their Saviour.

I viſited *Dundee*, and *Aberdeen*, returned to *Edinburgh*, and from thence to *Newcaſtle upon Tyne*, where God bleſſed his own word. I thenſet out with Mr. *Weſley* and ſeveral of the brethren for *Durham*. Mr. *Weſley* preached in a green field, by the river ſide, to a very large auditory. One poor man was favoured with a ſtone, and loſt a little blood; but in the general, they behaved tolerably well. I preached in the evening, in the ſame field, to a large congregation. A gentleman, ſo called, employed a baſe man to ſtrip himſelf naked, and ſwim through the river to diſturb the hearers; but a good woman ſoon hiſſed him off the ſtage, ſo he was glad to return by the way he came, with much diſgrace. Mr. *John Greenwood* informed me afterwards, that the very gentleman who encouraged the poor wretch above mentioned, was ſometime after found drowned in the ſame river. O God, thy *judgments* are *unſearchable*, and thy *ways* paſt finding out!

In Auguſt I left *Newcaſtle*, and ſet out with my wife for *London*. It was a diſagreeable journey, but God bleſſed and preſerved us from all evil. Sept. 1, Our Conference begun. On the 2nd, King *George* the Third was crowned. Royalty was conſpicuouſly diſplayed, and the glory of this preſent world

ſet

ſet forth in all its ſplendor. But kings muſt die, and then all their glory ſhall vaniſh away.

Thence we ſet out for *Newcaſtle upon Tyne*, where I ſpent my winter.

The latter end of July 1762, we left *Newcaſtle*, and ſet out for *Leeds*. Aug. 9, our Conference begun. I was ſtationed in that Circuit. In July 1763, I ſet out for *London*. Our Conference begun and ended in love. I then ſet out for *Scotland*. I ſpent my winter in *Edinburgh*, *Dunbar*, and *Berwick*. We lived in a little, dark room at *Edinburgh*, encompaſſed round with old, black walls, diſagreeable enough: but we had a good ſeaſon, many poor ſinners were converted to God. We ſaw the fruit of our labours and rejoiced. My dear *Edinburgh* friends were very kind, eſpecially Lady *Gardiner*, that good old ſaint, who is now with Jeſus in paradiſe. Praiſe God for all his mercies!

In the year 1764, I continued labouring in *Scotland*. On June 1, I ſet out with Mr. *Weſley* and my wife for *Aberdeen*. We had a pleaſant and profitable journey. This ſummer we laid the foundation of our Octagon at *Aberdeen*. The Lord gave me ſucceſs. Many precious ſouls were awakened, and added to the general Aſſembly and Church of the Firſt-born, which are enrolled in heaven.

Nov. 13, We ſet out for *Edinburgh*, and rode to *Dundee*. The 15th, we rode to *Kinghorn*, and the next morning croſſed the *Firth*, and took the Stage to *Edinburgh*. Our friends received us with joy, and we praiſed God together.

In the year 1765, we laid the foundation of our Octagon, at *Edinburgh*. I met with much oppoſition, and many diſcouragements, but the Lord was on my ſide, and helped me. I collected all I could, gave all I could ſpare, and borrowed above three hundred pounds to carry on and complete that building.

I preached on the Foundation one Sabbath-day to a large congregation. The power of the Lord was preſent to heal,

and

and many rejoiced to ſee that day. I preached every Lord's-day on the *Calton Hill*, a large Golgotha! a place of a Scull! By preaching ſo often in the cold air, to very large auditories, with other difficulties and hard labours, I laid the foundation of a very dangerous diſorder in my bowels, which baffled all the ſkill of Phyſicians, and the virtue of medicine, for more than three years. But I could ſay,

Let ſickneſs blaſt, and death devour,
If heaven will recompenſe our pains:
Periſh the graſs, and fade the flower,
Since firm the word of God remains.

In July I ſet out for *England*. I ſpent a few days at *Newcaſtle upon Tyne*, and then rode to *Mancheſter*. Our Conference begun the 20th of Auguſt and ended the 23d. God refreſhed us. I viſited the brethren, and then ſet out for the North.

In October Mr. *Alexander Coats* died at the *Orphan-Houſe*, in perfect peace. I ſaw him fall aſleep in the arms of our adorable Saviour, without a doubt. Farewel my brother for a ſeaſon! but we ſhall meet again to part no more.

In the year 1766, I laboured in *Newcaſtle* Circuit, but was very much indiſpoſed. I was juſt worne out. My bodily ſtrength failed. I was on the verge of eternity. But bleſſed be God, I enjoyed great tranquillity of mind, and very good ſpirits.

Accepting my pain,
I no longer complain,
But wait till at laſt I the haven obtain:

Till the ſtorms are all o'er,
And afflicted no more,
On a plank of the ſhip I eſcape to the ſhore.

Feb. 20, That old ſaint, *Henry Jackſon*, died full of love, being ninety-nine years and five months old. Let me die his death!

Aug.

Aug. 12, Our Conference begun at *Leeds*. We enjoyed a ſolemn ſenſe of the preſence of God. We met, and parted in love. I then rode to *Newcaſtle*, and ſpent a few months in that Circuit. My diſorder continued, but I could ſay, "When I am weak, then I am ſtrong."

In July 1767, I ſet out for *London*. God was with me, and gave me a will and power to preach his word.—Aug. 18, our Conference begun. Dear Mr. *Whiteſield*, and honeſt *Howel Harris* attended. All was love; all was harmony: it was a *Pentecoſt* indeed!

In the beginning of Sept. 1768, I left *Newcaſtle upon Tyne*, and ſet out with my Wife for *Birſtal*, in *Yorkſhire*. The Lord brought us to our journey's end in peace. We met with a hearty welcome. Our friends rejoiced with us, and we praiſed God together.

On Tueſday, Aug. 1, 1769, Our Conference begun at *Leeds*. The Spirit of God reſted upon us, and made us of one mind and judgment.

In the latter end of July, 1770, I rode to *London*. Our Conference begun Auguſt the 7th. The Lord preſided over us, and made it a time of love. I then ſet out for *Birſtal*, where I had laboured two years with great ſatisfaction, and I hope with ſome ſucceſs.

Auguſt 26, I took my leave of my dear *Birſtal* friends, and rode with my wife to *Bradforth* in *Yorkſhire*. We met with a loving reception. I laboured this year with much comfort. I hope good was done.

In the year 1771, the Calviniſts proclaimed open war againſt the Remonſtrants. In Auguſt, ſeveral of them met at our Conference in *Briſtol*: but their ſtrength failed. They could do nothing. For Truth is great, and will prevail.

The two following years I laboured in *Newcaſtle* Circuit, among my dear friends and countrymen, whom I love for the Truth's ſake. Great things hath the Lord done in that of his vineyard.

In the year 1774, I was appointed at the *Briſtol* Conference for *Liverpool* Circuit. I took my leave of my dear *Newcaſtle* friends with much reluctancy, and ſet out with my Wife for *Lancaſhire*. Sept. 26, we reached *Bolton* in the *Moors*, where we met with a friendly reception. We lodged with honeſt *George Eſkrick*. The preſence of the Lord dwelt with us, and we enjoyed great peace.

In the year 1775, I removed to *Liverpool*, where I ſpent a few months with pleaſure, and profit: I found much love both to the place and people. They bore with my bodily weakneſs, and refreſhed me in the Lord.

In July 1776, I left *Bolton*, and ſet out for *London*. Our Conference begun the firſt Tueſday in Auguſt. The ſhout of a King was in the midſt of us, and we praiſed God together for all that he had done. I ſpent a few days in that great city; preached the Word, viſited a few dear Chriſtian Friends, and then ſet out for *Mancheſter*.

November 7, I ſet out once more for *Ireland*. The 8th, I reached *Conway*; the 9th, *Holy Head*; the 10th, I embarked, and after a dangerous paſſage, landed that evening in *Dublin*. I preached every evening at *Wood-Street*, to a large auditory. God bleſſed his word, and gave me ſucceſs. I viſited a few poor Backſliders, who were glad to ſee the face of an old Friend. May God reſtore them for Chriſt's ſake! Monday the 24th, I embarked for *England*.—25th, landed at the *Head*, and took the Stage to *Conway*—26th, I came to *Cheſter*, and the 28th to *Mancheſter*; where my Wife and Friends received me with great joy. We praiſed God for trials and bleſſings.

In the latter end of July, 1777, I ſet out for *Briſtol*. I viſited the principal Societies in my way, and God gave me ſtrength of body and peace of mind. Our Conference begun the firſt Tueſday in Auguſt. We had a good ſeaſon. Love to God and man crowned our meeting. I then rode to *Mancheſter*, and ſpent a few days with my old Friends. I publiſhed the Word of Salvation in *Salford*, on the Sabbath-day,

to

to a large congregation. Some of our miſtaken Churchmen preſented the Fire-Engine: but their ſtrength failed; they could do nothing. This vain attempt ſeemed to be the laſt effort of a conquered Enemy. I then ſet out for *Bradforth* in *Yorkſhire*, where I ſpent an agreeable year with Mr. *Benſon*, and my dear Friends. I hope our weak labours were made a bleſſing to many.

In the year 1778, Our Conference begun at *Leeds*, the firſt Tueſday in Auguſt. I was ſtationed another year, with Mr. *Murlin* and *Johnſon*, in *Bradforth* Circuit. We laboured together in love. God was with us, and gave us ſucceſs.

In the year 1779, I was appointed at our *London* Conference, for *Coln* Circuit in *Lancaſhire*.

Auguſt 25, I took my leave of our dear friends at *Bradforth*, and ſet out with my wife for *Coln*. I met with many agreeable, and ſome diſagreeable things. The grand Enemy had wounded many, who, I hope, are now healed again. We have had a ſevere winter, many croſſes and trials, and many bleſſings. The Lord hath owned our weak labours, and given us a little ſucceſs. The laſt time I viſited the Claſſes in this Circuit, we added thirty-eight to our number, twenty-three to the Church of the living God, who had found remiſſion of ſins through the Blood of our adorable Saviour. Nine have died in peace, and are now with the ſpirits of juſt men made perfect, in the paradiſe of God.

I can ſay but little, about the controverſy between the *Calvinian* Brethren and the *Arminians*. I believe Chriſt taſted death for every man, but I do not love contention: I am no diſputant; I therefore leave polemical Divinity to men of learning, abilities, and experience. I can only ſay, I have been greatly humbled for my ſin. I know in whom I have believed. I know God is Love. I know it by experience. He hath loved me, and given his Son for me. I have peace with God, through Faith in the Blood of Chriſt. I am at peace with all the ſaints, with all who love the Lord Jeſus Chriſt in ſincerity. I deſire

to follow after peace with all men. I hate ſin, and by the grace of God I overcome it. I love holineſs, the whole mind that was in Chriſt, and I purſue it. By all means I follow on, if I may apprehend that, for which I was alſo apprehended of Chriſt Jeſus. I aim at, wiſh, and pray for all that grace, glory, and immortality promiſed by the Father, and procured by the Son of his Love. This I call Bible-Religion, genuine Chriſtianity, and this Religion I call mine.

This I deſire to recommend to all men, by preaching his Word in the pulpit, in the houſe, and in the way; in ſeaſon and out of ſeaſon, according to my ability.

Without this Religion, all names, notions, and forms, among all Sects and Parties, are but mere parade and idle ſhew. Without Repentance, without Faith in the Blood of Chriſt, without holineſs of heart and life, without love to God and man, all is nothing. Let all men conſider this well, and pray for, and ſeek after this one thing needful, that they may be ſaved from ſin in this life, and from hell in the great day of the Lord Jeſus!

An Extract from the DIARY *of Mrs.* BATHSHEBA HALL.

[*Continued from page* 97.]

GOOD-FRIDAY. I feel to-day, a ſolemn ſpirit; a ſacred awe broods over my ſoul. I ſeem to have a more realizing view than ever, of Jeſus on the Croſs. And

"Faith cries out, 'tis HE! 'tis HE!
My GOD that ſuffers there."

Saturday 30. I feel to-day a ſpirit of deep poverty, a kind of annihilation. But though in the duſt, yet will I ſing. O that my ſoul may be always as a well-tuned inſtrument! I thirſt for a deeper conformity to thee, my ſuffering, triumphant, adorable Saviour!

Eaſter-Day,

Eaſter-Day. All hail, thou riſing Saviour! My ſoul adores thee, in bleſſed poverty of ſpirit. What a ceaſing do I find from my own works! yea, let me be diveſted of all things, ſo I am not diveſted of Chriſt in me the hope of glory!

Monday, April 1. I find an increaſe in the divine life, and a deeper meaſure of that love, which *is long-ſuffering and kind*, which *is not provoked*, which *hopeth and endureth all things*.

Tueſday 2, I felt much of his ſoul-reviving power. But O! what ignorance remains upon my mind? I feel a thirſt for divine knowledge; a contending with the Lord for ſpiritual wiſdom. I am waiting at Wiſdom's gate! Speak, Lord; for thy ſervant heareth.

Wedneſday 3, Buſineſs called me to ſee one, that *was* ſerious, but is now deeply revolted. I went with much prayer. As ſoon as I entered the room, he ſeemed ſtruck with a ſolemn awe. O how ſolemn ſhould the deportment of a chriſtian be! that all who ſee him may take knowledge he has been with Jeſus. After I came home, I felt ſuch love as I cannot deſcribe, and much power to wreſtle with God for him.

Thurſday 4. Paſſing through the town to-night, what exquiſite pain did I feel! What diſorder! What ſin of every kind! How does *the whole world lie in the wicked one!*

Friday 5, I was much engaged in outward buſineſs; but, bleſſed be God, I do all in the ſpirit of ſacrifice.

Tueſday 9, I felt deep diſtreſs of ſoul, for ſpeaking an unguarded word. Yet, I cannot be thankful enough to God, for keeping my conſcience tender.

Thurſday 11. Bleſſed be God, I have felt more of his preſence to-day, than for many days before. But can I complain, who am but an atom! I will rather hope unto the end, for the glory that ſhall be brought in, at the ſtill farther revelation of Jeſus Chriſt.

Friday 12. How ſhall I praiſe him who has delivered me out of the bondage of corruption, and brought me into the glorious

glorious liberty of the children of God! One then with me, gave a looſe to her paſſion. I ſtrove to ſoften her, but in vain. What a mercy, that there was nothing *in me*, to join with the evil!

Sunday 14. My animal ſpirits are very low, through bodily diſorder: but my ſoul replies, Good is the will of the Lord. Truly my fellowſhip is with the Father, and with his Son Jeſus Chriſt. I have found a manifeſt growth lately: not ſo much in overflowing joy, as in the love that beareth all things, and in purity of affection to God and man. When God has completed his work in my ſoul, he will ſay, "Get thee up and die!" Then ſhall I ſee the ſlaughtered Lamb, eye to eye and face to face. This clay, indeed, ſhall be configned to the ſilent tomb, and moulder into duſt. But at the voice of the Archangel, this vile body ſhall be faſhioned like unto his glorious body!

Thurſday 18. I felt much heavineſs of mind, and much diſſipation of ſpirit. But what a myſtery is this! although my thoughts wandered to the ends of the earth, yet my heart continued its internal worſhip, and remained fixt upon God.

Sunday 21. I thirſt to know more of the fellowſhip of that myſtery, which, from the beginning of the world, hath been hid in God. The capacity of my ſoul ſeems enlarged, my intellectual faculties expanded wider for the Deity. How can we eſcape the pollutions that are in the world, but by being made partakers of the Divine Nature? What pity, that any ſhould ſtop ſhort of this? Of purging out all the old leaven! Glory be to God, I find that promiſe fulfilled, *I and my Father will come unto you, and make our abode with you.*

Tueſday 23. I feel a holy, ſolid peace, though with great weakneſs of body, and much lowneſs of ſpirits. Indeed my whole frame is exceedingly diſordered: but, glory be to God, I reſt in his Will. I have no will either for life or death. All is well; for Chriſt is mine.

Wedneſday 24. I know that God dwelleth in me, and I in God, by the Spirit that he hath given me. One was

ſaying,

ſaying, "Many look for the rooting out of Sin, but do not look for an indwelling God." But they cannot be divided. If any ſin remains, God does not dwell in that heart. But if ſin is caſt out, then we know, that the Lord, the King is in the midſt of us.

Saturday 27. For theſe two days, I have been much encumbered, inwardly and outwardly, and ſtrongly tempted to impatience or fretfulneſs. We know not the value of our weapons till they are tried; but they are mighty, to the caſting down of Satan's ſtrong-holds. Glad I am that the bleſſed Sabbath approaches. Ere long, I ſhall ſpend an eternal Sabbath, with him whom my ſoul loveth.

Sunday 28. Glory be to him, I am much invigorated, both in ſoul and body! I need not ſay, Who ſhall aſcend up into heaven, to fetch Chriſt: for I feel him in my heart. And he pours floods upon my thirſty ſoul: but ſtill I gaſp for more. O that I may ſo behold him this day, as to be changed from glory to glory!

Monday 29. I was cloſely tried to-day by one I dearly love. It much depreſt my ſpirit for a time. But when I reflected, "My Maſter was deſpiſed and rejected of men," I could glory in it.

Wedneſday, May 1. O when ſhall I live more to his glory, who hath created and redeemed me!

> "Why ſleeps the principle divine?
> Why haſtens not the ſpark to ſhine?"

Speak: O ſpeak again the all-powerful word, that ſhall raiſe my ſoul out of her ruins!

Thurſday 2. I am much engaged in outward things, and deeply abaſed that I ſo little anſwer the end of my being! yet have I reaſon to be abundantly thankful, that all my affections centre in God.

Tueſday

Tuesday 7. I never felt deeper poverty of spirit, than for several days past. Out of the deep do I cry unto thee, O Lord! It requires much wisdom, to understand the different operations of the Spirit of God. There is a season wherein I cannot (in a sense) see or feel any thing of God. But I have still, through all, an unshaken trust and confidence in him. How far these sensations are constitutional, I know not. But though he slay me, yet will I trust in him.

Sunday 12. I felt, at Church, what it is to worship God in spirit and in truth. But I felt much pain for the Congregation. O when shall the people serve the Lord with one consent!

I rejoice, that thou art invested with an everlasting Priesthood: therefore will I rely upon thee for ever. Wilt thou now satisfy my hungry soul? Thou art the Bread of Life. Lord, evermore give me this bread!

Saturday 18. In the week past, I have known many changes; for all of which I praise the Lord. Each is designed to make the place of my Lord's feet more glorious. How sweetly have these words followed me this day: *The Lord is thy confidence, and thy God thy glory!*

Wednesday 22. I have not been able to write for several days, through a violent, nervous head-ach. I am, through the mercy of God, much better, although still very low. I felt no overflowing joy, but a holy, peaceful spirit, crying every moment, "Thy will be done."

Saturday 25. Blessed be God! he has taken away all inclination to seek happiness in any creature. Yet Satan is very busy in laying before me many specious appearances. O my God! enable me to withstand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand.

Tuesday 28. I feel myself less than nothing and vanity. I am vile. I loath myself in thy presence. O Lord, thou seest how I am surrounded on every side! But thou keepest me in the hollow of thy hand. Thine I am, thou Son of God, notwithstanding all I feel or fear.

[To be continued.]

As

[As nothing is more animating to ſerious people, than the dying Words and Behaviour of the Children of God, I purpoſe inſerting, in each of the following Magazines, one (at leaſt) of theſe Accounts, and the rather, becauſe the Tracts from which moſt of them are extracted, are not in many hands.]

An Account of Mrs. JANE MUNCY.

July 31, 1741.

HEARING that one of our ſiſters (*Jane Muncy*) was ill, I went to ſee her. She was one of the firſt Women-Bands at *Fetter-Lane*: and when the controverſy concerning the *Means of Grace* began, ſtood in the gap, and contended earneſtly for the Ordinances once delivered to the Saints. When ſoon after it was ordered, That the unmarried Men and Women ſhould have no converſation with each other, ſhe again withſtood, to the face, thoſe who were *teaching for Doctrines the Commandments of Men.* Nor could all the ſophiſtry of thoſe, who are, without controverſy, of all men living the wiſeſt in their generation, induce her either to deny the faith ſhe had received, or to uſe leſs plainneſs of ſpeech, or to be leſs zealous in recommending, and carefully practiſing good works. Inſomuch that many times, when ſhe had been employed in the labour of love till eight or nine in the evening, ſhe then ſat down and wrought with her hands till twelve or one in the morning: not that ſhe wanted any thing herſelf, but that ſhe might have to give to others for neceſſary uſes.

From the time that ſhe was made Leader of one or two Bands, ſhe was more eminently a pattern to the flock: in

ſelf-denial of every kind, in openneſs of behaviour, in ſimplicity and godly ſincerity, in ſtedfaſt faith, in a conſtant attendance on all the public and all the private Ordinances of God. And as ſhe had *laboured* more than they all, ſo God now called her forth to ſuffer. She was ſeized at firſt with a violent fever; in the beginning of which they removed her to another houſe. Here ſhe had work to do which ſhe knew not of. The Maſter of the houſe was one who cared for none of theſe things. But he obſerved her, and was convinced. So that he then began to underſtand and lay to heart, the things that bring a man peace at the laſt.

In a few days the fever abated, or ſettled, as it ſeemed, into an inward impoſthume; ſo that ſhe could not breathe without violent pain, which increaſed day and night. When I came in, ſhe ſtretched out her hand and ſaid, "Art thou come, thou bleſſed of the Lord. Praiſed be the Name of my Lord for this." I aſked, "Do you faint, now you are chaſtened of him?" She ſaid, "O no, no, no. I faint not. I murmur not. I rejoice evermore." I ſaid, "But can you in every thing give thanks?" She replied, "Yes, I do, I do." I ſaid, "God will make all your bed in your ſickneſs." She cried out, "He does, he does. I have nothing to deſire. He is ever with me, and I have nothing to do but to praiſe him."

In the ſame ſtate of mind, though weaker and weaker in body, ſhe continued till Tueſday following: when ſeveral of thoſe who had been in her Band being preſent, ſhe fixed her eyes upon them, and fell into a kind of agonizing prayer, That God would keep them from the Evil One. But in the afternoon when I came, ſhe was quite calm again, and all her words were prayer and praiſe. The ſame ſpirit ſhe breathed, when Mr. *Maxfield* called the next day. And ſoon after he went, ſhe ſlept in peace.——*A Mother in Iſrael* haſt thou been, and *thy works ſhall praiſe thee in the gates!*

An

An Extract from a SURVEY *of the* WISDOM *of* GOD *in the* CREATION.

AS to the art of *Embalming*, it appears from a mummy, not long ſince dug up in France, that this was more completely underſtood in the weſtern world ſome ages ſince, than ever it was in Egypt. This mummy which was dug up at Auvergne, was an amazing inſtance of their ſkill. As ſome peaſants were digging in a field near Rion, within about twenty-ſix paces of the highway, between that and the river Artier, they diſcovered a tomb, that was about a foot and a half beneath the ſurface. It was compoſed only of two ſtones; one of which formed the body of the ſepulchre, and the other the cover.

This tomb was of freeſtone; ſeven feet and a half long, three feet and a half broad, and about three feet high. It was of rude workmanſhip; the cover had been poliſhed, but was without figure or inſcription: within this tomb was placed a leaden-coffin, four feet ſeven inches long, fourteen inches broad, and fifteen high. It was oblong, like a box, equally broad at both ends, and covered with a lid that fitted on like a ſnuff-box, without a hinge. Within this coffin was a mummy, in the moſt perfect preſervation. The internal ſides of the coffin were filled with an aromatic ſubſtance, mingled with clay. Round the mummy was wrapped a coarſe cloth; under this were two ſhirts, or ſhrouds, of the moſt exquiſite texture; beneath theſe a bandage, which covered all parts of the body, like an infant in ſwadling clothes; under this general bandage there was another, which went particularly round the extremities, the hands and legs, the head was covered with two caps; the feet and hands were without any particular bandages; and the whole body was covered with

an aromatic ſubſtance, an inch thick. When theſe were removed, and the body expoſed naked to view, nothing could be more aſtoniſhing than the exact reſemblance it bore to a body that had been dead a day or two before. It appeared well proportioned, except the head was rather large, and the feet ſmall. The ſkin had all the pliancy, and colour of a body lately dead; the viſage, however, was of a browniſh hue. The belly yielded to the touch; all the joints were flexible, except thoſe of the legs and feet; the fingers ſtretched forth of themſelves when bent inwards. The nails ſtill continued perfect; and all the marks of the joints, both in the fingers, the palms of the hands, and the ſoles of the feet, remained perfectly viſible. The bones of the arms and legs, were ſoft and pliant; thoſe of the ſcull preſerved their rigidity; the hair which only covered the back of the head, was of a chefnut colour, and about two inches long. The pericranium at top was ſeparated from the ſcull, by an inciſion, in order to the introducing aromatics in the place of the brain, where they were found mixed with clay. The teeth, the tongue, and the ears, were all preſerved in perfect form. The inteſtines were not taken out of the body, but remained pliant and entire, as in a freſh ſubject; and the breaſt was made to riſe and fall like a pair of bellows. The embalming preparation had a very ſtrong and pungent ſmell, which the body preſerved for more than a month after it was expoſed to the air. If one touched either the mummy, or any part of the preparation, the hands ſmelt of it for ſeveral hours after. This mummy, having remained expoſed for ſome months, began to ſuffer ſome mutilations. A part of the ſkin of the forehead was cut off; all its teeth were drawn out, and ſome attempts were made to pull away the tongue. It was therefore put into a glaſs caſe, and tranſmitted to the king's cabinet, at *Paris*.

There are many reaſons to believe this to be the body of a perſon of the higheſt diſtinction; however no marks remain to aſſure us either of the quality of the perſon, or the time of his

his deceaſe; there only are to be ſeen ſome irregular figures on the coffin: one of which repreſents a kind of ſtar.

There were alſo ſome ſingular characters upon the bandages, which were totally defaced by thoſe who had tore them. It ſhould ſeem that it had remained for ſeveral ages in this ſtate, ſince the firſt years immediately ſucceeding the interment, are uſually thoſe in which the body is moſt liable to decay.

On this remarkable ſubject, I beg leave to add an extract from a late author.

"I always apprehended that human bodies after death, if interred, or expoſed to the air without any preparation to defend them from the attacks of it, would of neceſſity corrupt, become offenſive, and putrify. The art of embalming is very ancient, and was invented to preſerve them from this inevitable conſequence of death; but that they may remain unputrified for centuries; without any ſort of artificial aid, I have ſeen ſo inconteſtably proved ſince my arrival at *Bremen*, that I imagine not the ſhadow of doubt can remain about it. Under the cathedral church is a vaulted apartment, ſupported on pillars; it is near ſixty paces long, and half as many broad. The light and air are conſtantly admitted into it by three windows, though it is ſeveral feet beneath the level of the ground. Here are five large oak coffers, rather than coffins, each containing a corpſe. I examined them ſeverally for near two hours. The moſt curious and perfect, is that of a woman. Tradition ſays, ſhe was an Engliſh counteſs, who dying here at Bremen, ordered her body to be placed in this vault uninterred, in the apprehenſion that her relations would cauſe it to be brought over to her native country. They ſay it has lain here 250 years. Though the muſcular ſkin is totally dried in every part, yet ſo little are the features of the face ſunk or changed, that nothing is more certain than that ſhe was young, and even beautiful. It is a ſmall countenance, round in its contour: the cartilage of the noſe and the noſtrils have undergone no alteration: her teeth are all firm in the ſockets, but the

lips

lips are drawn away from over them. The cheeks are ſhrunk in, but yet leſs than I ever remember to have ſeen in embalmed bodies. The hair of her head is at this time more than eighteen inches long, very thick, and ſo faſt, that I heaved the corpſe out of the coffer by it; the colour is a light brown, and I cut off a ſmall lock, which is as freſh and glofſy as that of a living perſon. That this lady was of high rank ſeems evident from the extreme fineneſs of the linen which covers her body. The landlord of the inn, who was with me, ſaid, he remembered it for forty years paſt; during which time there is not the leaſt perceptible alteration in it.——In another coffer is the body of a workman, who is ſaid to have tumbled off the church, and was killed by the fall. His features evince this moſt forcibly. Extreme agony is marked in them: his mouth is wide open, and his eyelids the ſame; the eyes are dried up. His breaſt is unnaturally diſtended, and his whole frame betrays a violent death.—A little child who died of the ſmall-pox is ſtill more remarkable. The marks of the puſtules, which have broken the ſkin on his hands and head, are very diſcernable; though one ſhould ſuppoſe that a body which died of ſuch a diſtemper, muſt contain, in a high degree, the ſeeds of putrefaction.—The two other corpſes are not leſs extraordinary. There are in this vault likewiſe turkeys, hawks, weaſels, and other animals, which have been hung up here, ſome, time immemorial, ſome very lately, and are in the moſt complete preſervation: the ſkins, bills, feathers, all unaltered. The magiſtrates do not permit that any freſh bodies be brought here. The cauſe of this phænomenon is doubtleſs the dryneſs of the place where they are laid. It is in vain to ſeek for any other."

A repoſitory of nearly the ſame kind, a late writer informs us, is at a monaſtery, near *Palermo*, in *Sicily*. It is a long, ſubterranean gallery, having niches on every ſide, between ſix and ſeven feet high. In each of theſe is a human body ſtanding erect, in its uſual apparel. The face and the hands

are

are uncovered, and preſerve their ſhape, and natural colour, only a little browner. They are faſtened to the wall by the back. Some of them are believed to have been there two or three hundred years. Suppoſe they could remain there for ever, what would it profit their former inhabitants!

A late traveller gives a ſtill ſtranger account of them.—— "This morning we went to ſee a celebrated convent of Capuchins, about a mile without the city of *Palermo*; it contains nothing very remarkable, but the burial-place, which indeed is a great curioſity. This is a vaſt ſubterraneous apartment, divided into large commodious galleries, the walls on each ſide of which are hollowed into a variety of niches, as if intended for a great collection of ſtatues: theſe niches, inſtead of ſtatues, are all filled with dead bodies, ſet upright upon their legs, and fixed by the back to the inſide of the nich. Their number is about three hundred; they are all dreſſed in the clothes they uſually wore, and form a moſt reſpectable and venerable aſſembly. The ſkin and muſcles, by a certain preparation, become as dry and hard as a piece of ſtock-fiſh; and although many of them have been here upwards of two hundred and fifty years, yet none are reduced to ſkeletons; though the muſcles in ſome are more ſhrunk than in others; probably becauſe theſe perſons had been more extenuated at the time of their death.

Here the people of *Palermo* pay daily viſits to their deceaſed friends, and recal with pleaſure and regret the ſcenes of their paſt life: here they familiarize themſelves with their future ſtate, and chooſe the company they would wiſh to keep in the other world. It is a common thing to make choice of their nich, and to try if their body fits it, that no alterations may be neceſſary after they are dead; and ſometimes by way of voluntary penance, they ſtand for hours in theſe niches.

The bodies of the princes and firſt nobility are lodged in handſome cheſts or trunks, ſome of them richly adorned: theſe are not in the ſhape of coffins, but all of one width, and about a foot and a half, or two feet deep. The keys are

kept

kept by the neareſt relation of the family, who ſometimes come and drop a tear over their departed friends.

Theſe viſits muſt prove admirable leſſons of humility; and they are not ſuch objects of horror as one would imagine: they are ſaid, even for ages after death, to retain a ſtrong likeneſs of what they were when alive; ſo that, as ſoon as you have conquered the firſt feelings excited by theſe venerable figures, you only conſider this as a vaſt gallery of original portraits, drawn after the life, by the juſteſt and moſt unprejudiced hand. It muſt be owned, that the colours are rather faded; and the pencil does not appear to have been the moſt flattering in the world: but no matter, it is the pencil of truth, and not of a mercenary, who only wants to pleaſe.

It might alſo be made of very conſiderable uſe to ſociety: theſe dumb orators could give the moſt pathetic lectures upon pride and vanity. Whenever a fellow began to ſtrut, or to affect the haughty, ſupercilious air, he ſhould be ſent to converſe with his friends in the gallery: and if their arguments did not bring him to a proper way of thinking, I would give him up as incorrigible."

LETTERS.

LETTER CLIV.

[From Miſs B. to the Rev. Mr. Weſley.]

March 19, 1761.

Dear Sir,

WHEN I wrote to you laſt, I was in a very low degree happy, being full of doubts and fears. But the next morning I found the preſence of God, in a manner I never

never had known before. I was then very happy, but ſtill had doubts and accuſations thrown at me every moment. In the evening I found the Lord exceedingly near, ſo that this was the happieſt day I had ever known. The next day I found a longing deſire after the whole mind that was in Chriſt, and ſuch an Expectation as was indeed a hope full of immortality. Yet after that, although my ſoul cleaved to Jeſus with all its powers, yet I was, for a quarter of an hour, ſo ſurrounded with the powers of darkneſs as I cannot expreſs.

Laſt Sunday I was more bleſt than ever, and an unſpeakable Aſſurance was given me, of ſtanding before the throne, clothed in white linen, with the Name of God and the Lamb written on my forehead. But I have, at times, doubts and fears, and manifold temptations. And I find great need of Self-denial and Watchfulneſs, that the very appearance of ſin may be done away. I find many things, which, though they are not ſin, yet they are not the image of God. Likewiſe Satan is continually ſuggeſting ſomething or other to take up my mind. Sometimes I find it hard to put away his ſuggeſtions: eſpecially with regard to my intercourſe with *ſuch a perſon*. Yet I can ſay, I have no will in this: whether God continues it and bleſſes it, or whether he makes the way plain to give it up, I leave it all to him. But at preſent, I thank him, and ſtand aſtoniſhed! I did not expect ſuch an end. I do not *love any one leſs*, for having more love to God: only I find my love *to all* is changed. But I would not willingly give Satan a handle, while I am a very babe. For which reaſon I would uſe all the diſtance, caution, and even ſtrictneſs of expreſſion I did before. And then I believe it will be more, yea, far more bleſt to me than ever. Pray for me, that I may not hinder any bleſſing! I am ſo ignorant, I know not how to pray; I do not know what I want. But I know I am in Jeſu's hand, and I want to be what he would have me be. I remain, dear Sir, yours, &c.

M. B.

I know not where we have ſuch a picture of a ſoul *ſtruggling into life*, as in the [a]two preceding Letters. They may be of particular uſe to thoſe who are in the ſame ſtate of mind, juſt "Burſting the barriers of the tomb."

LETTER CLV.

[From —— to the Rev. Mr. Weſley.]

June 4, 1761.

Rev. Sir,

ON Aug. 27, 1757, after a long night of diſtreſs, God was pleaſed to give me the firſt ſenſe of his pardoning love. Some time after, I fell acquainted with my wife, who was juſtified before me. In 1758, we were married. We heard Mr. *Whitefield* conſtantly, and ſometimes the preaching at the Foundry: both were bleſt to my ſoul. For ſome time I lived in a clear ſenſe of pardon: but I ſaw by degrees ſuch a depth of wickedneſs in my heart, that I have many times wondered, how I ſtood under it, without giving up all for loſt. For more than three years and a half, was I thus led up and down in the wilderneſs, finding no help, but a heart deſperately wicked and continually departing from God. My wife was nearly in the ſame condition: but ſhe ſaw, there was a farther reſt remaining for the people of God. This I vehemently denied, which, together with the plague of her own heart, made her very unhappy. Yet I often wiſhed it were ſo; but I could not think it poſſible, that ever I could be cleanſed from *all ſin*.

In the latter end of February I was on a journey, when my wife wrote me word, of the work God was doing in *London*; adding, that one of my acquaintance had got a *clean heart*. I ſtarted when I read that word. However, I thought, "Certainly it is a ſeaſon of refreſhing:" and therefore I

[a] For the firſt, ſee the preceding Number.

haſtene

haſtened home. But that word ſtill followed me, "Such a one has a clean heart:" yet I determined to detect her if poſſible. A little while after, I ſpoke to her: but it was as if the Lord had put a bridle in my jaws. I could not contradict. I could only ſay at laſt, "If you have this bleſſing, pray that I may have it alſo."

The next day was the fourth of *March*. You remember, I ſuppoſe, what happened that morning. I ſaw the maid the Lord had bleſt, and was conſtrained to acknowledge, this is the finger of God. She fell on her knees and prayed that God would bleſs me and my wife alſo; warned me of reaſoning with Satan, and bid me come to Chriſt, juſt as I was, and he would have mercy upon me.

I went home. My ſoul thirſted for God. My wife prayed with and for me; and all the remainder of the day was ſpent in prayer, with ſcarce any intermiſſion. I was not now diſtreſt: I called God *my Father*. And knew, he *could* ſave me *now*. I went to the chapel, and my deſire ſtill increaſed. When you met the Bands and prayed with them, my thirſt increaſed even to agony; yet I returned without the bleſſing.

The next day I was aſked to go to *Joſeph Guilford's*. While we talked together, the Lord gave me ſuch a ſight of his holineſs and his love, that I knew he was willing, for Chriſt's ſake, to make *me* alſo holy. Yet I felt myſelf ſo helpleſs, I ſaid, "I know not if all my deſires will not be gone in five minutes." He began praying, and the Lord quickly ſaid to my ſoul, "I am thy ſalvation." I held this near an hour with a trembling hand, while ſeveral were wreſtling with God for me. Mean time Satan was ready to tear me in pieces, till as I was on the point of letting go my hold, I cried vehemently "Lord! wouldſt thou have me believe thee?" As ſoon as I ſpoke, he anſwered, "Believe on the Lord Jeſus Chriſt, and thou ſhalt be ſaved." My ſoul fell upon him: I *did* believe, and peace ſprung up like a river in my ſoul. I cannot tell you, what a glorious liberty I was

now brought into. I hanged upon him, and felt him my ſalvation: I loved him with all my heart. Satan roared againſt me; but the Lord was as a wall of fire round about me. He told me, he would be with me even to the end. Bleſſed be God for ſuch a precious Saviour! Now, "Chriſt was all in all to me, and all my heart was love."

My wife ſeeing it, was deeply diſtreſt for her own ſoul. She cried, and mourned, and would not be comforted. Two days after, when ſhe had been for ſeveral hours roaring for the diſquietneſs of her heart, ſhe went to bed, but could have no reſt. About twelve ſhe cried out, "Lord, I can never be poorer! I am naked. I am a ſinner ſtript of all. Save me, or I periſh!" He ſpoke, and ſhe ſhouted aloud, "Amen! Hallelujah! The Lord Omnipotent reigneth!" We now rejoiced together. I bleſs the Lord, ſince then he has been always with me. My heart is continually burning with love to God and all mankind. I lie at his feet, and loath myſelf. He talks with me all the day long. I find him building up the ruined places, and making my ſoul as a watered garden. I now know what it is, to *have* nothing, and yet poſſeſs all things: he ſuffers me many times to be tempted: but he is always with me. I have not grace for the next, but by the blood of the Lamb, I conquer *this* moment. He helps me to believe on him. And he ſays, "Be it unto thee according to thy faith."

But after a while, I found my mind wandering as I walked in the ſtreet. It was about ſome buſineſs I had to do, but which I need not have thought of then. I told Brother *Biggs* of it. He ſaid, "You want to have your *mind* ſtayed upon God, as well as your affections." I ſaw the thing clearly. It was not long before ſome of our brethren ſpoke of having received this bleſſing. Not long after, a ſermon of Mr. *M's* put me upon a cloſer ſelf-examination than ever. And I clearly ſaw, that I *did* love God with all my heart; but that this was wanting ſtill, that *every thought* ſhould *be brought into*

ſubjection

ſubjection to the obedience of Chriſt. This I expected to receive at the Lord's table, but did not. Then I prayed the Lord to ſhew me the hinderance. And he *did* ſhew me, I had been ſeeking it, as it were, by the works of the law. I then pleaded the blood of Jeſus Chriſt, and caſt myſelf upon him, believing. And I felt his power delivering me, I think more clearly, than when he took the root of bitterneſs out of my heart. The deadneſs to all things which I have found ſince, is more than I can expreſs. Indeed Satan tempts me in this alſo: but through my Lord I am more than conqueror.

I remain, your obedient Servant,

LETTER CLVI.

[From Mrs. H. C—k, to the Rev. Mr. Weſley.]

July 10, 1761.

Rev. Sir,

GLORY be to God, my ſoul is ſtill kept in peace, and I can rejoice evermore! Glory be to his Name, I do grow in grace, and in the knowledge of God my Saviour! But the deeper I drink into the Spirit of God, the more I ſee of my want of his fulneſs. O could I ever have thought, my dear Lord had ſuch bleſſings to beſtow on ſuch an unworthy creature! Tongue cannot expreſs what I enjoy in my ſoul. It is ſweet to converſe with the Lord: and, bleſſed be his Name! he has given me, to converſe with him every moment. O praiſe the Lord for me! for I cannot praiſe him enough. He has done great things for us: he has made my huſband and me of one heart and of one mind. We know nothing but happineſs, and we take delight in nothing, but ſtriving to have more of the mind of Chriſt. I would have wrote

to

to you ſooner; but I thought it was making too free. Will you pardon my freedom? I find I have greater need than ever of prayer, and watching againſt every device of Satan: and glory be to God! I can watch over every thought, and know from whence it comes.

You are much laid upon my mind, to pray for you, and God bleſſes my ſoul in ſo doing. I beg your prayers for me; and may the Lord bleſs you with all the bleſſings of the New Covenant! I do not know how ſoon I may be in travail. If I never ſee you here, I hope to meet you at the right-hand of God, to praiſe my Lord for ever.

I am, Reverend Sir,

Your unworthy Daughter in the Goſpel,

H. C——K.

P. S. Pardon me, if I crave a Line.

LETTER CLVII.

[*From the ſame.*]

July 29, 1761.

Rev. Sir,

YOURS was a great bleſſing to me. Glory be to God! I find no fear of pain. Indeed the Devil will bring the time to my mind. But I cry to my God, "What have I to do with it? Thou haſt promiſed to be with me, and give me ſtrength according to my day." I do not find any thing that hinders my waiting upon God. It is my ſoul's delight to come unto him, believing that he will give me, what he ſees is good for me. My *Patty* uſes more prayer than ever: but ſhe ſays, ſhe does not love God ſo well as ſhe did. She deſires that you will pray for her: for ſhe always prays for you. Brother *Palmy* is gone to live at *Brentford*. God grant we may

may never go, but where we are ſent, nor ſpeak, but when we are called thereto! Dear Sir, pray for me, for I know nothing yet, as I ought to know. Only this I know, glory be to his Name! that he has ſaved me from ſin. Yet, what I have received, is not for me to truſt in; but I am to grow up into him my living Head every day. And this is the deſire of my ſoul, that my every breath may breathe his praiſe. O may the Lord fill you with all his fulneſs!

I am, Reverend Sir,

The unworthieſt of all my Father's Children,

H. C——K.

LETTER CLVIII.

[From the Rev. Mr. Weſley to a Friend, concerning a Paſſage in a Monthly Review.]

City Road, Jan. 25, 1781.

Dear Sir,

YESTERDAY looking over the Monthly Review for laſt October, at page 307, I read the following words:

"Sir *William's* Vindication" (of his own conduct) "is *not a feeble attempt* to reſcue his reputation from the obloquy thrown upon it. Mr. *Galloway's* Book is here anſwered, paragraph by paragraph, and ſeveral miſrepreſentations of important facts and circumſtances proved."

I cannot quite agree with this. I think, 1. No unjuſt obloquy has been thrown upon it: 2. That his Vindication is *a very feeble attempt*, to juſtify his conduct: 3. That he has not anſwered in a ſatisfactory manner, any one paragraph of Mr. *Galloway's* book: and, 4. That he has not proved any miſrepreſentation of any one important fact or circumſtance.

I think

I think alſo, that the account he gives of Mr. *Galloway* is *a very feeble attempt* to blacken his character: for a full confutation whereof, I refer the candid Reader to his own Anſwer. As to the *ſcurrility* Sir William ſpeaks of, I ſee not the leaſt trace of it in any thing Mr. G. has publiſhed. He is above it. He is no "*venal* inſtrument of Calumny:" he abhors Calumny as he does Rebellion. But let him anſwer for himſelf: read only the Tracts here referred to,[a] and then condemn him if you can.

I am, dear Sir, yours, &c.

JOHN WESLEY.

P. S. I have been frequently attacked by the Monthly Reviewers, but did not anſwer, becauſe we were not on even ground. But that difficulty is now over. Whatever they object in their Monthly Review, I can anſwer in my Monthly Magazine. And I ſhall think it my duty ſo to do, when the objection is of any importance.

POETRY.

The ITALIAN BISHOP.

THERE is no kind of a fragmental Note,
That pleaſes better than an Anecdote:
Or Fact unpubliſhed; when it comes to riſe,
And give the more agreeable ſurprize;
From long oblivion ſaved, a uſeful hint
Is doubly grateful, when revived in print.

There lived a Biſhop, once upon a time,
Where is not ſaid, but *Italy* the clime:

[a] See an account of theſe Tracts on the back of the Cover.

An

An honeſt pious man, who underſtood
How to behave, as a true Biſhop ſhou'd.
But through an oppoſition, formèd to blaſt
His good deſigns, by men of differènt caſt,
He had ſome tedious ſtruggles, and a train
Of rude affronts, and inſults to ſuſtain;
Which he beheld with an unruffléd mind,
And bore them all nor ever once repinèd:
An intimate Acquaintance, one who knew
What difficulties he had waded through,
Time after time, and very much admirèd
A patience ſo provokèd, and ſo untirèd,
Made bold to aſk him if he could impart,
Or teach the Secret of his happy art?
Yes, ſaid the good, old Prelate, that I can,
And 'tis a plain and practicable plan.
For all the Secret that I know of lies,
In making a right uſe of my own eyes.
Pray, holy father, tell how that ſhould be——
Why, in whatever ſtate I am, ſaid he,
I firſt look up to heavèn, as well aware
That to get thither is my main affair.
I then look down on earth, and deeply think,
In a ſhort ſpace of time, how ſmall a chink
I ſhall poſſeſs of its extenſive ground!
And then I caſt my eyes to thoſe around,
Where more diſtreſs appears on every ſide
Amongſt mankind, than I myſelf abide.
So thus reflecting on my own concern,
Firſt—where true happineſs is placèd I learn.
Next—let the world to what it will pretend,
I ſee where all its good and ills muſt end.
Laſt—how unjuſt it is, as well as vain,
For ought on earth to murmur or complain.

Thus, looking up, and down, and round about,
Right uſe of eyes does find the Secret out.
With heaven in view—his real home—in fine,
Nothing on earth ſhould make a man repine.

RELIGIOUS DISCOURSE.

[*Although this Poem has been printed many years ago, I cannot but recommend it to the conſideration of every ſerious Reader.*]

TO ſpeak for God; to ſound Religion's praiſe;
Of ſacred paſſions, the wiſe warmth to raiſe;
To' infuſe the contrite wiſh, to conqueſt nigh,
And point the ſteps myſterious as they lie:
To ſeize the wretch in full career of luſt,
And ſooth the ſilent ſorrows of the juſt:
Who would not bleſs for this the gift of ſpeech,
And in the tongue's beneficence be rich?

But who muſt talk? Not the mere modern Sage,
Who ſuits his ſoftened goſpel to the age;
Who ne'er to raiſe degenerate practice ſtrives,
But brings the precept down to chriſtian-lives.
Not he who maxims from cold reading took,
And never ſaw himſelf but in a book:
Not he who haſty in the morn of grace,
Soon ſinks extinguiſhed as a comet's blaze:
Not he who ſtrives in ſcripture phraſe to' abound,
Deaf to the ſenſe, yet ſtuns us with the ſound:
But he, who ſilence loves, and never dealt
In the falſe commerce of a truth unfelt.

Guilty

Guilty you ſpeak, if ſubtle from within,
Blows on your words the ſelf-admiring ſin:
If unreſolvèd to chuſe the better part,
Your forward tongue belies your languid heart.
But then ſpeak ſafely, when your peaceful mind,
(Above ſelf-ſeeking bleſt, on God reclinèd,)
Feels him at once ſuggeſt unlabourèd ſenſe,
And opes a ſluice of ſweet benevolence.
Some high beheſt of heavèn you then fulfil,
Sprung from his light your words, and iſſuing by his will.

Nor yet expect, ſo myſtically long,
Till certain inſpiration looſe your tongue:
Expreſs the precept runs, "Do good to All;"
Nor adds, "Whene'er you find an inward call."
'Tis God commands; no farther motive ſeek,
Speak or without, or with reluctance ſpeak:
To Love's habitual ſenſe by acts aſpire,
And kindle, till you catch the goſpel-fire.

Diſcovèries immature of Truth decline,
Nor proſtitute the Goſpel-Pearl to ſwine.
Beware, too raſhly how you ſpeak the whole,
The vileneſs, or the treaſures of your ſoul.
If ſpurnèd by ſome, where weak on earth you lie,
If judgèd a cheat or dreamer, where you fly;
Here the ſublimer ſtrain, thè exerted air
Forego: you're at the bar, not in the chair.

To the pert Reaſoner, if you ſpeak at all,
Speak what within his cognizance may fall:
Expoſe not truths divine to Reaſon's rack,
Give him his own belovèd ideas back;
Your notions till they look like his dilute;
Blind he muſt be; but ſave him from diſpute.
But when we're turnèd of Reaſon's noon-tide glare,
And things begin to ſhew us what they are.

More free to ſuch your true conceptions tell.
Yet graft them on the hearts where they excel:
If ſprightly ſentiments detain their taſte;
If paths of various learning they have traced:
If their cool judgment longs, yet fears to fix;
Fire, erudition, heſitation mix.

All rules are dead; tis from the heart you draw
The living luſtre and unerring law.
A ſtate of thinking in your manner ſhow,
Nor fiercely ſoaring, nor ſupinely low;
Others, their lightneſs and each inward fault,
Quench in the ſtilneſs of your deeper thought.
Let all your geſtures fixt attention draw,
And wide around diffuſe infectious awe:
Preſent with God by recollection ſeem;
Yet preſent, by your chearfulneſs with men.

Without elation chriſtian-glories paint,
Nor by fond amorous phraſe aſſume the ſaint.
Greet not frail men with compliments untrue,
With ſmiles to peace confirmed and conqueſt due.
There are who watch to' adore the dawn of grace,
And pamper the young proſelyte with praiſe:
Kind, humble ſouls! they with a right good-will
Admire his progreſs, till he ſtands ſtock-ſtill.

Not one addreſs will different tempers ſit,
The grave and gay, the heavy and the wit.
Wits will ſift you; and moſt conviction find
Where leaſt 'tis urged, and ſeems the leaſt deſigned.
Slow minds are merely paſſive; and forget
Truth not inculcated: to theſe repeat,
Avow your counſel, nor abſtain from heat.

Some

Some gentle ſouls to gay indifference true,
Nor hope, nor fear, nor think the more for you:
Let Love turn babler here, and Caution ſleep,
Bluſh not for ſhallow ſpeech, nor muſe for deep;
Theſe to your humour, not your ſenſe attend,
'Tis not the Advice that ſways them, but the friend.

Others have large receſſes in their breaſt:
With penſive proceſs all they hear digeſt:
Here well weighèd words with wary foreſight ſow;
For all you ſay will ſink, and every ſeed will grow.

At firſt acquaintance preſs each Truth ſevere,
Stir the whole odium of your character:
Let harſheſt doctrines all your words engroſs,
And nature bleeding on the daily croſs.
Then to yourſelf the aſcetic Rule enjoin,
To others ſtoop ſurprizingly benign;
Pitying, if from themſelves with pain they part,
If ſtubborn Nature long holds out the heart.
Their outworks now are gainèd; forbear to preſs;
The more you urge them, you prevail the leſs;
Let ſpeech lay by its roughneſs to oblige;
Your ſpeaking life will carry on the ſiege:
By your example ſtruck, to God they ſtrive
To live, no longer to themſelves alive.

In ſouls juſt wakèd the paths of light to chuſe,
Convictions keen and zeal of prayer infuſe.
Let them love rules; till freed from paſſion's reign,
Till blameleſs, moral rectitude they gain.

But leſt reformèd from each extremer ill,
They ſhould but civilize old Nature ſtill,

The

The loftier charms and energy diſplay
Of virtue modelled by the Godhead's ray;
The lineaments divine, perfection's plan,
And all the grandeur of the heavenly man.
Commences thus the agonizing ſtrife,
Previous to nature's death and ſecond-life:
Struck by their own inclement piercing eye,
Their feeble virtues bluſh, ſubſide, and die.
They view the ſcheme that mimic Nature made;
A fancied goddeſs, and Religion's ſhade;
With angry ſcorn they now reject the whole;
Unchanged their heart, undeified their ſoul.
Till indignation ſleeps away to faith,
And God's own power and peace take root in ſacred wrath.

Aim leſs to teach than love. The work begun
In words, is crowned by artleſs warmth alone,
Love to your friend a ſecond office owes,
Yourſelf and him before heaven's footſtool throws:
You place his form as ſuppliant by your ſide,
(A helpleſs worm, for whom the Saviour died)
Into his ſoul call down the ethereal beam,
And longing aſk to ſpend, and to be ſpent for him.

From the OLNEY COLLECTION.

Walking with God. Gen. v. 24.

BY faith in Chriſt I walk with God,
With heaven, my journey's-end in view;
Supported by his ſtaff and rod,
My road is ſafe and pleaſant too.

I travel

I travel through a deſart wide,
Where many round me blindly ſtray;
But he vouchſafes to be my guide,
And will not let me miſs my way.

Though ſnares and dangers throng my path,
And earth and hell my courſe withſtand;
I triumph over all by faith,
Guarded by his Almighty hand.

The wilderneſs affords no food,
But God for my ſupport prepares;
Provides me every needful good,
And frees my ſoul from wants and cares.

With him ſweet converſe I maintain,
Great as he is, I dare be free;
I tell him all my grief and pain,
And he reveals his love to me.

Some cordial from his word he brings,
Whene'er my feeble ſpirit faints;
At once my ſoul revives and ſings,
And yields no more to ſad complaints.

I pity all who vainly talk
Of pleaſures that will quickly end;
Be this my choice, O Lord! to walk
With thee, my Guide, my Guard, my Friend.

SHORT

SHORT HYMNS.

Iſaiah lvii. 15, 16, 17. *Thus ſaith the high and lofty One, that inhabiteth eternity*, &c.

BEYOND the bounds of ſpace and time,
On his eternal throne ſublime,
Will God's moſt glorious majeſty
Vouchſafe to caſt a look on me?
Yes; if to me his grace impart
The humble, poor, and broken heart,
The holy, high, and lofty One
Shall make my heart his earthly throne.

But how ſhall I the promiſe plead?
The genuine poverty I need,
My want of true contrition own,
And deep beneath the burden groan;
With ſuch a wretch inſenſible
If the great God can ever dwell,
Thou *Jeſus* muſt remove my ſin,
And break my heart by entering in.

Come then my unbelief to end,
Nor always with a worm contend,
Thine anger with my ſin remove,
And chear me by thy pardoning love:
If thou deſpiſe my helpleſs caſe,
Thy creature faints for want of grace;
If thou thy dear-bought child forget,
I die deſpairing at thy feet.

THE Arminian Magazine, For APRIL 1781.

Of PREDESTINATION; tranſlated from SEBASTIAN CASTELLIO'S *Dialogues, between* Lewis *and* Frederic.

DIALOGUE I.

[*Continued from page* 128.]

Fred. YOU ſay right; and ſince he was the ſon of a free God, he was of conſequence free himſelf. For had he been a ſlave to ſin, he would not have been created after the image of God, but after the image of the Devil. Now Free-will cannot be compelled. For if it could, it would not only, no longer be *free*, but no longer be any Will at all: juſt as if you could prevent *fire* from being *hot*, and *ice* from being *cold*, the one would no longer be fire, nor the other ice. And this is the very difference between *Appetite* and *Will*; that Will is free, but Appetite a ſlave: and therefore Will is commanded conditionally; whereas Appetite is not commanded. But Appetite commands brute animals; therefore when God

commanded all animals to propagate their ſpecies, he ſixt Appetite in them, and commanded it without any condition. Conſequently neither brutes, nor men themſelves, ſinned thro' mere Appetite: as ſin is, whatever is committed againſt a law; but law cannot properly be given to Appetite. If it were given, that law would be contrary to the law of Nature which governs the Appetite. For example: it is ordained by Nature, that after you have been faſting for a long time, you ſhall be hungry; which hunger is an appetite. Now if any law ſhould forbid you to be hungry, it would be contrary to Nature, and conſequently unjuſt and intolerable; for no perſon could obey it. But ſhould a law forbid you to eat, although you are hungry, that law is tolerable, becauſe it doth not command your Appetite, but your Will; and which is of that nature, that notwithſtanding you are hungry, you have it in your power to refrain from eating. And, indeed, if your Will had not that power, it could no more be commanded than your Appetite. I ſay, if a man was as *neceſſarily* drawn by his Will to ſin, as he is impelled by his Appetite to hunger, it would be needleſs and abſurd (not to ſay unjuſt) to command his Will not to ſin. From all which let us conclude, *that Adam's will could not be compelled by God's command.*

I will explain this by two or three compariſons. As long as a mother carries a child in her womb, or even after the child is born, whilſt it is yet undirected by any Will, and only guided by its Appetite, ſhe doth not lay any commands on it; ſhe only carries it in her arms, and manages it with her hands, without its knowledge or conſent. And why does ſhe do this? but becauſe at that age the child is led only by Appetite, which is not ſubject to command. But when it is grown up, it is guided by words, not *compelled* as before, as appears from its frequently acting againſt its mother's will. It is at this period only, the child can be ſaid to ſin, becauſe ſin is the effect of the will, and not of the appetite. Let us illuſtrate this

this point by another compariſon. When you firſt teach a youth to write, you guide his hand with yours; you afterwards inſtruct him how to imitate the copy you lay before him; and then he writes according to his own judgment. So when you teach him to read, you firſt read the words to him, and then you order him to read of his own accord, and try his abilities. But in neither caſe do you command him to do more than you know he is able to perform. This care, and this equity, are emblems of the equity of God, and take their riſe from it. From hence we may infer, that God guides thoſe beings, which are led by appetite, juſt as a mother directs her child, or as you would do a young beginner in learning. God makes the earth, and the animals which inhabit it, fruitful at his pleaſure; and he does it by ſuch means, that they no more treſpaſs againſt his Will, than a boy whilſt you guide his hand, or read the words before him; or a child whilſt the mother carries it in her womb, or in her arms, treſpaſſes againſt your will or hers. I ſay the ſame of man; as long as he is a child and without a will, God doth not lay any commands upon him, any more than he doth on a beaſt, or an inſane perſon. Thus, as neither a beaſt nor an inſane perſon can do wrong, ſo neither can he do that which is good. For ſin cannot take place in thoſe, in whom goodneſs cannot take place; becauſe, as we have frequently ſaid before, ſin is, whatſoever is committed againſt law. But the law begins thus; "Hear, O Iſrael!" From whence it is evident, that the law affects none but thoſe who are able to hear it. But when a man has once acquired the uſe of his will, he then receives ſuch commands as may be obeyed by his will; and theſe are conveyed to him in ſuch a manner as may *perſuade* his will, not *compel* it; otherwiſe it would no longer be a will. Hence is derived the condition, "If thou obeyeſt, thou ſhalt live: if not, thou ſhalt die:" a condition which would be of no force at all, could not the will determine which of them to accept.

What greater abſurdity can be conceived, than that God ſhould have ſpoken thus to *Adam*: "I have created thee unto ſin, ſo that thou canſt no more forbear ſinning than being hungry; yet, take care that thou ſin not, for if thou ſinneſt, thou ſhalt die!" Might not *Adam* have juſtly anſwered, "Why, O God, doſt thou not at the ſame time, forbid me to hunger or to breathe?" And afterwards, when he had ſinned, would he not have pleaded a better excuſe for his tranſgreſſion, if he had ſaid, "O God, thy decree hath neceſſitated me to it," than by laying the blame on *Eve?* Believe me, if he had been of the ſame opinion as the Predeſtinarians, he would not have made uſe of ſo bad an apology, when he had ſo good a one at hand.

Lewis. But ſome ſay, that God commands man to do things which are impoſſible, with the ſame view as a father orders his ſon, who cannot yet walk, to come to him; namely, that he may learn to know his incapacity, and rely entirely on his father. *Fred.* Theſe compare God then to a father who is jeſting; and not to one who is in earneſt. I pray thee anſwer me, my dear *Lewis*: if God is not in earneſt, but only jeſts when he commands any thing, why doth he not jeſt likewiſe, when he threatens death to the diſobedient? Or, if he jeſts then alſo, why doth he ſeriouſly, and not rather in jeſt, condemn thoſe to death, whom he had threatened with it, if they ſhould not obey? Which no father would do to his ſon, if he had only threatened him in jeſt. Why did he puniſh *Adam* and the *Iſraelites* ſo ſeverely? Why did he not prove himſelf to be a jeſting father when he inflicted the puniſhment, if he had done ſo when he gave the injunctions? Why doth a ſerious puniſhment follow a ſportive order? Beſides, do not ſome really perform what God requires? Did not *Joſhua* and *Caleb* perform the duties enjoined them? And how could they do this, if God requires what cannot be done? Muſt we recur in this caſe to ſome ſubtil diſtinction, and ſay that *Caleb* and *Joſhua* were peculiar perſons, and

that

that they could do what others could not? But why then is a real reward given to *Joſhua* and *Caleb*, and a real puniſhment inflicted on others, if the command was not equally ſerious to both; but to the latter in jeſt, that they might acknowledge their incapacity; and to the former in earneſt, that they might perform what was enjoined them?

Take heed, my dear *Lewis*, leſt any man deceive you. There is nothing ſo abſurd, that even the moſt learned man will not advance, if he has undertaken the defence of a bad cauſe. We may ſurely with more propriety compare God (who never jeſts) to a kind Father, who doth not command his ſon to do any thing but what he ſees he is able to perform: he therefore commands an infant, nothing; a child, things ſuited to his ſtrength; and of a youth, or a man, ſuch as are ſuitable to his age. Thus God preſcribed to his people, whilſt they remained in a ſtate of childhood, ſundry rites and ceremonies which they were able to perform, and which *Joſhua*, *Samuel*, and the reſt of the righteous did perform. When his people were afterwards above the ſchool of the law, *Chriſt* and his Apoſtles gave them more important precepts, which, on account of their childhood, had been but ſlightly touched upon in the law.

You have an inſtance of this equitable dealing in Chriſt; who never required of thoſe he healed, any thing which they could not perform. He never ſaid to the Demoniac, or the dumb, what ſhall I do unto thee? Becauſe it would have been abſurd to have expected an anſwer, either from the one who could not ſpeak, or from the other who was inſane. Nor did he ever aſk a child whether he believed: or the dead, whether he was willing to be brought to life. Nor did he enjoin the lame to walk, unleſs at the ſame time he gave him ſtrength ſo to do; becauſe he would not enjoin impoſſibilities. Now if Chriſt did nothing but what he had ſeen his father do, and did every thing he had ſeen done by his father; we may be aſſured that the father works in the very ſame manner as

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What greater abſurdity can be conceived, than that God ſhould have ſpoken thus to *Adam*: "I have created thee unto ſin, ſo that thou canſt no more forbear ſinning than being hungry; yet, take care that thou ſin not, for if thou ſinneſt, thou ſhalt die!" Might not *Adam* have juſtly anſwered, "Why, O God, doſt thou not at the ſame time, forbid me to hunger or to breathe?" And afterwards, when he had ſinned, would he not have pleaded a better excuſe for his tranſgreſſion, if he had ſaid, "O God, thy decree hath neceſſitated me to it," than by laying the blame on *Eve*? Believe me, if he had been of the ſame opinion as the Predeſtinarians, he would not have made uſe of ſo bad an apology, when he had ſo good a one at hand.

Lewis. But ſome ſay, that God commands man to do things which are impoſſible, with the ſame view as a father orders his ſon, who cannot yet walk, to come to him; namely, that he may learn to know his incapacity, and rely entirely on his father. *Fred.* Theſe compare God then to a father who is jeſting; and not to one who is in earneſt. I pray thee anſwer me, my dear *Lewis*: if God is not in earneſt, but only jeſts when he commands any thing, why doth he not jeſt likewiſe, when he threatens death to the diſobedient? Or, if he jeſts then alſo, why doth he ſeriouſly, and not rather in jeſt, condemn thoſe to death, whom he had threatened with it, if they ſhould not obey? Which no father would do to his ſon, if he had only threatened him in jeſt. Why did he puniſh *Adam* and the *Iſraelites* ſo ſeverely? Why did he not prove himſelf to be a jeſting father when he inflicted the puniſhment, if he had done ſo when he gave the injunctions? Why doth a ſerious puniſhment follow a ſportive order? Beſides, do not ſome really perform what God requires? Did not *Joſhua* and *Caleb* perform the duties enjoined them? And how could they do this, if God requires what cannot be done? Muſt we recur in this caſe to ſome ſubtil diſtinction, and ſay that *Caleb* and *Joſhua* were peculiar perſons, and that

that they could do what others could not? But why then is a real reward given to *Joſhua* and *Caleb*, and a real puniſhment inflicted on others, if the command was not equally ſerious to both; but to the latter in jeſt, that they might acknowledge their incapacity; and to the former in earneſt, that they might perform what was enjoined them?

Take heed, my dear *Lewis*, leſt any man deceive you. There is nothing ſo abſurd, that even the moſt learned man will not advance, if he has undertaken the defence of a bad cauſe. We may ſurely with more propriety compare God (who never jeſts) to a kind Father, who doth not command his ſon to do any thing but what he ſees he is able to perform: he therefore commands an infant, nothing; a child, things ſuited to his ſtrength; and of a youth, or a man, ſuch as are ſuitable to his age. Thus God preſcribed to his people, whilſt they remained in a ſtate of childhood, ſundry rites and ceremonies which they were able to perform, and which *Joſhua*, *Samuel*, and the reſt of the righteous did perform. When his people were afterwards above the ſchool of the law, *Chriſt* and his Apoſtles gave them more important precepts, which, on account of their childhood, had been but ſlightly touched upon in the law.

You have an inſtance of this equitable dealing in Chriſt; who never required of thoſe he healed, any thing which they could not perform. He never ſaid to the Demoniac, or the dumb, what ſhall I do unto thee? Becauſe it would have been abſurd to have expected an anſwer, either from the one who could not ſpeak, or from the other who was inſane. Nor did he ever aſk a child whether he believed: or the dead, whether he was willing to be brought to life. Nor did he enjoin the lame to walk, unleſs at the ſame time he gave him ſtrength ſo to do; becauſe he would not enjoin impoſſibilities. Now if Chriſt did nothing but what he had ſeen his father do, and did every thing he had ſeen done by his father; we may be aſſured that the father works in the very ſame manner as

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the ſon. From whence it follows, that God never commands any thing impoſſible.

But ſome men would detain the people of God in a ſtate of infancy for ever. Doth the Church then never arrive at years of diſcretion? Are we never to be adults in Chriſt? As for my own part, my dear Lewis, I believe that God hath commanded nothing but what may be done, and what all true chriſtians will perform ſome time or other.

But to return: we have proved that *Adam's* will was free, and could not be forced. And if it was, there is no doubt but that God did not wiſh to force it. When therefore he willed that *Adam* ſhould obey his command, it means that he ſhould obey with his will; for obedience is an act of the will. If it was not ſo, it would not be *obedience*, but *compulſion*; in which there would be neither merit nor demerit on the part of the perſon compelled. For inſtance. If you ſeize my hand, and force me to ſtrike my brother with it, or to give a mite to a poor man, there is no merit in giving the mite, nor demerit in ſtriking my brother. God ſaith the ſame in the law, in which he forbids that a young girl who is forcibly deflowered in the field, ſhould be puniſhed, becauſe it was done without her conſent; and it is the ſame as if a perſon was forcibly killed. And thus God's Omnipotence remains in full force. For he did what he would; and he willed that *Adam's* will ſhould be free: which will he would not overrule, otherwiſe he would have violated his own image, in which man had been created; and thus God would have been in contradiction with himſelf. He willed therefore nothing which would have been inconſiſtent with that Free-will.

Conſider the matter in this light. When a King entruſts an officer with a ſword to puniſh the wicked, he gives him the free uſe of that ſword. At the ſame time his intent is that none but the wicked be deſtroyed. The officer, however, has it in his power, unjuſtly it is true, to deſtroy the righteous alſo; which he would not have had, if the king had not entruſted

truſted him with his ſword. And ſhould the king take the ſword from him, he would contradict his own purpoſe; and the officer would ceaſe to be an officer. It is abſolutely neceſſary therefore, that either he ſhould have it in his power to deſtroy the righteous, or that he be no longer an officer. *Lewis.* But could not God have decreed that man ſhould determine nothing but what is good? *Fred.* You might as well aſk, my dear *Lewis*, whether he could not have ſo decreed, that man's mouth ſhould taſte ſweet things only, and not bitter; or that his ears ſhould hear melodious ſounds, and not the grunting of a ſwine. It is a conſtant and unerring law of Nature, that ſweet ſuppoſes bitter; light, darkneſs; and merit, demerit: and that whatever being enjoys the one, is liable to the other. God willeth nothing againſt that law.

What I have already ſaid of *Adam*, I ſay now of all men. "God willeth that all men ſhould be ſaved." But as we cannot now obtain ſalvation, except through faith, ſo no one can be ſaved unleſs he believeth; at the ſame time, no one can believe unleſs he be ready and willing to forſake all things, and to follow *Chriſt*. And therefore he ſaith, John v. 44, "How can ye believe who receive honour one of another?" Hence thoſe who will not deny themſelves, cannot be ſaved. For God will not ſave them, becauſe he willeth that no one ſhall be ſaved but on thoſe terms. Hear a compariſon. Suppoſe many ſick perſons are in one houſe? An experienced and ſkilful phyſician, who is willing and able to cure them, is called in. But three of the ſick obſtinately refuſe to take the medicine preſcribed, becauſe it is bitter. The conſequence is, that they cannot be reſtored to health, as their cure depends on their taking the medicine. It might be ſaid of the Phyſician, "This man is both able and willing to cure all the ſick, why then doth he not cure theſe three?" The anſwer would be, "Becauſe they reject the medicine, without which they cannot be cured." For, as *Hippocrates* ſays, "It is abſolutely requiſite for the cure

of

of a diſorder, that not only the Phyſician, but the patient likewiſe perform his duty." The Phyſician undertakes to cure the ſick, on condition only that they follow his preſcriptions: ſo God likewiſe will ſave men, only on condition that they perform their duty. Thus God's Omnipotence remains undiminiſhed, and he willeth nothing but what he performs.

[*To be continued.*]

SERMON II.

On 1 JOHN V. 20.

[*Concluded from page* 136.]

III. I Have now only to add a few Inferences from the preceding Obſervations.

1. And we may learn from hence, Firſt, That as there is but one God in heaven above, and in the earth beneath, ſo there is only one happineſs for created ſpirits, either in heaven or earth. This One God made our heart for himſelf; and it cannot reſt, till it reſteth in him. It is true, that while we are in the vigour of youth and health: while our blood dances in our veins: while the world ſmiles upon us, and we have all the conveniences, yea, and ſuperfluities of life: we frequently have pleaſing dreams, and enjoy a kind of happineſs. But it cannot continue: it flies away like a ſhadow: and even while it does, it is not ſolid, or ſubſtantial; it does not ſatisfy the ſoul. We ſtill pant after ſomething elſe, ſomething which we have not. Give a man every thing that this world can give, ſtill, as *Horace* obſerved near two thouſand years ago,

Curtæ neſcio quid Semper abeſt rei.

Still

" Amidſt our plenty ſomething ſtill
To me, to thee, to him is wanting!"

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That *ſomething*, is neither more nor leſs, than the knowledge and love of God: without which no creature can be happy, either in heaven or earth.

2. Permit me to cite my own experience, in confirmation of this: I diſtinctly remember, that even in my childhood, even when I was at ſchool, I have often ſaid, "They ſay, the life of a ſchool-boy is the happieſt in the world: but I am ſure, I am not happy. For I always want ſomething which I have not: therefore I am not content, and ſo cannot be happy." When I had lived a few years longer, being in the vigour of youth, a ſtranger to pain and ſickneſs, and particularly to lowneſs of ſpirits, (which I do not remember to have felt one quarter of an hour ſince I was born:) having plenty of all things, in the midſt of ſenſible and amiable friends, who loved me, and I loved them, and being in the way of life, which of all others, ſuited my inclinations; ſtill I was not happy! I wondered why I was not, and could not imagine, what the reaſon was? The reaſon certainly was, I did not know God: the ſource of preſent as well as eternal happineſs. What is a clear proof that I was not then happy, is, that upon the cooleſt reflection, I knew not one week which I would have thought it worth while to have lived over again; taking it with every inward and outward ſenſation, without any variation at all.

3. But a pious man affirms, "When I was young, I was happy, though I was utterly without God in the world." I do not believe you: though I doubt not but you believe yourſelf. But you are deceived, as I have been over and over. Such is the condition of human life!

> "Flowrets and myrtles fragrant ſeem to riſe;
> All is at diſtance fair; but near at hand,
> The gay deceit mocks the deſiring eyes
> With thorns, and deſert-heath, and barren ſands."

Look forward on any diſtant proſpect: how beautiful does it appear! Come up to it; and the beauty vaniſhes away, and it is rough and diſagreeable. Juſt ſo is life! But when the ſcene is paſt, it reſumes its former appearance: and we ſeriouſly believe, that we were then very happy, though in reality we were far otherwiſe. For as none is now, ſo none ever was happy, without the loving knowledge of the true God.

4. We may learn hence, Secondly, That this happy knowledge of the true God is only another name for *Religion*: I mean, *Chriſtian Religion*, which indeed is the only one that deſerves the name. Religion, as to the nature or eſſence of it, does not lie in this or that ſet of Notions, vulgarly called *Faith*: nor in a round of Duties, however carefully *reformed* from error and ſuperſtition. It does not conſiſt in any number of outward actions. No: it properly and directly conſiſts in the knowledge and love of God, as manifeſted in the Son of his Love, through the eternal Spirit. And this naturally leads to every heavenly temper, and to every good word and work.

5. We learn hence, Thirdly, That none but a Chriſtian is happy; none but a real, inward Chriſtian. A glutton, a drunkard, a gameſter may be *merry*: but he cannot be happy. The Beau, the Belle, may eat and drink, and riſe up to play; but ſtill they feel, they are not happy. Men or women may adorn their own dear perſons with all the colours of the rainbow. They may dance and ſing, and hurry to and fro, and flutter hither and thither. They may roll up and down in their ſplendid carriages, and talk inſipidly to each other. They may haſten from one diverſion to another: but happineſs is not there. They are ſtill *walking in a vain ſhadow, and diſquieting themſelves in vain.* One of their own Poets has truly pronounced, concerning the whole life of theſe ſons of pleaſure,

"'Tis

" 'Tis a dull farce, an empty ſhow:
Powder, and pocket-glaſs, and beau."

I cannot but obſerve of that fine Writer, that he came near the mark; and yet fell ſhort of it. In his *Solomon* (one of the nobleſt Poems in the Engliſh Tongue,) he clearly ſhews where happineſs *is not*: that it is not to be found in natural Knowledge, in Power, or in the pleaſures of Senſe or Imagination. But he does not ſhew where it is to be found. He could not; for he did not know himſelf. Yet he came near it, when he ſaid,

" Reſtore, Great Father, thy inſtructed ſon;
And in my act may thy great Will be done!"

6. We learn hence, Fourthly, That every Chriſtian is happy, and that he who is not happy is not a Chriſtian. If (as was obſerved above) Religion is Happineſs, every one that has it muſt be happy. This appears from the very nature of the thing: for if Religion and Happineſs are in fact the ſame, it is impoſſible that any man can poſſeſs the former, without poſſeſſing the latter alſo. He cannot have Religion without having Happineſs, ſeeing they are utterly inſeparable.

And it is equally certain, on the other hand, That he who is not happy, is not a Chriſtian: ſeeing if he was a real Chriſtian, he could not but be happy. But I allow an exception here, in favour of thoſe, who are under violent temptation; yea, and of thoſe who are under deep nervous diſorders, which are indeed a ſpecies of inſanity. The clouds and darkneſs which then overwhelm the ſoul, ſuſpend its happineſs: eſpecially if Satan is permitted to ſecond thoſe diſorders, by pouring in his fiery darts. But excepting theſe caſes, the obſervation will hold, and it ſhould be well attended to, Whoever is not happy, yea, happy in God, is not a Chriſtian.

7. Are not *you* a living proof of this? Do not you ſtill wander to and fro, ſeeking reſt, but finding none? Purſuing Happineſs, but never overtaking it? And who can blame you for purſuing it? It is the very end of your being. The Great Creator made nothing to be miſerable, but every creature to be happy in its kind. And upon a general review of the works of his hands, he pronounced them all *very good*: which they would not have been, had not every intelligent creature, yea, every one capable of pleaſure and pain, been happy in anſwering the end of its creation. If *you* are now unhappy, it is becauſe you are in an unnatural ſtate: and ſhall you not ſigh for deliverance from it? *The whole creation*, being now *ſubject to vanity, groaneth and travelleth in pain together.* I blame you only, or pity you rather, for taking a wrong way to a right end: for ſeeking Happineſs where it never was, and never can be found. You ſeek happineſs in your fellow-creatures, inſtead of your Creator. But theſe can no more make you happy, than they can make you immortal. If you have ears to hear, every creature cries aloud, "Happineſs is not in *me*." All theſe are, in truth, *broken ciſterns, that can hold no water.* O turn unto your reſt! Turn to him, in whom are hid all the treaſures of happineſs! Turn unto him, *who giveth liberally unto all men*, and he will give you *to drink of the water of life freely.*

8. You cannot find your long-ſought Happineſs in all the *pleaſures of the world.* Are they not *deceitful upon the weights?* Are they not *lighter than vanity itſelf?* How long will ye *feed upon that which is not bread?* Which may *amuſe*, but cannot ſatisfy. You cannot find it in the *Religion of the World*: either in Opinions, or a mere round of outward Duties. Vain labour! Is not *God a Spirit?* And therefore to be *worſhipped in ſpirit and in truth?* In this alone can you find the happineſs you ſeek: in the union of your ſpirit with the Father of Spirits. In the knowledge and love of him, who is a fountain of happineſs, ſufficient for all the ſouls he has made.

9. But

9. But where is he to be found? Shall we *go up into heaven*, or *down into hell* to ſeek him? Shall we *take the wings of the morning*, and ſearch for him *in the uttermoſt parts of the ſea?* Nay,

Quod petis, hic eſt!

What a ſtrange word, to fall from the pen of a Heathen? "What you ſeek, is here!" He *is about your bed!* He is *about your path.* He *beſets you behind and before.* He *lays his hand upon you.* Lo! God is here! Not afar off! Now, believe and feel him near! May he now reveal himſelf in your heart! Know him! Love him! and you are happy.

10. Are you already happy in him? Then ſee that you *hold faſt whereunto you have obtained! Watch and pray*, that you may never be *moved from your ſtedfaſtneſs. Look unto yourſelves, that ye loſe not what you have gained, that ye may receive a full reward.* In ſo doing, expect a continual growth in grace, in the loving knowledge of our Lord Jeſus Chriſt. Expect that the power of the Higheſt ſhall ſuddenly overſhadow you, that all ſin may be deſtroyed, and nothing may remain in your heart, but holineſs unto the Lord. And this moment, and every moment, *preſent yourſelves a living ſacrifice, holy, acceptable to God, and glorify him with your body and with your ſpirit, which are God's.*

LONDON,
Dec. 22, 1780.

Some Account of Mr. RICHARD WHATCOAT.

1. I Was born in the year 1736, in the pariſh of *Quinton*, in the county of *Glouceſter*. My father dying while I was young, left a widow and five children. At thirteen years old I was bound apprentice, and ſerved for eight years. I was never heard, during this time, to ſwear a vain oath, nor was ever given to lying, gaming, drunkenneſs, or any other preſumptuous ſin, but was commended for my honeſty and ſobriety. And from my childhood I had, at times, ſerious thoughts on Death and Eternity.

2. I ſerved the greateſt part of my apprenticeſhip at *Darlaſton*, in *Staffordſhire*. But at the age of twenty-one, I removed from thence to *Wedneſbury*. Here I found myſelf in continual danger of loſing the little Religion I had; as the family in which I lived, had no religion at all. Therefore I took the firſt opportunity that offered, of removing to another place. And a kind Providence directed me to a family, that *feared God, and wrought righteouſneſs*.

3. I ſoon went with them to hear the *Methodiſts*, which I did with deep attention: and when the Preacher was deſcribing the Fall of Man, I thought he ſpoke to me in particular, and ſpoke as if he had known every thing that ever was in my heart. When he deſcribed the nature and fruits of Faith, I was conſcious I had it not; and though I believed all the Scripture to be of God, yet I had not the marks of a Chriſtian Believer. And I was convinced, that if I died in the ſtate wherein I then was, I ſhould be miſerable for ever. Yet I could not conceive, how I that had lived ſo ſober a life, could be *the chief of ſinners*. But this was not long: for I no ſooner diſcovered the ſpirituality of the law, and the enmity that was in my heart againſt God, than I could heartily agree to it.

4. The

4. The thoughts of Death and Judgment now ſtruck me with terrible fear. I had a keen apprehenſion of the wrath of God, and of the fiery indignation due to ſinners: ſo that I could have wiſhed myſelf to be annihilated, or to be the vileſt creature, if I could but eſcape Judgment. In this ſtate I was, when one told me, "I know, God for Chriſt's ſake, has forgiven all my ſins: and *his Spirit witneſſeth with my ſpirit, that I am a child of God.*" This gave me a good deal of encouragement. And I determined never to reſt, until I had a teſtimony in myſelf, that *my* ſins alſo were forgiven. But in the mean time, ſuch was the darkneſs I was in, ſuch my conſciouſneſs of guilt, and the juſt diſpleaſure of Almighty God, that I could find no reſt day or night, either for ſoul or body. So that life was a burden, and I became regardleſs of all things under the ſun. Now all my virtues, which I had ſome reliance on once, appeared as filthy rags. And many diſcouraging thoughts were put into my mind, as, *Many are called; but few choſen. Hath not the potter power over his own clay, to make one veſſel to honour, and another to diſhonour?* From which it was ſuggeſted to me, that I was *made to diſhonour*, and ſo muſt inevitably periſh.

5. On Sept. 3, 1758, being overwhelmed with guilt and fear, as I was reading, it was as if one whiſpered to me, "Thou hadſt better read no more; for the more thou readeſt, the more thou wilt know. *And he that knoweth his Lord's will and doth it not, ſhall be beaten with many ſtripes.*" I pauſed a little, and then reſolved, Let the conſequence be what it may, I will proceed. When I came to thoſe words, *The Spirit itſelf beareth witneſs with our ſpirits, that we are the children of God*, as I fixt my eyes upon them, in a moment, my darkneſs was removed, and the Spirit did bear witneſs with my ſpirit, that I was a child of God. In the ſame inſtant I was filled with unſpeakable peace and joy in believing: and all fear of death, judgment and hell, ſuddenly vaniſhed away. Before this, I was kept awake by anguiſh and fear, ſo that I could not get

get an hour's ſound ſleep in a night. Now I wanted not ſleep, being abundantly refreſhed by contemplating the rich diſplay of God's mercy, in adopting ſo unworthy a creature as me to be an heir of the kingdom of heaven!

6. This peace and joy continued about three weeks, after which it was ſuggeſted to me, "Haſt not thou deceived thyſelf? Is it not preſumption, to think thou art a child of God? But if thou art, thou wilt ſoon fall away: thou wilt not endure to the end." This threw me into great heavineſs: but it did not continue long. For as I gave myſelf unto prayer, and to reading and hearing the word of God at all opportunities, my Evidence became clearer and clearer, my faith and love ſtronger and ſtronger. And I found the accompliſhment of that promiſe, *They that wait upon the Lord ſhall renew their ſtrength.*

7. Yet I ſoon found, that though I was juſtified freely, yet I was not wholly ſanctified. This brought me into a deep concern, and confirmed my reſolution, to admit of no peace, no nor truce with the evils which I ſtill found in my heart. I was ſenſible both that they hindered me at preſent in all my holy exerciſes, and that I could not enter into the joy of my Lord, unleſs they were all rooted out. Theſe conſiderations led me to conſider more attentively the exceeding great and precious promiſes, whereby we may eſcape all the corruption that is in the world, and be made partakers of the divine nature. I was much confirmed in my hope of their accompliſhment, by frequently hearing Mr. *Mather* ſpeak upon the ſubject. I ſaw it was the mere gift of God; and conſequently to be received by faith. And after many ſharp and painful conflicts, and many gracious viſitations, on March 28, 1761, my ſpirit was drawn out and engaged in wreſtling with God for about two hours, in a manner I never did before. Suddenly I was ſtript of all but love. I was all love, and prayer and praiſe. And in this happy ſtate, rejoicing evermore, and in every thing giving thanks, I continued for ſome years; wanting nothing

nothing for ſoul or body, more than I received from day to day.

8. I began to look round, and to obſerve more than ever, the whole world full of ſin and miſery. I felt a ſtrong deſire for others to partake of the ſame happineſs with myſelf. I longed to declare unto them what I knew of our Saviour. But I firſt ſat down to count the coſt, and being then fully convinced of my duty, I began to exhort thoſe of the neighbouring towns, to *repent and believe the goſpel.* This I did for about a year and a half; but was ſtill convinced, I might be more uſeful as a travelling Preacher. This I mentioned to Mr. *Pawſon*, a little before the Conference in 1769. A little after it, he wrote and let me know, that he had propoſed me at the Conference, and that I was accepted as a probationer, and ſtationed in the *Oxfordſhire* Circuit. Having ſettled my temporal affairs, with all the expedition I could, I went into the Circuit, and was received far better than I expected. And I found that affection for the people, which never ſince wore off. After ſpending ſome time very agreeably there, I believe to our mutual ſatisfaction, I removed to *Bedford* Circuit, where I remained till the Conference in 1774.

9. I was then appointed for *Iniſkillen* Circuit, in the North of *Ireland.* This was a trial to me on ſeveral accounts. I was an utter ſtranger to *Ireland*, of which I had heard little good ſpoken: I had a great averſion to ſea-voyages. And what troubled me more than all was, that my Mother was on her dying-bed. But ſhe knew and loved the work I was engaged in. So ſhe willingly gave me up to the Lord, though ſhe did not expect to ſee me any more, till we met in eternity. In this Circuit I found many things that were not pleaſing to fleſh and blood. It took us eight weeks to go through it; and in this time we ſlept in near fifty different places: ſome of them cold enough; ſome damp enough; and others, not very clean. We commonly preached two or three times a day, beſides meeting the Societies and viſiting the ſick: and

very frequently we had no other food than potatoes and a little ſalt meat. By this means, as my conſtitution was but weak, my ſtrength was nearly exhauſted. But it was an ample amends, to ſee that the work of the Lord proſpered in our hands. Upwards of two hundred members were this year added to the Society; a great part of whom had found Redemption through the blood of the Covenant. And I was entirely willing to wear out my body in ſo bleſſed a work.

10. But I was ſoon cut ſhort: for before I got into the next Circuit where I was ſtationed, namely, that of *Armagh*, my labour was at an end; my body quite ſunk under me. I was taken with an entire loſs of appetite, a violent bleeding at the noſe, and profuſe night-ſweats, ſo that my fleſh was conſumed from my bones, and my eyes ſunk in my head. My ſight alſo failed me, ſo that I could not diſtinguiſh my moſt intimate acquaintance the breadth of a room. But although my life was quite deſpaired of, yet it pleaſed God to raiſe me up: and after a confinement of twelve weeks at *Sydare*, I removed into *Armagh* Circuit. But going out before I had ſufficiently recovered my ſtrength, the cold ſeized upon me, and cauſed ſuch an humour to ſettle in my legs, that for ſome time I could not ſet my feet to the ground. But my mind being ſet upon my work, I little regarded the pain of my body, ſo long as I was able to ſit on my horſe, or ſtand and ſpeak to the people. So in about a fortnight I went into my Circuit again: but in a fortnight more I was again diſabled, the humour returning ſo violently, that I was laid up for eight weeks. But theſe afflictions were not grievous: they were all ſweetened by the peace of God which I enjoyed, and the exceeding kindneſs of my friends where I was. Lord, remember them for good!

11. By my reſpite from preaching, while I travelled to *Dublin*, and afterwards to *London*, and by the frequent uſe of bathing, both in ſalt, and in freſh water, I gradually recovered my health. And I have great reaſon to bleſs God, who has

preſerved

preſerved me during the eleven years that I have been an itinerant Preacher. In this time he has delivered me from many troubles, both of body and mind. He has enabled me to perſevere in my labour, with a ſingle eye. He has kept my heart diſengaged from all creature-loves, and all deſire of worldly happineſs. And I can ſtill truly ſay,

"Bleſt with the ſcorn of finite good,
My ſoul is lightened of her load;
And ſeeks the things above."

With the ſame work, and in the ſame ſpirit, may I fill up the remnant of my days! Then may I join the quires around the throne, and give bleſſing, and glory, and wiſdom, and thankſgiving, and honour, and power, and might, unto God, and the Lamb for ever and ever!

An Extract from the DIARY *of Mrs.* BATHSHEBA HALL.

[*Continued from page* 132.]

SUNDAY, May 23. My ſoul ſtruggles to plunge into the full ocean of Redeeming Love. Why am I ſo unlike my God? Ah, what a dwarf am I in grace!

Monday 24. In the midſt of hurry and tumult he hath kept my ſpirit calm. This is the ſoil wherein I am to grow up into my living Head in all things. I was a ſhort time this evening at the Prayer-meeting: I was obliged to return to earth. But I did not feel it to be any croſs. Father, not mine, but thy will be done.

Saturday 29. Things of earth and illneſs have taken up all my time this week. But the Lord hath ſupported me, ſo that I have ſuffered no loſs. May I praiſe the Lord with all my powers!

Sunday 30. This has been indeed a ſabbath of reſt. My ſoul hath exulted in Jeſus. I felt the fire of divine Love circulate through all my powers. All within me bows to his command. He reigns in me without a rival.

Wedneſday, July 3. I have been calling to mind the loving kindneſs of the Lord, in delivering me from all my inward enemies. I do feel that perfect Love caſteth out fear, all fear that hath torment. How can I expreſs the love and goodneſs, wherewith thou haſt condeſcended to viſit me!

Sunday 7. Bleſſed be the Lord, who hath made me one ſpirit with himſelf, and who keeps my ſoul in full ſearch after all the treaſures of divine wiſdom and knowledge.

Wedneſday 10. O how does the Lord deal with an unworthy worm! Such an effuſion of his divine love and preſence, that all within and without ſeems nothing but God! I feel that my whole body, ſoul and ſpirit are a ſacrifice to him; and I am a witneſs, that *the blood of Jeſus Chriſt, his Son, cleanſeth from all ſin.*

Friday 12. The variation of the weather ſo far affects my animal frame, that I have need of much faith and patience. But I know thou art with me, thou life of my ſoul, as much as when I have the moſt joyous ſenſations.

Sunday, Sept. 1. Mr. —— deſired us all to pray for him, That God would forgive him his ſins of omiſſion. If ſuch an one has need of this, what have I? O my God, what do I live for? How unprofitable a ſervant have I been? A mere blank in the creation.

Friday 13. I received a letter from my friend at *Bath*, wherein ſhe ſays, "It is a bold aſſertion; but I think I may uſe it without any reproof from my heavenly Father. Self is gone; and God is all in all." Stand then, O thou happy ſoul, in that glorious liberty! I feel this morning the holy preſence of the bleſſed Three in One.

Saturday 14. O what a day of trial has this been from my dear ——? And wilt thou not look upon this alſo? Lord, I believe thou wilt.

Sunday

Sunday 15. My ſoul adores the triune God. His train of glory fills the temple of my ſoul. He does indeed give me meat to eat, which the world knoweth not of.

Monday 16. Happy am I, that the Lord is the guardian of that pure love which he has breathed into my ſoul! Yet, if Satan beguiled our firſt parents in paradiſe, what need have I to watch continually? It was ſtrongly ſuggeſted to me to-day, how happy I might be in another ſtate? But it was not long before the ſnare was diſcovered, and my ſoul quite delivered from it.

Wedneſday 18. I aſked *M. Stokes* to come home with me, and I would read her my Experience. While I was reading, I felt the mighty power of God deſcend upon me, and my ſoul overflowed with gratitude to him, who reigned in me without a rival. We then went to prayer, and ſtrong faith was given me, to wreſtle for my friend. She cried out in great agony of ſoul. I prayed on, till ſhe fainted away. When ſhe recovered, ſhe ſaid, "The Lord has done ſomething for me, but I know not what." I ſaid, Wait, and he will anſwer for himſelf.

Sunday 22. Within theſe few days, Satan has ſtirred up all his forces againſt me. And indeed no marvel; ſince my Lord has caſt him out of his throne. I was enabled patiently to endure, as ſeeing him that is inviſible. I have felt to-day what no language can expreſs: the triune God dwelling in my heart!

Monday, Oct. 6. I cannot be ſufficiently thankful, that God has brought me into the narrow path of holineſs. Many talk of devotedneſs to God; but few experience it. The ſoul which deſires nothing but God, has many deaths to paſs through, even after the Lord has ſpoken that word, "I will: be thou clean!" In order to a higher degree of real life, it will be called to die daily. Happy ſoul, that can ſay, under every operation of the Spirit, "Not as I will; but as thou wilt." Chriſtians in general, are very deſirous of *ſenſible comforts*; but do not conſider, this is not the only way they are to

to walk in. There is a ſeaſon wherein they are called to inward crucifixion, a being ſtript of all ſenſible enjoyment.

N. B. I cannot find this in the Bible. I do not believe it. We are called of God, to *rejoice evermore*. I know thoſe that have done ſo for many years: and the *joy of the Lord* was *their ſtrength*. 'Tis true, nervous diſorders may ſtrip us of this joy: and then God will bring good out of evil. But otherwiſe we have no more need to be ſtript of *joy in the Holy Ghoſt*, than of *peace*, or *righteouſneſs*. We ought therefore to be *dejected*, that is, grieved and aſhamed before God, when we are ſtript of all *ſenſible enjoyment* of God. It is not his will which is the cauſe of this, but our own: he would have us *always happy* in him.

[*To be continued.*]

An Account of SARAH WHISKIN.

WEDNESDAY, January 27, 1742, I buried the body of *Sarah Whiſkin*, a young woman late of *Cambridge*: a ſhort account of whom follows, in the words of one that was with her, during her laſt ſtruggle for eternity.

"The firſt time ſhe went, intending to hear Mr. *Weſley*, was January 3. But he was then ill. She went again, Tueſday 5, and was not diſappointed. From that time ſhe ſeemed quite taken up with the things above, and could willingly have been always hearing, or praying, or ſinging of hymns. Wedneſday 13, ſhe was ſent for into the country: at which news ſhe cried violently, being afraid to go, leaſt ſhe ſhould be again conformable to the world. With tears in her eyes ſhe aſked me, "What ſhall I do? I am in a great ſtrait." And being adviſed, To commit her cauſe to God, and pray that his will might be done, not her own, ſhe ſaid, ſhe would defer her journey

journey three days, to wait upon God, that he might ſhew his will concerning her. The next day ſhe was taken ill of a fever. But being ſomething better on Friday, ſhe ſent and took a place in the *Cambridge* coach, for the Tueſday following. Her ſiſter aſking her, if ſhe thought it was the will of God ſhe ſhould go? She anſwered, "I leave it to the Lord; and am ſure he will find a way to prevent it, if it is not for my good." Sunday 17, ſhe was ill again, and deſired me to write a note, that ſhe might be prayed for. I aſked, what I ſhould write? She anſwered, "You know what I want: a lively faith." Being better on Monday 18, ſhe got up to prepare for her journey; though ſtill deſiring God to put a ſtopt to it, if it was not according to his will. As ſoon as ſhe roſe from prayer, ſhe fainted away. When ſhe came to herſelf ſhe ſaid, "Where is that ſcripture of *Balaam* journeying, and the angel of the Lord ſtanding in the way? I can bring this home to myſelf. I was juſt going this morning, and ſee, God has taken away all my ſtrength!"

"From this hour ſhe was almoſt continually praying to God, that he would reveal himſelf to her ſoul. On Tueſday 19, being in tears, ſhe was aſked, what was the matter? She anſwered, "The devil is very buſy with me." One aſking, "Who condemns you?" She pointed to her heart and ſaid, "This: and God is greater than my heart." On Thurſday, after Mr. *Richards* had prayed with her, ſhe was much chearfuller, and ſaid, ſhe could not doubt but God would fulfil the deſire which he had given her.

"Friday 22. One of her ſiſters coming out of the country to ſee her, ſhe ſaid, "If I had come to you, evil would have befallen me. But I am ſnatched out of the hands of the devil. Though God has not yet revealed himſelf unto me, yet I believe, were I to die this night, before to-morrow, I ſhould be in heaven." Her ſiſter ſaying, "I hope God will reſtore you to health:" ſhe replied, "Let him do what ſeemeth him good."

Saturday

Saturday 23. She ſaid, "I ſaw my mother, brother and ſiſter in my ſleep, and they all received a bleſſing in a moment." I aſked, if ſhe thought ſhe ſhould die? And whether ſhe believed, the Lord would receive her ſoul? Looking very earneſtly, ſhe ſaid, "I have not ſeen the Lord yet. But I believe I ſhall ſee him and live. Although theſe are bold words, for a ſinner to ſay! Are they not?"

"Sunday 24. I aſked her, how have you reſted?" She anſwered, "very well. Though I have had no ſleep: and I wanted none: for I have had the Lord with me. O let us not be aſhamed of him, but proclaim him upon the houſe-top! And I know, whatever I aſk in the name of Jeſus, according to his will, I ſhall have." Soon after ſhe called haſtily to me, and ſaid, "I fear I have deceived myſelf. I thought the *Amen* was ſealed on my heart; but I fear it is not. Go down and pray for me; and let him not go, till he has given me my heart's deſire." Soon after ſhe broke out into ſinging and ſaid, "I was ſoon delivered of my fears. I was only afraid of a flattering hope: but if it had been ſo, I would not have let him go."

Her ſiſter that was come to ſee her was much upon her mind. "You, ſaid ſhe, are in pain for this little child. But I have faith for her. God has a favour unto her." In the afternoon ſhe deſired me to write a bill for her. I aſked, what ſhall I write? She ſaid, return thanks for what God has done for *me*, and pray that he would manifeſt himſelf to my *relations* alſo. Go to the preaching. Leave but one with me." Soon after we were gone ſhe roſe up, called to the perſon that was with her and ſaid, "Now it is done. I am aſſured my ſins are forgiven." The perſon anſwering, "Death is a little thing, to them that die in the Lord:" ſhe replied with vehemence, "A little thing! it is nothing." The perſon then deſiring, ſhe would pray for her, ſhe anſwered, "I do: I pray for all. I pray for all I know, and for them I do not know. And the Lord will hear the prayer of faith." At our return,

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her ſiſter kneeling by the bed-ſide ſhe ſaid, "Are you not comforted, my dear, for me?" Her ſpeech then failing, ſhe made ſigns for her to be by her, and kiſſed her and ſmiled upon her. She then lay about an hour without ſpeaking or ſtirring; till about three o'clock on Monday morning, ſhe cried out, "My Lord and my God!" fetched a double ſigh, and died."

An Extract from A SURVEY *of the* WISDOM *of* GOD *in the* CREATION.

TO take a view of the whole human Body, let us begin with the leſs adorned, but more *ſolid* parts, thoſe which *ſupport*, and *contain* the reſt. Firſt, you have a ſyſtem of *Bones*, caſt in a variety of moulds, in a variety of ſizes: all ſtrong, that they may bear up the machine, yet light, that they may not weigh us down: bored with an inward cavity to contain the moiſtning marrow, and perforated with fine ducts, to admit the nouriſhing veſſels. Inſenſible themſelves, they are covered with a membrane, exquiſitely ſenſible, which warns them of, and ſecures them from the annoyance of any hurtful friction; and alſo preſerves the muſcles from being fretted in their action, by the hard and rough ſubſtance of the bone. They are largeſt at the extremities, that they may be joined more firmly, and not ſo eaſily diſlocated. The manner of their articulation is admirable, and remarkably various: yet never varied without demonſtrating ſome wiſe deſign, and anſwering ſome valuable end. Frequently when two are united, the one is nicely rounded and capped with a ſmooth ſubſtance; the other is ſcooped into a hollow of the ſame dimenſions to receive it. And both are lubricated with an unctuous fluid, to facilitate the rotation.

The *Feet* compoſe the firmeſt pedeſtal, infinitely beyond all that ſtatuary can accompliſh, capable of altering its form, and extending its ſize, as different circumſtances require. They likewiſe contain a ſet of the niceſt ſprings, which help to place the body in a variety of attitudes, and qualify it for a multiplicity of motions. The undermoſt part of the heel, and the extremity of the ſole, are ſhod with a tough inſenſible ſubſtance: a kind of natural ſandal, which never wears out, never wants repair: and which prevents an undue compreſſion of the veſſels by the weight of the body. The *legs* and *thighs* are like ſtately columns, ſo articulated that they are commodious for walking, and yet do not obſtruct the eaſy poſture of ſitting. The legs ſwell out towards the top with a genteel projection, and are neatly wrought off toward the bottom: a variation which leſſens their bulk, while it increaſes their beauty.

The *Ribs*, turned into a regular arch, are gently moveable, for the act of reſpiration. They form a ſafe lodgement for the lungs and heart, ſome of the moſt important organs of life. The *Back-bone* is deſigned, not only to ſtrengthen the body, and ſuſtain its moſt capacious ſtore-rooms, but alſo to bring down the continuation of the brain, uſually termed the *Spinal Marrow*. It both conveys and guards this *ſilver cord*, as *Solomon* terms it, and by commodious outlets tranſmits it to all parts. Had it been only ſtraight and hollow, it might have ſerved theſe purpoſes. But then the loins muſt have been inflexible: to avoid which, it conſiſts of very ſhort bones, knit together by cartilages. This peculiarity of ſtructure gives it the pliancy of an oſier, with the firmneſs of an oak. By this means it is capable of various inflections, without bruiſing the ſoft marrow, or diminiſhing that ſtrength which is neceſſary to ſupport all the upper ſtories. Such a formation in any other of the ſolids, muſt have occaſioned great inconvenience. Here it is unſpeakably uſeful, a maſter-piece of creating ſkill.

The *Arms* are exactly proportioned to each other, to preſerve the equilibrium of the ſtructure. Theſe being the guards that defend, and the miniſters that ſerve the whole body, are fitted for the moſt diverſified and extenſive operations: firm with bone, yet not weighty with fleſh, and capable of performing all uſeful motions. They bend inwards and turn outwards; they move upward or downward. They wheel about in whatever direction we pleaſe. To theſe are added the *Hands*, terminated by the fingers, not of the ſame length, nor of equal bigneſs, but in both reſpects different, which gives the more beauty, and far greater uſefulneſs. Were they all fleſh, they would be weak: were they one entire bone, they would be utterly inflexible: but conſiſting of various little bones and muſcles, what ſhape can they not aſſume? Being placed at the end of the arm, the ſphere of their action is exceedingly enlarged. Their extremities are an aſſemblage of fine tendinous fibres, acutely ſenſible: which notwithſtanding are deſtined to almoſt inceſſant employ, and frequently among rugged objects. For this reaſon they are overlaid with nails, which preſerve them from any painful impreſſions.

In the hand we have a caſe of the fineſt inſtruments. To theſe we owe thoſe beautiful ſtatues, this melodious trumpet. By the ſtrength of the hand the talleſt firs fall, and the largeſt oaks deſcend from the mountains. Faſhioned by the hand they are a floating warehouſe, and carry the productions of art and nature from *Britain* to *Japan*.

The hand is the original and univerſal ſceptre, which not only repreſents, but aſcertains our dominion over all the elements and over every creature. Though we have not the ſtrength of the horſe, the ſwiftneſs of the greyhound, or the quick ſcent of the ſpaniel, yet directed by the underſtanding, and enabled by the hand, we can as it were make them all our own. Theſe ſhort hands have found a way to penetrate the bowels of the earth, to touch the bottom of the ſea. Theſe feeble hands can manage the wings of the wind, arm

themſelves with the violence of fire, and preſs into their ſervice the forcible impetuoſity of water. How greatly then are we indebted to our wiſe Creator, for this diſtinguiſhing, this invaluable member?

Above all is the *Head*, for the reſidence of the brain, ample to receive, and firm to defend it. It has a communication with all, even the remoteſt parts; has outlets, for diſpatching couriers to all quarters, and avenues for receiving ſpeedy intelligence, on all needful occaſions. It has lodgments wherein to poſt ſentinels, for various offices: to expedite whoſe operations the whole turns on a curious pivot, nicely contrived to afford the largeſt and freeſt circumvolutions.

This is ſcreened from heat, defended from cold, and at the ſame time beautified by the *Hair:* a decoration ſo delicate, as no art can ſupply, ſo perfectly light, as no way to incumber the wearer.

While other animals are *prone* in their aſpect, the attitude of man is *erect*, which is by far the moſt graceful, and beſpeaks ſuperiority. It is by far the moſt commodious, for proſecution of all our extenſive deſigns. It is likewiſe ſafeſt, leſs expoſed to dangers, and better contrived to repel or avoid them. Does it not alſo remind us of our noble original, and our ſublime end? Our original, which was the breath of the almighty: our end, which was the enjoyment of him in glory?

Thus much for the *rafters* and *beams* of the houſe. Let us now ſurvey the lodgings within. Here are *Ligaments*, a tough and ſtrong arrangement of fibres, to unite the ſeveral parts, and render what would otherwiſe be an unwieldy jumble, a well compacted and ſelf-manageable ſyſtem: *Membranes*, thin and flexile tunicles, to enwrap the fleſhy parts, to connect ſome, and form a ſeparation between others; *Arteries*, the rivers of our little world, that ſtriking out as they go, into numberleſs ſmall canals, viſit every ſtreet, yea every apartment in the vital city. Theſe being wide at firſt, and growing narrower and narrower, check the rapidity of the blood. This thrown from

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the heart, dilates the arteries, and their own elaſtic force contracts them: by which means they vibrate againſt the finger, and much aſſiſt both in the diſcovery and cure of diſeaſes. The larger arteries, wherever the blood is forced to bend, are ſituate on the bending ſide; leſt being ſtretched to an improper length, the circulation ſhould be retarded. They are not, like ſeveral of the veins, near the ſurface, but placed at a proper depth. And hereby they are more ſecure from external injuries. In thoſe parts which are moſt liable to preſſure, an admirable expedient takes place. The arteries *inoſculate* with each other: breaking into a new track, they fetch a little circuit, and afterwards return into the main road. So that if any thing block up or ſtraiten the direct paſſage, the current, by diverting to this new channel, eludes the impediment, flows on, and ſoon regains its wonted courſe.

The *Viens* receive the blood from the arteries, and re-convey it to the heart. The preſſure of the blood is not near ſo forcible in theſe as in the arteries. Therefore their texture is conſiderably ſlighter. Such an exact œconomiſt is Nature, amidſt all her liberality! In many of theſe canals, the current though widening continually, is obliged to puſh its way againſt the perpendicular: hereby it is expoſed to the danger of falling back and overloading the veſſels. To prevent this, *Valves* are interpoſed at proper diſtances, which are no hinderance to the regular paſſage, but prevent the reflux, and facilitate the paſſage of the blood to the grand receptacle. But theſe valves are only where the blood is conſtrained to climb: where the aſcent ceaſes, they ceaſe alſo.

Here are *Glands* to filtrate the paſſing fluids, each of which is an aſſemblage of veſſels, complicated with ſeeming confuſion, but with perfect regularity. Each forms a ſecretion far more curious than the moſt admired operations of chymiſtry: *Muſcles*, compoſed of the fineſt fibres, yet endued with incredible ſtrength, faſhioned after a variety of patterns, but all in the higheſt taſte for elegance and conveniency.

Theſe

Theſe are the inſtruments of motion, and at the command of the will, execute their functions quick as lightning: *Nerves*, ſurprizingly minute, which ſet the muſcles at work, diffuſe the power of ſenſation through the body, and upon any impreſſion from without, give all needful intelligence to the ſoul: *Veſicles*, diſtended with an unctuous matter, in ſome places compoſe a ſoft cuſhion; as in the calf of the leg, whoſe large muſcles, mixt with *fat*, are of ſingular ſervice to thoſe important bones. This flanks and fortifies them, like a ſtrong baſtion, ſupports and cheriſhes them, like a ſoft pillow. In other places they fill up the vacuities, and ſmooth the inequalities of the fleſh. Inwardly, they ſupply the machine for motion; outwardly, they render it ſmooth and graceful.

[*To be continued.*]

THOUGHTS *upon Baron Monteſquieu's* SPIRIT *of* LAWS.

1. AS ſome of my friends deſire I would give them my thoughts on "The Spirit of Laws," I do it willingly, and in the plaineſt manner I can; that if I am wrong, I may be the ſooner ſet right. I undertook the reading of it with huge expectation, hoping to find an invaluable treaſure; as the Author is ſeldom ſpoken of, but as the Phœnix of the Age, a Prodigy of Underſtanding, and the book is every where ſpoken of, as the higheſt effort of Genius that ever was. Accordingly, as late as it has appeared in an Engliſh dreſs, it is already come to the Eleventh Edition. And who knows, but in a few years more, it may come to the two and twentieth?

2. Yet I cannot but obſerve, that in ſeveral places the Tranſlator does not ſeem to underſtand the Original: that there is in the laſt London Edition, a great number of Typographical

graphical errors: and that, not in a few places, either the Tranſlator or the Printer has made abſolute Nonſenſe.

3. But whence is it, that ſuch a multitude of people, ſo hugely admire, and highly applaud this Treatiſe? Perhaps nine in ten of them do this, becauſe others do: they follow the cry, without why or wherefore. They follow one another like a flock of ſheep; they run on, becauſe many run before them. It is quite the faſhion: and who would be out of the faſhion? As well be out of the world. Not that one half of theſe have read the book over; nor does one in ten of them underſtand it. But it is enough, that "every one commends it. And why ſhould not I too?" Eſpecially, as he ſeems greatly to admire himſelf; and upon occaſion to commend himſelf too; though in a modeſt, decent way; not in that fulſome manner, which is common among modern Writers.

4. Others admire him becauſe of his vaſt learning, teſtified by the numerous books he refers to: and yet others, becauſe he is no Bigot to Chriſtianity, becauſe he is a free and liberal Thinker. I doubt whether many Gentlemen do not admire him on this account, more than on all the others put together: and the rather, becauſe he does not openly attack the Religion of his country, but wraps up, in the moſt neat and decent language, the remarks which ſtrike at the root of it.

5. But it cannot be denied, that he deſerves our commendation, upon ſeveral accounts. He has an extremely fine Imagination, and no ſmall degree of Underſtanding. His ſtyle is lively; and even under the diſadvantage of a tranſlation, terſe and elegant. Add to this, that he has many remarks, which I ſuppoſe are perfectly his own: at leaſt, I never remember to have ſeen them, in any either ancient or modern Writer. Now when all theſe things are conſidered, is it any wonder that he ſhould be received with ſo high and general applauſe?

6. "Why then do not you concur with the general voice? Why do not you pay him the ſame admiration?" Without any

any preface or apology, I will tell you my Reaſons. And then let you or any candid man, judge whether they are not ſufficient.

I do not greatly admire him, 1. Becauſe ſo large a part of his book, I believe little leſs than half of it, is dry, dull, unaffecting and unentertaining: at leaſt to all but *Frenchmen*. What have I, or any *Briton* to do, with the petty changes in the *French* government? What have we to do, with a long, tedious detail, of the old, obſolete, feudal laws? Over and above, that we cannot find any uſe therein, that the knowledge of theſe things anſwers no one reaſonable purpoſe, it touches none of the paſſions: it gives no pleaſure, no entertainment to a thinking mind. It is heavy and tedious to the laſt degree. It is as inſipid as the travels of *Thomas Coryatt*.

7. I do not admire him, 2. Becauſe I think, he makes very many remarks that are not juſt, and becauſe he gives us many aſſertions, which are not true. But all theſe he pronounces as *ex Cathedra*, with an air of infallibility: as though he were the dictator not only of *France*, but of *Europe*; as though he expected all men to bow before him.

8. But what I leaſt of all admire is, his laying hold on every opportunity to depreciate the inſpired Writers. *Moſes* in particular. Indeed here his prudence and decency ſeem to fail him, and he ſpeaks of the Jewiſh law-giver with as little reſpect or reſerve, as he would of *Lycurgus*, *Romulus* or *Numa Pompilius*.

9. Theſe are ſome of the reflections which readily occurred to me, from a curſory reading of this celebrated Author. I add but one more, What is the meaning of his Title-Page? I am afraid of ſtumbling at the threſhold. What does he mean by "*The Spirit of Laws?*" After reading the whole book, I really do not know. The words give me no idea at all. And the more I ſtudy, the leſs I comprehend them. The Author never defines them at all. I verily believe, he did not comprehend them himſelf. I believe he had no clear or determinate ideas

ideas affixt to thoſe words. And was he not likely, when he ſet out with his head in a miſt, to go on in a wonderful manner? Other talents he undoubtedly had: but two he wanted, Religion and Logic. Therefore he ought to be read warily by thoſe who are not well grounded in both.

10. Upon the whole, I think Baron *Monteſquieu* was wholly unworthy of the violent Encomiums which have been beſtowed upon him. I think he excelled in Imagination, but not in Judgment, any more than in ſolid Learning. I think, in a word, that he was a Child to Monſieur *Paſcal*, Father *Malebranche*, or Mr. *Locke*.

An Account of the BROTHERS' STEPS.

LAST ſummer I received a Letter from a Friend, wherein were theſe words.

"I think it would be worth your while to take a view of thoſe wonderful marks of the Lord's hatred to *Duelling*, called *The Brothers' Steps*. They are in the fields, about a third of a mile northward from *Montague-Houſe*. And the awful tradition concerning them is, That two Brothers quarrelled about a worthleſs woman, and according to the faſhion of thoſe days, fought with ſword and piſtol. The prints of their feet are about the depth of three inches, and nothing will vegetate, ſo much as to diſfigure them. The number is only eighty three: but probably ſome are at preſent filled up. For I think, there were formerly more in the centre, where each unhappy combatant wounded the other to death. And a bank on which the firſt who fell, died, retains the form of his agonizing couch, by the curſe of Barrenneſs, while graſs flouriſhes all about it. Mr. *George Hall*, who was the Libra-

rian of *Lincoln's-Inn*, firſt ſhewed me thoſe ſteps, twenty eight years ago, when, I think, they were not quite ſo deep as now. He remembered them about thirty years, and the man who firſt ſhewed them him, about thirty more; which goes back to the year 1692: but I ſuppoſe they originated in King *Charles* the Second's reign. My Mother well remembered their being plowed up, and corn ſown to deface them about fifty years ago. But all was labour in vain; for the prints returned in a while to their priſtine form; as probably will thoſe that are now filled up. Indeed I think an account of them in your Magazine, would be a pious memorial of their laſting reality.

"Theſe hints are only offered as a ſmall token of my goodwill to yourſelf, and the work, by

Your Son and Brother in the Goſpel,

JOHN WALSH."

This account appeared to me ſo very extraordinary, that I knew not what to think of it. I knew Mr. *Walſh* to be a perſon of good underſtanding and real piety. And he teſtified what he had ſeen with his own eyes: but ſtill I wanted more witneſſes; till a while ago, being at Mr. *Cary's*, in *Copthall Buildings*, I occaſionally mentioned *The Brothers' Footſteps*, and aſked the company, if they had heard any thing of them? Sir, ſaid Mr. *Cary*, "Sixteen years ago, I ſaw and counted them myſelf." Another added, "And I ſaw them four years ago." I could then no longer doubt, but they had been. And a week or two after, I went with Mr. *Cary* and another perſon to ſeek them.

We ſought for near half an hour in vain. We could find no ſteps at all, within a quarter of a mile, no nor half a mile, North of *Montague-Houſe*. We were almoſt out of hope, when an honeſt man, who was at work, directed us to the next ground, adjoining to a pond. There we found what we ſought

ſought for, about three-quarters of a mile North of *Montague-Houſe*, and about five hundred yards Eaſt of *Tottenham-Court-Road*. The ſteps anſwer Mr. *Walſh's* deſcription. They are of the ſize of a large human foot, about three inches deep, and lie nearly from North-Eaſt to South-Weſt. We counted only ſeventy-ſix: but we were not exact in counting. The place where one or both the Brothers are ſuppoſed to have fallen, is ſtill bare of graſs. The labourer ſhewed us alſo the bank, where (the tradition is) the wretched woman ſat to ſee the combat.

What ſhall we ſay to theſe things? Why, to Atheiſts, or Infidels of any kind, I would not ſay one word about them. For *if they hear not Moſes and the Prophets*, they will not regard any thing of this kind. But to men of candour, who believe the Bible to be of God, I would ſay, Is not this an aſtoniſhing inſtance, held forth to all the inhabitants of *London*, of the juſtice and power of God? Does not the curſe he has denounced upon this ground bear ſome little reſemblance, to that of our Lord on the barren figtree, *Henceforth let no fruit grow upon thee for ever!* I ſee no reaſon or pretence for any rational man to doubt of the truth of the Story; ſince it has been confirmed by theſe open viſible tokens for more than a hundred years ſucceſſively.

REMARKS *on the Nature and Deſign of an* Oath.

[By Dr. S.]

AN *Oath* is a ſolemn Appeal to *Almighty God*, as the Searcher of Hearts, and the righteous Judge of the World, who will render to every man according to his works.

Every one who ſwears, or bears teſtimony, or makes any declaration upon *Oath*, does in the moſt awful manner, call this God himſelf to witneſs to what he aſſerts or denies; and by

the very nature and deſign of the *Oath*, and particularly by the words, "*So help me, God*;" does moſt ſolemnly renounce all hope in the divine protection and mercy, and devote himſelf to the miſeries of eternal perdition, if he does not verily believe what he ſays to be true. What can be more ſerious and intereſting than ſuch an Appeal!

Mankind, accordingly, have univerſally agreed to conſider an *Oath*, as the moſt *ſacred Bond of Truth*;—the ſtrength of the Laws;—the laſt reſort in Controverſies of the greateſt importance;—and the grand ſecurity of their perſons and properties, and of all the moſt valuable privileges of their reſpective Communities.

If an *Oath* once comes to be trifled with, and the awful ſanctions, by which it is enforced, broke in upon by *mental reſervations, or equivocal interpretations*, contrary to the *honeſt ſimplicity of truth*, there is an end of all confidence between man and man; the moſt powerful bonds of ſocial fidelity are diſſolved; and a wide door opened to all manner of treachery, injuſtice, oppreſſion, and every kind of wickedneſs, deſtructive to the good order and happineſs of ſociety.

The crime of *Perjury* then muſt be one of the greateſt, moſt horrid, and complicated of all crimes. It is at once a moſt daring inſult upon the *Omniſciency*, *Juſtice*, and *Mercy of Almighty God*, and his government of the world; and a moſt ſhocking violation of the natural rights of mankind: it muſt therefore certainly be followed, firſt or laſt, with peculiar marks of the divine indignation: for whatever preſumptuous men may think, God is not to be mocked. He always hears and notices the *ſolemn Appeal* implied in every *Oath*; and, if contrary to Truth, "will not hold *him* guiltleſs who *ſo* takes his Name in vain;" that is, will certainly hold him guilty, and puniſh him accordingly. And it certainly muſt be a moſt *fearful thing* for a creature, with *ſuch guilt* upon him, to *fall into the hands of the living God.*

The

The frequency of *Oaths*, the irreverent manner of adminiſtering them, and the little account that numbers appear to make of them, naturally lead mankind, (the ignorant and careleſs eſpecially) to trifle with them: and, when tempted by *Party*, reſentment, ſelf-intereſt, or revenge, to ſwear even contrary to Truth: but let every wilfully *falſe Swearer* remember, that (however he may eſcape detection from men,) there is a *Conſcience in* him, and a *God above* him, who will, firſt or laſt, ſet his *guilt* before him with an Evidence, which he ſhall not be able to reſiſt; and, if he repents not, kindle ſuch a *Hell* in his boſom, as no created power ſhall be able to extinguiſh!

An ADDRESS *to* PRISONERS *and* CAPTIVES.

[By the late Mr. *Charles Perronet.*]

PRISONERS of all men are moſt miſerable. Out of ſight and out of mind. The pooreſt have ſome to behold their wants, and tell their diſtreſs. But, ſhut up in dungeons, we are forſaken of all.

And who amongſt us obeys the command,—viſits the ſick and in priſon? Who leaves not Chriſt in his ſuffering members, hungry, and thirſty? Where are the profeſſors of religion that deny themſelves for Jeſus? that feed on fragments, clothe in mean apparel, and endure hardſhip, to releaſe the priſoner, or to give to him that needeth? *Inaſmuch as ye did it to theſe my brethren, ye did it unto me.*

Suffering men—accept the voice of ſympathy, and let a tear be mingled with your own. If I cannot releaſe you, ſuffer me to offer comfort. If I have nothing elſe to give, yet receive inſtruction from my mouth.

I mourn

I mourn over the fears, and diſtreſs of priſoners. One is ſhut up for debts he cannot pay: another faſt bound in irons, and to appear before the Judge. Soon may the light of this world go for ever, with all that is dear to him!

There is a priſon beyond the grave; a tribunal for quick and dead; a Judge that knows the ſecrets of all hearts; and none can deliver out of his hand. There condemnation is eternal. There the priſon-doors are ſhut for ever.

Your debt may be large; the hands you are in mercileſs; their hearts inexorable.

The debt we owe to God is greater; juſtice requires the laſt mite; and the ſentence is,—"Thou ſhalt in no wiſe come out till thou haſt paid the laſt mite."

I know the thoughts of your heart; your tears, and cries: you want life; you would fain be ſet at liberty. But what is life without the fear of the Lord? Length of days would but increaſe ſin. Releaſe, proſperity, all below, paſs away; and we ſhall receive according to what we have done.

The jail within the heart is the deepeſt dungeon,—its darkneſs, the thickeſt darkneſs. The chains are ſinful deſires; the priſon-walls, unbelief; the iron grate, "hardneſs of heart, and contempt of God's word and commandment." The bondage, is the corruption of *nature:* a thouſand wilful offences bind us down, and ten thouſand calls cannot perſuade us to accept deliverance.

How often has God warned, and we would not hear?—his ſpirit ſtrove, and we did not yield? How have the golden ſands of *time* been running out, while we were ſinning on? We have *walked in the counſel of the ungodly*; ſcorned the righteous, and betrayed others into the paths of vice:—broken the divine law; deſpiſed threatenings; and abuſed mercy.

Paſt actions now ſtare you in the face. Sin appears unpardonable; ruin unavoidable; and your burden too heavy to bear. Ignorant of God's word, you have no hope; no knowledge of *the things that make for your peace*; no conception how one ſo loſt can be reſtored.

And

And can you endure anguiſh of ſpirit, and not ſeek deliverance? Can you bear the pains of hell, and not cry out, "What muſt I do to be ſaved?" Shall death ſtare you in the face, and you not repent? Judgment overtake you, and not make you afraid? Shall the Almighty call, and you will not anſwer? Shall Chriſt deſcend, and bleed, and die, and *is it nothing to you*,—nothing that he *came to ſeek, and to ſave*,—nothing that he offers mercy after all you have done? His *ſpirit will not always ſtrive with man.* If you refuſe now, he may never offer again. If you reject him to the laſt, *He will caſt you off for ever.*

There is hope. *Redemption draws nigh.* Light breaks forth out of darkneſs. Mercy deſcends to the loweſt deep. *Have ye not known, have ye not heard, hath it not been told you from the beginning, that the* Lord *is long-ſuffering, not willing that any ſhould periſh, but that all ſhould come to repentance? Let us reaſon together, ſaith the Lord: though your ſins be as ſcarlet, they ſhall be as white as ſnow.*

Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy! The blood of Jeſus Chriſt cleanſeth from all ſin.

Lo, the Judge becomes our Advocate! He pays the mighty debt, and ſets us free! He reconciles us to God, and brings the joyful news. O glorious Judge! O bleſſed God, who *ſo loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whoſoever believeth in him, ſhould not periſh, but have everlaſting life!*

Jeſus hath *taſted death for every man*; and *by the blood of* his *covenant* he *ſends forth* his *priſoners out of the pit.* Behold, he bids you *ariſe*; he calls you to "come forth:" he *proclaims liberty to the captives, and the opening of the priſon to them that are bound. The Lord hath looked down from the height of his ſanctuary, to hear the groaning of the priſoner, to looſe them that are appointed to die.* Now *turn to the ſtrong hold, ye priſoners of hope.* Now cry out, and ſay, *O Lord, I will praiſe thee; though thou waſt angry with me, thine anger is turned away, and thou comforteſt me!* Now cry mightily, "Though we be tied

tied and bound with the chain of our ſins, yet let the pitifulneſs of thy great mercy looſe us." Now *believe in the Lord Jeſus, and thou ſhalt be ſaved.*

Behold the *Friend of ſinners*, and draw near. He has *plenteous redemption*, and bids us come. His looks are full of grace; pardon in his hands; *all power in heaven and earth.* He will ſubdue our ſins, and ſet us free. He will reſtore to righteouſneſs, and crown us with glory.

There is no other name under heaven whereby we can be ſaved. Jeſus is all our ſalvation. His blood atones; his ſpirit purifies; his interceſſion prevails. *The Lord hath laid on* him *the iniquity of us all*, and he *bore away the ſin of the world.* He is *our refuge in the day of affliction*; our *ſtrength*, and *fortreſs*; *light*, and *life*: *living water*, and *bread that came down from heaven. If any man eat, he ſhall never die*; and *whoſoever drinks ſhall never thirſt.*

Now preſent your offerings. Bring the ſweet incenſe of ſighs, and ſupplications. *The ſacrifice of God is a broken ſpirit*: *a broken and contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not deſpiſe!* Mourn over your paſt life. Let your eyes run down, and ceaſe not. Offer to God the life, and death of his beloved Son. If you owe *ten thouſand talents*, he will freely forgive. All he requires is, that you *go, and ſin no more.*

By all your ſufferings, God has been ſaving you from worſe. Confined a moment, to preſerve you from that priſon where there is no releaſe. Many have found it, and rejoiced in the Lord for his fatherly chaſtiſement. *Before I was afflicted I went aſtray, but now I have kept thy word.* Jails; deaths; ſufferings; all are ſweetened by the preſence of Chriſt. He is eaſe in pain; life in death;—heals the wounds of conſcience, and *gives* us *the garment of praiſe for the ſpirit of heavineſs.* Then you will rejoice over adverſity, and glorify God, that by a priſon you have learned repentance and newneſs of life, are reconciled to Chriſt, and *delivered from the wrath to come.*

Without

Without regenerating grace, the beſt cannot be ſaved: with the ſoul renewed in God's image, the worſt will find mercy. Even now, if after all, you receive the Lord Jeſus, and he becomes your peace; if his ſpirit purifies your heart, whether you live or die, are releaſed or confined, all in life and death is yours. *Joy is in the tabernacles of the righteous.* The priſon becomes a palace if Chriſt dwells in us. If you depart now, ſin is forgiven, and you *will be for ever with the Lord.* If you live, it is to his glory, and in a ſhort time he will ſay, *Come, ye bleſſed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you.*

LETTERS.

LETTER CLIX.

[From Miſs B. to the Rev. Mr. Weſley.]

April 1, 1761.

Dear Sir,

MAY Jeſus now ſtand as a wall of ſalvation round me, and enable me in his light to ſee light! Indeed I ſhall need it more than ever. I had no intent of drawing you to ſpeak more freely: but feeling a ſtrong deſire for your ſoul's proſperity, I juſt ſpoke what was uppermoſt in my heart, with much prayer, that it might not be productive of any evil: I ſtill find my ſoul caſt on Jeſus, and can truly ſay from the centre of my heart,

"Would ought on earth my wiſhes ſhare?
Though dear as life the idol be,
The idol from my breaſt I'd tear,
Reſolvèd to ſeek my All in Thee."

And I can appeal to him and ſay, Shew me but any thing, and I will give it up without heſitation. But if my Lord does for a time pleaſe to unite me to any of his creatures, or help me, through them, I dare not throw the bleſſing away. Only let us fix our eye on God alone, and write nothing but what we can ſpread before him, and call him to witneſs, "My aim is thy glory:" then we may commit it into his hands and fear nothing.

I remain, dear Sir, yours, &c.

M. B.

I cannot doubt in the leaſt, but thoſe mentioned in the following [a] Letter, were *real* inſtances of the mighty power of God: and that the perſons mentioned therein, did *truly* experience what they then profeſſed. But if ſo, what dreadful proofs have we before us, that men may fall even from perfect love?

LETTER CLX.

[From Mr. Thomas Ranken, to the Rev. Mr. Weſley.]

Rye, March 8, 1762.

Rev. Sir,

GOD is at work here in a wonderful manner. At firſt, many were much tempted againſt me for enforcing the Rules of our Society. But I found, nothing but cutting to the quick would do. And now, glory be to God, there is ſuch a work begun as I never was witneſs of in ſo ſhort a time! At one meeting, five received pardon, two at another, three at another, and four at another. At the Love-feaſt, at *Ewhurſt*, five declared, God had cleanſed their hearts from all ſin. Some of theſe had found peace ſome months before; two of them, only a few days. Some more have found the ſame bleſſing ſince. At *Rye*, five have received remiſſion of ſins;

[a] The Letter here referred to, will be publiſhed in our next.

the

the reſt are on the full ſtretch for God. One of thoſe at *Ewhurſt*, who have found peace, is the Miniſter of the pariſh.

I am enabled to ſee the ſubtilty of the Enemy at his very firſt approach: ſo that though he comes again and again, he gains no advantage over me. Indeed he haraſſes my body; but my ſoul is full of love and faith, and the Holy Ghoſt. Often he ſuggeſts, "What a meeting you have had now? Now you have done well!" But my Lord covers all his work with a veil, and points me to Jeſus, and I am ſafe. I can every moment ſay, "Not unto me, but unto thy Name be the glory!" Thou haſt done it: if thou art pleaſed to make uſe of a ram's-horn ſtill, thy will be done!

I am, Rev. Sir,

Your loving, but unworthy Son in the Goſpel,

THOMAS RANKEN.

LETTER CLXI.

[From the Rev. Mr. Weſley, to ————.]

April 10, 1761.

Dear Sir,

1. IN order to anſwer the Queſtion more clearly, which Mr. ——— has propoſed to you, it may be well to look a little backward. Some years ſince, two or three Clergymen of the Church of England, who were above meaſure zealous for all her Rules and Orders, were convinced, That Religion is not an External thing, but Righteouſneſs, and Peace, and Joy in the Holy Ghoſt: and that this Righteouſneſs, and Peace, and Joy are given, only to thoſe who are juſtified by Faith. As ſoon as they were convinced of theſe great Truths, they preached them; and multitudes flocked to hear. For theſe Reaſons, and no others,

real or pretended, (for as yet they were ſtrictly *regular*) becauſe they *preached ſuch doctrine*, and becauſe *ſuch multitudes followed* them, they were forbid to preach in the Churches. Not daring to be ſilent, they preached elſewhere, in a School, by a River-ſide, or upon a Mountain. And more and more ſinners forſook their ſins, and were filled with Peace and Joy in believing.

2. But at the ſame time huge offence was taken at their "Gathering Congregations" in ſo *irregular* a manner. And it was aſked,

(1.) "Do you judge that the Church, with the authority of the State, has power to enact laws for her own government?" I anſwer, If a Diſpenſation of the Goſpel is committed to me, no Church has power to enjoin me Silence. Neither has the State; though it may *abuſe* its power, and enact laws whereby I ſuffer for preaching the Goſpel.

(2.) "Do you judge it your duty to ſubmit to the laws of the Church and State, as far as they are conſiſtent with a good Conſcience?"

I do. But woe is me if I *preach not* the Goſpel. This is not conſiſtent with a good Conſcience.

(3.) "Is it a law of the Church and State, that none of her Miniſters ſhall *gather Congregations*, but by the appointment of the Biſhop? If any do, does not She forbid her people to attend them? Are they not ſubverſive of the good order of the Church? Do you judge there is any thing ſinful in ſuch a law?"

I anſwer, 1. If there is a law, that a Miniſter of Chriſt, who is not ſuffered to preach the Goſpel in the Church, ſhould not preach it elſewhere, I do judge that law to be abſolutely ſinful. 2. If that law forbids Chriſtian-people to hear the Goſpel of Chriſt out of their Pariſh-Church, when they cannot hear it therein, I judge it would be ſinful for them to obey it. 3. This Preaching is not ſubverſive of any *good order* whatever. It is only ſubverſive of that vile *abuſe of the*

the good order of our Church, whereby men who neither preach nor live the Gospel, are suffered publicly to overturn it from the foundation: and in the room of it to palm upon their Congregations a wretched mixture of dead Form and maimed Morality.

(4.) "If these Premises be allowed"—They cannot be allowed. So, from Nothing, Nothing follows.

3. It was objected farther,

(1.) "In every Nation there must be *some settled order* of Government, Ecclesiastical and Civil."

There must. But put *Civil* out of the question. It only tends to puzzle the Cause.

(2.) "The Scriptures likewise enjoin this." They do, that *all things* in the Church, be *done in order.*

(3.) "There is an Ecclesiastical Order established in *England.* And it is a lawful one."

I believe it is, in general, not only lawful, but highly commendable.

(4.) But Mr. —— tells you, "You are born under this Establishment. Your Ancestors supported it, and were ennobled on that account." These points, I think, are not very material. But that which follows is. "You have by deliberate and repeated acts of your own, engaged yourself to defend it. Your very rank and station constitute you a formal and eminent Guardian of it."

A Guardian of what? What is it that you have "deliberately engaged yourself to defend?" The Constitution of the Church of *England.* And is not her *Doctrine* a main part of this Constitution? A far more essential part thereof, than any Rule of External *Order?* Of this then you are a formal Guardian, and you have deliberately engaged yourself to defend it. But have you deliberately engaged to defend her *Orders,* to the destruction of her *Doctrine?* Are you a Guardian of this *external Circumstance,* when it tends to destroy the *substance* of her Constitution? And if you are engaged, at all events to defend her *Order,* are you also

to

to defend the *abuſe* of it? Surely no. Your rank, your ſtation, your honour, your conſcience, all engage you to oppoſe this.

(5.) "But how can it conſiſt with the duty ariſing from all theſe, to give *encouragement*, *countenance*, and *ſupport* to Principles and Practices that are a direct renunciation of the eſtabliſhed Conſtitution? and that, in their genuine iſſue" (or natural tendency) "are totally ſubverſive of it?"

Are "the Principles of thoſe Clergymen a *direct renunciation* of the eſtabliſhed Conſtitution?" Are "their Practices ſo?" Are either the one or the other "totally ſubverſive of it?" Not ſo. Their fundamental Principles are the very Principles of the Eſtabliſhed Church. So is their Practice too; ſave in a very few Points, wherein they are conſtrained to deviate. Therefore it is no ways inconſiſtent with your duty to *encourage*, *countenance*, and *ſupport* them: eſpecially ſeeing they have no alternative. They muſt either be *thus far* irregular, or deſtroy their own ſouls, and let thouſands of their brethren periſh for lack of knowledge.

(6.) Nay, but their "Principles and Practices are of this character. For, 1. They gather Congregations and exerciſe their miniſterial Office therein, in every part of this kingdom, directly contrary to the reſtraint laid on them at their ordination, and to the deſign of that parochial diſtribution of duty, ſettled throughout this nation. 2. They maintain it lawful for men to preach, who are not epiſcopally ordained, and thereby contradict the twenty-third Article. 3. They diſclaim all right in the Biſhops, to control them in any of theſe matters, and ſay, That rather than be ſo controled, they would renounce all communion with this Church. 4. Theſe Principles they induſtriouſly propagate among their Followers."

I anſwer, 1. They do gather Congregations every where, and exerciſe their miniſterial Office therein. But this is not "Contrary to any reſtraint which was laid upon them at their ordination." For they were not ordained to ſerve any particular

cular parish. And it is remarkable that *Lincoln College* was founded, "*ad propagandam Christianam Fidem & extirpandas Hæreses.*" But were it otherwise, suppose a Parish-Minister to be either ignorant or negligent of his duty, and one of his Flock adjures me, for Christ's sake, to tell him what he must do to be saved: was it ever the design of our Church, that I should refuse to do it, because he is not of my parish? 2. "They maintain it lawful for men to preach, who are not episcopally ordained." In some circumstances, they do: particularly, where thousands are rushing into destruction, and those who are *ordained* and appointed to watch over them, neither care for, nor know how to help them. "But hereby they contradict the twenty-third Article, to which they have subscribed." They subscribed it in the simplicity of their hearts, when they firmly believed none but Episcopal Ordination valid. But Bishop *Stillingfleet* has since fully convinced them, this was an entire mistake. 3. "They disclaim all right in the Bishops to control them in any of these matters." In every point of an indifferent nature, they obey the Bishops, for Conscience-sake. But they think *Episcopal* authority cannot reverse what is fixt by *Divine* authority. Yet they are determined, never "To renounce communion with the Church," unless they are cast out head-long. "If it be said, Nay, but if I varied from the Church at all, I would throw off my Gown, and be a profest Dissenter." What! would you *profess* to dissent, when you did not? If *you* would, they dare not do it. They love the Church, and therefore keep to all her Doctrines and Rules, as far as possibly they can. And if they vary *at all*, it shall not be a hair's breadth farther than they cannot help. 4. "These Principles they industriously propagate among their Followers." Indeed they do not: the bulk of their Followers know just nothing of the matter. They industriously propagate among them, nothing but inward and outward Holiness.

(7.) "Now

(7.) Now theſe are oppoſitions to the *moſt fundamental Principles*, and *eſſentially conſtituent* parts of our Eſtabliſhment: and not of ours only, but of every Eccleſiaſtical Eſtabliſhment, that is or ever has been in the Chriſtian World."

"The moſt fundamental Principles!" No more than the Tiles are "the moſt fundamental Principles of a Houſe. Uſeful doubtleſs they are: yet you muſt take them off, if you would repair the rotten Timber beneath. "Eſſentially conſtituent parts of our Eſtabliſhment!" Well, we will not quarrel for a word. Perhaps the Doors may be "eſſentially conſtituent parts" of the Building we call a Church. Yet if it were on fire, we might innocently break them open, or even throw them for a time off the hinges. Now this is really the caſe. The timber is rotten, yea, the main Beams of the Houſe. And they want to place that firm Beam, Salvation by Faith, in the room of Salvation by Works. A Fire is kindled in the Church, the Houſe of the living God. The Fire of Love of the World, Ambition, Covetouſneſs, Envy, Anger, Malice, Bitter Zeal; in one word, of Ungodlineſs and Unrighteouſneſs! O who will come and help to quench it? Under diſadvantages and diſcouragements of every kind, a little handful of men have made a beginning. And I truſt they will not leave off, till the Building is ſaved, or they ſink in the ruins of it.

4. To ſum up the whole. A few irregular men openly witneſs thoſe Truths of God, which the regular Clergy (a few excepted) either ſuppreſs or wholly deny.

Their word is accompanied with the power of God, convincing and converting Sinners. The word of thoſe is not accompanied with power. It neither wounds nor heals.

The former, witneſs the truth and the power of God, by their own life and converſation. Therefore the World, men who know not God, hate them, and ſpeak all manner of evil againſt them falſely. The latter, are of the world. Therefore the World loves its own, and ſpeaks honourably of them.

Which

Which of theſe ought you to hear? Thoſe who declare, or thoſe who deny the truth of God? That Word which is the power of God unto ſalvation? Or that which lulls men on to deſtruction? The men who live, as well as preach the Goſpel? Or thoſe whoſe Lives are no better than their Doctrine?

"But they are irregular." I anſwer,

1. That is not their choice. They muſt either preach irregularly, or not at all. 2. Is ſuch a circumſtance of weight to turn the ſcale againſt the ſubſtance of the Goſpel? If it is, if none ought to ſpeak or hear the Truth of God, unleſs in a *regular* manner, then (to mention but one conſequence,) there never could have been any Reformation from Popery. For here the entire argument for *Church-Order* would have ſtood in its full force. Suppoſe one had aſked a German Nobleman to hear *Martin Luther* preach, might not his Prieſt have ſaid, (without debating, whether he preached the truth or not,) "My Lord, in every nation there muſt be *ſome ſettled order* of government, Eccleſiaſtical and Civil. There is an *Eccleſiaſtical Order* eſtabliſhed in Germany. You are born under this eſtabliſhment. Your anceſtors ſupported it, and your very rank and ſtation conſtitute you a formal and eminent Guardian of it. How then can it conſiſt with the duty ariſing from all theſe, to give *encouragement*, *countenance*, and *ſupport*, to Principles and Practices that are a direct renunciation of the *eſtabliſhed Conſtitution*?" Had the force of this reaſoning been allowed, what had become of the Reformation?

Yet it was right. Though it really was a ſubverſion of the whole *Eccleſiaſtical Conſtitution*, with regard to Doctrine as well as Diſcipline. Whereas, this is no ſuch thing. The *Doctrine* of the *eſtabliſhed* Church, which is far the moſt eſſential part of her *Conſtitution*, theſe Preachers manifeſtly confirm, in oppoſition to thoſe who *ſubvert* it. And it is the oppoſition made to them by thoſe ſubverters, which conſtrains them in *ſome* reſpects, to deviate from her diſcipline, to which, in *all others*, they conform for conſcience. O what pity, that any

who preach the ſame doctrine, and whom thoſe ſubverters have not yet been able to thruſt out, ſhould join with them againſt their brethren in the common Faith, and fellow-witneſſes of the Common Salvation!

I am, dear Sir,

Your willing Servant for Chriſt's ſake,

JOHN WESLEY.

POETRY.

A STRICTURE *on the Biſhop of* Glouceſter's DOCTRINE *of* GRACE.

WRITING, or Scripture, ſacred or profane,
Can only render Hiſtory more plain,
Of what was done or ſaid, by God or man,
Since the creation of the World began:
Though every word and ſyllable be true,
To give *account* is all that it can do.

Now an account of things as done, or ſaid,
Is not a *living* letter, but a *dead*;
A picture only which may repreſent,
But cannot give us what is really meant.
He that has got a *Map* in either hand,
May uſe the *Name*, but knows it is not land.

So in *the Bible*, when we come to look,
(That is by way of eminence, *The Book*,)
We muſt not fancy that it can beſtow
The things themſelves, which we deſire to know:

It

It can but yield, however true and plain,
Verbal directions how we may obtain.

Though a preſcription be directly ſure,
Upon the patient's taking it, to cure,
No one imagines that the worded bill
Becomes, itſelf, the remedy for ill;
The medicines taken, as the bill directs,
Procure the ſalutiferous effects.

Who then can place in any written code,
The Holy Ghoſt's, the Comforter's abode?
Conſtant abode——ſupreme Illumination—
What copy can be *This*, or what Tranſlation?
The Spirit's dwelling, by the atteſting pen
Of all the inſpired, is in the hearts of men.

Were *Books* his conſtant reſidence indeed,
What muſt the millions do who cannot read?
When they who can ſo vary in their ſenſe,
What muſt diſtinguiſh true from falſe pretence?
If they muſt follow where the learned guide,
What different ſpirits in one book abide?

Genius for *Paradox* however bright,
Cannot well juſtify this overſight!
Better to own the truth for its own ſake,
Than to perſiſt in ſuch a groſs miſtake:
Books are but books; the illuminating part
Depends on God's good ſpirit in the heart.

The *Comforter*, ſaid *Chriſt*, *will come unto*,
Abide with, *dwell in* (not your *books*, but) *you*:
Juſt as abſurd an ink and paper throne
For God's abode, as one of wood or ſtone:
If to adore an Image be idolatry,
To deify a Book is *bibliolatry*.

An Old Man's Prayer.

FATHER of all, whoſe bowels move
To every object of thy love,
Regard my Advocate and Friend,
And bleſs me with a peaceful end.

Weary of life, with guilt oppreſt,
I want the pledge of endleſs reſt,
I want thy grace to teſtify,
And then to lay me down and dīe.

The pardon grant for which I pray,
Becauſe I nothing have to pay;
Becauſe I a mere ſinner am,
And aſk the grace in Jeſu's name.

Ten thouſand talents, Lord, remit,
Whoſe mercies are more infinite,
The ſins of ſeventy years forgive,
And then my ſpotleſs ſoul receive.

Thou knowèſt, I wait for this alone,
Till thou ſhalt manifeſt thy Son,
The fulneſs of the Deity;
Reveal, in Chriſt, thyſelf to me.

Then, O my God, and Father, then,
When I have thy Salvation ſeen,
In peace permitted to depart,
I ſoar, and ſee thee as thou art!

For

For the CHURCH.

HEAD of thy Church, attend
Our long-continuèd prayèr,
And our Jeruſalem defend,
And in thy boſom bear,
The Sheep of *England's* fold,
Markèd with their Shepherd's ſign,
Bought with a price, redeemèd of old,
And waſhèd in blood divine.

Callèd out of Babylon,
At thy command we came,
Our anceſtors their lives laid down,
And triumphèd in the flame:
The Church's ſeed aroſe
Out of the martyr's blood,
And ſaw their antichriſtian foes
Before thy croſs ſubdùèd.

Again thy Spirit of grace
Doth with our Iſrael ſtrive,
And evèn in our degenèrate days
His ancient work revive:
Ten thouſand witneſſes
Stand forth on evèry ſide,
And bold in life and death confeſs
Jehovah crucifièd.

O that the faithful ſeed
Might never, never fail,
Victorious, through their conquèring Head,
O'er all the powers of hell!

Still

Still with thy people ſtay,
By *England's* Church adoréd,
Till every iſland flee away
Before our glorious Lord.

For their uncommonneſs, I inſert the following

VERSES:

Taken, with a little variation, from the Tomb-Stone of MARGARET SCOTT,

Who died at Dalkieth, four miles from Edinburgh, April 9, 1738, *aged one hundred and twenty-five years.*

STOP, courteous paſſenger! till thou haſt read:
The living may gain knowledge from the dead.——

Five times five years I liv'd a virgin's life,
Ten times five years I was a virtuous wife;
Ten times five years I liv'd a widow chaſte;
Now, tired of a mortal life, I reſt.

Eight mighty Kings of *Scotland*, and one Queen,
I 'twixt my cradle and my grave have ſeen:
Four times five years the Commonwealth I ſaw,
Ten times the ſubjects riſe againſt the law;
Twice did I ſee *Old Prelacy* pull'd down,
And twice the cloak was humbl'd by the gown.
I ſaw my country ſold for *Engliſh* Ore,
And *Stewart's* race deſtroy'd to riſe no more:
Such deſolation in my time has been,
No footſteps of antiquity are ſeen.

From

From the OLNEY COLLECTION.

Aſk what I ſhall give thee. 2 Sam. iii. 5.

AND doſt thou ſay, "Aſk what thou wilt?"
Lord, I would ſeize the golden hour;
I pray to be releaſed from guilt,
And freed from ſin and Satan's power.

More of thy preſence, Lord, impart,
More of thine image let me bear;
Erect thy throne within my heart,
And reign without a rival there.

Give me to read my pardon ſealed,
And from thy joy to draw my ſtrength;
To have thy boundleſs love revealed
In all its height, and breadth, and length.

Grant theſe requeſts, I aſk no more,
But to thy care the reſt reſign;
Sick, or in health, or rich, or poor,
All ſhall be well if thou art mine.

SHORT HYMNS.

Jeremiah xlix. 11. *Leave thy fatherleſs children, I will preſerve them alive, and let thy widows truſt in me.*

O Thou faithful God of love,
Gladly I thy promiſe plead,
Waiting for my laſt remove,
Haſtening to the happy dead;

Lo,

Lo, I caſt on thee my care,
Breathe my lateſt breath in prayer.

Truſting in thy word alone,
I to thee my children leave;
Call my little ones thine own,
Give them, all thy bleſſings give:
Keep them while on earth they breathe,
Save their ſouls from endleſs death.

Whom I to thy grace commend,
Into thine embraces take,
Be her ſure immortal friend,
Save her for my Saviour's ſake;
Free from ſin, from ſorrow free,
Let my widow truſt in thee.

Father of the fatherleſs,
Huſband of the widow prove;
Me and mine perſiſt to bleſs,
Tell me, we ſhall meet above;
Seal the promiſe on my heart,
Bid me then in peace depart.

Matt. v. 13. *If the ſalt have loſt its ſavour, wherewith ſhall it be ſeaſoned?*

AH, Lord, with trembling, I confeſs
A gracious ſoul may fall from grace,
The ſalt may loſe its ſavoury power,
And never, never find it more!
Leſt this my fearful caſe ſhould be,
Each moment knit my ſoul to thee,
And lead me to thy mount above,
Through the low vale of humble love.


Mr SAM
Aged 34
RANDLE

THE Arminian Magazine,

For MAY 1781.

Of PREDESTINATION; tranſlated from SEBASTIAN CASTELLIO'S *Dialogues, between* Lewis *and* Frederic.

DIALOGUE I.

[*Continued from page* 184.]

Lewis. I Have ſtill a doubt left. *Fred.* What is it? *Lewis.* After God had commanded the earth to bring forth roots, &c. if it had not brought them forth, would not his command have proved of no effect? *Fred.* Yes. *Lewis.* But when, after he had commanded Adam, and in later ages, the Iſraelites, and then all other nations, to abſtain from ſin, they did not obey,—doth not God's command ſeem to be of no effect, and conſequently he himſelf not omnipotent? *Fred.* Anſwer me in your turn, Lewis. When God commanded that the earth ſhould bring forth roots, did the *whole* earth bring forth roots? *Lewis.* By no means; but only that

part which was able to bear fruit. That part which was covered with ſand, or conſiſted of brackiſh or ſtony ground, could bring forth none. *Fred.* And nevertheleſs his command was not without effect. *Lewis.* It was not, in that ground which was able to bear fruit. *Fred.* But ſuppoſe none of the ground had been able to bring forth roots, God's command would then have been of no effect: would it not? *Lewis.* Certainly. *Fred.* It is the ſame with regard to man. If there never had been, and never were to be, any men who would love God with their whole hearts, he would have required it in vain. But as it is abſolutely neceſſary that what he hath commanded ſhould come to paſs, the time will come when there ſhall be men who will love him with their whole hearts, as it is promiſed in many places of holy Writ. Nay, that there have already been perſons of that deſcription, the Scriptures teſtify. And indeed, I doubt not but there are ſuch living at this time, though unknown to the world. It is abſolutely neceſſary that the ſame regulation ſhould take place, and the ſame force of law ſhould prevail, in the ſpirit, as did in the fleſh; that in both reſpects it might be ſaid, "God ſpake and it was done." And if thoſe to whom it was firſt enjoined ſhould not perform it, God will ſeek others who ſhall; leſt his command ſhould be fruitleſs: as in the parable of the King's ſon; becauſe thoſe who had been invited would not come, the King ordered others to be called in, leſt the wedding-feaſt ſhould be prepared in vain. Thus it appears that the Jews who had been intended for, and called to the kingdom of heaven, were rejected; and we have been put in their ſtead, leſt the place ſhould be empty. In the ſame manner, unleſs we abide in the Faith, we ſhall likewiſe be cut off, and others ſucceed us; leſt, from our failure, there ſhould be any room left; till at laſt, God finds out true Iſraelites, obeying his commandments to the full. And thus it will come to paſs, that his commandments ſhall not be of no effect; but, on the contrary, as a fruitful ſhower fructifies the earth, they ſhall fructify

tify the hearts of thoſe who are faithful and fecundable. *Lewis.* I cannot contradict your arguments, Frederic, and you have entirely ſatisfied my doubts concerning the Foreknowledge and Omnipotence of God.

There remains only to explain thoſe paſſages which ſeem to oppoſe what you have advanced. *Fred.* This I will do, my dear Lewis, as far as God will enable me. Though I muſt obſerve beforehand, that the curioſity of man cannot be fully ſatisfied in theſe things. For moſt of the paſſages you ſpeak of, were pronounced at divers times, and to ſuit divers occaſions, and therefore ſeem to clash, although they really do not. Hence it happens, that men make them anſwer their purpoſe, according to the party they eſpouſe: and if they be ill-diſpoſed, it follows that they expound them wrong. This is the reaſon ſo many contradictory explanations have taken place, becauſe they beheld the ſentence through a falſe mirrour. *Lewis.* Be of good courage, Frederic, I hope I ſhall not be over-curious. I wiſh, however, that the whole be carefully explained to me, and the objections properly refuted; that when once I have diſcovered the Truth, I may walk in it without heſitation. *Fred.* Well then, propoſe your objections. *Lewis.* Firſt then, they oppoſe to your opinion what *Solomon* ſays, Prov. xvi. 4, "The Lord hath made all things for himſelf; yea, even the wicked for the day of evil." *Fred.* Tell me, Lewis, do all animals naturally love their young? *Lewis.* They do. What is the cauſe of that love? *Lewis.* God. *Fred.* Conſequently he is poſſeſſed of the ſame love, in a higher degree, ſince he imparts it to others. *Lewis.* Certainly. *Fred.* And of courſe, ſince *he hath made the wicked, he loves them.* Why do you heſitate? *Lewis.* It ſeems he loves the wicked, ſince Chriſt, when he commands us to love our enemies, adduces the example of our heavenly Father; who ſuffers his rain to come down, and his ſun to ſhine on the wicked as well as the good; which undoubtedly is a ſign of love. *Fred.* If then he loves them, he hath not

part which was able to bear fruit. That part which was covered with ſand, or conſiſted of brackiſh or ſtony ground, could bring forth none. *Fred.* And nevertheleſs his command was not without effect. *Lucis.* It was not, in that ground which was able to bear fruit. *Fred.* But ſuppoſe none of the ground had been able to bring forth roots, God's command would then have been of no effect: would it not? *Lucis.* Certainly. *Fred.* It is the ſame with regard to man. If there never had been, and never were to be, any men who would love God with their whole hearts, he would have required it in vain. But as it is abſolutely neceſſary that what he hath commanded ſhould come to paſs, the time will come when there ſhall be men who will love him with their whole hearts, as it is promiſed in many places of holy Writ. Nay, that there have already been perſons of that deſcription, the Scriptures teſtify. And indeed, I doubt not but there are ſuch living at this time, though unknown to the world. It is abſolutely neceſſary that the ſame regulation ſhould take place, and the ſame force of law ſhould prevail, in the ſpirit, as did in the fleſh; that in both reſpects it might be ſaid, "God ſpake and it was done." And if thoſe to whom it was firſt enjoined ſhould not perform it, God will ſeek others who ſhall; leſt his command ſhould be fruitleſs: as in the parable of the King's ſon; becauſe thoſe who had been invited would not come, the King ordered others to be called in, leſt the wedding-feaſt ſhould be prepared in vain. Thus it appears that the Jews who had been intended for, and called to the kingdom of heaven, were rejected; and we have been put in their ſtead, leſt the place ſhould be empty. In the ſame manner, unleſs we abide in the Faith, we ſhall likewiſe be cut off, and others ſucceed us; leſt, from our failure, there ſhould be any room left; till at laſt, God finds out true Iſraelites, obeying his commandments to the full. And thus it will come to paſs, that his commandments ſhall not be of no effect; but, on the contrary, as a fruitful ſhower fructifies the earth, they ſhall fructify

tify the hearts of thoſe who are faithful and fecundable. *Lewis.* I cannot contradict your arguments, Frederic, and you have entirely ſatisfied my doubts concerning the Foreknowledge and Omnipotence of God.

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made them for the day of evil. For evil belongs to hatred, and not to love. And when God said, he hated *Esau*, he shewed it by the punishment he inflicted on him, Mal. i. 3. Why do you hesitate again? *Lewis.* I have perhaps allowed you too readily that God loves the wicked. *Fred.* You may recal it, if you please. *Lewis.* Suppose then we say, that God hates the wicked? *Fred.* You will gain nothing by this. For if he hates them whom he has created, he hates his own production, which is against nature. Besides, he hates that which is good; for he saw all that he had made, and behold it was very good. Now if he made the wicked, the wicked were originally good; and consequently he hates himself, since he is good. *Lewis.* What then, hath not God created the wicked? *Fred.* We may say, he hath not: if we speak *properly*. For what is born of the Flesh is flesh, and what is born of the Spirit is spirit, and what is born of good is good. Now if the wicked be born [created] of God, he is wicked: which is blasphemy. *Lewis.* Who then hath created the wicked? *Fred.* I will tell you. Have not you begotten a Musician? *Lewis.* Who! I that have no turn for music? *Fred.* You have, however, begotten a son that is a Musician. *Lewis.* I have, 'tis true, begotten a son, but he that taught him music has begotten a Musician. *Fred.* Your son has two fathers at this rate. *Lewis.* No: but, as a Musician, he has two fathers. *Fred.* We may advance the same of the *Galatians*, whom St. *Paul* begot, that is, converted. St. *Paul* was the father, not of the *Galatians* in general, but of the *Christian-Galatians*. *Lewis.* He was. *Fred.* Suppose then any Christian-Galatian had begotten a renegade, St. *Paul* could not be said to have begotten a renegade. *Lewis.* By no means. For that only can be called St. *Paul's* child, which he begot; namely, the Christian. *Fred.* Conceive the same of God. He has created man good. A good man therefore is God's child. But, through the devices of the Serpent, man, from good, became wicked. The father of his

his wickedneſs is Satan who begat it. For if a Muſic-Maſter may be called the father of a Muſician, Satan, the teacher of evil, muſt be called the father of it. Hence God is the father of man, and *Satan* the father of a wicked man. For *man* is the name of a ſubject, which ſubject God hath created; but *wicked* is the name of an accident, of which the devil is the author. Our Saviour ſpeaks after the ſame manner, when he ſays "Render unto *Ceſar* the things that are *Ceſar's*; and unto God the things which are God's." The matter of the coin was God's; but the image and ſuperſcription were *Ceſar's*. For God had not created that metal with the inſcription, and ſtampt the image on it. Thus likewiſe do the Prophets call images "the works of men's hands;" for God did not create the images, tho' he did the wood or ſtone, of which they were compoſed. Now as every one loves his own productions, ſo God loves in man, what he hath created, namely, man. And *Satan* alſo loves in man, what he hath formed in him, namely, ſin. And as *Satan* is the oppoſite to God, God hates the works and productions of *Satan*; that is to ſay, *Satan's* wicked children, as Chriſt calls them, though juſt before he had declared them to be the children of *Abraham*, John viii. For *Abraham* was the father of the Jews; but the father of the wicked, as ſuch, was the devil. Hence this ſaying, Pſalm v, "God abhors the bloody and deceitful man." And again, "Thou hateſt all the workers of iniquity." Nay *Solomon* himſelf, in the paſſage quoted, thus writes: "The proud in heart are an abomination to the Lord."

Lewis. What then does *Moſes* mean, when he declares, "that the heavens and the earth and all the hoſt of them," that is, all that is in them, "have been made by the Lord?"

Fred. Sin is not a thing made, or created, but the corruption of a thing already created: as the rottenneſs of a pear is the corruption of a pear. So that you cannot ſay with propriety, that the rottenneſs of a pear was made or created; unleſs indeed you chuſe to aſſert that *making* and *undoing* are one and

and the ſame thing! I argue in the ſame manner concerning ſin. Sin is by no means a thing created, but rather (if I may ſo expreſs myſelf) a de-creation, or corruption of a thing already made, namely, Righteouſneſs. *Lewis.* But you ſaid juſt now that *Satan* is the father of wickedneſs, and if you ſaid true, wickedneſs has been begotten and created. *Fred.* Wickedneſs is the corruption of good; and ſpeaking after the manner of men, we call the author or cauſe of that corruption, the father of it; although to ſpeak properly, it ought rather to be termed the *de-creator* or corrupter of it. Thus God is the creator of all that is created. *Lewis.* Why then does *Solomon* ſay, "God hath *made* the wicked," ſince he is neither their father nor their maker? *Fred.* I repeat, juſt as it might be ſaid that you are the father of a Muſician, though you did not beget him a Muſician; for thus we commonly ſpeak, though improperly. And in the ſame manner the ſcripture ſometimes ſpeaks. As in *Job*, when he ſays, "The wicked evil-intreateth the barren, which beareth not, Job xxiv." The meaning of which is, he injures, or poiſons the woman, ſo that ſhe afterwards becometh barren.

Lewis. But here ariſes a greater difficulty: namely, If God has not created man wicked, but good, and yet has created him unto puniſhment; it follows that he has created the good alſo to puniſhment. *Fred.* It does, my dear Lewis; for ſince he puniſhes no man but for his evil deeds, and he has created ſome unto puniſhment, he muſt have created them unto the cauſe of puniſhment, (leſt he ſhould puniſh them without a cauſe,) that is, unto crimes. Nay, ſince he has created all men in the ſeed of one, he muſt have created all men unto ſin, if he had created ſome.

[*To be continued.*]

In

[*In compliance with the requeſt of ſeveral Friends, and becauſe of the importance of the Subject to every Proteſtant-Reader, I here inſert the Letter publiſhed laſt year. The Defence of it (in two more Letters,) will be afterwards inſerted.*]

A Letter *to the* Printer *of the* Public Advertiſer,

[Occaſioned by the late Act, paſſed in favour of Popery.]

SIR,

SOME time ago a Pamphlet was ſent me, entitled "An Appeal from the Proteſtant Aſſociation, to the People of Great Britain." A day or two ſince, a kind of Anſwer to this was put into my hand, which pronounces, "its ſtile contemptible, its reaſoning futile, and its object malicious." On the contrary, I think the ſtile of it is clear, eaſy and natural; the reaſoning (in general) ſtrong and concluſive; the object, or deſign, kind and benevolent. And in purſuance of the ſame kind and benevolent deſign, namely, to preſerve our happy Conſtitution, I ſhall endeavour to confirm the ſubſtance of that Tract, by a few plain Arguments.

With Perſecution I have nothing to do. I perſecute no man for his religious principles. Let there be as "Boundleſs a freedom in Religion," as any man can conceive. But this does not touch the point: I will ſet Religion, true or falſe, utterly out of the queſtion. Suppoſe the Bible, if you pleaſe, to be a Fable, and the Koran to be the Word of God. I conſider not, whether the Romiſh Religion be true or falſe; I build nothing on one or the other ſuppoſition. Therefore away with all your common-place declamation about intolerance and perſecution for Religion! Suppoſe every word of Pope *Pius*' Creed to be true; ſuppoſe the Council of *Trent*

to

to have been infallible: yet, I inſiſt upon it, that no Government, not Roman Catholic, ought to tolerate men of the Roman Catholic perſuaſion.

I prove this by a plain argument; (let him anſwer it that can.)—That no Roman Catholic does or can give ſecurity for his allegiance or peaceable behaviour, I prove thus. It is a Roman Catholic maxim, eſtabliſhed not by private men, but by a public Council, that "No Faith is to be kept with Heretics." This has been openly avowed by the Council of *Conſtance*; but it never was openly diſclaimed. Whether private perſons avow or diſavow it, it is a fixed maxim of the Church of *Rome*. But as long as it is ſo, it is plain, that the Members of that Church can give no reaſonable ſecurity, to any Government, of their allegiance or peaceable behaviour. Therefore, they ought not to be tolerated by any Government, Proteſtant, Mahometan, or Pagan.

You may ſay, "Nay, but they will take an *oath* of allegiance." True, five hundred oaths; but the maxim, "No Faith is to be kept with Heretics," ſweeps them all away as a ſpider's web. So that ſtill, no Governors that are not Roman Catholics, can have any ſecurity of their allegiance.

Again. Thoſe who acknowledge the *ſpiritual power* of the Pope can give no ſecurity of their allegiance to any Government; but all Roman Catholics acknowledge this: therefore, they can give no ſecurity for their allegiance.

The power of granting *Pardons* for all ſins, paſt, preſent, and to come, is, and has been for many centuries, one branch of his *ſpiritual power*.

But thoſe who acknowledge him to have this ſpiritual power, can give no ſecurity for their allegiance: ſince they believe the Pope can pardon Rebellions, High Treaſon, and all other ſins whatſoever.

The power of *diſpenſing* with any Promiſe, Oath, or Vow, is another branch of the *ſpiritual power* of the Pope. And all who acknowledge his ſpiritual power, muſt acknowledge this.

this. But whoever acknowledges the *diſpenſing power* of the Pope, can give no ſecurity for his allegiance to any Government.

Oaths and promiſes are none: they are light as air, a Diſpenſation makes them all null and void.

Nay, not only the Pope, but even a Prieſt has *power to pardon ſins!*—This is an eſſential doctrine of the Church of *Rome.* But they that acknowledge this, cannot poſſibly give any ſecurity for their allegiance to any Government. Oaths are no ſecurity at all; for the Prieſt can pardon both Perjury and High Treaſon.

Setting then Religion aſide, it is plain, that upon Principles of Reaſon, no Government ought to tolerate men, who cannot give any ſecurity to that Government for their allegiance and peaceable behaviour. But this no Romaniſt can do, not only while he holds, that "No Faith is to be kept with Heretics," but ſo long as he acknowledges either Prieſtly-Abſolution, or the *ſpiritual power* of the Pope.

"But the late Act, you ſay, does not either *tolerate* or *encourage* Roman Catholics." I appeal to matter of fact. Do not the Romaniſts themſelves underſtand it as a Toleration? You know they do. And does it not already (let alone what it *may* do by and by) *encourage* them to preach openly, to build Chapels, (at Bath and elſewhere,) to raiſe Seminaries, and to make numerous Converts day by day to their intolerant, perſecuting principles? I can point out, if need be, ſeveral of the perſons. And they are increaſing daily.

But "nothing dangerous to Engliſh liberty is to be apprehended from them." I am not certain of that. Some time ſince, a Romiſh Prieſt came to one I knew: and after talking with her largely, broke out, "You are no Heretic! You have the experience of a real Chriſtian!" And would you, ſhe aſked, burn me alive? He ſaid, "God forbid!—Unleſs it were for the good of the Church?"

Now what ſecurity could ſhe have had for her life, if it had depended on that man? The *good of the Church* would have

burſt all the ties of Truth, Juſtice, and Mercy. Eſpecially when ſeconded by the abſolution of a Prieſt, or (if need were) a Papal pardon.

If any one pleaſe to anſwer this, and to ſet his Name, I ſhall probably reply.—But the Productions of Anonymous Writers, I do not promiſe to take any notice of.

I am, Sir, your humble Servant,

JOHN WESLEY.

City Road, Jan. 21, 1780.

295

SERMON III.

On 1 JOHN v. 21.

Little children, keep yourſelves from idols.

1. THERE are two words that occur ſeveral times in this Epiſtle, παιδία and τεκνία, both of which our tranſlators render by the ſame expreſſion, *little children*. But their meaning is very different. The former is very properly rendered *little children:* for it means, *Babes in Chriſt*, thoſe that have lately taſted of his love, and are as yet weak and uneſtabliſhed therein. The latter might with more propriety be rendered, *Beloved children*; as it does not denote any more than the affection of the ſpeaker to thoſe whom he had begotten in the Lord.

2. An ancient Hiſtorian relates, that when the Apoſtle was ſo enfeebled by age as not to be able to preach, he was frequently brought into the congregation in his chair, and juſt uttered, "Beloved children, love one another." He could not have given a more important advice. And equally important

important is this which lies before us; equally neceſſary for every part of the Church of Chriſt. *Beloved children, keep yourſelves from idols.*

3. Indeed there is a cloſe connexion between them: one cannot ſubſiſt without the other. As there is no firm foundation for the love of our brethren, except the love of God, ſo there is no poſſibility of loving God, except we *keep* ourſelves *from idols.*

But what are the *idols* of which the Apoſtle ſpeaks? This is the firſt thing to be conſidered. We may then, in the ſecond place enquire, how ſhall we keep ourſelves from them?

I. 1. We are firſt to conſider, What are the idols of which the Apoſtle ſpeaks? I do not conceive him to mean, at leaſt not principally, the idols that were worſhipped by the Heathens. They to whom he was writing, whether they had been Jews or Heathens, were not in much danger from theſe. There is no probability, that the Jews, now converted, had ever been guilty of worſhipping them: as deeply given to this groſs idolatry as the Iſraelites had been for many ages, they were hardly ever entangled therein, after their return from the Babyloniſh captivity. From that period the whole body of the Jews had ſhewn a conſtant, deep abhorrence of it: and the Heathens, after they had once turned to the living God, had their former idols in the utmoſt deteſtation. They abhorred to touch the unclean thing; yea, they choſe to lay down their lives, rather than return to the worſhip of thoſe gods, whom they now knew to be devils.

2. Neither can we reaſonably ſuppoſe, that he ſpeaks of thoſe idols, that are now worſhipped in the Church of *Rome*: whether angels, or the ſouls of departed ſaints, or images of gold, ſilver, wood or ſtone. None of theſe idols were known in the Chriſtian Church, till ſome centuries after the time of the Apoſtles. Once indeed, St. *John* himſelf, *fell down to worſhip before the face of an Angel* that ſpake unto him; probably miſtaking him, from his glorious appearance, for the

Great Angel of the Covenant. But the ſtrong reproof of the angel, which immediately followed, ſecured the Chriſtians from imitating that bad example. *See thou do it not:* as glorious as I may appear, I am not thy Maſter. *I am thy fellow-ſervant, and of thy brethren the prophets: worſhip God.* Rev. xxii. 9.

3. Setting then Pagan and Romiſh idols aſide, what are thoſe of which we are here warned by the Apoſtle? The preceding words ſhew us the meaning of theſe. *This is the true God*; the End of all the ſouls he has made; the centre of all created ſpirits: *and eternal life*, the only foundation of preſent as well as eternal happineſs. To him therefore alone our heart is due. And he cannot, he will not quit his claim, or conſent to its being given to any other. He is continually ſaying to every child of man, *My ſon, give me thy heart!* And to give our heart to any other is plain idolatry. Accordingly whatever takes our heart from him, or ſhares it with him, is an idol: or, in other words, whatever we ſeek happineſs in, independent of God.

4. Take an inſtance that occurs almoſt every day. A perſon who has been long involved in the world, ſurrounded and fatigued with abundance of buſineſs, having at length acquired an eaſy fortune, diſengages himſelf from all buſineſs, and retires into the country——to be happy. Happy in what? Why, in taking his eaſe. For he intends now,

> ——————— *Somno & inertibus horis*
> *Ducere ſollicitæ jucunda oblivia vitæ.*
>
> ——————— To ſleep, and paſs away,
> In gentle inactivity the day!

Happy, in eating and drinking whatever his heart deſires: perhaps more elegant fare, than that of the old *Roman*, who feaſted his imagination before the treat was ſerved up: who,

before

before he left the town, conſoled himſelf with the thought, of "fat bacon and cabbage too!"

Uncta ſatis pingui ponuntur oluſcula lardo!

Happy—in altering, enlarging, rebuilding, or at leaſt, decorating, the old manſion-houſe he has purchaſed: and likewiſe in improving every thing about it, the ſtables, out-houſes, grounds. But mean time where does God come in? No where at all. He did not think about him. He no more thought of the King of Heaven, than of the King of *France*. God is not his plan. The knowledge and love of God are entirely out of the queſtion. Therefore this whole ſcheme of Happineſs in Retirement is idolatry from beginning to end.

5. If we deſcend to particulars, the firſt ſpecies of this idolatry is what St. *John* terms, *the deſire of the fleſh*: we are apt to take this in too narrow a meaning, as if it related to one of the ſenſes only. Not ſo: this expreſſion equally refers to all the outward ſenſes. It means, the ſeeking happineſs in the gratification of any, or all of the external ſenſes: although more particularly of the three lower ſenſes, Taſting, Smelling and Feeling. It means, the ſeeking happineſs herein, if not in a groſs, indelicate manner, by open intemperance, by gluttony or drunkenneſs, or ſhameleſs debauchery: yet, in a regular kind of epicuriſm, in a genteel ſenſuality, in ſuch an elegant courſe of ſelf-indulgence, as does not diſorder either the head or the ſtomach, as does not at all impair our health, or blemiſh our reputation.

6. But we muſt not imagine this ſpecies of idolatry is confined to the rich and great. In this alſo, "the toe of the peaſant, (as our Poet ſpeaks) treads upon the heel of the courtier." Thouſands in low, as well as in high life, ſacrifice to this idol: ſeeking their happineſs (though in a more humble manner) in gratifying their outward ſenſes. It is true, their meat, their drink, and the objects that gratify their other ſenſes are of a coarſer

coarſer kind. But ſtill they make up all the happineſs they either have or ſeek, and uſurp the hearts which are due to God.

7. The ſecond ſpecies of idolatry mentioned by the Apoſtle, is *the deſire of the eye*, that is, the ſeeking happineſs in gratifying the imagination: (chiefly by means of the eyes) that internal ſenſe, which is as natural to men as either ſight or hearing. This is gratified by ſuch objects, as are either grand, or beautiful, or uncommon. But as to grand objects, it ſeems they do not pleaſe any longer than they are new. Were we to ſurvey the Pyramids of Egypt daily for a year, what pleaſure would they then give? Nay, what pleaſure does a far grander object than theſe,

"The ocean rolling on the ſhelly ſhore,"

give to one who has been long accuſtomed to it? yea, what pleaſure do we generally receive from the grandeſt object in the univerſe,

"Yon ample, azure ſky,
Terribly large, and wonderfully bright,
With ſtars unnumbered and unmeaſured light?"

8. Beautiful objects are the next general ſource of the pleaſures of the imagination: the works of Nature in particular. So perſons in all ages have been delighted

"With Sylvan ſcenes, and hill and dale,
And liquid lapſe of murmuring ſtreams."

Others are pleaſed with adding Art to Nature, as in gardens, with their various ornaments: others with mere works of Art, as buildings, and repreſentations of nature, whether in ſtatues or paintings. Many likewiſe find pleaſure in beautiful *apparel*

or

or *furniture* of various kinds. But Novelty muſt be added to beauty, as well as grandeur, or it ſoon palls upon the ſenſe.

9. Are we to refer to the head of Beauty, the pleaſure which many take in a *favourite animal?* Suppoſe a Sparrow, a Parrot, a Cat, a Lap-dog? Sometimes it may be owing to this. At other times, none but the perſon pleaſed can find any beauty at all in the favourite. Nay, perchance it is in the eye of all other perſons, ſuperlatively ugly. In this caſe, the pleaſure ſeems to ariſe from mere whim or caprice; that is, Madneſs.

10. Muſt we not refer to the head of Novelty chiefly, the pleaſure found in moſt *diverſions* and *amuſements*; which, were we to repeat them daily but a few months, would be utterly flat and inſipid? To the ſame head, we may refer the pleaſure that is taken, in *collecting Curioſities*; whether they are natural or artificial; whether old or new. This ſweetens the labour of the Virtuoſo, and makes all his labour light.

11. But it is not chiefly to Novelty, that we are to impute the pleaſure we receive from *Muſic*. Certainly this has an intrinſic beauty, as well as frequently an intrinſic grandeur. This is a beauty and grandeur of a peculiar kind, not eaſy to be expreſt: nearly related to the ſublime and the beautiful in *Poetry*, which give an exquiſite pleaſure. And yet it may be allowed, that Novelty heightens the pleaſure which ariſes from any of theſe ſources.

12. From the ſtudy of *Languages*, from *Criticiſm*, and from *Hiſtory*, we receive a pleaſure of a mixt nature. In all theſe, there is always ſomething new; frequently ſomething beautiful or ſublime. And hiſtory not only gratifies the imagination in all theſe reſpects, but likewiſe pleaſes us by touching our paſſions, our Love, Deſire, Joy, Pity. The laſt of theſe gives us a ſtrong pleaſure, though ſtrangely mixt with a kind of pain. So that one need not wonder at the exclamation of a fine Poet,

"What is all mirth but turbulence unholy,
When to the charms compared of heavenly melancholy?"

13. The love of Novelty is immeasurably gratified by *Experimental Philosophy:* and indeed by every branch of *Natural Philosophy*, which opens an immense field for still new discoveries. But is there not likewise a pleasure therein, as well as in *Mathematical* and *Metaphysical* studies, which does not result from the imagination, but from the exercise of the understanding? Unless we will say, that the newness of the discoveries which we make by Mathematical, or Metaphysical researches, is one reason at least, if not the chief, of the pleasure we receive therefrom.

14. I dwell the longer on these things, because so very few see them in the true point of view. The generality of men, and more particularly, men of sense and learning, are so far from suspecting, that there is, or can be the least harm in them, that they seriously believe, it is matter of great praise, to *give ourselves wholly to them.* Who of them, for instance, would not admire and commend the indefatigable industry of that great Philosopher, who says, "I have been now eight and thirty years at my parish of *Upminster.* And I have made it clear, that there are no less than three and fifty species of Butterflies therein. But if God should spare my life a few years longer, I do not doubt but I should demonstrate, there are five and fifty!" I allow, that most of these studies have their use, and that it is possible to *use*, without *abusing* them. But if we seek our happiness in any of these things, then it commences an *idol.* And the enjoyment of it, however it may be admired and applauded by the world, is condemned of God, as neither better nor worse than damnable *idolatry.*

15. The third kind of *Love of the world*, the Apostle speaks of under that uncommon expression, ἡ ἀλαζονεία τοῦ βίου. This is rendered by our translators, *The pride of life.* It is usually supposed to mean, the pomp and splendor of those that are in high

high life. But has it not a more extenſive ſenſe? Does it not rather mean, the ſeeking happineſs in the praiſe of men, which above all things engenders Pride? When this is purſued in a more pompous way, by kings, or illuſtrious men, we call it Thirſt for Glory: when it is ſought in a lower way by ordinary men, it is ſtiled, Taking care of our Reputation. In plain terms, it is ſeeking the honour that cometh of men, inſtead of that which *cometh of God only*.

16. But what creates a difficulty here is this, we are required, not only to *give no offence to any one*, and to *provide things honeſt in the ſight of all men*, but to *pleaſe all men for their good to edification*. But how difficult is it to do this, with a ſingle eye to God? We ought to do all that in us lies, to prevent *the good that is in us from being evil ſpoken of*. Yea, we ought to value a clear reputation, if it be given us, only leſs than a good conſcience. But yet, if we ſeek our happineſs therein, we are liable to periſh in our idolatry.

17. To which of the preceding Heads is the *Love of money* to be referred? Perhaps ſometimes to one and ſometimes to another, as it is a means of procuring gratifications, either for *the deſire of the fleſh*, for *the deſire of the eyes*, or for *the pride of life*. In any of theſe caſes, money is only purſued, in order to a farther end. But it is ſometimes purſued for its own ſake, without any farther view. One who is properly a Miſer, loves and ſeeks money for its own ſake. He looks no farther, but places his happineſs in the acquiring or the poſſeſſing of it. And this is a ſpecies of idolatry, diſtant from all the preceding; and indeed the loweſt, baſeſt idolatry, of which the human ſoul is capable. To ſeek happineſs either in gratifying this, or any other of the deſires above-mentioned, is effectually to renounce the true God, and to ſet up an idol in his place. In a word, ſo many objects as there are in the world, wherein men ſeek happineſs inſtead of ſeeking it in God, ſo many *idols* they ſet up in their hearts; ſo many ſpecies of *idolatry* they practice.

18. I would take notice of only one more, which, though it in ſome meaſure falls in with ſeveral of the preceding, yet in many reſpects is diſtinct from them all, I mean, the idolizing any human creature. Undoubtedly it is the will of God that we ſhould all love one another. It is his will, that we ſhould love our Relations and our Chriſtian brethren with a peculiar love: and thoſe in particular, whom he has made particularly profitable to our ſouls. Theſe we are commanded to *love fervently*: yet ſtill *with a pure heart*. But is not this *impoſſible with man?* To retain the ſtrength and tenderneſs of affection, and yet, without any ſtain to the ſoul, with unſpotted purity? I do not mean only unſpotted by luſt. I know, this is poſſible. I know a perſon may have an unutterable affection for another, without any deſire of this kind. But is it without idolatry? Is it not loving the creature more than the Creator? Is it not putting a man or woman in the place of God? Giving them your heart. Let this be carefully conſidered, even by thoſe whom God has joined together; by Huſbands and Wives, Parents and Children. It cannot be denied, that theſe ought to love one another tenderly: they are commanded ſo to do. But they are neither commanded, nor permitted, to love one another idolatrouſly! Yet how common is this? How frequently is a Huſband, a Wife, a Child, put in the place of God? How many that are accounted good Chriſtians, fix their affections on each other, ſo as to leave no place for God? They ſeek their happineſs in the creature, not in the Creator. One may truly ſay to the other,

"I view thee, Lord and End of my Deſires."

That is, "I deſire nothing more but thee! Thou art the thing that I long for! All my deſire is unto thee, and unto the remembrance of thy name." Now, if this is not flat idolatry, I cannot tell what is!

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

Some

Some Account of Mr. WILLIAM GREEN.

I Was born in *London*, Sept. 22, 1739. My mother being pregnant with me, heard the firſt ſermon which Mr. *Weſley* preached at the *Foundry*. Soon after, ſhe found peace with God, and walked worthy of the Goſpel to the day of her death, having been a member of the Society, upwards of thirty years.

I had the firſt part of my Education at the Foundry-School, ſo that I was early inſtructed in the principles of Religion. But I was no better than if I had not been inſtructed at all; for God was not in all my thoughts. Between thirteen and fourteen I was put apprentice to a man who had ſome degree of the fear of God. For about three years he was able to manage me; but afterwards I neither regarded the threatenings of my maſter, nor the counſels of an affectionate mother, but ran on in my own ways. When my apprenticeſhip was out, I was for ten years a faithful ſervant of the Devil. But for the laſt two years, I was very far from being a willing captive; one hour praying againſt ſin, the next falling into it. I could truly ſay, *The good that I would, I do not; but the evil which I would not, that I do.*

About July 1770, a perſon lent me one of Mr. *Weſley's* Journals. I read it with prayers and tears; ſeeing much beauty in being perſecuted for righteouſneſs ſake. Soon after, I read Biſhop *Taylor's* Rules for Holy Living and Dying: one paſſage ſtruck me much: "A true lover of God is more grieved on account of an impure dream, than one who does not love him is, on account of a groſs outward ſin." And it put me upon praying earneſtly, that God would give me his love.

In Auguſt following, Mr. *Weſley* coming to town, I went with eagerneſs to hear him. His text was, *My ſon give me*

thy heart. But he ſhot over my head; I underſtood nothing about it. However I went in the evening to Moorfields, and heard Mr. *Murlin* preach. And there it pleaſed God to touch my heart. I went directly home greatly affected: ſo that my wife, though a ſerious woman, could not imagine what was the matter with me. But theſe impreſſions wore off, and I ſtill continued a ſlave to gaming, my beſetting ſin. However I continued to hear on Sundays, and was much pleaſed with what I heard. And after a time, my dear mother, by much perſuaſion, prevailed upon me to meet in a Claſs. From this time my chains began to fall off. I think, I had not met above three times, before all my outward ſins left me, and I ſhook off all my old companions.

I was now a cloſe attendant on all the means of Grace. I clearly ſaw, that I was a fallen ſpirit; and I as clearly ſaw, that religion was to reſtore me to that image of God from which I fell. It was now the fear of God took place in my ſoul. But in this I was greatly miſtaken; I thought myſelf a good Believer; whereas I was then as ignorant of the nature of faith, as I am now of Greek. Soon after, I heard Mr. *Weſley* preach on, *Believe in the Lord Jeſus Chriſt, and thou ſhalt be ſaved.* I liſtened very attentively, but ſtill could not find out what Faith was.

The ſame evening I went to Mr. *Maxfield's* Chapel. He was preaching upon the ſame text. He ſaid, "Faith is a divine conviction, that Chriſt died for *me.*" But I found, I could no more give myſelf this conviction, than I could make a world. It was now the Holy Ghoſt convinced me of ſin, becauſe I believed not in Jeſus. I went home in deep heavineſs, and told my wife, I was an unbeliever, and that if I died as I was, I ſhould go to hell. I was utterly ſlain by thoſe words, *He that believeth not, ſhall be damned.* For want of this conviction of unbelief, how many thouſands ſtop ſhort of ſaving Faith?

But though I was ſo fully convinced of ſin, I was ſo far from being diſcouraged, that I was all hope, knowing that if all the

ſins

ſins of the world were upon me, the mercies of God infinitely ſurpaſſed them all.

About Chriſtmas I went to hear the Letters read. One of which gave an account of a wonderful work among the children at *Kingswood*, ſome of whom were determined, not to eat or ſleep till they knew their ſins were forgiven. I went home full of the ſpirit of mourning, and yet big with earneſt expectation. The next day my ſorrow was ſo great, that I could do no work: till upon praying with a friend, the cloud began to diſperſe, and light broke into my ſoul. But I was determined, not to be ſatisfied with any thing ſhort of an aſſurance of pardon. In this ſituation of mind I went to bed. About two o'clock the next morning, Dec. 30, 1770, I was waked by a full ſenſe of the love of God. The ſkies poured down righteouſneſs into my ſoul, and I could boldly ſay,

"For me, I now believe he died!
He made my every crime his own."

I was now happy in God; his Spirit bearing witneſs with my ſpirit that I was a child of God. But about three days after, I was ſorely tempted; and a thought ſtriking into my mind, that I was to be a Preacher, this put me upon many reaſonings, which ſtrengthened the temptation. I believe the thought was from God: yet, for ſix weeks I was greatly perplexed. However, I never loſt, for one moment, the ſenſe of my Acceptance. Yea, and I knew the work of the Spirit was going on, and felt the bleſſedneſs of enduring temptation.

Being at *Spitalfields* on Sunday, I was greatly ſtrengthened while thoſe words were ſinging,

"Even now the Lord doth pour
His bleſſing from above,
A kindly gracious ſhower
Of heart-reviving love:
The former and the latter rain,
The love of God and love of man."

My

My faith was ſtrengthened, my peace flowed as a river, and I had a clearer view of a crucified Saviour. About this time, a Hymn-book of Mr. *Charles Weſley's* fell into my hands, which ſpeaks largely and particularly concerning entire Sanctification. I read it with attention, and comparing it with the Scripture, a fair proſpect opened to my view. At the ſame time I ſaw my vaſt diſtance from it, in a manner I never did before. And yet I wanted to ſee it more, and I could not bow my knee, but words to this purpoſe flowed from my lips,

" Shew me, as my ſoul can bear,
The depth of inbred ſin:
All the unbelief declare,
The pride that lurks within."

My prayer was anſwered: I had a ſurpriſing view of the total ſinfulneſs of my heart. I knew this diſcovery was from God. I believed it poſſible, to be ſaved from all ſin before death. I believed it poſſible to be thus ſaved in a moment: and I believed, that moment was near. So that I could chearfully ſing,

" The glorious crown of righteouſneſs
To me reached out I view:
Conqueror through him, I ſoon ſhall ſeize
And wear it as my due."

In this ſtate of mind I went to *Spitalfields* Chapel. Mr. *Weſley's* text was, *Now is the day of ſalvation.* He addreſſed himſelf chiefly to believers. I found I was one to whom this word of ſalvation was ſent. An inexpreſſible hunger and thirſt after full ſalvation took place in my ſoul. And I thought, ſurely I ſhall be filled therewith. But the queſtion is, When? The anſwer was, If thou canſt believe, now is the day of ſalvation. And I was as clearly convinced of unbelief, as I was before

my

my juſtification. God told me, his time was now. Unbelief told me, it was not now! O the wickedneſs of a heart, that is but partly renewed in the image of God!

As I formerly felt, that I only wanted faith in order to be juſtified, ſo I now felt, that I only wanted faith in order to be ſanctified. But I knew, every one that aſketh receiveth. I therefore gave myſelf to prayer, nothing doubting but God would anſwer. For two days I prayed continually. I prayed in my ſhop: I prayed in the ſtreet: I prayed riſing up: I prayed lying down. The Lord heard and anſwered me. At the end of two days, it ſeemed as if my ſtrength failed me, and I could only ſay, "Lord, I will believe: help thou my unbelief! I was enabled, to bring the words to the preſent moment. I felt That Faith which bringeth ſalvation, and rejoiced with joy unſpeakable and full of glory. In that moment I was as clearly ſaved from ſin, as ever I was juſtified. And this bleſſing was beſtowed upon me, only eight weeks after the former.

Surely when God gives any bleſſing, it is his will that we ſhould keep it. But I did not keep this long. I fancied, becauſe I had much love, I had much knowledge, and that therefore few could teach me. I forgot, that I had need every moment of the interceſſion of Chriſt. And I fixt my own meaning on ſeveral texts of ſcripture, which expoſed me to a flood of enthuſiaſm. This brought on ſome loving oppoſition from my brethren, which was not always received in the ſpirit of meekneſs. And I ſunk lower and lower, till I had no longer any pretence to perfect love. But notwithſtanding my great unfaithfulneſs, God did not wholly withdraw himſelf from me. I ſtill retained a ſenſe of acceptance, which indeed I have not loſt an hour ſince I firſt received it. But yet I ſenſibly felt, that it is an evil and a bitter thing, to ſin againſt God. My natural tempers again prevailed, and I could not keep myſelf from idols. I was barely kept from outward ſin. And this, I knew, was not by my own ſtrength.

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

An

An Extract from the DIARY *of Mrs.* BATHSHEBA HALL.

[*Continued from page* 198.]

THURSDAY, October 10. My ſoul is abaſed to the duſt before the Lord, that he ſhould in any wiſe make me uſeful! I truly feel thoſe words, *Not unto me, but unto thy Name give the praiſe!* And now what wait I for, but that thy whole image may be ſtampt upon my heart?

Wedneſday 16. I ſee death written on all that I behold, which cauſes an awful ſolemnity of ſpirit. O Eternity, I ſtand on the brink of thee! O my ſoul, is thy lamp burning? And am I now ready to meet the Bridegroom? O Lord, thou knoweſt.

Friday 18. I ſtill feel a deep ſenſe of eternal things, but long to be ſtill more conſcious of the inviſible world. I ſeem to be more ſenſible than ever of thoſe pure ſpirits, who are appointed to hover round me. O wouldſt thou,

> "Kindle in me that holy flame,
> Which in angelic boſoms glows."

Thurſday 24. I rejoiced to find my young friend able to witneſs a good confeſſion, even that *the blood of Jeſus Chriſt cleanſeth from all ſin.* Glory be to thee, O my God! Thou doſt bring forth thy witneſſes. O do thou guard her tender ſoul from all the pleaſing ſnares of youth! Let her be one whole burnt-ſacrifice to thee, now and for ever!

Monday 28. It is bleſſed, to behold his glory on Mount *Tabor*: but it is more bleſſed to lie at the foot of the croſs. A life of ſuffering and pain was thine, O Jeſus! And can I expect to be above my Maſter?

Thurſday

Thurſday 31. Though the winds have riſen high, and the waves have liſted up their voice, I ſee Jeſus walking upon the water, and hear him ſay, "Peace! Be ſtill!" O the exceeding preciouſneſs of God in Chriſt! He captivates my every affection.

Tueſday, Nov. 5. Out of the depth of my poverty and vileneſs do I cry unto thee, O Lord! Surely never was a ſoul ſo needy! ſo diveſted of joy and comfort! Lord, thou knoweſt which way to make me conformable to thy death. I yield, O my God! to the painful ſtroke. All my deſire is to be made like unto thee in all things!

[I doubt not but this pain was partly nervous, and partly diabolical.]

Thurſday 7. My ſoul was refreſhed this day with the multitude of peace. I felt the holy preſence of my God and my All: and I had ſweet communion with the ſaints, though abſent in body. How thankful is the ſoul, after a day of trouble, for the leaſt of theſe conſolations!

Wedneſday 20. My ſoul is truly penetrated with my God and my All! My heart is ſet free. O how ſhall I bleſs my Great Deliverer's Name!

Sunday, Dec. 1. Though ſecluded from public means, I feel my life is hid with Chriſt in God. And I feel no deſire, but to be uſeful in my Lord's vineyard.

Monday 2. We had, at our Prayer-meeting, many feeble ones, and many notorious ſinners. And thanks be to God, his power was preſent in a moſt remarkable manner. Many of our ſouls were in an agony of prayer, and felt that nothing could ſtand before Faith.

Monday 9. Surely never did any one ſtand in more need of a preſent God! How was I tormented in the night with diabolical dreams? And the ſame have been again and again preſented to me ſince I roſe. My body is weak, my ſpirits faint, and I have many outward incumbrances. Satan well knows, this is his time to diſtreſs me. But getting a little time to

retire, I find my Beloved is ſtill the ſame. He has condeſcended to meet me at his throne of love, and to check my ſighs and tears.

Tueſday 24. I went to *Bath*. On the way, I was favoured with much of the divine preſence. In the afternoon I was with ſiſter *Jones*, whoſe feet God has ſet in a large room. She is the firſt witneſs here of his power to ſave to the uttermoſt. Conſequently Satan ſtirs up all his forces againſt her. 'Tis pity that any of the children of God ſhould join with him, and call her a deceiver of the people! I found two more who ſeem to be on the brink of liberty. May they never ſtop till they obtain the prize!

Tueſday 31. Amazing goodneſs! I am preſerved to ſee the laſt day of another year. I feel that which I cannot expreſs! A ſolemn awe bows my ſoul at Jeſu's feet: and alſo a deeper ſenſe of the ſmall advances I have made in the way of holineſs. Yet, glory be to God, I do feel ſome increaſe of pure devotedneſs. For ſome time paſt, my ſoul has been filled with zeal for the Lord of Hoſts. I have the cauſe of God more at heart than ever. If we tenderly love even a human friend, with what vehemence do we ſtand up for him? How earneſtly then ſhould we engage in the cauſe of God? O God, teach my hands to war, and my fingers to fight! And let me neither conceal, nor miſemploy the talents thou haſt ſo freely given me.

Wedneſday, Jan. 1, 1772. I feel my ſoul ſolemnly engaged with the Lord this day, that I may live more than ever to his glory. I heard to-night of a dear friend being removed to paradiſe. A few moments more, and I ſhall follow her!

Tueſday 14. I ſtill live! May I anſwer the great end of life! This is the perpetual deſire of my ſoul. I find, as I improve the preſent grace, the Lord increaſes it more and more. At the beginning of our Prayer-meeting laſt night, my ſpirit was ſo dull and inactive, that I determined not to open my mouth. But no ſooner did I break through, than the

the Lord poured down ſo large a ſhower of his grace, that we could ſcarce ſuſtain the weight of glory.

Saturday, Feb. 1. O what am I, that I ſhould be favoured more than the Son of God himſelf! He had not where to lay his head! And how richly haſt thou provided for *me!* O fill my heart with gratitude!

[*To be continued.*]

A ſhort Account of JOHN WOOLLEY, *who died in February* 1742, *aged thirteen Years and ſome Months.*

JOHN Woolley was for ſome time in Mr. *Weſley's* School: but was turned out for his ill behaviour. Soon after he ran away from his parents, lurking about for ſeveral days and nights together, and hiding himſelf in holes and corners, that his mother might not find him. During this time he ſuffered both hunger and cold. Once he was three whole days without ſuſtenance, ſometimes weeping and praying by himſelf, and ſometimes playing with other looſe boys.

One night he came to the *New-Room*. Mr. *Weſley* was then ſpeaking of diſobedience to parents. He was quite confounded, and thought there never was in the world, ſo wicked a child as himſelf. He went home, and never ran away any more. His mother ſaw the change in his whole behaviour, but knew not the cauſe. He would often get up ſtairs by himſelf to prayer, and often go alone into the fields, having done with all his idle companions.

And now the devil began to ſet upon him with all his might, continually tempting him to ſelf-murder. Sometimes he was vehemently preſt to hang himſelf: ſometimes to leap into the river. But this only made him the more earneſt in prayer: in which, after he had been one day wreſtling with God, he ſaw himſelf, he ſaid, ſurrounded on a ſudden with an

inexpreſſible light, and was ſo filled with joy and the love of God, that he ſcarce knew where he was; and with ſuch love to all mankind, that he could have laid himſelf on the ground, for his worſt enemies to trample upon.

From this time his father and mother were ſurpriſed at him; he was ſo diligent to help them in all things. When they went to the preaching, he was careful to give the other children their ſupper: and when he had put them to bed, hurried away to the Room, to light his father or mother home. Mean time, he loſt no opportunity of hearing the preaching himſelf, or of doing any good he could, either at home or in any place where he was.

One day walking in the fields, he fell into talk with a farmer, who ſpoke very ſlightly of religion. *John* told him, he ought not to talk ſo; and enlarged upon that word of the apoſtle, (which he begged him to conſider deeply) *Without holineſs no man ſhall ſee the Lord.* The man was amazed; caught the child in his arms, and knew not how to part with him.

His father and mother once hearing him ſpeak pretty loud in the next room, liſtened to hear what he ſaid. He was praying thus: "Lord, I do not expect to be heard for my much ſpeaking. Thou knoweſt my heart. Thou knoweſt my wants." He then deſcended to particulars. Afterwards he prayed very earneſtly for his parents, and for his brothers and ſiſters by name: then for Mr. *John* and *Charles Weſley*, that God would ſet their faces as a flint, and give them to go on, conquering and to conquer: then for all the other miniſters he could remember by name, and for all that were, or deſired to be, true miniſters of Chriſt.

In the beginning of his illneſs, his mother aſked him, If he wanted any thing? He anſwered, "Nothing but Chriſt; and I am as ſure of him, as if I had him already." He often ſaid, "O mother! if all the world believed in Chriſt, what a happy world would it be? And they may. For Chriſt died for every

every ſoul of man. I was the worſt of ſinners, and he died for *me*. O thou that calleſt the worſt of ſinners, call me! O it is a free gift! I am ſure I have done nothing to deſerve it."

On *Wedneſday* he ſaid to his mother, "I am in very great trouble for my father. He has always taken an honeſt care of his family. But he does not know God: if he dies in the ſtate he is in now, he cannot be ſaved. I have prayed for him, and will pray for him[a]. If God ſhould give him true faith, and then take him to himſelf, do not you fear: do not you be troubled. God has promiſed to be a father to the fatherleſs and a huſband to the widow. I will pray for him and you: and I hope we ſhall ſing hallelujah in heaven together."

To his eldeſt ſiſter he ſaid, "Do not puff yourſelf up with pride. When you receive your wages, which is not much, lay it out in plain neceſſaries. And if you are inclined to be merry, do not ſing ſongs: that is the devil's diverſion; there are many lies and ill things in thoſe idle ſongs. Do you ſing pſalms and hymns. Remember your Creator in the days of your youth. When you are at work, you may lift up your heart to God. And be ſure never to riſe or go to bed, without aſking his bleſſing."

He added, "I ſhall die. But do not cry for me. Why ſhould you cry for me? Conſider what a joyful thing it is, to have a brother go to heaven. I am not a man. I am but a boy. But is it not in the bible, *Out of the mouth of babes and ſucklings thou haſt ordained ſtrength?* I know where I am going. I would not be without this knowledge for a thouſand worlds. For though I am not in heaven yet, I am as ſure of it, as if I was there."

On *Wedneſday* night, he wreſtled much with God in prayer. At laſt, throwing his arms open, he cried, "Come! come, Lord Jeſus! I am thine. Amen and Amen." He ſaid, "God anſwers me in my heart, Be of good cheer: thou haſt overcome the world:" and immediately after, that he was filled with love and joy unſpeakable.

[a] His father died ſoon after.

He

He ſaid to his mother, "That ſchool was the ſaving of my ſoul; for there I began to ſeek the Lord. But how is it, that a perſon no ſooner begins to ſeek the Lord, but *Satan* ſtraight ſtirs up all his inſtruments againſt him?"

When he was in an agony of pain he cried out, "O Saviour, give me patience! Thou haſt given me patience. But give me more. Give me thy love, and pain is nothing. I have deſerved all this, and a thouſand times more. For there is no ſin but I have been guilty of."

Awhile after he ſaid, "O mother, how is this? If a man does not do his work, the maſters in the world will not pay him his wages. But it is not ſo with God. He gives me good wages: and yet I am ſure I have nothing to gain them. O it is a free gift! It is free for every ſoul. For Chriſt has died for all."

On *Thurſday* morning his mother aſked him how he did? He ſaid, "I have had much ſtruggling to-night. But my Saviour is ſo loving to me, I do not mind it: it is no more than nothing to me."

Then he ſaid, "I deſire to be buried from the Room, and I deſire Mr. *Weſley* would preach a ſermon over me, on thoſe words of *David* (unleſs he thinks any other to be more fit) *Before I was afflicted I went aſtray: but now I have kept thy word.*"

I aſked him, how do you find yourſelf now? He ſaid, "In great pain, but full of love." I aſked, but does not the love of God overcome pain? He anſwered, "Yes; pain is nothing to me. I did ſing praiſes to the Lord in the midſt of my greateſt pain: and I could not help it." I aſked him, if he was willing to die? "O yes: with all my heart." I ſaid, But if life and death were ſet before you, what would you chooſe then? He anſwered, "To die and to be with Chriſt. I long to be out of this wicked world."

On *Thurſday* night he ſlept much ſweeter than he had done for ſome time before. In the morning he begged to ſee Mr.

John

John Weſley. When Mr. *Weſley* came, after ſome other queſtions, he aſked him, What he ſhould pray for? He ſaid, "That God would give me a clean heart, and renew a right ſpirit within me." When prayer was ended, he ſeemed much enlivened, and ſaid, "I thought I ſhould have died to-day. But I muſt not be in haſte. I am content to ſtay. I will tarry the Lord's leiſure."

On *Saturday*, one aſked if he ſtill choſe to die? He ſaid, "I have no will: my will is reſigned to the will of God. But I ſhall die. Mother, be not troubled. I ſhall go away like a lamb."

On *Sunday* he ſpoke exceeding little. On *Monday* his ſpeech began to faulter. On *Tueſday* it was gone; but he was fully in his ſenſes, almoſt continually lifting up his eyes to heaven. On *Wedneſday*, his ſpeech being reſtored, his mother ſaid, "Jacky, you have not been with your Saviour to-night." He replied, "Yes, I have." She aſked, What did he ſay? He anſwered, "He bade me not be afraid of the devil. For he had no power to hurt me at all, but I ſhould tread him under my feet." He lay very quiet on *Wedneſday* night. The next morning he ſpent in continual prayer: often repeating the Lord's prayer, and earneſtly commending his ſoul into the hands of God.

He then called for his little brother and ſiſter to kiſs them; and for his mother, whom he deſired to kiſs him. Then (between nine and ten) he ſaid, "Now let me kiſs *you*:" which he did, and immediately fell aſleep.

An Extract from A SURVEY *of the* WISDOM *of* GOD *in the* CREATION.

[*Continued from page* 206.]

THE *Skin*, like a curious ſurtout, covers the whole, formed of the moſt delicate net-work, whoſe meſhes are minute, and whoſe threads are multiplied, even to a prodigy: the

the meſhes are ſo minute, that nothing paſſes them, which is diſcernible by the eye; though they diſcharge every moment, myriads and myriads of ſuperfluous incumbrances. The threads are ſo multiplied, that neither the point of the ſmalleſt needle, nor the infinitely finer lance of a gnat, can pierce any part, without drawing blood, and cauſing an uneaſy ſenſation. Conſequently, without wounding, by ſo ſmall a puncture, both a nerve and a vein!

But a courſe of inceſſant action muſt exhauſt the ſolids and waſte the fluids, and unleſs both are properly recruited, in a ſhort time deſtroy the machine. For this reaſon it is furniſhed with the *organs*, and endued with the *powers* of *nutrition*: *Teeth*, the foremoſt, thin and ſharp, to bite aſunder the food; the hindermoſt, broad and ſtrong, indented with ſmall cavities, the better to grind in pieces what is tranſmitted to them. But in children, the formation of teeth is poſtponed till they have occaſion for them.

Were the teeth, like other bones, covered with the periosteum, chewing would give much pain. Were they quite naked, thy would ſoon decay and periſh. To guard againſt both, they are overlaid with a neat *enamel*, harder than the bone itſelf, which gives no pain in chewing, and yet ſecures them from various injuries.

The *Lips* prevent the food from ſlipping out of the mouth, and aſſiſted by the tongue, return it to the grinders. While they do this in concert with the cheeks, they ſqueeze a thin liquor from the adjacent glands. This moiſtens the food and prepares it for digeſtion. When the mouth is inactive, theſe are nearly cloſed: but when we ſpeak or eat, their moiſture being then neceſſary, is expreſt as need requires.

But the food could not deſcend merely by its own weight, through a narrow and clammy paſſage into the ſtomach. Therefore to effect this, muſcles both *ſtraight* and *circular* are provided. The former enlarge the cavity, and give an eaſy admittance. The latter, cloſing behind the deſcending aliment,

ment, preſs it downward. But before the food enters the gullet, it muſt of neceſſity paſs over the oriſice of the wind-pipe: whence it is in danger of falling upon the lungs, which might occaſion inſtant death. To obviate this, a *moveable lid* is placed, which when the ſmalleſt particle advances, is pulled down and ſhut cloſe, but as ſoon as it is ſwallowed, is let looſe and ſtands open. Thus the important paſs is always made ſure againſt any noxious approaches; yet always left free for the air, and open for reſpiration.

The food deſcending into the ſtomach is not yet ready for the bowels. Therefore that great receiver is ſtrong to bear, and proper to detain it, till it is wrought into the ſmootheſt pulp imaginable. From hence it is diſcharged by a gentle force, and paſſes gradually into the inteſtines.

Near the entrance waits the *gall-bladder*, ready to pour its ſalutary juice upon the aliment, which diſſolves any thing viſcid, ſcours the inteſtines, and keeps all the fine apertures clear. This bag, as the ſtomach fills, is preſt thereby, and then only diſcharges its contents. It is alſo furniſhed with a valve of a very peculiar, namely, of a ſpiral form; through which the deterſive liquid cannot haſtily pour, but muſt gently ooze. Admirable conſtruction! which, without any care of ours, gives the needful ſupply, and no more.

The nutriment then purſues its way through the mazes of the *inteſtines:* which, by a worm-like motion protrude it, and force its ſmall particles into the *lacteal veſſels*. Theſe are a ſeries of fineſt ſtrainers, ranged in countleſs multitudes all along the ſides of the winding paſſage. Had this been ſtraight or ſhort, the food could not have reſigned a ſufficient quantity of its nouriſhing particles. Therefore it is artfully convolved and greatly extended, that whatever paſſes may be ſifted throughly. As the aliment proceeds, it is more and more drained of its nutritious juices. In conſequence of this, it would become hard, and pain the tender parts, but that glands are poſted in proper places, to diſcharge a lubricated fluid.

Theſe are ſmaller and fewer near the ſtomach, becauſe there the aliment is moiſt enough: whereas in the bowels remote from the ſtomach, they are either multiplied or enlarged.

The *Chyle* drawn off by the lacteals is carried through millions of ducts, too fine even for the microſcope to diſcover. To this it is owing, that nothing enters the blood, but what is capable of paſſing through the fineſt veſſels. It is then lodged in ſeveral commodious cells (the glands of the *Meſentery*) and there mixt with a thin diluting lymph, which makes it more apt to flow. Hence it is conveyed to the *common receptacle*, and mounts through a perpendicular tube into the left *ſubclavian vein*. This tube lies contiguous to the *great artery*, whoſe ſtrong pulſation drives on the fluid, and enables it to aſcend and unload its treaſure, at the very door of the heart.

But the chyle is as yet in too crude a ſtate, to be fit for the animal functions. Therefore it is thrown into the lungs. In the ſpungy cells of this amazing laboratory, it mixes with the external air, and its whole ſubſtance is made more ſmooth and uniform. Thus improved it enters the left ventricle of the heart, a ſtrong, active, indefatigable muſcle. The large muſcles of the arm or of the thigh are ſoon wearied: a day's labour, or a day's journey exhauſts their ſtrength. But the Heart toils whole weeks, whole months, nay years, unwearied: is equally a ſtranger to intermiſſion and fatigue. Impelled by this, part of the blood ſhoots upward to the head; part rolls through the whole body.

But how ſhall a ſtream divided into myriads of channels, be brought back to its ſource? Should any portion of it be unable to return, putrefaction, if not death, muſt enſue. Therefore the all-wiſe Creator has connected the extremities of the arteries, with the beginning of the veins: ſo that the ſame force which darts the blood through the former, helps to drive it through the latter. Thus it is re-conducted to the great ciſtern, and there played off afreſh.

Where two oppoſite currents would be in danger of claſhing, where the ſtreams, from the *vena cava* and *vena aſcenden* coincide, a fibrous

a fibrous excreſcence interpoſes, which like a projecting pier, breaks the ſtroke of each, and throws both into their proper receptacle. Where the motion is to be ſpeedy, the channels either forbear to wind (as in the great artery, which deſcends to the feet) or leſſen in their dimenſions, as in every interval between all the ramifications. When the progreſs is to be retarded, the tubes are variouſly convolved or their diameter contracted. Thus guarded, the living flood never diſcontinues its courſe, but night and day, whether we ſleep or wake, ſtill perſeveres to run briſkly through the arteries, and return ſoftly through the veins.

But farther. The great Creator has made us an invaluable preſent of the ſenſes, to be the inlets of innumerable pleaſures, and the means of the moſt valuable advantages.

The *Eye*, in its elevated ſtation, commands the moſt enlarged proſpects. Conſiſting only of fluids, incloſed within coats, it ſhews us all the graces and glories of Nature. How wonderful, that an image of the hugeſt mountains, and the wideſt landſcapes, ſhould enter the ſmall pupil! that the rays of light ſhould paint on the optic nerve, paint in an inſtant of time, paint in their trueſt colours, and exacteſt lineaments, every ſpecies of external objects!

The *Eye* is ſo tender, that the ſlighteſt touch might injure its delicate frame. It is guarded therefore with peculiar care, intrenched deep, and barricaded round with bones. As the ſmalleſt fly might incommode its poliſhed ſurface, it is farther protected by two ſubſtantial *curtains*. In ſleep, when there is no occaſion for the ſenſe, but a neceſſity to guard the organ, theſe curtains cloſe of their own accord. At any time they fly together as quick as thought. They are lined with an extreme fine ſponge, moiſt with its own dew. Its briſtly paliſades keep out the leaſt mote, and moderate the too ſtrong impreſſions of the light.

As in our waking hours we have almoſt inceſſant need for theſe little orbs, they run upon the fineſt caſtors, rolling every

way with the utmoſt eaſe: which circumſtance, added to the flexibility of the neck, renders our two eyes as uſeful as a thouſand.

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

THOUGHTS *upon* JACOB BEHMEN.

[*By the Rev. Mr. Weſley.*]

I Have conſidered the Memoirs of *Jacob Behmen*, of which I will ſpeak very freely.

I believe he was a good man. But I ſee nothing extraordinary either in his life or in his death. I have known many both men and women, who were far more exemplary in their lives, and far more honoured of God in their death.

I allow he wrote many Truths: but none that would have appeared at all extraordinary, had he thrown aſide his hard words, and uſed plain and common language.

What ſome ſeem moſt to admire in his Writings, is what I moſt object to: I mean, his *Philoſophy*, and his *Phraſeology*. Theſe are really *his own:* and theſe are quite *new:* therefore they are quite wrong.

I totally object to his blending Religion with Philoſophy: and as vain a Philoſophy as ever exiſted: crude, indigeſted; ſupported neither by Scripture nor Reaſon: nor any thing but his own *ipſe dixit*.

I grant, Mr. *Law*, by taking immenſe pains, has licked it into ſome ſhape. And he has made it hang tolerably together. But ſtill it admits of no manner of proof.

And

And all he writes concerning Religion is what very many have ſaid before him; and in a far better manner.

To his whole Scheme I object,

1. The whole foundation of it is wrong: the very attempt to explain Religion, which is the moſt ſimple thing in the world, by an abſtruſe, complicated, philoſophical Theory, is the moſt abſurd thing that can be conceived.

I pray, conſider but one argument againſt it. Either St. *Paul* and St. *John* knew this Theory, or they did not. Mr. *Law* ſuppoſes, they did not know it: but that *Jacob* knew more than them both. I verily think, this needs no confutation. Let him believe it that can. But if they did know it, how did they dare to conceal any part of the counſel of God?

Upon the Theory itſelf I ſhall only repeat a very little of what I obſerved in my printed Letter to Mr. *Law*, p. 8, &c.

"All that can be conceived (ſays Mr. *Law*, quoting from *Jacob*) is *God*, or *Nature*, or *Creature*."

Is *Nature* created or not created? It muſt be one or the other; for there is no medium. If not created, it is God. If created, is it not a Creature? How then can theſe be three, *God*, *Nature*, and *Creature?* Since Nature muſt coincide either with God or Creature.

"*Nature* is in itſelf a *hungry*, *wrathful fire of life*. *Nature* is and can be only a *Deſire*. *Deſire* is the very *Being* of *Nature*." "*Nature* is only a *Deſire*, becauſe it is for the ſake of *ſomething elſe!* *Nature* is only a *Torment*; becauſe it cannot help itſelf to what it wants."

Shame to human Underſtanding! That any man ſhould fall in love with ſuch ſtark, ſtaring nonſenſe as this!

"*Nature* as well as God is antecedent to all Creature. There is an *eternal Nature*, as univerſal and as *unlimited* as God." Is then Nature God? Or, are there two *Eternal*, *Univerſal*, *Infinite Beings?*

"Nothing is *before Eternal Nature*, but God." Nothing but! Is any thing before that which is Eternal?

"*Nature*,

"*Nature*, and *Darkneſs*, and *Self*, are but three different expreſſions for one and the ſame thing." "Nature has *all Evil* and *no Evil* in it."

"*Nature* has ſeven *chief Properties*, and can have neither more nor leſs, becauſe it is a *Birth from the Deity in* Nature." (Is *Nature* a *Birth from the Deity in Nature?* Is not this a flat contradiction?) "For God is triune, and Nature is triune:" (Nature triune! Prove it who can.) "And hence ariſe Properties, three and three." (Why not four and four?) "And that which brings theſe three and three into union is another property." Sublime jargon!

"The three firſt properties of Nature are the *whole eſſence* of that *Deſire*, which is, and is called *Nature*." A *part* of its properties are the *whole eſſence* of it! Flat contradiction again!

"The three firſt Properties of Nature are, *Attraction*, *Reſiſtence*, and *Whirling*. In theſe three Properties of the *Deſire*, you ſee the reaſon of the three great laws of Matter and Motion."

How does it appear, that theſe are any of the Properties of *Nature*, if you mean by *Nature* any thing diſtinct from *Matter*? And how are they Properties of *Deſire?*

"The fourth Property is *Fire:* the fifth, the form of Light and Love:" (what is the *form of Love?* And are Light and Love the ſame thing?) "The ſixth, Sound or Underſtanding," (the ſame thing doubtleſs!) "The ſeventh, *a Life of triumphing* Joy." Is then *a Life of triumphing Joy*, "that which brings the three and three Properties into union?" If ſo, how is it, "the *reſult* of that union?"

Once more. "*Attraction* is an inceſſant working of three contrary Properties, *Drawing*, *Reſiſting*, and *Whirling*." That is, in plain terms, "*Drawing* is inceſſant Drawing, Reſiſtence and Whirling."

Such is the *Philoſophy* which *Jacob* received by *immediate Inſpiration!* (to mention only the firſt Principles of it.) And by which he is to explain all Religion, and the whole Revelation of God!

I. As

I. As to his Divinity, I object, firſt, to the very deſign of explaining Religion by any Philoſophy whatever. The Scripture gives us no direction, no, nor any permiſſion ſo to do. I object much more, to the execution of his deſign: the attempting to explain it by that baſe, unmeaning, ſelf-contradictory jargon, which is as far remote from all true, genuine Philoſophy, as it is from the Scripture itſelf.

II. But be the foundation as it may, he builds no ſuperſtructure upon it, but what we knew before, either with regard to Internal or External Holineſs. We knew before, *Neither Circumciſion availeth any thing, nor Uncircumciſion, but Faith that worketh by Love.* And what does he teach us by all his hard, uncouth words, more than this plain truth?

We knew before, that we *muſt be born again*; inwardly changed from all evil tempers to all good; from an *earthly, ſenſual, deviliſh mind*, to *the mind that was in Chriſt Jeſus.* And what more does he teach us on this head, by all his vain, precarious, myſtical Philoſophy?

We knew before, that *the loving God with all our heart*, and *the loving our neighbour as ourſelves*, is *the fulfilling of the law*, the *end of the commandment*, the ſum of all Religion. And what has he told us more than this, in all his nineteen volumes?

We knew before, that the whole of Religion is, a heart and life totally devoted to God. Has he told us, or can he tell us any thing more? No, nor all the Angels in heaven.

We knew before, that the *foundation* and the *ſuperſtructure* of Religion are compriſed in thoſe words, *We love him, becauſe he firſt loved us.* Does he teach us any thing higher or deeper? In a word, Does he teach any ſingle point either of inward, or outward holineſs, which we did not know before? If he does, what is it? I cannot find out one in all his writings.

III. But if his matter is not new, if this is nothing uncommon, his manner of ſpeaking is new indeed! His language is utterly

utterly new: it was never uſed ſince the world began. And this is the very reaſon, for which he is ſo admired. Becauſe he *ſpeaks* (which cannot be denied) as never man ſpake. Indeed I hardly know, for which he is moſt admired, the *novelty*, or the *obſcurity* of his *language*.

But I cannot admire it at all: becauſe it is quite unſcriptural. There is no trace of it to be found in any part either of the Old or New Teſtament. Therefore I cannot reconcile it to that expreſs command, *If any man ſpeak, let him ſpeak as the oracles of God*.

I cannot admire it, becauſe, ſecondly, it is *barbarous* in the higheſt degree: whatever is peculiar in his Phraſeology, is not authorized by any good Writer whatever. It is queerneſs itſelf. It is mere Dog-latin. It is an inſult upon the Ear and the Underſtanding of all mankind.

One allows, "None can underſtand it without much pains; perhaps not without reading him thrice over." I would not read him thrice over on any conſideration. 1. Becauſe it would be enough to crack any man's brain to brood ſo long over ſuch unintelligible nonſenſe; and 2. Becauſe ſuch a waſte of time, might provoke God to give me up to a ſtrong deluſion, to believe a lie.

But I doubt, whether any man underſtands it at all. For it is ſo dark and indeterminate, that I have not found any two perſons in *England*, who underſtand it alike. I thought, if any man living underſtood *Behmen*, Mr. *Law* did. "No (ſays one who has been ſtudying him theſe forty years) Mr. *Law* never underſtood a page of him."

IV. The whole of *Behmeniſm*, including both phraſe and ſenſe, is uſeleſs. It ſtuns and aſtoniſhes its admirers. It fills their heads; but it does not change their hearts. It makes no eminent Chriſtians. For many years I have diligently enquired, concerning the Grand patrons of it. And I have found none of them who were burning and ſhining Lights; none who adorned the Doctrine of *God* our Saviour.

V. But

V. But it is not barely uſeleſs: it is *miſchievous*: and that in a high degree. For it ſtrikes at the root of both Internal and External Religion, (ſuppoſe Mr. *Law* underſtood it) by ſapping the foundation of Juſtification by Faith. For *Jacob* affirms, "God was never angry at Sinners." But if ſo, he was never reconciled to them. His wrath was never turned away, if it never exiſted. And admitting this, there is no place for Juſtification: nor conſequently, for faith in a pardoning God, which is the root of both Inward and Outward Holineſs.

More particularly it ſtrikes at the root of *humility*, tending to make men admire themſelves, and deſpiſe others. Never was a more melancholy proof of this than Mr. *Law*, who ſeriouſly believed himſelf the moſt knowing man in the kingdom, and deſpiſed all that contradicted him, even in the tendereſt manner, as the mire in the ſtreets. It ſtrikes at the root of *charity*, inſpiring into its ſtricteſt votaries deep *cenſoriouſneſs* toward the world in general, and an inexpreſſible *bitterneſs* toward all who do not receive their new Apoſtle. This may be obſerved, in all the Authors of the Memoirs, though, in other reſpects, good men: and in all I have converſed with in my life who were thorough *Behmeniſts*.

Above all, it ſtrikes at the root of *External Religion*, by deſtroying zeal for good works: by laying little ſtreſs on either works of Piety or Mercy, and ſtill leſs, upon Chriſtian Society: it particularly tends to make all men of ſenſe and learning bury their talent in the earth, the natural effect of continually declaiming, in a looſe and indiſcriminate manner, againſt Reaſon and Learning.

It ſtrikes at the root of *all revealed Religion*, by making men think meanly of the Bible: a natural effect of thinking *Behmen more highly illuminated* than any or all of the Apoſtles. So Mr. *S.* frankly acknowledged, "While I admired him, I thought St. *Paul* and St. *John* very mean writers."

Indeed it quite ſpoils the *taſte* for plain, ſimple Religion, ſuch as that of the Bible is, and gives a falſe taſte, which can reliſh nothing ſo well, as high, obſcure, unintelligible Jargon.

Dec. 22, 1780.

[*The following Account I inſert, not only becauſe it is a remarkable inſtance of divine Providence, but becauſe the important Diſcovery made therein, may be a means of preſerving many lives.*]

A Narrative of Capt. KENNEDY's Diſtreſs and Deliverance.

[*Written by himſelf.*]

WE ſailed from *Jamaica* the 21ſt of December, 1769, bound for *Whitehaven*. But having met with a hard gale at North, in leſs than an hour's time, as we were attempting to return back thither, the water overflowed the lower deck, and being thirteen in number, we could ſcarce get into the yaul, before the veſſel ſunk. After an unſucceſsful attempt of three days, we were obliged to bear away for the Bay of *Honduras*. On the 7th day we made *Swan's Iſland*; but we found no food there, only a little brackiſh water, and a few wilks. In the evening we embarked again for the Bay, with only ſix quarts of water. From the 7th to the 14th of our being in the boat, we had neither meat nor drink. When nature was almoſt exhauſted, I ſoaked my clothes in ſalt water. And this I did twice a day; and then put them on without wringing. To this I impute the preſervation of my own life, and that of ſix other perſons, who muſt otherwiſe have periſhed. The hint was firſt communicated to me from the peruſal of a Treatiſe written by Dr. *Lind*.

There

There is one very remarkable circumſtance, which was, that we daily made the ſame quantity of urine, as if we had drank moderately of any liquid. This muſt be owing to a body of water being abſorbed through the pores of the ſkin. The ſaline particles remaining in our clothing, became encruſted by the heat of our bodies and that of the ſun, which cut and wounded us at firſt; but we found, upon waſhing out the ſaline particles, and frequently wetting our clothes without wringing, the ſkin became well in a ſhort time; and ſo great advantage did we derive from this practice, that the violent drought went off, the parched tongue was cured in a few minates, after bathing and waſhing our clothes; at the ſame time we found ourſelves as much refreſhed as if we had received ſome actual nouriſhment.

Quere. Whether bathing in ſalt water would not be of infinite ſervice in hot burning fevers, by breaking the too great adheſion of the blood, which is the cauſe of them?

It is to be remarked, that four perſons who died in the boat, drank large quantities of ſalt water, and died deliſious: the other two died on land through fatigue.

An EXPOSITION *of the Three great Articles of the* CREED.

[*By the late Mr. Charles Perronet.*]

I believe in GOD THE FATHER:
I believe in JESUS CHRIST OUR LORD:
I believe in the HOLY GHOST.

HE that formed all things has ſet himſelf before our eyes as the Omnipotent, All-wiſe, and Good: the Searcher of the heart, and who will recompenſe according to what every one hath done.

God is not one afar off,—whom we cannot know, or be acquainted with: but the neareſt of all; and who created us, to be the dwelling-place of the moſt High.

To believe in God, is not barely to conceive he made the world, preſerves and governs all things; but to know he formed us in his own image, and deſigned us for communion with himſelf: that he is the ſoul of our ſoul, the one eternal good, and centre of all bliſs, now and for ever: that he delights in beſtowing benefits,—His favour conſtitutes all our happineſs, and that heaven is no heaven without his likeneſs in the ſoul, and himſelf eternally preſent with us.

Faith in Chriſt, is not only to believe, that he who is one with God, took our nature, died, and roſe again; but that this was all for *us*,—for our preſent and eternal good.

The life of Jeſus is all purity: our pattern of lowlineſs and patience. He *fulfilled all Righteouſneſs*. And ſo far as the fruit is holineſs, we are partakers of Chriſt, and the end is eternal life. *If we ſuffer with him, we ſhall reign with him.* If we *deny ourſelves, and bear his croſs, we are his diſciples.*

The death of the Son of God cancels ſin; and by dying with him, he removes all things that hinder our conformity to his will. We unite with him in what he has done, or commands us to do for his ſake. We are one ſpirit with our living Head; and fall and riſe with him into the heights and depths of *Love that paſſeth knowledge.*

His reſurrection completes the virtue of his ſufferings, gives energy to all he became for man, and calls us to riſe to a life of righteouſneſs.

He aſcended into heaven, ſits at the right hand of God, intercedes for us, will come in the clouds of heaven to judge the quick and dead, condemn the wicked, and reward the righteous with endleſs glory.

Jeſus is ſupreme Jehovah, who *laid the foundation of the earth*; but *took upon him the form of a ſervant, and became obedient to the death of the croſs.* The infinite mind of God only

only can tell the benefits of his whole life and death. He executed an office, and performed a glorious part that extended its efficacy to all perſons, diffuſed a ſaving virtue over every ſtation, and profited every duty, and circumſtance of life.

He is Lord of heaven and earth. His *kingdom is righteouſneſs, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghoſt.* He reigns in his people over ſin and Satan, writes his law in their hearts, offers mercy to all, multiplies grace to the faithful, is a perfect Saviour, Redeemer, Mediator, Purifier,—our atonement, ſtrength, light, life, peace,—the only door to enter by: all that fallen nature requires: all ſufficient to reſtore what was loſt in Adam. By him, and for his ſake, is the whole of our ſalvation. All is of grace, through faith in Chriſt. We are waſhed in his blood, receive his holy Spirit, and through him our perſons and ſacrifices are accepted.

To believe in the Holy Ghoſt, is not only to acknowledge he is God, in one undivided JEHOVAH, of Father, Son, and Spirit; but that he bears an office for our ſalvation, and is a preſent, and almighty helper. By him, Chriſt is formed *in us the hope of glory.* He quickens, enlightens, and brings the things of Chriſt home to us, and makes the promiſes our own. He is a Paraclete; one that comforts, and intercedes in us:—the great Promiſe of the Father: a Gift that is all bleſſings in one, —in time and eternity.

When the Spirit of God makes effectual to the ſoul what Chriſt has done, our faith has ſaved us, and we go in peace. But till then, the Deliverer is not come, and our ſins are not blotted out.

By the influences of this almighty Spirit, ſin is ſubdued in the hearts of them who are *juſtified by faith.* They *have peace with God,* are *renewed in righteouſneſs, after his image, and have fellowſhip with the Father and Son:* as God hath ſaid, —*I will dwell in them, and walk in them, and I will be their God, and they ſhall be my people.*

To

To all who read theſe Lines, the Author wiſhes Faith, in Chriſt—the Peace of God—Communion with the Holy Spirit—Obedience to the Commandment—Perſeverance to the end—and a Right to the Tree of Life.

LETTERS.

LETTER CLXII.

[From Miſs B. to the Rev. Mr. Weſley.]

April 6, 1761.

Dear Sir,

I Have a great deſire to inform you, as I am able, of the particular inſtances of the love and power of God, as they are at preſent manifeſted among us. The Saturday before you left us, while we were at prayer at Mr. *Jay's*, Mrs. *Jay* cried out, "Pray for my dear Mrs. *Cayley*." They did ſo. At the ſame time ſhe was at home pleading with God for a clean heart, till he ſpoke to her with power, *Thou art all fair: there is no ſpot in thee.* She then believed. Yet in the evening, ſhe ſaid with tears, "God offered me the bleſſing, but I let it go. I cannot believe." I told her the fight I had had to believe and hold faſt my confidence. This comforted her much. The next day ſhe was more confirmed; and on Monday the Lord told her, "I have made thee a pillar in the temple of thy God." And though Satan ſtill ſtrove hard, accuſing and afflicting her, the Lord ſhone on her ſoul more and more, and her peace now flows as a river.

The Sunday after you went, Mr. *M.* preached at *Spittleſields*. After the ſermon, the power of God was very preſent. Many were groaning and weeping before the Lord, when *Sarah Webb*,

Webb, falling down to the ground, cried aloud, declaring that God had ſet her ſoul at liberty. At the ſame time, one at the bottom of the Chapel declared, The Lord had made him whole. The flame now began to ſpread, and every one ſeemed to feel, God was in that place. Fourteen or fifteen perſons deſired in the evening to give God thanks, for the bleſſings they then received.

I remain, dear Sir, yours, &c.

M. B.

LETTER CLXIII.

[From Mr. J. D. to the Rev. Mr. Weſley.]

July 23, 1761.

Rev. Sir,

I Had convictions from five years old, and many ſweet drawings from God as my years increaſed. But it was on Nov. 5, 1756, that by hearing a ſermon of Mr. *Whiteſield's*, I was awakened to ſee my loſt eſtate, and began earneſtly to ſeek for redemption. My convictions increaſed by hearing Mr. *Charles Weſley*, and I was quite miſerable for want of Chriſt: till he preached Sept. 29, 1757, on thoſe words, *I will not let thee go except thou bleſs me.* That very day, after I had long wreſtled with God in prayer, about ten in the evening, as I was on my knees, God manifeſted his love, and enabled me to believe in Chriſt. About ten days after, God gave me a clearer witneſs of my pardon: and about a fortnight after that, as I was at prayer, God did indeed fill my ſoul with joy unſpeakable and full of glory. I was carried on thus for about a twelvemonth, being almoſt a ſtranger to ſin and temptation. In the year 1759, I heard deliverance from ſin preached. But it was not become burdenſome to *me*, to make me heartily wiſh for that deliverance. I came by degrees to ſee my want of a new heart, though not how it was to be attained. At times my corruptions were very grievous to me; though

though from the time of my being juſtified, I never loſt my ſenſe of the favour of God for more than twenty four hours. Mr. *Berridge's* preaching helped me much. At the Love-feaſt, after he had declared his experience, ſeveral of our brethren declared theirs, and clearly pointed out the way to full ſalvation. My ſoul was broken in pieces. I went home as faſt as I could, and ſought a place to vent my tears and cries; and reſolved, I would never leave the Lord, till he gave me a clean heart. I ſaw that all I wanted was faith: and this I truſted, God would give me. One night, as two or three of us were praying together, the power of God came ſo upon me, that all my ſtrength was taken away, and I ſeemed like a woman in travail. And many promiſes were applied to my ſoul: but I let them go again.

The laſt ſermon you preached before you went out of town, was a great bleſſing to me. The Lord again brought the promiſes very nigh; yet I could not hold them faſt. On Monday morning I felt inward ſin tear me like a lion. I went out of my houſe, angry with my wife, and groaned before the Lord. While I was gone, ſhe wreſtled with God in prayer, with many tears, and opened "the Golden Treaſury" on thoſe words, "*Weep not: behold the Lion of the tribe of Judah, the Root of Jeſſe hath prevailed.* He roſe triumphantly and deſtroyed the work of the devil. Therefore ſin ſhall not have dominion over you." Immediately her tears were turned into tears of joy. When I came home, ſhe ſhewed me the words. God applied them to my ſoul alſo, and melted it into love. Now, ſaid I, let us go to prayer, that God would remove this bent to backſliding from us. God again brought the promiſes very nigh; but I could not hold them. While I was on my knees, it came into my mind, to go to Mr. *Guilford's* and pray with him. I ran away immediately. But in the way I was ſorely tempted with blaſphemous thoughts. I found him and his wife, and two more with them, that the Lord had bleſt there. I told him freely the

cauſe

cauſe of my coming. He began wreſtling with God in prayer for me. Quickly the power of God came upon me, ſo that I expected to ſwoon away every moment. Yet I felt, I could not believe. My ſoul was in ſuch an agony as cannot be deſcribed, while we all prayed by turns for three hours. Many promiſes now came into my mind: but with many temptations, doubts and fears, and innumerable reaſons continually ſuggeſted, why I ſhould not take them to myſelf. At laſt I reſolved at all hazards to believe, and roſe from prayer eaſy and happy. I came home much compoſed, and all night the Lord comforted me. I told my wife, who was very happy too, I knew God had changed me, and I believed, he had taken away the heart of ſtone. The next day Mr. *Biggs* came to ſee us. We prayed together, and ſuch a ſpirit of prayer was given me, with ſuch boldneſs of faith, as I never experienced before. My wife was now enabled clearly to believe; ſo we praiſed God together. O what extaſies of love did my ſoul experience! My firſt love, in my juſtification, (which I then thought nothing could exceed) was little, compared to this. I was every moment in the duſt before the Lord, and did indeed enjoy heaven upon earth. Yet I ſoon found, there is no ſtate on this ſide the grave, exempted from ſuffering. I wreſtled (not indeed againſt fleſh and blood, but) againſt principalities and powers. And many times my ſoul has been ſorely diſtreſt by the wiles of Satan, ſo that for a time I knew not where I was, nor what ſtate I was in. Many times I have been on the very point of giving all over for loſt, till the Lord again ſpoke in my ſoul, and anſwered for himſelf.

I find at preſent I have, as it were, every thing to learn: I feel myſelf to be nothing, yea, leſs than nothing in the preſence of God. Every day I come infinitely ſhort of what I ought to be. I am aſtoniſhed at the goodneſs of God to me! Methinks I am all imperfections. But glory be to my Lord, I am a ſtranger to guilt: his precious blood is

upon me every moment. I am now learning to live the life of faith: and indeed it is a delightful leſſon.

Whether I am wholly ſaved from ſin or no, that I cannot determine. But I am from all guilt: and ſo is my wife. Yet how fooliſh am I! how weak! how blind! O pray for me, that my faith fail not, and that I may endure to the end!

I am, Rev. Sir, your's, &c.

J. D.

LETTER CLXIV.

[From Mrs. H. H———n, to the Rev. Mr. Weſley.]

Sept. 30, 1761.

Rev. Sir,

ON Sept. 14, 1750, I heard Mr. *Larwood* preach at *Acomb*. By this means my Underſtanding was ſomething enlightened. In November I was convinced of Unbelief. I continued ſeeking the Lord till May 22, 1752, when after hearing a ſermon on the Almoſt Chriſtian, I went home in utter deſpair. I attempted to pray, but could not. I then cried out in anguiſh of ſpirit, "What muſt I do?" When to my great ſurpriſe, I felt thoſe words applied, "Believe and thou ſhalt be ſaved." Immediately I was filled with love and peace. But my ſimple heart was ſoon beguiled. For being ignorant of Satan's devices, I was drawn into a ſnare, of which I had not once thought myſelf in danger. My old tempers began to revive, and gained ſuch advantage over me, that I not only loſt my love and joy, but even my confidence in God. Yet I was preſerved through fire and water, till the year 1755, when I heard of ſome who profeſſed to be ſaved from ſin. One of theſe being my intimate friend, I undertook to convince him of his miſtake. But he convinced *me*, and I began with

with all diligence to fight againſt all ſin. This I continued till September 1758. I then gave up the conteſt, having loſt all hope, and being worn out with fatigue both of body and mind. I fell aſleep one night under painful apprehenſions of waking in hell, not from a ſenſe of the wrath of God, but from a deep ſenſe of my unfitneſs for the kingdom of heaven. I awoke in the morning with thoſe words, *I have ſet thee as a ſeal upon my arm.* I could then, and not till then, rejoice in hope. And from this time I could ſenſibly feel grace conquer ſin, till my ſoul was emptied of every thing contrary to love. I could no longer reſiſt the will of God, but ſolemnly gave myſelf up to him. Yet for ſome time all the evidence I could produce, aroſe from the nature of the change. But all this time I found the want of a clear and *direct* witneſs. For although I was *rationally* perſuaded the work was done, yet being liable to many ſuggeſtions of the enemy, a kind of heavineſs, which I could not avoid, often fell upon my mind. Whereupon I cried to God for a *direct* witneſs, which I received about Feb. 1759. And this I have never loſt, but can acknowledge, to the glory of God, it is as clear now as at the firſt. I know not how to deſcribe the difference between the witneſs and the work itſelf: but this I know; many, in whom we believe the work is wrought, are often in doubt concerning it: whereas the teſtimony of the ſpirit enables the ſoul to riſe ſuperior to theſe doubtful diſputations, which ſometimes hinder the progreſs of thoſe who are really ſaved from ſin.

I am, Rev. Sir,

Your's affectionately,

H. H——n.

POETRY.

A MEDITATION *for* PASSION WEEK.

[*By Dr. Byron.*]

BEHOLD the tender love of God!——behold
The Shepherd dying to redeem his Fold!
Who can declare it?——worthy to be known—
What tongue can ſpeak it worthily?——His own.
From his own ſacred lips the theme began,
The glorious goſpel of God's love to man.

So great, ſo boundleſs was it, that he gave
His only Son——and for what end? To ſave;
Not to condemn; if men reject the light,
They of themſelves, condemn themſelves to night.
God, in his Son, ſeeks only to diſplay,
In every heart an everlaſting day.

God hath revealed to us, ſays holy *Paul*,
While we were ſinners, Jeſus died for all:
Peter, that God's all-gracious aim is this,
By *Chriſt* to call us to eternal bliſs:
Of all the inſpired, to underſtand the view,
Love is the Text—and Love the Comment too.

The ground to build all Faith, and Works upon;
For *God is Love*—ſays the beloved *John*—
Short word—but meaning infinitely wide,
Including all that can be ſaid beſide:
Including all the joyful Truths above,
The power of eloquence—for *God is Love*.

Think on the proof, that *John* from Jeſus learned;
In this was God's amazing love diſcerned:

Becauſe

Becauſe he ſent his Son to us, that we
Might live through him—how plain is it to ſee
That, if in this, in every other Fact,
Where God is Agent, Love is in the Act.

Eſſential Character, (whatever word
Of different found in Scripture has occurred,)
Of all that is aſcribed to God; of all
That can by his immediate Will befal;
The Sun's bright orb may loſe its ſhining flame,
But Love remains unchangeably the ſame.

FROM THE OLNEY COLLECTION.

Aſk what I ſhall give thee. 1 Kings iii. 5.

SINCE 'tis the Lord's command,
My mouth I open wide;
Lord open thou thy bounteous hand,
That I may be ſupplied.

Thine image, Lord, beſtow,
Thy preſence and thy love;
I aſk to ſerve thee here below,
And reign with thee above.

Teach me to live by faith,
Conform my will to thine;
Let me victorious be in death,
And then in glory ſhine.

If thou theſe bleſſings give,
And wilt my portion be;
Cheerful the world's poor toys I leave
To them who know not thee.

ODE

ODE IN PRAISE OF A COUNTRY LIFE.

[*By John Seymour, Eſq.*]

HOW bleſt is he who, far from noiſe,
In rural ſcenes content enjoys!
His chearful hours unruffled glide,
Not ſtained with avarice or pride.

A ſtranger to the modiſh town,
Its midnight revels, noontide down;
In eaſy ſleep he waſtes the night,
And riſes with the dawning light.

When groves exclude the genial ray,
The warmer plains invite his way:
When plains expoſe to ſultry heat,
The groves afford a cool retreat.

Taught by the warbling birds to praiſe,
Bleſt is the man who tunes his lays;
Who leaves like them, all meaner views,
And nature's ſacred call purſues.

While various bleſſings joy beſtow,
He ſings the ſource from whence they flow;
Which decks with flowers the fragrant fields,
And plenty's golden promiſe yields.

Or thanks the bounteous hand that gave,
To quench his thirſt, the cryſtal wave;
And yearly hangs the bending trees,
With fruits that blooming, tempt to ſeize.

Where'er he turns, ſtill ſomething new
Engages his admiring view:
Nor ends his ſtrain till day retires,
And that, returned, again inſpires.

A VERSION

A VERSION *of the Firſt Chapter of St. Paul's Epiſtle to the* HEBREWS.

HEAVEN's awful Monarch, who in times of old,
Bade the Prophetic Seers his will unfold;
Hath to theſe days a greater Teacher ſhown,
Conſeſſéd in human fleſh thé Eternal Son:
Whom, ere the heavéns or their bright hoſt were framéd,
Or ere the morning ſtars with radiance flaméd;
He did by infinite decree appoint
Him Heir; and univerſal King anoint:
Image expreſs of Majeſty divine!
Where all the glories of the Father ſhine:
What time, for human ſin, from heavén revealéd,
Our pardon with his precious blood was ſealéd;
Triumphantly returning, he ſat down
On the right-hand of God's exalted throne;
Bearing our nature to that glorious ſeat,
Above the Hiérarchies ſupremely great;
By merit more than birth-right worthy deeméd,
That high pre-eminence: ———————
For unto which of all the ſons of light,
Spoke thus thé Eternal in his boundleſs might;
Thou art my Son,—this day begotten,—Lo!
Before thy footſtool ſhall the nations bow;
Yet, yet again the awful ſounds deſcend,
Let all the powérs of heavén in homage bend:
Becauſe thy heart, by wiſdom led, approvéd
The righteous paths, nor e'er with ſinners rovéd;
Therefore hath God the oil of gladneſs ſhed,
And o'er thy equals raiſéd thy ſacred head:
The heavéns, and earth, and all the ſtarry frame,
To thee their Author yield immortal fame!

The

The heavens, and earth, and all the ſtarry frame,
Shall melt away—but thou remainèſt the ſame:
They as a fretted garment ſhall decay,
And as a ſcroll waſte in the fire away;
But no ceſſation can thy bleſſing ſee,
Thyſelf the bound of all Eternity.

WISE EPICURISM.

LIVE while you live, the Epicure would ſay,
And ſeize the pleaſures of the preſent day:
Live while you live, the ſacred Preacher cries;
And give to God each moment as it flies.
Lord, in my views may both united be,
I live in pleaſure when I live to thee.

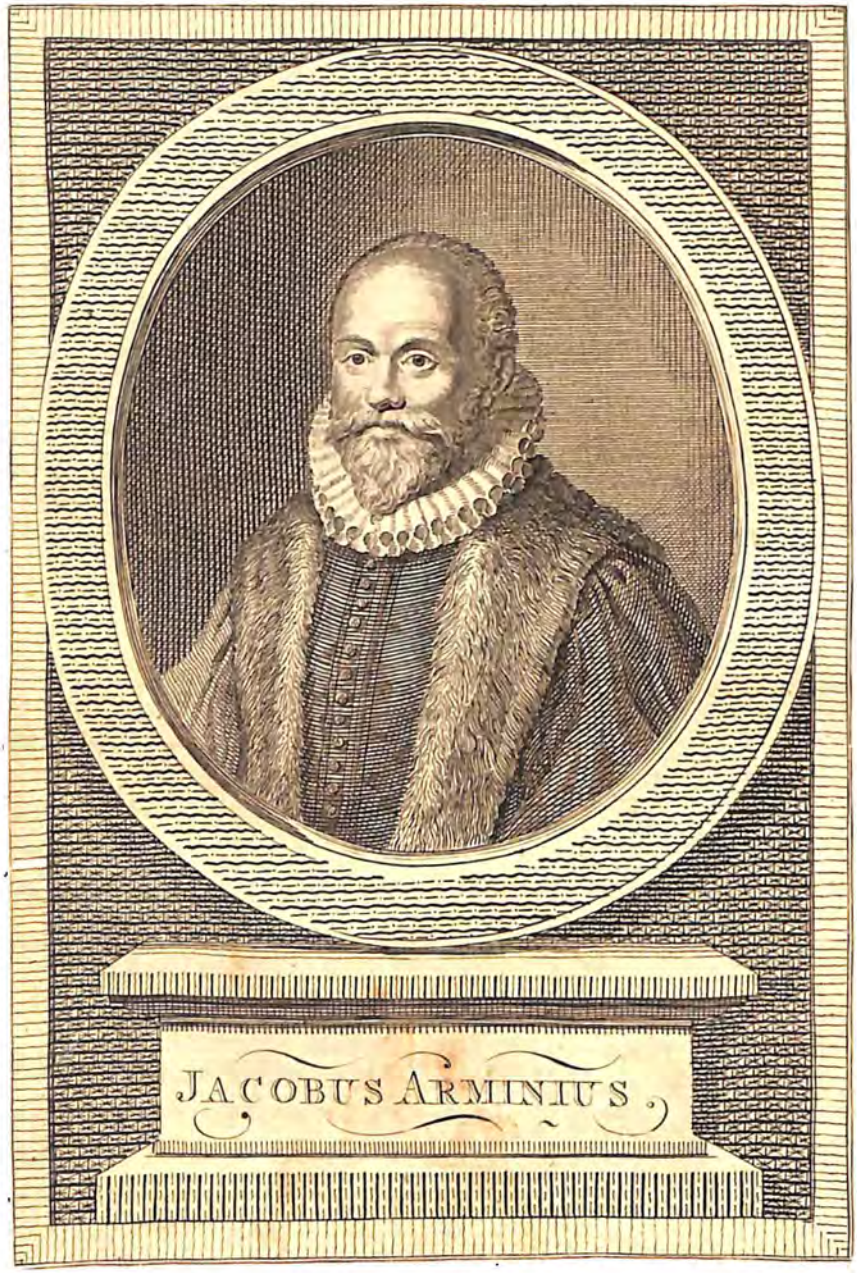
SHORT HYMNS.

Matt. vii. xxv. *It fell not, for it was founded upon a Rock.*

LET the rain deſcend, the flood
And vehément winds aſſail,
Built on the eternal God,
The houſe can never fail:
Built on *Chriſt*, the Rock, it ſtands:
Stabliſhéd in obedience ſure,
Man who keeps his God's commands,
Shall as his God endure.

Matt. x. 30. *The very hairs of your head are all numbered.*

FATHER, how wide thy glories ſhine,
Lord of the univerſe and mine!
Thy goodneſs watches o'er the whole,
As all mankind were but one ſoul;
Yet keeps my evéry ſacred hair,
As I remainéd thy ſingle care.


JACOBUS ARMINIUS

THE Arminian Magazine,

For JUNE 1781.

Of PREDESTINATION; tranſlated from SEBASTIAN CASTELLIO'S *Dialogues, between* Lewis *and* Frederic.

DIALOGUE I.

[*Continued from page* 238.]

Fred. NOW tell me, Lewis, if God has created ſome men unto puniſhment, why has he created them to it? *Lewis.* That God himſelf might be glorified in puniſhing them. *Fred.* What perfection will he be glorified for? *Lewis.* For his Juſtice. Becauſe he puniſhes the wicked. *Fred.* And who are to glorify him? *Lewis.* Men. As to what concerns himſelf, he was glorious in himſelf from all eternity, even before men were created; nor did he ſtand in need

need of ſuch puniſhments to add to his glory. *Fred.* But he would have obtained this glory from men much eaſier and better, if he had created them with a free will; not purpoſely to ſin, but able to ſin if they would. They would then appear to be puniſhed juſtly, as they had ſinned freely. But now, if he has created men to ſin, yea, and makes them ſin, he cannot expect to receive any glory from man, by their puniſhment. *Lewis.* Why not? *Fred.* Becauſe no man comprehends that Juſtice, as you yourſelf acknowledged before. But the Juſtice of God muſt be known, or it cannot be glorified. Accordingly, St. *Paul* reproves men on this very account, becauſe *When they knew God, they did not glorify him as God.* This *Moſes* ſaw, while he pleaded, *When the Egyptians and the other nations ſhall ſee this, they will ſay, Becauſe thou couldſt not bring them into the promiſed land, thou didſt deſtroy* them in the wilderneſs. And God himſelf ſaw it, when he ſaid, Verily I would have *taken away the very memory of them, from among men, but that I feared leſt their adverſaries would have aſcribed the whole, to* their ſtrength, and not unto the Lord. You ſee it is the will of God, that his glory ſhould appear even to wicked men, much more to the righteous. But that Juſtice you ſpeak of, is utterly incomprehenſible to good, as well as bad men. What, if it is not juſtice? What if this which you call Juſtice, is the higheſt injuſtice? *Lewis.* How ſo? *Fred.* I will tell you. But attend diligently: and do not reject what I ſay, till you hear it out.

Will you allow, that we are to judge of the Juſtice of God, in the ſame manner as we do of the Juſtice of men? *Lewis.* I allow it. *Fred.* And you allow that Juſtice is juſtice in itſelf, and cannot but be Juſtice; as Light cannot but be light, and Heat cannot but be heat? *Lewis.* I allow this too. *Fred.* Now let us come to the point. If your father, being about to beget you, had decreed, "I will beget a ſon, on purpoſe to kill him. And that I may find an occaſion for it, I will beget him without any feet. Then I will command

him

him to walk: and becauſe he does not walk I will kill him:" would not you ſay, your father was unjuſt toward you? *Lewis.* Certainly. *Fred.* What if God had ſo created you that you could not act well: then commanded you to act well; and becauſe you did not, deſtroyed you; would he not be unjuſt toward you? Would it not have been the ſame, as if he had commanded you to walk, when he had given you no feet? *Lewis.* Nay: but we anſwer, The will of God is the ſupreme law of Juſtice, ſo that whatever he wills is juſt, becauſe he wills it. Therefore if he wills to damn any one, who not only has not ſinned, but has not as yet any being, it is juſt. *Fred.* This is not to defend the Juſtice of God, but to charge him with injuſtice, and then to call it Juſtice: as if God held in his hand an uneven pair of ſcales, and yet you ſaid, it was even becauſe he willed it ſo. Not ſo: the will of God is not the rule of his Juſtice, (as ſome ſpeak more plauſibly than truly.) But his Juſtice is the rule of his will. Nor is any thing juſt, becauſe God wills it; but he wills what is ſo. For Juſtice is as it were, the level, the rule, the ſcales by which all things are to be directed and weighed. God ſhews this, when he ſays to *Ezekiel*, *Thy people ſay, My ways are not equal; whereas their ways are not equal. If the righteous turneth from his righteouſneſs, and committeth iniquity, he ſhall die. Again, if the wicked turneth from his wickedneſs, and doth that which is lawful and right, he ſhall live.* Hence, you ſee, that he ſhould die who turned from his righteouſneſs is not therefore juſt, becauſe God wills it, but God wills it on that very account, becauſe it is juſt.

I ſay the ſame of that place, where *Abraham* intercedes for *Sodom*, aſking, *If thou findeſt ſome righteous there, wilt thou deſtroy the city? Shall not the judge of the whole earth do right?* God does not anſwer, whatever I will is right. But if there be *ten righteous men found in it, I will not deſtroy it*: which is the ſame as if he had ſaid, "I will what is right."

Now, will you fly to that ſubterfuge, that the Juſtice of God is incomprehenſible to us? I know the judgments of God,

God, and many of his ways are ſo. Why he choſe *Abraham* and the *Iſraelites*, rather than any other nation; why he did this neither ſooner nor later, and a thouſand other things, we know not. But as to Juſtice, punitive Juſtice in particular, we know it as well as we know the ſtraightneſs or crookedneſs of a rule. And that two ways: firſt by our natural Reaſon, which teaches, that none ought to be puniſhed but he that has ſinned? Then, by the word of God, which forbids to puniſh the innocent.

Lewis. But wicked men, we ſay, are puniſhed for their ſins. *Fred.* You muſt ſay ſo; becauſe the ſcripture ſays it ſo often: but your doctrine ſays the contrary. For do not you ſay, that the wicked were created, not only to puniſhment, but alſo to the cauſe of puniſhment, namely to ſin? *Lewis.* So our Writers ſpeak. *Fred.* Then ſin is derived from creation. *Lewis.* They ſay, No; but from the ſinner himſelf. *Fred.* They aſſert contradictions. Whence is the flying of Birds derived? Is it not from their creation, becauſe they are created to fly? *Lewis.* It is. *Fred.* If man then is created to ſin, muſt not his ſin be derived from his creation? *Lewis.* It ſeems ſo. *Fred.* Sin itſelf then is a puniſhment; for it is an evil thing. *Lewis.* It is ſo. *Fred.* And what will ſin be the puniſhment of? For ſhould you ſay that it is the puniſhment of another ſin, (as, according to St. *Paul*, the obduracy and proneneſs of men to all wickedneſs, is the puniſhment and reward of their ingratitude; becauſe when they knew God, they did not honour him as they ought to have done) you would gain nothing. I will therefore return back to the firſt ſin, and aſk, what ſin was this firſt ſin the puniſhment of? If you ſay that the firſt ſin was not the puniſhment of any other, you muſt confeſs it had its origin either from God's creation, or from ſome other cauſe. If you maintain the latter, it follows that man was not created to ſin, and conſequently not to puniſhment; becauſe puniſhment is inflicted on account of ſin. And if you ſay, from God's creation, it follows that

God

God acts againſt his own Law, by inflicting puniſhment (that is to ſay, the firſt ſin) on a man who did not deſerve it. For man had never ſinned before the firſt ſin.

And if it be ſo, pray how ſhall God judge the world? He will ſay to the wicked, I ſuppoſe, among other things, "Ye ſhall be condemned, becauſe ye have condemned the innocent." And what, may we ſuppoſe, will the wicked return to this? Why they will ſay, "O God, thou haſt enjoined us to imitate thee; yet thou haſt condemned us when innocent; for we could not have ſinned before we exiſted, and thou didſt condemn us before we exiſted! Nor haſt thou found in us any reaſon for damnation; for what reaſon can there be in that which is not? or what has he done who has done nothing? What do you ſay, Lewis? *Lewis.* That your arguments convince me. But I pray you, explain that ſaying of *Solomon*; "The Lord hath made all things for himſelf: yea, even the wicked for the day of evil." *Fred.* But *Moſes* ſays, "God ſaw every thing he had made, and behold it was very good." No mention is made here of any thing evil or wicked. Again, "The Lord God took the man, and put him into the garden to dreſs it and to keep it." *Lewis.* How then ſhall we make theſe Writers agree? *Fred.* Very eaſily. God puniſhes the wicked for their ſins, and in *ſo doing*, he obtains the praiſe of his Juſtice. Hence he is ſaid to have created them to puniſhment. Not that he created (I ſhall not ſay, *the wicked*, for the wicked are evil, and all that God created was very good; but) *men* with that intent; but it proved to be the event. And do not think this manner of ſpeaking unuſual; the holy Writers often expreſs themſelves in the ſame way. "Woe is me, my mother," ſays *Jeremiah*, "that thou haſt borne me a man of ſtrife, and a man of contention to the whole earth." Do you think it was the intention of *Jeremiah's* mother, when ſhe conceived him, to bring him forth to ſtrife and contention? *Lewis.* By no means. *Fred. Jeremiah* ſpeaks then of the event, and not of the intention. And ſo does *Iſaiah*, when he

he ſays, (xxiii. 13,) "Behold the land of the *Chaldeans*; the *Aſſyrian* founded it for them that dwell in the wilderneſs." And yet the *Aſſyrians* did not build *Babylon* with an intent that thoſe of the wilderneſs ſhould inhabit it; but the event was ſuch. And *Hoſea*, (viii. 4,) "Of their ſilver and their gold have they made them idols, that they may be cut off." They did not make them with an intention that they might be cut off; but ſo it happened. St. *Paul* likewiſe ſays, (1 Cor. xi. 34,) "Leſt ye come together to condemnation;" that is, leſt you incur puniſhment thereby. And further, "The law entered, that the offence might abound," (Rom. v. 20.) Not becauſe this was the end of the law, for he ſays, ſoon after, that "The commandment was ordained for life;" (Rom. vii. 10,) but becauſe it was the effect. Many ſimilar expreſſions are to be found in ſcripture. And to compleat the whole in a few words, God poſitively declares that he had brought the children of *Iſrael* out of the land of *Egypt*, to bring them into the Land of Promiſe; which the *Iſraelites* denied to be his intention, ſaying he had done it that they might periſh in the wilderneſs. At which impiety God being exaſperated, ſwore it ſhould happen as they ſaid, although he had brought them out with a different intention. Thus it came to paſs, through their evil diſpoſition and falſe conſtruction, that an event which was intended to prove a kind one, proved, on the contrary, a ſad one: and that thoſe very people who were brought out, to be introduced into a land of happineſs, died in the wilderneſs.

[*To be continued.*]

On

On POPERY.

[*Two Letters to the* EDITORS *of the* FREEMAN'S JOURNAL.]

To the READER.

SEVERAL months ſince, Father *O'Leary*, a Capuchin-Friar, in *Dublin*, publiſhed Remarks on a Letter in the *Freeman's* Journal. [Which was inſerted in the laſt Month's Magazine.] As ſoon as theſe were ſent to me, I publiſhed a Reply in the ſame Paper. When I read more of his Remarks, printed in five ſucceeding Journals, I wrote a ſecond Reply, but did not think it worth while to follow, ſtep by ſtep, ſo wild, and rambling a writer.

Mr. *O'Leary* has now put his Six Letters into One, which are reprinted in London, with this title, "Mr. *O'Leary's* Remarks on the Rev. Mr. *W's* Letters in defence of the Proteſtant Aſſociations in England: to which are prefixed Mr. *Weſley's* Letters."

Is it by negligence or by deſign, that there are ſo many miſtakes even in a title-page?

1. "To which are prefixed Mr. *W's* Letters." No: the Second of thoſe Letters is not mine. I never ſaw it before.

2. But where are the two Letters publiſhed in the *Freeman's* Journal? Why is a *ſpurious* letter palmed upon us, and the genuine ones ſuppreſt?

3. "Letters in defence of the Proteſtant Aſſociations in England."—Hold! In my firſt Letter I have only three lines in defence of a tract publiſhed in London. But I have not one line "in defence of the Aſſociations," either in London or elſewhere.

If Mr. *O'Leary* will ſeriouſly anſwer the two following Letters, he may expect a ſerious Reply. But if he has only drollery and low wit to oppoſe to Argument, I ſhall concern myſelf no further about him.

London, Dec. 29, 1780.

LETTER

LETTER I.

Gentlemen,

1. MR. *O'Leary* does well to entitle his Paper, *Remarks*; as that word may mean any thing or nothing; but it is no more an Anſwer to my letter, than to the *Bull unigenitus*. He likewiſe does wiſely in prefacing his Remarks with ſo handſome a compliment: this may naturally incline you to think well of his judgment, which is no ſmall point gained.

2. His manner of writing is eaſy and pleaſant; but might it not as well be more ſerious? The ſubject we are treating of is not a light one; it moves me to tears, rather than to laughter. I plead for the ſafety of my country; yea, for the children that are yet unborn. "But cannot your country be ſafe, unleſs the Roman Catholics are perſecuted for their religion?" Hold! Religion is out of the queſtion: but I would not have them perſecuted at all. I would only have them hindered from doing hurt: I would not put it in their power, (and I do not wiſh that others ſhould,) to cut the throats of their quiet neighbours. "But they will give ſecurity for their peaceable behaviour." They cannot while they continue Roman Catholics: they cannot while they are members of that church which receives the decrees of the *Council of Conſtance*, which maintains the *ſpiritual power* of the *Biſhop of Rome*, or the doctrine of *Prieſtly Abſolution*.

3. This I obſerved in my late Letter; whoever therefore would *remark* upon it to any purpoſe, muſt prove theſe three things; 1 That the decree of the Council of *Conſtance, publicly* made, has been *publicly* diſclaimed. 2. That the Pope has not power *to pardon ſins*, or to diſpenſe with Oaths, Vows, and Promiſes: and 3. That no Prieſt has power to pardon ſins. But has Mr. *O'L*——proved theſe three points? Has he proved any one of them? He has indeed ſaid ſomething upon the firſt. He denies ſuch a decree was ever made.

4. I am

4. I am perſuaded Mr. *O'L*—— is the firſt man that ever made the important diſcovery. But before he is quite ſure, let him look again into Father *L'Abbe's Concilia Maxima*, printed at *Paris* in the year 1772. The laſt volume contains a particular account of the Council of *Conſtance:* one of whoſe decrees, page 169, is, "That Heretics ought to be put to death, *Non obſtantibus ſalvis conductibus Imperatoris, Regum*, &c," notwithſtanding the public faith engaged to them in the moſt ſolemn manner. Who then can affirm that no ſuch doctrine or violation of faith with Heretics is authoriſed by this Council? Without putting on ſpectacles, (which, bleſſed be God, I do not wear,) I can read a little Latin ſtill. And while I can, I muſt fix this horrid doctrine on the Council of *Conſtance*.

5. But ſuppoſing the Council of *Conſtance* had never advanced this doctrine, or the Church of *Rome* had publicly diſclaimed it; my concluſion ſtands good, till it is proved, 1. That no Prieſt has a power of pardoning ſins: and 2. That the Pope has neither a power of pardoning Sins, or of diſpenſing with Oaths, Vows, Promiſes, &c.

Mr. *O'L*— has proved neither of theſe; and what elſe has he proved? It is hard to ſay. But if he proves nothing, he either (directly or indirectly) aſſerts many things. In particular, he aſſerts, 1. "Mr. *Weſley* has arraigned in the jargon of the Schools."—Heigh-day! What has this to do here? There is no more of the jargon of the Schools in my Letter, than there is of Arabic. "The Catholics all over the world are liars, perjurers, &c." Nay, I have not arraigned one of them. This is a capital miſtake. I arraign the doctrines; not the men. Either defend *them*, or renounce them.

"I do renounce them," ſays Mr. *O'L*—. Perhaps you do. But the Church of *Rome* has never renounced them. "He aſperſes our communion in a cruel manner." I do not aſperſe it at all, in ſaying theſe are the doctrines of the Church of *Rome*. Who can prove the contrary?

2. "Mr. *O'L*— did not even attempt to ſeduce the Engliſh ſoldiery." I believe it; but does this prove any of *theſe three*

points? "But Queen *Elizabeth* and King *James* roaſted Heretics in Smithfield?" In what year? I doubt the fact.

3. "Mr. *Weſley* is become an Apologiſt of thoſe who burned the Chapel in *Edinburgh*." Is not this ſaid purely *ad movendam invidiam?* To inflame the minds of the people? For it has no ſhadow of truth. I never yet wrote, nor ſpoke one word in their defence. "He urged the rabble to light that fire." No more than he urged them to dethrone the King.

4. "Does Mr. *Weſley* intend to ſound *Alecto's* horn, or the war-ſhell of the *Mexicans?*" All this is cruel aſperſion indeed: deſigned merely to inflame! What I intend, is neither more nor leſs than this, to contribute my mite to preſerve our Conſtitution both in Church and ſtate.

5. "They were the *Scotch* and *Engliſh* regicides who gave riſe to the Iriſh maſſacre." The Iriſh maſſacre!!! Was there ever any ſuch thing? Was not the whole account *a mere Proteſtant lie?* O no! It was a melancholy truth, wrote in the blood of many thouſands. But the regicides no more gave riſe to that maſſacre than the Hottentots. The whole matter was planned ſeveral years, and executed before the King's death was thought of. "But Mr. *Weſley* is ſowing the ſeeds of another Maſſacre?" Such another as the maſſacre of *Paris?*

6. "Was he the trumpeter of perſecution, when he was perſecuted himſelf?" Juſt as much as now. Cruel aſperſions ſtill! Deſigned and calculated only to inflame. "Did he then abet perſecution on the ſcore of conſcience?" No, nor now. Conſcience is out of the queſtion. "His Letter contains all the horrors, invented by blind miſguided zeal, ſet forth in the moſt bitter language." Is this Gentleman in his ſenſes? I hope not. Elſe I know not what excuſe to make for him. Not one *bitter* word is in my Letter. I have learned to put away *all bitterneſs, with all malice.* But ſtill this is wide of the mark; which of *thoſe three points does it prove?*

7. "In

7. " In his *ſecond* Letter he promiſes to put out the fire which he has already kindled in England?" Second Letter! What is that? I know nothing of it. " The fire which he has kindled in England."—When?—Where? I have kindled no fire in England any more than in Jamaica. I have done, and will do, all that is in my power, to put out that which others have kindled.

8. " He ſtrikes out a Creed of his own for Roman Catholics. This fictitious creed he forces upon them." My words are theſe: " Suppoſe every word of Pope *Pius*' Creed to be true." I ſay not a word more of the matter. Now, I appeal to every *reaſonable* man, *Is this ſtriking out a Creed of my own for Roman Catholics? Is this forcing a fictitious creed on them, " like the Frenchman and the Blunderer in the Comedy?*" What have I to do with one or the other? Is not this *dull* Jeſt quite out of ſeaſon? And is the Creed, compoſed by the Council of Trent, and the Bull of Pope Pius the fourth, a *fictitious one?* Before Mr. *O'L.* aſſerts this again, let him look into the *Concilia Maxima* once more, and read there, " *Bulla Pii Quarti ſuper forma Juramenti profeſſionis fidei.*" This forma profeſſionis fidei, I call Pope *Pius*' Creed. If his " *ſtomach revolts from it,*" who can help it?

9. Whether the account given by *Philip Melancthon* of the words ſpoken (not in *Hebrew*, but in *Latin*) be true or falſe, it does not at all affect the account of Miſs *Ducheſne*, which I gave in her own words. And I cannot but obſerve, that after all the witticiſms which he has beſtowed upon it, Mr. *O'L.* does not deny that the PRIEST MIGHT HAVE BURNT HER, " HAD IT BEEN FOR THE GOOD OF THE CHURCH."

10. " *Remark* a Miſſionary inflaming the rabble, and propagating black ſlander."——*Remark a* SAN BENITO Cap, *painted with devils! but let him put it on, whom it fits.* It does not fit *me*: I inflame no rabble: I propagate no ſlander at all. But Mr. *O'L.* does. He propagates a heap of ſlander in theſe his Remarks. I ſay too, " Let the Appeal be made to the

Public and their impartial Reaſon." I have nothing to do with the "*jargon or rubbiſh of Schools,*" lugged in like the jargon of Schools before. But I would be glad if Mr. *O'L.* would tell us what theſe two *pretty* phraſes mean?

The whole matter is this. I have, without the leaſt bitterneſs, advanced three Reaſons, why I conceive it is not ſafe to tolerate the Roman Catholics. But ſtill I would not have them perſecuted: I wiſh them to enjoy the ſame liberty, civil and religious, which they enjoyed in England, before the late Act was repealed. Mean time, I would not have a ſword put into their hands; I would not give them liberty to hurt others. Mr. *O'L.* with much *archneſs and pleaſantry has nibbled at one of theſe* three Reaſons, leaving the other two untouched. If he chuſes to attack them in his next, I will endeavour to give him a calm and ſerious Anſwer.

I am, Gentlemen, your obedient Servant,

JOHN WESLEY.

Mancheſter, March 23, 1780.

SERMON III.

On 1 JOHN V. 21.

[*Concluded from page* 250.]

II. HAVING largely conſidered, What thoſe *idols* are, of which the Apoſtle ſpeaks, I will come now to enquire, (which may be done more briefly) how we may *keep ourſelves from them.*

1. In order to this, I would adviſe you firſt, Be deeply convinced that none of them bring happineſs; that no thing, no perſon under the ſun, no, nor the amaſſment of all together, can give any ſolid, ſatisfactory happineſs to any child of man. The world itſelf, the gay, giddy, thoughtleſs world, acknowledge

ledge this unawares, while they allow, nay, vehemently maintain, "No man upon earth is contented." The very ſame obſervation was made, near two thouſand years ago.

Nemo quam ſibi ſortem
Seu ratio dederit, ſeu fors abjecerit, illâ
Contentus vivat.

Let Fortune, or let Choice the ſtation give
To man, yet none on earth contented live.

And if no man upon earth is contented, it is certain, no man is happy. For whatever ſtation we are in, Diſcontent is incompatible with Happineſs.

2. Indeed not only the giddy, but the thinking part of the world, allow, That no man is contented: the melancholy proofs of which we ſee on every ſide, in high and low, rich and poor. And generally, the more underſtanding they have, the more diſcontented they are. For,

"They know with more diſtinction to complain,
And have ſuperior ſenſe, in feeling pain."

It is true, every one has (to uſe the cant term of the day; and an excellent one it is,) *his Hobby-horſe!* Something that pleaſes the great boy for a few hours or days, and wherein he *hopes* to be happy! But though

"Hope blooms eternal in the human breaſt,
Man never *is*, but always *to be* bleſt."

Still he is walking in a vain ſhadow, which will ſoon vaniſh away! So that univerſal experience, both our own, and that of all our friends and acquaintance, clearly proves, that as God made our hearts for himſelf, ſo they cannot reſt till they reſt

reſt in him: that till we *acquaint* ourſelves with him, we cannot be at peace. As *a ſcorner* of the wiſdom of God, *ſeeketh wiſdom and findeth it not:* ſo a ſcorner of happineſs in God, ſeeketh happineſs, but findeth none.

3. When you are thoroughly convinced of this, I adviſe you, Secondly, Stand and conſider what you are about? Will you be a fool and a madman all your days? Is it not high time to come to your ſenſes? At length, awake out of ſleep? And ſhake yourſelf from the duſt! Break looſe from this miſerable Idolatry, and *chuſe the better part.* Steadily reſolve, to ſeek happineſs where it may be found, where it cannot be ſought in vain. Reſolve to ſeek it in the true God, the Fountain of all bleſſedneſs! And cut off all delay. Straightway put in execution what you have reſolved! Seeing *all things are ready, Acquaint thyſelf now with him and be at peace.*

4. But do not either reſolve or attempt to execute your reſolution, truſting in your own ſtrength. If you do, you will be utterly foiled. You are not able to contend with the evil world; much leſs with your own evil heart, and leaſt of all, with the powers of darkneſs. Cry therefore to the Strong for ſtrength. Under a deep ſenſe of your own weakneſs and helpleſſneſs, *truſt* thou *in the Lord Jehovah, in whom is everlaſting ſtrength.* I adviſe you to cry to him for Repentance in particular, not only for a full conſciouſneſs of your own impotence, but for a piercing ſenſe of the exceeding guilt, baſeneſs, and madneſs of the idolatry that has long ſwallowed you up: cry for a thorough knowledge of yourſelf, of all your ſinfulneſs and guiltineſs. Pray that you may be fully diſcovered to yourſelf, that you may know yourſelf as alſo you are known. When once you are poſſeſſed of this genuine conviction, all your idols will loſe their charms. And you will wonder, how you could ſo long lean upon thoſe broken reeds, which had ſo often ſunk under you.

5. What

5. What ſhould you aſk for next?

"Jeſus, now I have loſt my All,
Let me upon thy boſom fall!

Now let me ſee thee in thy veſture dipt with blood!

Now ſtand in all thy wounds confeſt,
And wrap me in thy crimſon veſt!

Haſt thou not ſaid, *If thou canſt believe, thou ſhalt ſee the glory of God?* Lord, *I would* believe! *Help thou mine unbelief!* And help me *now!* Help me now to enter into the reſt that remaineth for the people of God! For thoſe who give thee their heart, their whole heart! Who receive thee as their God and their All! O thou that art fairer than the children of men, full of grace are thy lips! Speak that I may ſee thee! And as the ſhadows flee before the ſun, ſo let all my idols vaniſh at thy preſence!

6. From the moment that you begin to experience this, fight the good fight of Faith: take the kingdom of heaven by violence! Take it as it were by ſtorm. Deny yourſelf every pleaſure that you are not divinely conſcious brings you nearer to God. Take up your croſs daily; regard no pain, if it lies in your way to him. If you are called thereto, ſcruple not to pluck out the right eye and to caſt it from you. Nothing is impoſſible to him that believeth: you can do all things through Chriſt that ſtrengtheneth you. Do valiantly, and ſtand faſt in the liberty wherewith Chriſt hath made you free. Yea, go on, in his name and in the power of his might, till you *know all that love of God that paſſeth knowledge.* And then you have only to wait till he ſhall call you into his everlaſting kingdom!

London, Jan. 5, 1781.

Some

Some Account of Mr. WILLIAM GREEN.

[*Concluded from page* 253.]

TOWARD the latter end of the year 1774, it pleaſed God to ſtir me up anew. I was deeply convinced of my fall. I again felt fooliſh deſires, the fear of man, and various other evils in my heart. And I could truly ſay,

"'Tis worſe than death my God to love,
And not my God alone!"

Till that memorable day, Dec. 12, 1774; yea, on the former part of that day, I was torn by unruly paſſions, by the love of the world, and a train of evils. Yet in the midſt of all, I poured out my ſoul to God in much prayer. In the midſt of all, a thought ſprung up, "I will go to the Tabernacle." I went, being ſtill in the ſpirit of prayer. Mr. *Joſs* preached from part of the fourth chapter to the Romans. Although I could not agree with him, that "All believers are ſtaggerers," yet his preaching ſo much below my experience, was ſanctified to me. I looked to God, and the ſpirit of ſupplication was poured into my ſoul. I was athirſt for God, I opened my mouth wide, and indeed he filled it. He ſpoke to my heart, *I will cleanſe thee from all thy filthineſs and from all thine idols.* Theſe words paſſed my mind ſeveral times, before I attended to them. At length I ſtarted and thought, ſurely this is the voice of God to my ſoul. I determined to hold the promiſe faſt, though Satan endeavoured to tear it from me. This was about the middle of the ſermon, the latter part of which was made very uſeful to me, the Spirit of God applying

plying it in a higher ſenſe than the Preacher intended it. I went home, praying all the way, my whole attention being fixt upon,

" The ſure prophetic word of grace,
That glimmered through my nature's night."

I was not ſenſible what the Lord had done for me, till I entered my room. The firſt thing I ſaw there was my ſnuff-box. This idol had long divided my heart, (though I never took it with me to the houſe of God) and had given me inexpreſſible pain. But I now felt all deſire of it was gone. I know not any thing wherein I could have been more ſenſible of my liberty. It was a right eye: and I had been wedded to it as much as I formerly was to a pack of cards. I felt unſpeakable happineſs in my deliverance. But a quere came, " How will it be to-morrow?" It was anſwered in my heart, " To-morrow ſhall be as this day, and much more abundant."

The next morning I roſe to the preaching with eaſe, which before ſeemed an impoſſibility. In the courſe of a day, there are not wanting in a family, many little trying circumſtances. Some temptations alſo to pride, to anger and to ſelf-will, preſented themſelves. But in all things I was more than conqueror. The fear of man likewiſe was removed, ſo that I could reprove, warn, and exhort every one. Mean time the promiſes flowed into my heart without obſtruction. I eaſily perceived the change was univerſal, and felt that I was *cleanſed from all my idols, and from all my filthineſs.* And I ſeemed to have light equal to my love; ſo that in one week I had a clearer inſight into the life of faith, than I had for ſeveral years. Thus Jeſus ſaves his people from their ſins.

My heart being thus ſet at liberty, a thought which I had had years before, that it was the will of God I ſhould be a Preacher, returned with greater force than ever. But I remembered, *He that believeth ſhall not make haſte*, and was

thoroughly willing to wait God's time. I knew it was God's work and his only, to make a Preacher of the Goſpel, and that the more paſſive I was, the more fit I ſhould be for the Maſter's uſe. In this peaceful frame of mind I remained, attending to the leading of his Spirit, and the opening of his Providence, till not long after I went with ſome of our friends to a Workhouſe, where one of them preached. I felt great love to the poor people. As we were coming back one of our brethren aſked me, "Are you willing to give them a ſermon next Sunday morning?" I looked upon this to be a call of Providence, and therefore durſt not refuſe it. So I went and ſpoke to them from thoſe words, "Aſk and it ſhall be given you:" and I had a teſtimony within, that I pleaſed God.

Not long after, being exceeding weary in body, and having much buſineſs upon my hands, my ſpirits ſunk, and I thought, "How is it poſſible for me to work till twelve o'clock at night? Beſides, I am to preach at the Workhouſe in the morning." Juſt then the power of the Higheſt overſhadowed me, and God ſpoke with power, "Lo! I am with thee always." The words pointed me at firſt, to the work I had to do the next morning. But I thought alſo, ſhould not I expect power *now*, to carry me through my buſineſs? Wearineſs vaniſhed away, and I went on ſwiftly, for the grace of God carried me.

In the morning I preached as I had appointed: when I had done, I thought, I have made a ſtammering piece of work. But that word was immediately applied, *The tongue of the ſtammerer ſhall ſpeak plainly.* From this time, I conſtantly attended the Workhouſe, but was particularly careful, to keep the life of God in my own ſoul. I ſaw religion was neither more nor leſs than the conſtant union of the ſoul with God, and uſed all diligence to ſhun thoſe rocks on which I had ſplit before. I laboured to retain a ſenſe of the littleneſs of my underſtanding, that I might always be open to inſtruction:

and

and I depended not on my graces or gifts, but upon the giver, living by faith on the Son of God.

As to the acting in a more public manner, I was entirely paſſive. I thought, if ever I do ſpeak in public, I will be a Preacher of God's making. In this ſpirit I continued, till going to the *Foundry* one Saturday evening, I was informed, that Mr. *Weſley* had appointed me to preach there, the next morning. I was ſurpriſed: but I thought, how can I honour my ſpiritual father, unleſs I do what he orders me? So I went and preached on, *The Lord whom ye ſeek ſhall ſuddenly come to his temple.* For a minute after I had named my text, I trembled and could hardly utter a word. But I then found help, and ſpoke about forty minutes without any difficulty. Afterwards I preached at *Bow*, on, *Without holineſs no man ſhall ſee the Lord.* And after a few trials, I was thoroughly convinced, that, provided his ſoul be truly alive to God, the life of a Preacher of the Goſpel is the happieſt life under heaven.

I was now received into the number of local Preachers. But I was fearful of putting myſelf forward, leſt I ſhould run before the Spirit. I never aſked to preach at this or the other place, receiving the appointment of the Aſſiſtant as a call from God. How happy would it be for the Preachers, if they were all to follow the guidance of the Spirit, rather than their own will! Then nothing would come amiſs. In a few months I preached in all the Chapels in *London*, and when ſummer came on, in *Moorfields*, *Marybone-Fields*, and on *Tower-Hill*: all the time bleſſing God for being kept from that falſe humility which ſhackles ſo many! My unfitneſs never ſtood in my way. Indeed I cannot but think all who are called of God to preach, are ſome way fitted for the work: if not, the Lord of the vineyard does not know his buſineſs! However, ſure I am, that humility of this kind, is inconſiſtent with perfect love. I believe, genuine humility makes a man invulnerable, by the praiſe or diſpraiſe of men.

From this time I continued to preach, and to labour diligently with my hands, that I might provide things honeſt in the ſight of all men, till in Auguſt 1777, I was called to ſuffer the will of God, being about three months under a Surgeon's hands; he at laſt pronounced the caſe deſperate; of which my wife informed me with tears in her eyes. In that inſtant, three ſcriptures came to my mind, *All power is given to me in heaven and in earth. The things impoſſible with men are poſſible with God. The right hand of the Lord hath the pre-eminence*; and I was fully aſſured, I ſhould not die: mean time I ſuffered the will of God willingly, chearfully, joyfully. By this illneſs I was cured of another diſorder, which otherwiſe muſt have been my death, and was made more capable both inwardly and outwardly, of doing the work I was called to.

When I gathered ſtrength, I was adviſed to go into the country; and being recommended to our friends at *Dorking*, I ſpent ſixteen days with them. May God repay them for the love they ſhewed me! When I came back I was quite capable of my buſineſs, which I chearfully entered upon, being equally willing to work at my trade, or to preach the Goſpel. But in the latter end of July 1780, one aſking me, whether I had no thoughts of being a travelling Preacher? I owned, I had: and having juſt buried two of my children, I thought the time was come. I was accordingly propoſed at the *Briſtol* Conference, and appointed for the *Saliſbury* Circuit. Many of my *prudent* friends blamed me much for leaving a quiet, comfortable buſineſs. But I had counted the coſt. So on Monday, Sept. 11, I ſet out for *Saliſbury*. When I left my wife and three children, I felt a mixture of joy and grief, but with a full reſignation to the will of God. I have been about five months in my Circuit, and am more convinced, that this is the pleaſanteſt life under heaven. Though I have left my wife, and children, and deareſt friends, and houſe, and buſineſs, and wander about, chiefly on foot, through cold and rain, I find my mind uninterruptedly happy: I feel a conſtant witneſs

of

of the work wrought in my heart by the Spirit of Holineſs. I have received in this world a hundred fold: and I know, that when my earthly houſe of this tabernacle is diſſolved, I have a building of God; a houſe not made with hands, eternal in the heavens!

An Extract from the DIARY *of Mrs.* BATHSHEBA HALL.

[*Continued from page* 259.]

MONDAY, Feb. 3. What a day of reſt and peace, was yeſterday! He that is the Lord of the Sabbath, richly ſupplied me out of his unexhauſted fulneſs. Though I have not the privileges which many enjoy, yet does my Experience anſwer theirs, as face anſwers face in a glaſs.

Tueſday 11. I have lately had a deeper view than ever of the Love that never faileth. I cried out, "Give me this love and it ſufficeth. This alone can endure the contradiction of ſinners." Bleſſed be God, he has given me a taſte thereof! But I ſee all our grace muſt be tried, as by fire. Various have been the ſuggeſtions of Satan this day: particularly, that this Love will lull me into ſecurity. Lord, ſee Thou to that!

Monday 24. I was ſeized with the gout in my head and ſtomach. The pains were exquiſite. But glory be to God! the ſharper my pains were, the more did I triumph in God my Saviour. If I felt any choice, it was of longer life, that I might anſwer life's great end. And now I am returned to life, make me thy conſtant home, thy conſecrated ſhrine!

Friday, March 28. O Lord, they that put their truſt in thee, mercy embraceth them on every ſide. I need be careful for nothing: my heavenly Father hath this day richly provided for me. O bleſs my Friends! Let them be ſatisfied with favour, and full of the bleſſing of the Lord!

Sunday

Sunday 29. I have this day felt the power of an endleſs life: but ſtill ſomething cries for devotedneſs. This buſy thought too often wanders: but not with my conſent. O that every thought may be brought into captivity to the obedience of Chriſt!

Tueſday 31. At our Prayer-meeting, I had deep communion with God, ſuch as calls for loudeſt ſongs of praiſe. We did indeed ſit together with Chriſt Jeſus in heavenly places. All the day I was favoured with the preſence of the Lord, the King of Glory. O let me conſecrate my every hour to Thee!

Tueſday, April 7. Ever ſince Sunday I have had a nervous Fever. At this trying time, I feel very little activity of ſoul. It is my exerciſe then to ſay continually, Lord, thy will be done! O that I may live every moment in the ſpirit of Death! It is profitable to be converſant with Eternity.

Monday 13. In the evening I had a little time before the Lord. I felt deep abaſement! Indeed a ſenſe of thy preſence, O eternal Jehovah! and of my exceeding great vileneſs and unprofitableneſs, made me loath myſelf before thee.

Sunday 26. I find many ſpeak evil of me. But why ſhould I expect to be above my Maſter? O that I may be all on the Lord's ſide! Be this my only care, to pleaſe God!

Saturday, May 2. All this week I have had little time for prayer, and none for writing. Yet on Monday evening the holy fire I felt, ſeemed almoſt to conſume me. Afterwards I was deſired to attend a Prayer-meeting. As I was going, my ſpirit ſpread itſelf too wide for all below. As I entered, one who uſed vehemently to oppoſe it, was crying to God for full deliverance from ſin. All my ſoul was engaged in mighty prayer for him. And we were anſwered with a ſhower of love.

Since Wedneſday morning I have been ſorely buffeted with grievous accuſations. But the Lord hath been my ſupport. The more we labour to ſhake Satan's kingdom, the more will he labour to diſtreſs us.

Tueſday

Tuesday 5. I see more than ever, I am not called to please myself, but others, for their good, to edification. Here are a few that are much athirst for God: my spirit is much knit to them. I intended to have gone this evening to a Prayer-meeting, but was prevented. Even our best intentions are often sacrificed to God.

Wednesday 13. The Lord is reviving his work at *Bedminster*. I feel my soul much engaged in it. And yet I tremble, lest I should not be diligent therein. I know, I must improve my Lord's talent. I had rather be obscure. But I dare not. O my God, help me to fight thy battles!

Monday, June 15. I parted with my dear friends, Mr. and Mrs. *Mayer*. It was a close trial. Farewel, ye happy pair! But yet, not for ever. We shall meet again, to cast our crowns before Him that liveth for ever and ever!

Tuesday 30. I am called to fill up a measure of my Lord's sufferings. I have been deeply tried: glory be to God, I am to be purified and made whole. But the most painful trial has been my barrenness, a deep sense of unprofitableness. Surely the farther we go in the divine life, the more sensible we are of this. What should I be, if one moment without my God?

> "Day and night my Keeper be!
> Every moment water me."

On Monday, brother *Jones*, a plain, simple man, much athirst for the great salvation, called. In the evening, in our meeting for prayer, we had a mighty out-pouring of the Spirit: and he was enabled to believe, that the Lord had cast out all his enemies. The next day came brother *Payne*, and told me, that on Wednesday morning, God had given him the same blessing. O may they never lose what thou hast given them!

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

A short

A ſhort Account of Mrs. SUSANNAH WESLEY: *extracted from the Journal of the Rev. Mr.* John Weſley.

ON Tueſday, July 20, 1742, I came to *London*. I found my mother on the borders of eternity. But ſhe had no doubt or fear: nor any deſire but (as ſoon as God ſhould call) *To depart and to be with Chriſt.*

Friday 30. About three in the afternoon, I went to ſee her, and found her change was near. I ſat down on the bed-ſide. She was in her laſt conflict; unable to ſpeak, but I believe quite ſenſible. Her look was calm and ſerene, and her eyes fixt upward, while we commended her ſoul to God. From three to four, the ſilver cord was looſing, and the wheel breaking at the ciſtern: and then, without any ſtruggle, ſigh or groan, the ſoul was ſet at liberty. We ſtood round the bed, and fulfilled her laſt requeſt, uttered a little before ſhe loſt her ſpeech, "Children, as ſoon as I am releaſed, ſing a pſalm of praiſe to God."

Sunday, Aug. 1. Almoſt an innumerable company of people being gathered together, about five in the afternoon, I committed her body to the earth, to ſleep with her fathers. The portion of ſcripture from which I afterwards ſpoke was, *I ſaw a great white throne, and Him that ſat on it; from whoſe face the earth and the heaven fled away, and there was found no place for them. And I ſaw the dead ſmall and great, ſtand before God, and the books were opened—And the dead were judged out of thoſe things which were written in the books, according to their works.* It was one of the moſt ſolemn aſſemblies I ever ſaw, or expect to ſee on this ſide eternity.

We ſet up a plain ſtone at the head of her grave, inſcribed with the following words:

"Here lies the body of Mrs. *Suſannah Weſley*, the youngeſt, and laſt ſurviving daughter of Dr. *Samuel Anneſley*."

"In

" In ſure and ſtedfaſt hope to riſe,
And claim her manſions in the ſkies,
A Chriſtian here her fleſh laid down,
The croſs exchanging for a crown.

True daughter of affliction ſhe,
Inured to pain and miſery,
Mourned a long night of griefs and fears,
A legal night of ſeventy years.

The Father then revealed his Son,
Him in the broken bread made known;
She knew and felt her ſins forgiven,
And found the earneſt of her heaven.

Meet for the fellowſhip above,
She heard the call, " Ariſe my love:"
I come, her dying looks replied,
And lamb-like, as her Lord, ſhe died."

I cannot but further obſerve, that even ſhe (as well as her father and grandfather, her huſband, and her three ſons) had been in her meaſure, a Preacher of righteouſneſs. This I learned from a letter, wrote long ſince to my father; part of which I have here ſubjoined.

Feb. 6, 1711-12.

——AS I am a woman, ſo I am alſo a miſtreſs of a large family. And though the ſuperior charge of the ſouls contained in it, lies upon you,—yet in your abſence, I cannot but look upon every ſoul you leave under my care, as a talent committed to me under a truſt, by the great Lord of all the families, both of heaven and earth. And if I am unfaithful to him or you, in neglecting to improve theſe talents, how ſhall I anſwer unto him, when he ſhall command me to render an account of my ſtewardſhip?

As theſe and other ſuch like thoughts, made me at firſt take a more than ordinary care of the ſouls of my children and ſervants, ſo, knowing our religion requires a ſtrict obſervation of the Lord's day, and not thinking that we fully anſwered the end of the inſtitution, by going to church, unleſs we filled up the intermediate ſpaces of time by other acts of piety and devotion: I thought it my duty to ſpend ſome part of the day, in reading to and inſtructing my family.—And ſuch time I eſteemed ſpent in a way more acceptable to God, than if I had retired to my own private devotions.

This was the beginning of my preſent practice. Other people's coming in and joining with us was merely accidental. Our lad told his parents: they firſt deſired to be admitted: then others that heard of it begged leave alſo. So our company increaſed to about thirty: and it ſeldom exceeded forty laſt winter."—

But ſoon after you went to *London* laſt, I light on the account of the *Daniſh* miſſionaries. I was, I think, never more affected with any thing.—I could not forbear ſpending good part of that evening, in praiſing and adoring the divine goodneſs, for inſpiring them with ſuch ardent zeal for his glory.—For ſeveral days I could think or ſpeak of little elſe. At laſt it came into my mind, though I am not a man, nor a miniſter, yet if my heart were ſincerely devoted to God, and I was inſpired with a true zeal for his glory, I might do ſomewhat more than I do. I thought I might pray more for them, and might ſpeak to thoſe with whom I converſe with more warmth of affection. I reſolved to begin with my own children; in which I obſerve the following method. I take ſuch a proportion of time as I can ſpare every night, to diſcourſe with each child apart. On Monday I talk with *Molly*; on Tueſday with *Hetty*; Wedneſday with *Nancy*; Thurſday with *Jacky*; Friday with *Patty*; Saturday with *Charles*: and with *Emily* and *Suky* together on Sunday.

With

With thoſe few neighbours that then came to me, I diſcourſed more freely and affectionately. I choſe the beſt and moſt awakening ſermons we have. And I ſpent ſomewhat more time with them in ſuch exerciſes, without being careful about the ſucceſs of my undertaking.

Since this, our company increaſed every night. For I dare deny none that aſk admittance. Laſt Sunday I believe we had above two hundred. And yet many went away, for want of room to ſtand.

We baniſh all temporal concerns from our ſociety. None is ſuffered to mingle any diſcourſe about them, with our reading or ſinging. We keep cloſe to the buſineſs of the day, and when 'tis over, all go home.

I cannot conceive, why any ſhould reflect upon you, becauſe your wife endeavours to draw people to church, and to reſtrain them from profaning the Lord's day, by reading to them, and other perſuaſions. For my part, I value no cenſure upon this account. I have long ſince ſhook hands with the world. And I heartily wiſh, I had never given them more reaſon to ſpeak againſt me.

As to its looking particular, I grant it does. And ſo does almoſt any thing that is ſerious, or that may any way advance the glory of God, or the ſalvation of ſouls.——

As for your propoſal, of letting ſome other perſon read, alas! You do not conſider what a people theſe are. I do not think one man among them could read a ſermon, without ſpelling a good part of it. Nor has any of our family a voice ſtrong enough, to be heard by ſuch a number of people.——

But there is one thing about which I am much diſſatisfied; that is, their being preſent at family prayers. I do not ſpeak of any concern I am under, barely becauſe ſo many are preſent. For thoſe who have the honour of ſpeaking to the great and holy God, need not be aſhamed to ſpeak before the world: but becauſe of my ſex. I doubt, if it is proper for me,

to preſent the prayers of the people to God. Laſt Sunday I would fain have diſmiſt them before prayers; but they begged ſo earneſtly to ſtay, I durſt not deny them.——

To the Rev. Mr. Weſley, in St. Margaret's Church-yard, Weſtminſter.

An Extract from A SURVEY *of the* WISDOM *of* GOD *in the* CREATION.

[*Concluded from page* 268]

THE *Ear* conſiſts of an outward porch and inner rooms. The porch, ſomewhat prominent from the head, is of a cartilaginous ſubſtance, covered with tight membranes and wrought into ſinuous cavities. Theſe, like circling hills, collect the wandering undulations of the air, and tranſmit them, with a vigorous impulſe, to the finely ſtretched membrane of the *drum*. This is expanded upon a circle of bones, over a poliſhed, reverberating cavity. It is furniſhed with *braces* that ſtrain or relax, as the ſound is faint or ſtrong. The *hammer*, and the *anvil*, the winding *labyrinth*, and the ſounding *galleries*, theſe and other pieces of mechaniſm, all inſtrumental to *hearing*, are inexpreſſibly curious.

Amazingly exact muſt be the tenſion of the *auditory nerves*, ſince they anſwer the ſmalleſt tremors of the atmoſphere, and diſtinguiſh their moſt ſubtil variations. Theſe living chords, tuned by an almighty hand, and ſpread through the echoing iſles, receive all the impreſſions of ſound, and propagate them to the brain. Theſe give exiſtence to the charms of muſic, and the ſtill nobler charms of diſcourſe.

The eye is uſeleſs amidſt the gloom of night. But the ear hears through the darkeſt medium. The eye is on duty only in our waking hours: but the ear is always acceſſible.

As

As there are concuſſions of the air, which are diſcernable only by the inſtruments of hearing, ſo there are *odoriferous* particles wafted in the air, which are perceivable only by the *Smell*. The *noſtrils* are wide at the bottom, that more effluvia may enter; narrow at the top, that when entered they may act more ſtrongly. The ſteams that exhale from fragrant bodies, are fine beyond imagination. Microſcopes that ſhew thouſands of animals in a drop of water, cannot bring one of theſe to our ſight. Yet ſo judiciouſly are the olfactory nets ſet, that they catch the vaniſhing fugitives. They imbibe all the roaming perfumes of Spring, and make us banquet even on the inviſible dainties of Nature.

Another capacity for pleaſure our bountiful Creator has beſtowed, by granting us the powers of *Taſte*. This is circumſtanced in a manner ſo benign and wiſe, as to be a ſtanding plea for temperance, which ſets the fineſt edge on the taſte, and adds the moſt poignant reliſh to its enjoyments.

And theſe ſenſes are not only ſo many ſources of delight, but a joint ſecurity to our health. They are the inſpectors that examine our food, and enquire into the properties of it. For the diſcharge of this office they are excellently qualified, and moſt commodiouſly ſituate. So that nothing can gain admiſſion, till it has paſt their ſcrutiny.

To all theſe, as a neceſſary ſupplement, is added the ſenſe of *Feeling*. And how happily is it tempered between the two extremes, neither too acute, nor too obtuſe! Indeed all the ſenſes are exactly adapted to the exigencies of our preſent ſtate. Were they ſtrained much higher, they would be avenues of anguiſh, were they much relaxt, they would be well nigh uſeleſs.

The crowning gift, which augments the benefits accruing from all the ſenſes, is *Speech*. Speech makes me a gainer by the eyes and hears of others; by their ideas and obſervations. And what an admirable inſtrument for articulating the voice, and modifying it into ſpeech is the *tongue?* This little col-

lection

lection of muſcular fibres, under the direction of the Creator, is the artificer of our words. By this we communicate the ſecrets of our breaſts, and make our very thoughts audible. This likewiſe is the efficient cauſe of muſic: it is ſoft as the lute, or ſhrill as the trumpet. As the tongue requires an eaſy play, it is lodged in an ample cavity. It moves under a concave roof, which gives additional vigour to the voice, as the ſhell of a violin to the ſound of the ſtrings.

Wonderfully wiſe is the regulation of *voluntary* and *involuntary* Motions. The will in ſome caſes has no power: in others ſhe is an abſolute ſovereign. If ſhe command, the arm is ſtretched, the hand is cloſed. How eaſily, how punctually are her orders obeyed!—To turn the ſcrew, or work the lever, is laborious and weariſome. But we work the vertebræ of the neck, with all their appendent chambers; we advance the leg, with the whole incumbent body: we riſe, we ſpring from the ground, and though ſo great a weight is raiſed, we meet with no difficulty or fatigue.

That all this ſhould be effected without any toil, by a bare act of the Will, is very ſurprizing. But that it ſhould be done, even while we are entirely ignorant of the manner in which it is performed, is moſt aſtoniſhing! Who can play a ſingle tune upon the ſpinnet, without learning the difference of the keys? Yet the mind touches every ſpring of the human machine, with the moſt maſterly ſkill, though ſhe knows nothing at all of the nature of her inſtrument, or the proceſs of her operations.

The eye of a ruſtic, who has no notion of optics, or any of its laws, ſhall lengthen and ſhorten its axis, dilate and contract its pupil, without the leaſt heſitation, and with the utmoſt propriety: exactly adapting itſelf to the particular diſtance of objects, and the different degrees of light. By this means it performs ſome of the moſt curious experiments in the Newtonian philoſophy, without the leaſt knowledge of the ſcience, or conſciouſneſs of its own dexterity!

Which

Which ſhall we admire moſt, the multitude of organs? Their finiſhed form and faultleſs order? Or the power which the ſoul exerciſes over them? Ten thouſand reins are put into her hands: and ſhe manages all, conducts all, without the leaſt perplexity or irregularity. Rather with a promptitude, a conſiſtency and ſpeed, that nothing elſe can equal!

So *fearfully and wonderfully* are we *made!* Made of ſuch complicated parts, each ſo nicely faſhioned, and all ſo exactly arranged; every one executing ſuch curious functions, and many of them operating in ſo myſterious a manner! And ſince health depends on ſuch a numerous aſſemblage of moving organs; ſince a ſingle ſecretion ſtopped, may ſpoil the temperature of the fluid, a ſingle wheel clogged may put an end to the ſolids: with what holy fear, ſhould we *paſs the time of our ſojourning here* below! Truſting for continual preſervation, not merely to our own care, but to the Almighty Hand, which formed the admirable machine, directs its agency and ſupports its being!

A SCHEME *of* SELF-EXAMINATION, *uſed by the firſt Methodiſts in Oxford.*

Sunday. LOVE OF GOD AND SIMPLICITY: *means of which are* Prayer and Meditation.

1. HAVE I been ſimple and recollected in every thing I ſaid or did? Have I 1. been *ſimple* in every thing, i. e. looked upon God, my Good, my Pattern, my One Deſire, my Diſpoſer, Parent of Good; acted wholly for Him; bounded my Views with the preſent action or hour? 2. *Recollected?* i. e. Has this ſimple view been diſtinct and uninterrupted? Have I, in order to keep it ſo, uſed the ſigns agreed upon with my Friends, wherever I was? Have I done any thing without a previous perception of its being the Will of God! Or, without

without a perception of its being an Exercise or a Means of the Virtue of the day? Have I said any thing without it?

2. Have I prayed with fervor? At going in and out of Church? In the Church? Morning and evening in private? Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, with my Friends, at rising? Before lying down? On Saturday noon? All the time I am engaged in exterior work in private? Before I go into the place of public or private prayer, for help therein? Have I wherever I was, gone to Church morning and evening, unless for necessary mercy? And spent from one hour to three in private? Have I in private prayer frequently stopt short and observed what fervor? Have I repeated it over and over, till I adverted to every word? Have I at the beginning of every prayer or paragraph owned I cannot pray? Have I paused before I concluded in his Name, and adverted to *my Saviour* now interceding for me at the right-hand of God, and offering up these prayers?

3. Have I duly used Ejaculations? i. e. Have I every hour prayed for Humility, Faith, Hope, Love, and the particular Virtue of the day? Considered, with *whom* I was the last hour, *what* I did, and *how?* With regard to Recollection, Love of Man, Humility, Self-denial, Resignation, and Thankfulness? Considered the next hour in the same respects, offered up all I do to my Redeemer, begged his assistance in every particular, and commended my soul to his keeping? Have I done this deliberately, (not in haste,) seriously, (not doing any thing else the while,) and fervently as I could?

4. Have I duly prayed for the Virtue of the day? i. e. Have I prayed for it at going out and coming in? Deliberately, seriously, fervently?

5. Have I used a Collect at nine, twelve, and three? And Grace before and after eating? (aloud at my own room,) Deliberately, seriously, fervently?

6. Have I duly meditated? Every day, unless for necessary mercy, 1. From six, &c. to prayers? 2. From four to five,

(What

(What was particular in the Providence of this day?) How ought the Virtue of the day to have been exerted upon it? How did it fall ſhort? (Here faults.) 3. On Sunday from ſix to ſeven, with Kempis? From three to four on Redemption, or God's Attributes? Wedneſday and Friday from twelve to one on the Paſſion? After ending a book, on what I had marked in it?

Monday. LOVE OF MAN.

1. Have I been zealous to do, and active in doing good? i. e. 1. Have I embraced every probable opportunity of doing good, and preventing, removing, or leſſening evil? 2. Have I purſued it with my might? 3. Have I thought any thing too dear to part with, to ſerve my neighbour? 4. Have I ſpent an hour at leaſt every day in ſpeaking to ſome one or other? 5. Have I given any one up, till he *expreſsly* renounced me? 6. Have I, before I ſpoke to any, learned, as far as I could, his temper, way of thinking, paſt life, and peculiar hinderances, internal and external? Fixt the point to be aimed at? Then the means to it? 7. Have I in ſpeaking, propoſed the motives, then the difficulties, then ballanced them, then exhorted him to conſider both calmly and deeply, and to pray earneſtly for help? 8. Have I, in ſpeaking to a ſtranger, explained what Religion is not, (not negative, not external) and what it is, (a recovery of the image of God,) ſearched at what ſtep in it he ſtops, and what makes him ſtop there? Exhorted and directed him? 9. Have I perſuaded all I could to attend public Prayers, Sermons and Sacraments? And in general, to obey the laws of the Church Catholic, the Church of *England*, the State, the Univerſity, and their reſpective Colleges? 10. Have I, when taxed with any act of obedience, avowed it, and turned the attack with ſweetneſs and firmneſs? 11. Have I diſputed upon any practical point, unleſs it was to be practiſed juſt then? 12. Have I in diſputing, (1.) Deſired him, To define the terms of the queſtion. To limit it:

what he grants, what denies: (2.) Delayed ſpeaking my opinion; let him explain and prove his: then inſinuated and preſſed objections? 13. Have I after every viſit, aſked him who went with me, Did I ſay any thing wrong? 14. Have I, when any one aſked Advice, directed and exhorted him with all my power?

2. Have I rejoiced with and for my neighbour in Virtue or Pleaſure? Grieved with him in pain, for him in ſin?

3. Have I received his infirmities with pity, not anger?

4. Have I thought or ſpoke unkindly of or to him? Have I revealed any evil of any one, unleſs it was neceſſary to ſome *particular* good I had in view? Have I then done it with all the tenderneſs of phraſe and manner, conſiſtent with that end? Have I any way appeared to approve the [illegible] that did otherwiſe?

5. Has good-will been, and appeared to be, the ſpring of all my actions toward others?

6. Have I duly uſed interceſſion? 1. Before, 2. after ſpeaking to any? 3. For my Friends on Sunday? 4. For my Pupils on Monday? 5. For thoſe who have particularly deſired it, on Wedneſday and Friday? 6. For the Family in which I am, every day?

The following Account of Mr. STUDLY, *is ſo full of remarkable Incidents, that I believe it will be both pleaſing and uſeful to the pious Reader. It is taken from Mr.* TURNER'S REMARKABLE PROVIDENCES.

MR. *Studly's* father was a Lawyer in *Kent*, of about 400l. a year. He was a great enemy to the power of Religion, and a hater of thoſe that were then called *Puritans*. His ſon, in his youth, ſeemed to follow the ſame ſteps, till the Lord called him home in the following manner. The young man was at *London*,

London, and being drunk one night, as he was going towards his lodgings, fell into a cellar, and in the fall was ſeized with horror, and thought he fell into hell. It pleaſed God he took little harm by the fall, but lay there ſome hours, ſtill thinking he was in hell. After he was come to himſelf, and was got home into *Kent*, he betook himſelf to read and ſtudy the ſcriptures, and to much prayer. At length, his father perceived this; and fearing he would turn *Puritan*, dealt roughly with him, and made him dreſs his horſes, which he humbly and willingly ſubmitted to. When his father perceived he ſat up late at night, reading his Bible, he denied him candle-light, but being allowed a fire in his chamber, he was wont to lie along and read by the fire-light. While he was dreſſing his father's horſes, and reading by the fire, he had great comforts from the Lord. His father ſeeing theſe means ineffectual, reſolved to ſend him to *France*, that by the airneſs of that country he might be cured. He went, and being at his own diſpoſal, placed himſelf in the houſe of a pious Proteſtant-Miniſter; and between them, after they were acquainted, there grew great endearment. Great progreſs he made in ſpeaking the language; and ſoon after, he had orders to return home. The father intreating it, the landlord, with whom he had ſojourned, came into *England* with him, and both were made very welcome at his father's houſe. But at laſt the father finding the *French* gentleman and his ſon at prayers together, paid him what was due to him, and ſent him away. Then his father having an intereſt in a great Lady at *Whitehall*, prevailed with her to take his ſon for her gentleman. He thought by a court-life to drive away his melancholy, (as he called his ſon's ſerioufneſs.) The Lady had many ſervants; ſome of whom were given to ſwearing, whom this young gentleman reproved, with that prudence and gravity, that ſin fell down before him. And if any of the ſervants had been ill employed, and had heard him coming, they would ſay, ſtop! "Mr. *Studly* is coming." After a year's time, his father

waited upon the Lady, to enquire of his ſon's carriage. She anſwered, ſhe was glad ſhe had ſeen his ſon's face, he had wrought a mighty reformation in her family. She that had formerly been troubled with unruly ſervants, by his prudent carriage was now as quiet in her houſe as if ſhe had lived in a private family in the country. At this, the father ſtormed, "What, will he make *Puritans* in *Whitehall*?" He told the lady that was no place for him, he would take him with him, which to her trouble he did. When he had him at home in *Kent*, as his laſt refuge, he thought of marrying him; and to that end found out a match, which he thought fit for his ends. He ordered his ſervant to make ready their horſes in the morning, and when they were riding on the way, he bade the man ride before. He then ſpake to his ſon to this purpoſe. "Son, you have been matter of great grief to me; and having uſed many means to reclaim you from this way, to no purpoſe, I have one more remedy in view, with which if you comply, I ſhall ſettle my eſtate upon you, elſe you ſhall never enjoy a groat of it; I am riding to ſuch a gentleman's houſe, to whoſe daughter I intend to marry you." The ſon ſaid little, but went with his father, who before had made way there. They were entertained nobly; he had a ſight of the young lady, a great beauty, and the young man fell much in love with her. When they had taken their leave, and were on their way home, his father aſked him what he thought of her? He anſwered, "No man living, but muſt be taken with ſuch a one; but I fear ſhe will not like me." The father bid him take no care for that. The wooing was not long; at three weeks end they came to *London* to buy things for the wedding. The father had charged, that, in the time of wooing in that gentleman's houſe, there ſhould be no ſwearing or debauchery, leſt his ſon ſhould be diſcouraged. Wedding clothes being bought, and the day come; the young couple were married. At the wedding-dinner, at her father's houſe, the maſk was taken off; they fell to drinking and ſwearing among

among their cups; and, amongſt others, the bride ſwore an oath. At this the bridegroom, as a man amazed, took occaſion to riſe from the table, ſtepped forth, and going to the ſtable, took a horſe, mounted, and rode away, not knowing whither. As he rode along, he bewailed himſelf as undone, and that deſervedly; he had been ſo in love, and the buſineſs ſo hurried on! He ſaid, he had at that time reſtrained prayer, and ſlackened his communion with God, whereas, in that grand affair he ſhould have been doubly ſerious; and ſo might thank himſelf that he was utterly undone. He ſometimes thought of riding quite away. At laſt, being among the woods, he led his horſe into a ſolitary place, tied him to a tree and betook himſelf to his prayers and tears, in which he ſpent the afternoon. God had altered his argument of prayer; which was now for the converſion of his wife. He did not riſe from prayer, without good hope of being heard. At the bride-houſe there was hurry enough; horſe and man (after they miſſed the bridegroom) being ſent every way. In the evening he returned, and enquiring where his bride was, went up to her and found her in her chamber penſive enough. She aſked him, "If he had done well, to expoſe her to ſcorn and deriſion all the day?" He intreated her to ſit down upon a couch by him, and he would give her an account of what he had done, and tell her the ſtory of his whole life. He went over the ſtory, not without great affection and many tears; the flood-gates of which had been opened in the wood. And ever and anon, "through grace, God did ſo and ſo for me." When he had told her his ſtory, ſhe aſked him, what he meant by that word, ſo often uſed in the relation, "Through grace?" and then aſked him, if he thought there was no grace for her, who was ſo wretched a ſtranger to God? Yes, my dear, ſaid he, there is grace for thee; That I have been praying for this day in the wood. And God hath heard my prayer, and ſeen my tears, and let us now go together to him about it. Then did they kneel down by the couch.

couch-ſide, and he prayed: and ſuch weeping and ſupplication there was on both ſides, that when they were called down to ſupper, they had hardly eyes to ſee with, ſo ſwelled were they with weeping. At ſupper the bride's father (according to his cuſtom) ſwore. The bride immediately ſaid; "Father, I beſeech you ſwear not." At which the bridegroom's father, in a great rage, roſe from table: what (ſays he) is the devil in him! hath he made his wife a *Puritan* already? and ſwore bitterly, that he would rather ſet fire (with his own hands) to the four corners of his new-built houſe, than ever he ſhould enjoy it. Accordingly he made his will, gave his ſon (when he ſhould die) ten pounds to cut off his claim; and gave the eſtate to ſome others, of whom Dr. *Reeves* was one. Not long after, he died. Dr. *Reeves* ſent for the Gentleman, paid him his ten pounds, told him he had been a rebellious ſon, and diſobliged his father, and might thank himſelf. He received the ten pounds, and meekly departed. His wife (the match was ſo huddled up,) had no portion promiſed, at leaſt that he knew of, who relied on his father. And ſhe was alſo deſerted by her friends: but having two hundred pounds in her own hand, that had been given her by a grandmother, they took and ſtocked a farm in *Suſſex*. There Mr. *Knight* hath often been, and ſeen her, who had been highly bred, in her red waiſtcoat milking her cows. She was now become the great comforter and encourager of her huſband. God, ſaid ſhe, hath had mercy on me, and any pains-taking is pleaſant to me. There they lived with much comfort, and had the bleſſing of marriage, divers children. After three years, he was met on the road, in *Kent*, by one of the tenants of the eſtate, and ſaluted by the name of Landlord: alas! ſaid he, I am none of your Landlord: yes, you are, ſaid he; I know more than you do of the ſettlement: your father, though a cunning Lawyer, with all his wit, could not alienate the eſtate from you, whom he had made joint-purchaſer. Myſelf, and ſome other tenants know it, and have refuſed to pay any money

money to Dr. *Reeves:* I have ſixteen pounds ready for you, which I will pay to your acquittance, and that will ſerve you to go to law with them. He was amazed at this wonderful Providence, received the money, ſued for his eſtate, and in a term or two recovered it. His bleſſed wife who enjoyed a loving huſband, divers fine children, and a plentiful eſtate; in the midſt of theſe outward bleſſings, fell into a way of queſtioning the truth of her grace, becauſe of outward proſperity. This was her ſin without doubt, for which Mr. *Knight* rebuked her; but it was a ſevere rebuke that the Lord gave her for her unthankfulneſs: a fine boy, about three years old, fell into a kettle of ſcalding wort, and was taken out by his mother, and died. This ſhe looked on as the Lord's diſcipline for her unthankfulneſs, and was inſtructed. This relation was ſent me (ſays Mr. *Turner*,) by the Rev. Mr. *Singleton*, now living in *Hoxton-Square*; and he received it from Mr. *Knight*, who was intimately acquainted with Mr. *Studly*.

A true NARRATIVE *of a prodigious Storm of Wind, Rain, Thunder, and Lightning, that happened at* ATHLONE, *betwixt four and five o'clock on Wedneſday morning, the 27th of October* 1697, *as it was declared before the Sovereign, and Governor of the ſaid Town, upon the examinations of the Officers and Soldiers of the Main-Guard, and Guard of Dublin-Gate; and likewiſe by the eight Sentinels that ſtood on the baſtions and works during this Storm.*

1. A DREADFUL blaſt of high wind, ſuddenly ſhook and ſtripped the guard-houſe. 2. A terrible ſhower of rain, as if a whole river had fallen on the ſtreet, which being forced on by a violent wind, made a prodigious noiſe as it fell. 3. After the rain, a dreadful and terrible clap of thunder. 4. A thick darkneſs enſued, that continued for half

half a quarter of an hour. 5. Continued lightning broke out without ceaſing, ſo that heaven and earth ſeemed to be united in the flame; which was more terrible to the Guards than all that happened before, and ended with three claps of dreadful thunder out of a fiery cloud from the North; which running violently through the air, ſtopt juſt above the Caſtle. At the laſt of the three claps, in the twinkling of an eye, fell a wonderful great, round body of fire, out of the clouds, directly upon the Caſtle; and in a moment the magazine blew up, which contained two hundred and ſixty barrels of powder, one thouſand charged hand-grenades; with eight hundred and ten ſkanes of match, which were piled over them; two hundred and twenty barrels of muſket and piſtol-balls; great quantities of pick-axes, ſpades, ſhovels, horſe-ſhoes, and nails; all blew up into the air, and covered the whole town, and neighbouring fields: by the violence of the ſhock, the town-gates were all blown open. The poor inhabitants, who were generally aſleep when this tragical ſcene began, were awaked with the different, ſurprizing misfortunes that befel them: ſome finding themſelves buried in the ruins of their own houſes; others finding their houſes in a flame above their heads; others blown from their beds into the ſtreets; others having their brains knocked out with the fall of great ſtones, and breaking of hand-grenades in their houſes. Theſe ſtupifying diſaſters within doors, made moſt of the poor, amazed mortals, fly to the ſtreets for ſhelter; where to their great aſtoniſhment, they ſaw the air filled with different ſhapes of fire, ready to fall upon their houſes and heads. The great quantities of match that was blown up, occaſioning theſe different figures of fire, which being followed with great thunder-claps, made many of theſe helpleſs inhabitants believe that it was the Day of Judgment; who therefore for ſome time minded nothing but their prayers, without uſing any other means for the preſervation of themſelves or neighbours. In the mean time the lighted match firing the thatched houſes

houſes burned to the ground, the greateſt part of what the thunder and blaſt of wind had left ſtanding; ſo that little remained of the whole town, but a few poor cottages without the gates.

The wonderful deliverance of Mr. *Dodwell*, Store-keeper, and Mr. *Roe*, one of the Bailiffs of the town, ſhould not be omitted; who being buried in the rubbiſh, at leaſt ſix hours after this fatal accident happened, were at length dug out, with their wives dead in their arms. Mr. *Dodwell* is in a fair way of recovering, and Mr. *Roe* is perfectly well. God's great care of the inhabitants was very wonderful in this diſaſter; there being but thirty-ſix wounded, and ſeven killed in the whole town.

Upon the ſtricteſt enquiry I could make, I find this to be a true Account, and therefore deſire that no other may be written.

GUSTAVUS HAMILTON,
Sovereign.

RIGHTEOUSNESS *the* PATH *of* PEACE: SUFFERING *the* MEANS *of* PURITY.

[*By the late Mr. Charles Perronet.*]

Bleſſed is the man that endureth temptation. Jam. i. 12.

SOME fare ſo well in this life, they cannot conceive they can fail in the next. Others endure ſo much, they truſt to eſcape hereafter. But God will not determine our future eſtate by the preſent portion of good or evil. *He commands all men every where to repent.* Such as do not, there is but one decree for them, whether they have enjoyed much or little. If our abundance makes us the more fruitful in every good thing, the end will be peace. If we *ſuffer according to the will of God,*

He will be our *Great Reward.* *Our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh out for us a far more exceeding, and eternal weight of glory.* The rich that live in ſin will be condemned for the abuſe of mercies, and their abundance will end in want that cannot be relieved. The poor that die in their iniquity will periſh, becauſe they made not God their refuge.

Poverty ſecures us from many evils. But *they that deſire to be rich fall into a ſnare, and into many fooliſh deſires that plunge men in perdition.* The rich are taken up with variety, and cannot attend to the things of God. Time lies heavy on their hands, and becomes an inlet to ſin, either mouldering away, or employed in graſping more of the *mammon of unrighteouſneſs.* They "receive their good things in this life," and lay not up for eternity. Rejecting the precepts of ſelf-denial, they exclude themſelves from all the promiſes annexed thereto. They are ſtewards that muſt account for every mite, and conſider it not. Abuſing temporal bleſſings, they cannot receive ſpiritual. In affluence, they live in penury: in poſſeſſing all things, truly enjoy nothing. Their abundance leads them to exceſs; increaſes condemnation; makes them daring, and ready to ſay, *Our lips are our own, who is Lord over us?*

Not many mighty, not many noble are called. If they incline at all to religion, ſtill it is mixt with the droſs of this world. Pride ſhuts them out from God, and gold from the knowledge of the truth. Who may reprove or teach rich men? If they err, they remain ignorant. If they ſtray, they ſeldom ſtop. If *they fall, they have not another to help them up.* Shame ſtifles their convictions; the fear of man deters them from ſeeking ſalvation. If they ſeem to enquire after truth, ſtill it is where religion has no difficulties: no croſs, or ſelf-denial, or reproach for Chriſt: where the path is ſmooth: where the *law is made void through faith,* and the covenant of grace a diſpenſation from obedience.

To the poor is the goſpel—the whole counſel of God, preached. Their low eſtate prepares them to receive it. Their meanneſs

lets

lets them go unmoleſted to eternal life,—accounted vile, they fear no ſhame; ſeeking the truth, they *make confeſſion unto ſalvation.*

Peculiar promiſes are made to the poor. Peculiar providences attend them. Bleſſings are promiſed to ſuch as care for the poor. Whatever is done for *one of the leaſt of theſe*, is done to Chriſt. *God hath choſen the poor of this world.* His word flows with tenderneſs to the poor. Their affliction brings them near to Jeſus; bears a reſemblance of his ſufferings; gives them a peculiar relation to his perſon, and intereſt in his favour.

Chriſt hath ſanctified the paths of poverty. Here he walked in the days of his fleſh. Here he meets them that *follow his ſteps.* The poverty of Chriſt has bleſſings peculiar to itſelf. It ſecures from many evils; prepares for *the fellowſhip of his ſufferings*; and is the foundation of all ſpiritual good.

Poverty is one ſeries of diſtreſs; and diſtreſs is unceaſing prayer, ſupplication without a voice, and the ear of mercy is open to it. *I have heard the groaning of my people, and am come down to deliver them.* The ſigh extorted by poverty becomes a ſpiritual cry. God unites with it, and hears for the ſoul what is offered up for the body.

In affliction God draws near, and delights in the purifying work of his ſpirit. *I have choſen thee in the furnace of affliction.* When every comfort fails, he is a preſent help. We cleave to him the more, and caſt all our care upon him. His *counſels are dear to us*, we attend to his providence, and learn from the ſmalleſt things.

Affliction worketh patience, and patience experience, and experience hope. It diſcovers the mind of God to us, that he *is very pitiful, and of tender mercy.* It leads us to ſeek reſt in a Saviour formed in the ſoul, and makes us *conformable to his death.* We receive him as an indwelling God; one to

reign over every motion of the heart. We are made willing *to be baptized with this baptiſm*, and own his love in giving us to *drink his cup* of ſorrow.

Affliction, like all things that proceed from God, is a talent to occupy with. It mortifies earthly affection; makes us humble and reſigned; tries every grace; and conſtrains us to examine our faith, experience, and walking with God. We call paſt things to remembrance; look whether our lamps have oil; watch, pray, and conſider *what manner of perſons we ought to be in all holy converſation.*

Jeſus meets his people in his own way, the way of holineſs, to teach them to glorify God by faith and patience. He was lowlineſs, and love, and bids us *learn of him, and find reſt.* If he hides his face in things below, it is to increaſe the riches of grace and glory; make a cottage ſacred ground; and that *having nothing* we may *poſſeſs all things.*

Think of Jeſus—the eternal God. It will ſweeten every ſuffering of our own. He was *deſpiſed, and rejected of men, a man of ſorrows, and acquainted with grief!*

" Who would not in thy footſteps tread,
Who would not bow with thee his head,
And ſympathize with God!"

They who bear his croſs ſhall wear his crown. *If we ſuffer with him, we ſhall reign with him.*

It is *through much tribulation we muſt enter the kingdom.* Be content that Jehovah *is your portion.* His *loving-kindneſs is better than life*, and ſweetens the moſt abject ſtate, whilſt all the world, yea, and all heaven, would leave us miſerable without it. *He that feedeth the young ravens which cry*, will not fail them that put their truſt in him. Make Jeſus your ſupport. *Quench not the ſpirit* by ſtrong drink. Under no ſorrow or weakneſs, ſeek help out of God. For no want, or ſuffering, be unjuſt in the ſmalleſt thing. *Such as are upright in their way, are his delight.*

Murmur

Murmur not one againſt another. If the poor grudge, and are hard to the poor,—if ſufferings make us not merciful to them that ſuffer, it is ſorely diſpleaſing in the ſight of God. Let the poor love the poor, as Chriſt is love to all. Their offerings may be ſmall, but precious: the widow's *two mites* were above the gifts of the rich.

Be reſpectful to ſuperiors. If the *lines are fallen to you in pleaſant places*, and the Lord is pleaſed to *ſave the* poor *tents of Judah firſt*, pray that the great *inhabitants of Jeruſalem* may be counted worthy of the ſame.

"In ſuffering be thy love my peace,
In weakneſs be thy love my power:
And, when the ſtorms of life ſhall ceaſe,
Jeſus, in that important hour,
In death as life, be thou my guide,
And ſave me, who for me haſt died."

LETTERS.

LETTER CLXV.

[From Miſs B. to the Rev. Mr. Weſley.]

April 6, 1761.

Dear Sir,

ON Eaſter-Day, we had a Love-feaſt indeed. [a]*M. W.*— was there, who had for ſome months been in great darkneſs, having quite loſt the Aſſurance of her pardon. But God reſtored it to her that day, and ſoon after, gave her ſuch a ſight of her idols and inbred corruption, that ſhe could not

[a] M. W. ſoon caſt away her ſhield.

bear

bear it, but wreſtled with the Lord, to take it away *juſt then.* And he quickly anſwered her prayer. Two days after, ſhe was ſeized with a violent Fever. Miſs *M.* viſiting her, found her rejoicing in God, and having no will either to live or die.

There was much of the preſence of the Lord during the whole Love-feaſt. This was redoubled, while Mr. *Jones* prayed. Several cried out much, particularly [b]Mrs. *Streaton*, having ſuch a ſight of her ſinful nature, as ſhe never had before, but with a full perſuaſion, that God would take it away.

Mrs. *Mitchell* had, ſome time before, found the bleſſing! And ſo had many more.

When we met on Friday, April 3, *John Fox* ſaid, Though he knew he was ſaved from ſin, and loved God with all his heart, yet, his mind was not always ſtayed upon him. But he ſaw, This as well as the former bleſſing, was to be received by ſimple Faith. From this time he continually prayed for an increaſe of Faith. And it was not long before his ſoul was brought as into the immediate preſence of God, who from that hour did every moment *keep* his *heart and* his *mind* alſo.

When he mentioned this, *Daniel Carney* ſaid, "Mr. *M.* ſpoke ſome time ſince, concerning the neceſſity of watching over the wandering of the Eye and Ear. This ſtruck me exceedingly; for I remembered, how often, when I was happy in God, my eye was nevertheleſs wandering, to look at my child, or ſomething elſe that did not profit. I cried mightily to be delivered from this; and one morning pleaded that promiſe, *Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whoſe mind is ſtayed on thee.* I ſaid, Why not now, Lord? Thou canſt give it me *now!* Immediately it was to me according to my Faith. I have found no wanderings ſince.

Brother *Biggs* and *Calvert* received the ſame bleſſing, about the ſame time. This morning *Sarah Guilford*, and another of our brethren, teſtified the ſame thing. And they all declare, This is as different from what they received before, as That is from Juſtification.

[b] Mrs. S. lived in love, and died in peace.

Friday,

Friday, April 10. [a]Brother *Depay* ſaid, "I was much helped laſt week by what my brethren ſaid, of having their *minds* wholly fixt on God. I cried earneſtly to him: and have ever ſince found my mind ſo fixt, as it never was before."

At the ſame time Brother *Marſton* ſaid, "Ever ſince I received a clean heart, I was convinced that I wanted a farther power, in order to ſtay my mind conſtantly on God." And a few days ſince as I was walking I ſaid, "Lord, I want to have my mind always ſo deeply fixt, that nothing may hinder me a moment." It was anſwered, "If thou canſt believe, it ſhall be according to thy faith." I replied, "Lord, I *do* believe." And ſince then my ſoul goes out to God continually: nor does any thing I do, or meet with, hinder my intercourſe with him. He added, God has indeed wrought a quick work in my ſoul: for a few months ago, I lived in all manner of wickedneſs. And a quick work he *will* work in every ſoul, that does but cry earneſtly to him.

Thurſday 16. Miſs *March* and I went to ſee *M. W.* though it was very improbable we ſhould be admitted. But we had ſpoke only two or three words, when her mother aſked us to go up, and left us alone with her. She told us, She had that morning intreated the Lord, to bring Miſs *M.* and me: that ſhe had been much perſecuted in various ways, but continued always happy in God: having an uninterrupted witneſs in herſelf, that he had indeed cleanſed her from all ſin.

I am many times much tried; but ſtronger is he that is with me, than all that are againſt me. And bleſſed be his holy Name, he does keep me night and day. But I long to be ſo entirely dedicated to him, that my mind may be fixt on him every moment, with

"That ſpeechleſs awe that dares not move,
And all the ſilent heaven of love."

[a] He and Sarah Guilford witneſſed a good confeſſion to the end.

I want

I want not only to walk in the way, but in the *highway* of holineſs: ſo that every breath I draw, every word I ſpeak, every drop of my blood, and every grain of my ſtrength, may be holineſs to the Lord. Yea, I want to be more abundantly nothing, and my Jeſus to be all in all! I believe the promiſe ſtandeth ſure, *Draw near to me, and I will draw near to you.* I find many times nothing ſo helpful, as to caſt my ſoul juſt as it is at the foot of the croſs; forgetting all that is paſt both good and bad, and only pleading, "Thou, Lord, muſt ordain my peace; for thou, Lord, haſt wrought all my works in me." I then love Jeſus, and give up my will that moment, as if I had not one more to live.

This is indeed a time of bleſſing, which the Spirit of God is pouring out on all around us. May we be as ready to receive, as he to give, that none of us may be at laſt conſtrained to ſay, *The ſummer is over, the harveſt is ended; and we are not ſaved.*

I remain, dear Sir, yours, &c.

M. B.

LETTER CLXVI.

[From Mr. Coughlan, to the Rev. Mr. Weſley.]

January 26, 1762.

Rev. Sir,

I Bleſs God, I do hold faſt whereunto I have attained. Chriſt is all and in all to my ſoul. In all his works my God I ſee, the object of my love. Two or three years ago, you wrote the following words with a diamond pencil on a window in *Whitehaven*, "God is here." Thoſe words have often ſince been made a great bleſſing to my ſoul. I am often ſo filled with gratitude and love, that I can only let ſilence ſpeak his praiſe. Sometimes

times it is drawn out in ſweet, holy mourning for thoſe who are as ſheep without a ſhepherd. At other times, God ſhews me what a poor, helpleſs creature I am. And the ſenſe of this always abides with me, ſo that I am often amazed at my own ignorance; and whatever good I feel, or do, I can truly ſay, it is the Lord. I now hear a voice ſay, In a few years thou wilt turn out worſe than ever. But, bleſſed be God, I hear and follow *his* voice: therefore I take no thought for the morrow. This day is put into my hands; and I have only to make the beſt of it.

I have need to watch againſt my own will. But is there not what we may call an *innocent* will? For inſtance, I *will* to be at London, from this motive only, that I may hear more of the praiſe of God. So I chuſe or refuſe this or that kind of food, that I may be more fit to ſerve God. But I am not uneaſy about it. If I was, I apprehend it would be a ſinful will. No: I am entirely reſigned, knowing God will cauſe all things to work together for good.

I remain, Rev. Sir, yours, &c.

LAWRENCE COUGHLAN.

LETTER CLXVII.

[*From the ſame.*]

April 12, 1762.

Rev. Sir,

I Staid two nights at *Cheſter* after *you*: and indeed it was a time of love. In the meeting of the Bands, ſeveral of our Friends ſpoke. Old Mr. *Pritchard* was the firſt. He ſaid, "For ſome time I have been longing for a clean heart; yet I thought God would not give it to ſo vile a ſinner. And the firſt night Mr. *W.* preached, I felt ſomething acroſs my

heart, like an iron bar, cold and hard. But hearing Mr. *W.* inſiſt on the word *now*, I ſaid, Lord, here I am, a poor ſinner. I believe thou canſt ſave me *now*, and give me a clean heart. In that moment Jeſus ſaid to my ſoul, *I will: be thou clean.* Immediately that bar was broken, and all my ſoul was filled with love: nor could I doubt but Jeſus had made me clean, through the word which he had ſpoken to my ſoul." And three more were enabled, before we parted, to declare the ſame.

I find Chriſt to be exceeding precious to my ſoul, and it is my one deſire to do his will. My ſoul is as a watered garden; my life is hid with Chriſt in God. And I believe, when Chriſt who is my life ſhall appear, I ſhall appear with him in glory.

I remain, Rev. Sir, yours, &c.

LAWRENCE COUGHLAN.

LETTER CLXVIII.

[From Mr. Eraſmus Middleton, to the Rev. Mr. Weſley.]

Horncaſtle, Feb. 27, 1762.

Rev. Sir,

I Was convinced of ſin laſt Good Friday, and from that day cloſely attended all the ordinances of God. In the middle of May, I found a ſenſe of his pardoning love, and continued full of love, till I gave way to my conſtitutional ſin, which cauſed me many a ſorrowful hour. But for about three months laſt paſt, I have found a great deliverance from it. The tenth of laſt month, I went to hear the preaching, at *Autumn in the Morning*. As I drew near to a place where I uſed to ſtep and pray, I found an uncommon backwardneſs, till on a ſudden, I was conſtrained to cry out vehemently, "A clean

"A clean heart, a clean heart, O God! I cannot reſt in any thing ſhort of the fulneſs of thy love." And this continued, with many tears, and violent ſweats, to the end of my walk, which was about three quarters of a mile. I was obliged to ſtay ſome time at a diſtance from the houſe, before I could ſtop my cries and tears. I ſhall never forget, how loath I was to leave heaven: for it was heaven indeed! No tongue or pen can expreſs the ſweets of the overflowing love of my dear Jeſus. It appeared to me as if he held me by the hand, and preſented me at the throne of grace to his Father, who ſmiled upon me, and ſeemed willing to grant me whatever I could aſk. I remained all the day full of love, though ſcarce expecting it to continue. But the next day likewiſe I found my ſoul as it were loſt in God, through Chriſt. And ſin with all its remains was quite gone. Nor had I any temptations for about a fortnight. Then Satan told me, I had deceived myſelf: but my heart was ſtaid upon the Lord, and I am continually borne up with that word, *Reſiſt the devil and he will flee from you.*

O could I but tell you what the Lord has done for my ſoul! He has given me ſuch a ſight of my unworthineſs, that I appear to myſelf as a crawling inſect! I feel no will of my own; but am continually crying out, "Lord, not mine, but thy will be done!" I cannot expreſs how I thirſt after all righteouſneſs: it is my conſtant prayer. And my meditation of it is ſweet. The devil fights ſtrongly. But Jeſus keeps me at the inexhauſtible Fountain; and I am ſo filled with his love, that my raviſhed ſoul can hardly help breaking out into extaſy of joy, both when I am in company with our people, and when at work. But I much want the advice of thoſe that have more experience. For we are young and ignorant in this dark corner, and Holineſs and Sanctification is a language little underſtood among us: ſo that when I have ſpoken any thing, I have generally met with a repulſe, rather than encouragement. Only, one here is earneſtly longing for it, and we often wreſtle

with God together. I hope you will beſtow a line or two upon me, and pray to the Giver of all good gifts, to beſtow his wiſdom upon

Your unworthy Friend in Chriſt,

ERASMUS MIDDLETON.

POETRY.

"*No longer* PIPE, *no longer* DANCE."

THE Firſt and Second *George* were wiſe,
And underſtood a Faction's price;
Little account of thoſe they made,
That from mere principle obeyéd,
But purchaſéd with an annual bribe
The votes of the Diſſenting Tribe;
Who ſervéd with flaming zeal and hearty,
The Heads of their own favouréd Party.

Why are they changéd to *George* the Third,
And never give him a good word?
His rebels why do they embrace,
And ſpit in a mild Monarch's face!
"Becauſe he ſlights his Father's friends,
And the three kingdoms comprehends,
All Sects and Parties reconciles,
Alike on Whig and Tory ſmiles:
Aims at impoſſibilities,
And ſtudies friends and foes to pleaſe;
Becauſe our penſions he withdraws,——
And if he ſtarve the good, old Cauſe,
And if he nothing more advance——
No longer pipe, no longer dance!"

FROM

FROM THE OLNEY COLLECTION.

The joy of the Lord is your ſtrength. Nehemiah viii. 10.

JOY is a fruit that will not grow
In nature's barren ſoil;
All we can boaſt, till Chriſt we know,
Is vanity and toil.

But where the Lord has planted grace,
And made his glories known;
There fruits of heavenly joy and peace
Are found, and there alone.

A bleeding Saviour ſeen by faith,
A ſenſe of pard'ning love;
A hope that triumphs over death,
Give joys like thoſe above.

To take a glimpſe within the vail,
To know that God is mine;
Are ſprings of joy that never fail,
Unſpeakably divine!

Theſe are the joys which ſatisfy,
And ſanctify the mind;
Which make the ſpirit mount on high,
And leave the world behind.

No more, believers, mourn your lot,
But if you are the Lord's;
Reſign to them that know him not,
Such joys as earth affords.

The

The POTTER and his CLAY.

A HYMN *aſcribed to Dr.* W. *Contraſted by Dr.* B.

The Hymn.

BEHOLD the Potter and his Clay,
He forms his veſſels as he pleaſe;
Such is our God, and ſuch are we,
The ſubjects of his high decrees.

Does not the workman's powér extend
O'er all the maſs—which part to chuſe,
And mould it for a nobler end,
And which to leave for viler uſe?

May not the ſovéreign Lord on high
Diſpenſe his favours as he will?
Chuſe ſome to life, while others die,
And yet be juſt and gracious ſtill?

What if to make his terror known,
He lets his patience long endure,
Suffering vile rebels to go on,
And ſeal their own deſtruction ſure?

What if he means to ſhew his grace,
And his electing love employs,
To mark out ſome of mortal race,
And form them fit for heavénly joys?

Shall man reply againſt the Lord,
And call his Maker's ways unjuſt?
The thunder of whoſe dreadful word
Can cruſh a thouſand worlds to duſt.

But O my ſoul! if truth ſo bright
Should dazzle and confound thy ſight,
Yet ſtill his written will obey,
And wait the great, deciſive day.

Then ſhall he make his juſtice known,
And the whole world before his throne,
With joy, or terror, ſhall confeſs
The glory of his righteouſneſs.

The

The Contraſt.

BEHOLD the Potter and his Clay,
He forms his veſſels to his mind;
So did creating *Love* diſplay
Itſelf in forming human-kind.

The almighty Workman's powèr, and ſkill,
Could have no *vile*, *ignoble* ends;
His one immutable *good will*
To *all* that he hath made extends.

This gracious, ſovèreign Lord on high,
By his eternal word and voice,
Choſe *all* to live, and *none* to die,
Nor will he *ever* change his choice.

Not by *his* will, but by their *own*,
Vile rebels break his righteous laws;
And make the terror to be known,
Of which they are *themſelves* the cauſe.

His *all-electing* love employs
All means, the human race to bleſs,
That mortals may his heavènly joys,
By *re-electing* him poſſeſs.

Shall man reply that God *decreed*
Fallèn *Adam's* race *not* to be bleſt?
That for a *few* his Son ſhould bleed,
And *Satan* ſhould have *all the reſt?*

Do thou, poor ſinful ſoul of mine,
By Faith and Penitence embrace,
Of doubtleſs, *boundleſs love* divine,
The *free*, the *univerſal* grace.

Let God, within thy pliant ſoul,
Renew the image of his Son;
The likeneſs *marr'd* will then be *whole*,
And ſhow what he, *in Chriſt*, has done.

An

An EPITAPH *on* EDWARD HEARNE, *of Monmouth, who died April* 28, 1776.

STRANGER to Vice, with early grace imbuèd,
The pious youth his Saviour's ſteps purſuèd:
Purſuèd, a zealous Followèr of his Lord,
A mother labouring for her full reward:
Tracèd her from earth, by lawleſs violence drivèn,
And found the martyrèd Saint enſhrinèd in heaven.

A SHORT HYMN.

Mark iii. 5. *He looked round about on them with anger, being grieved for the hardneſs of their hearts.*

SUCH may all my anger be,
Sin when I in others ſee,
Not the pagan paſſion blind,
Rage of a vindictive mind,
But the fervency of zeal
Painèd for thoſe who cannot feel.

Lord impart thy grief to me,
Grief for man's obduracy;
Angry at the ſin alone,
Let me for the ſinner groan,
Till his hardneſs thou remove,
His, and mine, by dying love.

THE Arminian Magazine,

For JULY 1781.

Of PREDESTINATION; tranſlated from SEBASTIAN CASTELLIO'S *Dialogues, between* Lewis *and* Frederic.

DIALOGUE I.

[*Concluded from page* 294.]

Fred. GOD declares poſitively that he created man for paradiſe. And afterwards when man was defiled through ſin, he again declares that he willeth not the death of a ſinner; that he willeth not that any ſhould periſh. Nay, he hath ſent his Son, that where ſin abounded, grace might much more abound. But they maintain, in oppoſition to theſe expreſs declarations, that God willeth not that *all* men ſhould be ſaved; but that on the contrary many are created to perdition, ſo that Chriſt himſelf cannot ſave them, nor can be ſaid to be the Saviour of all. In which reſpect they are (give me leave to ſpeak freely,) worſe than *Cain* himſelf. For he only confeſſed that *his ſin was too great to be forgiven*;

whilſt they teach (not in words 'tis true, for they are aſhamed to do that; but in fact) that ſome men, even before they were created, much more before they had ſinned, were incurable, even by Chriſt himſelf. Let them take heed, therefore, leſt they be puniſhed after the manner of *Cain*, or the *Iſraelites* I have ſpoken of. *Lewis.* Indeed, Frederic, you have conquered, and I yield entirely to your arguments. But ſtill there are ſome paſſages that perplex me. As for inſtance; that of St. *Luke*, (Acts xiii. 48.) *As many as were ordained to eternal life, believed.* Again, that concerning the ſons of *Eli*, (1 Sam. ii. 25.) *They hearkened not unto the voice of their father, becauſe the Lord would ſlay them.* Again, *Shimei* (2 Sam. xvi.) is ſaid to have been ordered by God to curſe *David.* Again, conſider *Pharaoh's* obduracy. *Fred.* As for the ſaying of St. *Luke*, we oppoſe it to that of St. *Peter*, (1 Pet. ii. 7, 8.) *Unto you who believe, he is precious; but unto them who are diſobedient, the ſtone which the builders diſallowed, the ſame is made the head of the corner, and a ſtone of ſtumbling, and a rock of offence, even to them which ſtumble at the word, being diſobedient, whereunto alſo they were appointed.*

From theſe words of St. *Peter*, we may aſcertain the meaning of St. *Luke* to be quite contrary to his words. As thus: "All thoſe that were ordained unto life did not believe." For many of the Jews, who certainly were the children of the kingdom, did not believe; and therefore were deprived of the right of the kingdom, and the inheritance to which they were ordained. *Lewis.* What then, Frederic, are St. *Peter* and St. *Luke* in contradiction to each other? *Fred.* Yes, if you will adhere to the words only. Therefore if any one will contentiouſly urge the words of St. *Luke*, nor admit of any explication, I ſhall avail myſelf of the ſame liberty to urge the words of St. *Paul*, and likewiſe admit of no explication. But if there be a neceſſity to make them agree, (as certainly there is, ſince the Spirit of Truth cannot be in contradiction with itſelf,) let us ſee how that conciliation may be

brought

brought about. Firſt, tell me how your Friends make St. *Peter* agree with St. *Luke*. For if their method of conciliation be right, we will approve of it; if not, we will ſee whether *Luke* cannot be made to agree with *Peter*. *Lewis*. They expound *Peter* ſo as to aſſert, that what he ſays of *Thoſe who are ordained to believe*, relates only to the outward Calling. *Fred*. How ſo, Lewis? That they were ordained to an outward Calling; that is, they were called outwardly, to wit, by words? *Lewis*. Yes. *Fred*. Is then, among you, to be called by words, and to believe, one and the ſame thing? *Lewis*. By no means. *Fred*. Then they explain St. *Peter* wrong; for he doth not ſay that they were ordained to hear the words outwardly, but to believe that unto which they were called. And this *act of believing*, certainly is not outward but inward. Therefore if you have any thing more plauſible, produce it; for this argument is too weak. *Lewis*. Indeed, I have nothing elſe to offer. *Fred*. Hearken then to what I ſay. *Peter* immediately explains his meaning, in the following words, *But ye are a choſen a generation, a royal prieſthood, a holy nation, a peculiar people; that ye ſhould ſhew forth the praiſes of him, who hath called you out of darkneſs into his marvellous light: Which in time paſt were not a people, but are now the people of God: which had not obtained mercy, but now have obtained mercy*, 1 Pet. ii. 9, 10. If you examine attentively the whole paſſage, you will perceive the purport of it to be this. "The Jews, who were God's people, the ſons of the kingdom, ordained unto Chriſt, and choſen (for unto them did the promiſes and the covenant belong) "believed not in Chriſt, and therefore were deprived of the kingdom; but ye who were not God's people, nor choſen unto ſalvation, are adopted in their ſtead, and are now the people of God." St. *Paul* ſays the ſame, (Rom. xi.) "The Jews have been broken off through unbelief." "Thou haſt been ingrafted through faith." And the ſame in the very chapter of St. *Luke* we have under conſideration. "It was neceſſary that the word of God ſhould firſt have been ſpoken

unto you," (you ſee in what manner they were ordained to believe,) "but ſeeing ye put it from you, and judge yourſelves unworthy of everlaſting life, know ye that we turn to the Gentiles," Acts xiii. 46. St. *Luke* cannot contradict theſe ſayings. In order therefore rightly to underſtand his meaning, anſwer me a few queſtions. Do you think that thoſe Jews, of whom St. *Luke* writes, who rejected the word of God, and judged themſelves unworthy of everlaſting life, were ordained thereunto? *Lewis.* Moſt certainly. For you had convinced me of it before you began to argue about St. *Peter.* *Fred.* Nevertheleſs they did not believe. *Lewis.* They did not. *Fred.* Conſequently all thoſe that were ordained unto everlaſting life, did not believe. *Lewis.* I underſtand you now. You mean, that thoſe Jews which were called by *Paul* and *Barnabas*, and conſequently ordained unto everlaſting life, (for whomſoever God calleth, thoſe has he ordained,) did not believe. *Fred.* You take me right, Lewis; for St. *Luke* doth not ſpeak in general of all thoſe that were ordained unto life, (for *all* the ordained do not believe, ſince the Jews, the children of the kingdom are caſt out,) but of thoſe Gentiles who believed at that time. And this is exactly the ſame meaning we have now diſcovered St. *Peter's* to be; as will plainly appear to any one that will examine the paſſage attentively. Whatſoever therefore has been told you, (and which I perceive to be common) that St. *Luke's* ſaying, relative to the Gentiles, and thoſe times, belongs to all times, and to all men; is erroneous. Otherwiſe we might ſay upon the ſame principle, that all Chriſtians, as many as ever were, laid down their goods and poſſeſſions at the Apoſtles feet, becauſe the ſame Evangeliſt ſays, (Acts iv. 3, 4.) *As many as were poſſeſſors of lands or houſes, ſold them, and brought the prices of the things that were ſold, and laid them at the Apoſtles feet.* You may eaſily perceive how erroneous it would be to apply this in general to all Chriſtians, of all times. *Lewis.* I perceive it, and approve of the compariſon. You have entirely ſatisfied me concerning

concerning this paſſage, my dear Frederic, and I eſteem it a great thing to have attained the right underſtanding of it. *Fred.* So do I, my dear Lewis; for to tell you the truth, I never perfectly underſtood it myſelf till now. And I have not now obtained the knowledge of it by human craftineſs, but through my prayers to God; and unto him, whoſe gift it is, be the glory and praiſe that is due, for ſo great a mercy.

But I obſerve that it is common to err in this; that in order to benefit by ſuch a gift of God, ſome perſons will endeavour to explain many paſſages by a compariſon with one; and by this method they turn a particular queſtion into an univerſal one. I mean, when they apply to all, what is ſaid but of one. Thus they are wont to apply to all Chriſtians this ſaying of St. *Paul*, Romans vii. 14, 15, *I am carnal, ſold under ſin*, &c. which he ſpeaks neither of himſelf nor of all. Likewiſe, what Chriſt ſays to his diſciples, (Luke xii. 7.) *The very hairs of your head are all numbered.* Some apply this to the wicked; as if God takes an equal care of them, and they need not fear more than the righteous. Which concluſion is no leſs abſurd, than if we were to contend, that all men will be judges of the twelve tribes of Iſrael, becauſe Chriſt ſaid that his Apoſtles would be ſo. Again, they underſtand of *all men*, what is wrote ſomewhere of Chriſt; "That the Jews did not ſeize him becauſe his hour was not yet come." This they interpret as meaning, that none can die before his time, becauſe the Jews could not deſtroy Chriſt before his time. As if there was no difference, in that reſpect, between Chriſt and all men. Which is not leſs abſurd than if one ſhould ſay that all men are born at *Bethlehem*, becauſe Chriſt was born there. I argue in the ſame manner concerning God's promiſe unto *Abraham*, that he would be his God, and the God of his ſeed; which they refer to all Chriſtians, and is as abſurd as if you was to refer to every Chriſtian, God's promiſe to the ſame patriarch, that his ſeed ſhould be as numerous as the ſtars of heaven, or as the ſand on the ſea ſhore.

Lewis.

Lewis. All this is very true, my dear Frederic, and therefore nothing remains, I think, but to paſs on to the other paſſages I have hinted at. *Fred.* You ſay right, Lewis; but theſe will require a little more time; and though they belong to the ſubject of Predeſtination, they will fall better under that of Election; of which (God permitting,) we ſhall ſpeak hereafter. And if you have nothing more to oppoſe, we ſhall leave off here for the preſent. *Lewis.* I have nothing further.

Fred. Let us conclude then, that all who ſay, God has created ſome men unto everlaſting miſery, teach an erroneous and pernicious doctrine; I may truly term it ſo, from the many evils which reſult from it. *Firſt*, becauſe it is ſo far from correſponding with the nature of God, that on the contrary, nothing can be more averſe to it, than bringing into exiſtence children (for *Adam* was the child of God, and conſequently all his poſterity are the children of God,) unto perdition; when not even wolves or tygers would do ſo. This doctrine cancels that word, which exhorts us to imitate God's goodneſs towards his creatures, as the following ſaying of Chriſt doth; "If ye being evil, know how to give good things unto your children, how much more ſhall your heavenly Father?" In this ſentence our Saviour teacheth the wicked; and convinces them by an induction of the goodneſs of God, drawn from their own example. But if Predeſtination is to take place, they might have anſwered Chriſt thus: "Why do you propoſe to us the goodneſs of God for an example, as if he were better than we are? None of us are ſo wicked, that we would willingly beget a child to bring him to condign puniſhment. No; we cannot even renounce our wicked children, unleſs their wickedneſs be invincible and incurable. But God hath created ſome, even the greateſt number of his children unto the puniſhment of everlaſting fire; and hath created them ſo, that they cannot eſcape it at any rate. Why do you propoſe him to our imitation? Is it goodneſs to condemn before creation?" Tell me, Lewis, what could Chriſt have

have anſwered to all this; or by what means could he have ſoftened their hearts? For whereſoever you turn yourſelf, or whatever you may ſay, it will not avail, it will have no power to teach men. *A Second* evil conſequence reſulting from Predeſtination is, that it deſtroys God's mercy; which he himſelf proclaims, when he ſays, "That he is abundant in mercy, and ſlow to anger." But if he hath created men to everlaſting miſery, it follows, that he is ſlow to mercy, and very abundant in anger, ſince he inveighs againſt his own productions, and that even before they exiſt, or before they have ſinned. The *Third* evil is, that it makes God a hypocrite; who means otherwiſe than he commands. By which they make God worſe than the devil, as we have ſhewn already. A *Fourth* is, the danger leſt it deſtroys all deſire of religion and obedience; ſince you are thereby convinced that you cannot help doing what you are ordained to. Should it be objected, that the righteous will obey willingly, through that very predeſtination, I anſwer, that it takes away the conteſt between the Spirit and the Fleſh. For if this obedience is derived naturally from Predeſtination, as a beard grows on a man's face, or teeth in children, or as harveſt ſucceeds ſummer, they need be no more anxious about it, than about the growth of their beard. And thus it will come to paſs, that ſome will work out their ſalvation with fear and trembling, but will live an abandoned life, if they imagine themſelves to be choſen, or be thrown into deſpair, if they conſider themſelves rejected. Experience ſhows this clearly. For if you will confeſs the truth, my dear Lewis, you well know theſe Predeſtinarians; their ſupineneſs; their careleſsneſs; their audaciouſneſs in deciding about every one, and their arrogance in condemning others unto perdition. They teach every where, that God hath decreed ſin; and go even ſo far, that one of them was bold enough to ſay, holding a knife in his hand, ſhould I ſtab you with this knife, I ſhould do nothing but what God hath decreed. This is the caſe, Lewis, and you know it. And this is the fruit of their doctrine;

doctrine; namely, to live without any care; to eſteem themſelves choſen; to ſend thoſe who dare contradict them, to perdition; and forthwith to call them Reprobates. Hence, common people, inclined enough before to a licentious life, being intoxicated with this doctrine, live as the Impious and Atheiſts do. Their uſual ſaying is, Let us do as we pleaſe, we ſhall do nothing but what God hath decreed; let us drink; let us whore; all is done through Predeſtination. If therefore any one is accuſed of a rape, and he be a friend of your Maſters, he gets clear. He was predeſtinated to commit a rape, and God is glorified by it, as by *David's* adultery. But if your Maſters happen to have an enmity againſt him, they ſtile him at once a Reprobate, and the crime is conſidered as a ſure ſign of Reprobation. And with what pride, with what haughtineſs do theſe Teachers condemn others? They are predeſtinated to it. But why ſhould we ſay any more on this ſubject, Lewis? The Lord hath ſaid that in the latter days there ſhould be men living in ſupineneſs, as in the days of *Noah*. I think this ſupineneſs is brought to perfection by the doctrine of Predeſtination. For no doctrine doth exiſt, or can be devized, that makes men more ſupine.

[*The End of the firſt Dialogue.*]

On POPERY.

LETTER II.

[*To the* EDITORS *of the* FREEMAN'S JOURNAL.]

Gentlemen,

SOME time ago, in a Letter publiſhed at *London*, I obſerved, "Roman Catholics cannot give thoſe whom they account Heretics, any ſufficient Security for their peaceable Behaviour:"

1. Becauſe

1. Becauſe it has been publicly avowed in one of their General Councils, and never publicly diſclaimed, That Faith is not to be kept with Heretics:

2. Becauſe they hold the Doctrine of Prieſtly Abſolution, and 3. The Doctrine of Papal Pardons and Diſpenſations.

Mr. *O'Leary* has publiſhed *Remarks* on this Letter: nine parts in ten of which are quite wide of the mark. Not that they are wide of *his* mark, which is to introduce a plauſible Panegyric upon the Roman Catholics, mixt with keen invectives againſt the Proteſtants, whether true or falſe it matters not. All this is admirably well calculated, to inſpire the Reader with averſion to theſe Heretics, and to bring them back to the holy, harmleſs, much-injured Church of *Rome!* And I ſhould not wonder, if theſe ſix Papers ſhould make ſix thouſand Converts to her.

Cloſe arguing he does not attempt, but he vapours, and ſkips to and fro, and rambles to all points of the compaſs, in a very lively and entertaining manner.

Whatever has the face of an argument in his firſt Letter, I anſwered before. Thoſe of the 14th. 16th. 18th. and 21ſt inſtant, I paſs over at preſent: I have now only to do with what he advances in your Journal of March the 12th.

Here I read, "For Mr. *Weſley's* ſecond Letter, ſee the laſt page." I have ſeen it; but I can find no more of the ſecond Letter in the laſt page, than in the firſt. It would be ſtrange if I did; for that ſecond Letter was never heard of, but in Mr. *O'L's* Remarks. "But why then does he mention it over and over?" Truly I cannot tell.

He begins, "Fanaticiſm"—Hold! There is no Fanaticiſm in my Letter, but plain, ſober Reaſon. I "now expect" (they are his own words) "a ſerious Anſwer to a ſerious Charge."

My argument was, The Council of *Conſtance* has openly avowed violation of faith with Heretics. But it has never been openly diſclaimed. Therefore, thoſe who receive this

Council cannot be truſted, by thoſe whom they account Heretics.—This is my immediate concluſion. And if the premiſes be admitted, it will infallibly follow.

On this, Mr. *O'L.* ſays, "A Council ſo often quoted, challenges peculiar attention. We ſhall examine it with all poſſible preciſion and impartiality. At a time when the broachers of a new Doctrine" (as new as the Bible) "were kindling the fire of Sedition, and ſhaking the foundations of thrones and kingdoms"—Big words, but entirely void of truth —"was held the Council of *Conſtance*. To this, was cited *John Hus*, famous for propagating errors, tending to—wreſt the ſceptre from the hands of Kings."—Equally true. "He was obnoxious to Church and State." To the Church of *Rome:* not to the State in any degree.

"Proteſtant and Catholic Legiſlators enacted Laws for burning Heretics." How wiſely are theſe jumbled together! And the Proteſtants placed firſt! But pray what Proteſtant Legiſlator made ſuch Laws, either before or after the Catholic ones?—I know one man, *Servetus*, was burnt at *Geneva:* but I know not that there was any law for it. And I know one woman, *Joan Bocher*, was burnt in *Smithfield*, much againſt the mind of King *Edward*. But what is this to the numbers who were inhumanly butchered by Queen *Mary?* To ſay nothing of her ſavage Huſband. "But the ſame Laws were executed by Queen *Elizabeth* and King *James*." How! Did either of theſe burn Heretics? Queen *Elizabeth* put *two* Anabaptiſts to death! But what was this to the Atchievements of her Siſter?

He adds a well-deviſed Apology for the Romiſh Perſecutions of the Proteſtants, as neceſſarily reſulting from the nature of things, and not from any wrong Principles. And this he illuſtrates by the treatment formerly given to the Methodiſts, "whoſe Love-feaſts and Watch-nights rouzed the vigilance of the Magiſtrate, and influenced the rage of the rabble." Indeed they did not. Not only no Magiſtrate ever objected

objected either to one or the other, but no mob, even in the moſt turbulent time, ever interrupted them.

But to the Council. " *Hus* ſtrikes at the root of all temporal Power and civil Authority. He boldly aſſerts, That all Princes, Magiſtrates, &c. in the ſtate of mortal ſin, are deprived, *ipſo facto*, of all power and juriſdiction. And by broaching theſe Doctrines, he makes *Bohemia* a theatre of inteſtine war. See the Acts of the Council of *Conſtance* in *L'Abbe's* Collection of Councils."

I have ſeen them, and I can find nothing of all this therein. But more of this by and by.

" He gave notice that he would ſtand his trial. But he attempted to eſcape." No, never: this is pure invention. " He is arreſted at *Conſtance*," whence he never attempted to eſcape—" and confined. His friends plead his Safe-conduct. The Council then declared, *No Safe-conduct granted by the Emperor, or any other Princes, to Heretics, ought to hinder them from being puniſhed as Juſtice ſhall require. And the perſon who has promiſed them ſecurity, ſhall not be obliged to keep his promiſe, by whatever tie he may be engaged.*"

And did the Council of *Conſtance* declare this? Yes, ſays Mr. *O'L.* I deſire no more. But before I argue upon the point, permit me to give a little fuller account of the whole affair.

The Council of *Conſtance* was called by the Emperor *Sigiſmund*, and Pope *John* the 23d, in the year 1414. Before it began, the Emperor ſent ſome *Bohemian* Gentlemen, to conduct *John Hus* to *Conſtance*, ſolemnly promiſing, That he ſhould " come and return freely, without fraud or interruption."

But before he left *Prague*, he waited on the Biſhop of *Nazareth*, Papal Inquiſitor for that City and Dioceſe, who in the preſence of many witneſſes gave him the following teſtimonial.

" We, *Nicholas*—do by theſe preſents, make known to all men, That we have often talked with that honourable man,

Maſter *John Hus*, and in all his ſayings, doings and behaviour, have proved him to be a faithful man; finding no manner of evil, ſiniſter, or erroneous doings in him, unto this preſent." *Prague*, Auguſt 30, 1414.

This was atteſted by the hand and ſeal of the public Notary, named *Michael Pruthatietz*.

After this, *Conrade*, Archbiſhop of *Prague*, declared before all the Barons of *Bohemia*, That "he knew not that *John Hus* was culpable or faulty, in any crime or offence whatever." So neither the Inquiſitor nor the Archbiſhop knew any thing, of "his making *Bohemia* a theatre of inteſtine war!"

In October he began his journey, accompanied by two Noblemen, *Wenceslat* de *Duba*, and *John* de *Clum*. On Nov. 3d, he came to *Conſtance*, and was treated with great reſpect. But not long after, he was ſuddenly arreſted and caſt into a noiſome priſon. Here he quickly fell ſick. During his ſickneſs, his accuſers exhibited twelve articles againſt him. But none of them charge him with Sedition. They relate purely to the Church.

May 14, 1415, The Nobles of *Bohemia* complained to the Council, "When Maſter *John Hus*, came to the Council, under the Emperor's ſafe-conduct, he was in violation of the public Faith impriſoned before he was heard." They add, "And he is now grievouſly tormented, both with fetters, and with hunger and thirſt."

June 8, His accuſers brought thirty-nine articles more, and afterward twenty-ſix others. But both the former and the latter relate wholly to the Church.

Seven more were brought next. The firſt of theſe is, "If the Pope, Biſhop, or Prelate be in deadly ſin, he is then no Pope, Biſhop or Prelate." But this he himſelf explains in the ſame tract whence it is taken. "Such as touching their deſerts, are not worthily Popes, or Paſtors before God; yet as touching their office, are Popes and Paſtors."

After theſe, ſix more articles were exhibited, but all relate to the Church, as do nineteen more that followed them. In fine,

fine, nineteen others were preferred by the Chancellor and Univerſity of *Paris*. One of theſe was, "No man being in deadly ſin, is a true Pope, Prelate or Lord." This ſeems to be the ſame with the preceding Charge; only they have mended it, by adding the word *Lord*. Another was, "Subjects ought publicly to reprove the vices of their Rulers." It does not appear, that ever he held this.

In the ſeventeenth Seſſion, the ſentence and condemnation of *John Hus* was read and publiſhed. The Emperor then commanded the Duke of *Bavaria*, to deliver him to the Executioners; for which glorious exploit he was thus addreſſed by the Biſhop of *Landy*, in the name of the Council: "This moſt holy and goodly labour was reſerved only for Thee, O moſt noble Prince! Upon thee only doth it lie, to whom the whole rule and miniſtration of Juſtice is given. Wherefore thou haſt eſtabliſhed thy praiſe and renown; even by the mouths of babes and ſucklings thy praiſe ſhall be celebrated for evermore."

From this whole tranſaction we may obſerve, 1. That *John Hus* was guilty of no crime, either in word or action; even his Enemies, the Archbiſhop of *Prague*, and the Papal Inquiſitor, being Judges.

2. That he never preached or wrote any thing tending to Sedition: neither was there in fact any Sedition, much leſs inteſtine war in *Bohemia*, while he miniſtered there.

3. That his real fault, and his only one was, Oppoſing the Papal Uſurpations.

4. That this "moſt noble Prince" was a bigotted, cruel, perfidious Murderer, and that the Fathers of the Council deſerve the ſame praiſe, ſeeing they urged him to embrue his hands in innocent blood, in violation of the public Faith, and extolled him to the ſkies for ſo doing. And ſeeing they have laid it down as a maxim, That the moſt ſolemn promiſe, made to a Heretic, may be broken.

But

But ſays Mr. *O'L.* "This regards the peculiar caſe of Safe-conducts granted by Princes to Heretics." If you mean, They took occaſion from a particular Caſe, to eſtabliſh a General Rule; this is true. But what then? If the public Faith with Heretics may be violated in one inſtance, it may be in a thouſand. "But can the Rule be extended farther?" It may; it muſt; we cannot tell where to ſtop. Away then with your witticiſms on ſo awful a ſubject. What, do you ſport with human blood? I take burning men alive to be a very ſerious thing. I pray, ſpare your Jeſts on the occaſion.

But you have another plea. "*Sigiſmund* only promiſed to guard him from any violence in *going to* the Council." Why this was juſt nothing. What man in his wits would have moved a ſtep upon ſuch a promiſe as this? "But this was all it was in his power to do." It was not. It was in his power to have told the Council, "My own Honour, and yours, and that of the Empire are at ſtake. I will not upon any account ſuffer the public Faith to be violated: I will not make myſelf infamous to all generations. My name ſhall not ſtink to all future ages. I will part rather with my Empire, with my Life." He could have taken *John Hus* out of their hands, and have ſent him ſafe to his own Country. He would have done it, had he been an honeſt man; had he had either Honour or Conſcience. I aſk Mr. *O'L.* would not *you* have done it, had you been in *Sigiſmund's* place? If you ſay "No," a Proteſtant ought not to truſt you, any more than he would truſt a wild Bull.

I am afraid, this is the caſe; for you ſtrangely add, "It was nugatory in *Sigiſmund*, to grant him a Safe-conduct. For neither King nor Emperor could deprive the Biſhops of their right of judging" (add, and of murdering Heretics.) It is plain, *Sigiſmund* thought he could, that he could ſcreen *Hus* from all dangers; elſe he had been both a fool and a knave to promiſe it: eſpecially by a public inſtrument which pledged his own Honour and that of the whole Empire for his ſafety.

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Now for flouriſh. "Thus the ſuperannuated Charge of *violation of faith with Heretics*"—No more ſuperannuated now, than it was, while *John Hus* was in the flames—"vaniſhes away."—No, nor ever will. It ſtill ſtares us in the face, and will do ſo, till another General Council publicly and explicitly repeals that infamous determination of the Council of *Conſtance*, and declares the burning of *John Hus* to have been an open violation of all Juſtice, Mercy and Truth. But flouriſh on! "The foundation then of Mr. *W*'s aërial fabric being ſapped"—Not at all—"The ſuperſtructure falls of courſe, and his long train of falſe and unchriſtian aſſertions."—What can this mean? I know of no *long train of aſſertions*, whether true or falſe! I uſe three Arguments and no more, in proof of one Concluſion.

"What more abſurd, than to inſiſt on a General Council's diſclaiming a Doctrine which they never taught?" They *did* teach it: and that not by the bye, not incidentally; but they laid it down as a ſtated rule of action, dictated by the Holy Ghoſt. I quote chapter and verſe. I ſay too, "See *L'Abbe's* Councils," printed at Paris, in 1672. Yea, and they were not aſhamed to publiſh this determination to all the Chriſtian world! And to demonſtrate their ſincerity therein, by burning a man alive. And this Mr. *O'L.* humourouſly compares, to the roaſting a piece of beef! With equal tenderneſs I ſuppoſe he would compare, the "ſinging the beards of Heretics," (that is, thruſting a burning furze-buſh in their face) to the ſinging a fowl before it was roaſted.

"It is ſufficient to diſclaim it, when it is fixt upon us." Then diſclaim it without delay; for it is fixt upon you, to all intents and purpoſes. Nay and you fixt it upon yourſelves, in every new Edition of the Councils: in all of which, this Council ſtands in *æternam rei memoriam*, and this very determination, without the leaſt touch of blame! It muſt therefore ſtand as an avowed Doctrine of the Church of Rome, That "Heretics ought to be condemned and executed, notwithſtanding

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ſtanding the moſt ſolemn aſſurances to the contrary:" in other words, That "*the public Faith, even that of Kings and Emperors, ought not to be kept with Heretics.*"

What ſecurity then for my life can any man give me, till he utterly renounces the Council of *Conſtance?* What ſecurity can any Romaniſt give a Proteſtant, till this Doctrine is publicly abjured? If Mr. *O'L.* has any thing more to plead for this Council, I ſhall follow him ſtep by ſtep. But let him keep his word, and "give a ſerious Anſwer to a ſerious Charge." "Drollery may come in, when we are talking of roaſting fowls;" but not when we talk of "roaſting men."

Would I then wiſh the Roman Catholics to be perſecuted? I never ſaid or hinted any ſuch thing. I abhor the thought: it is foreign to all I have preached and wrote for theſe fifty years. But I would wiſh the Romaniſts in *England* (I had no others in view) to be treated ſtill with the ſame lenity that they have been theſe ſixty years: to be allowed both Civil and Religious Liberty, but not permitted to undermine Ours. I wiſh them to ſtand juſt as they did, before the late Act was paſſed: not to be perſecuted or hurt themſelves; but gently reſtrained from hurting their Neighbours.

I am, Gentlemen, your obedient Servant,

JOHN WESLEY.

Cheſter, March 31, 1780.

SERMON IV.

On 1 JOHN v. 8.

For this purpoſe was the Son of God manifeſted, that he might deſtroy the works of the devil.

1. MANY eminent writers, Heathen as well as Chriſtian, both in earlier and later ages, have employed their utmoſt labour and art, in painting the beauty of Virtue. And the

the ſame pains they have taken, to deſcribe, in the livelieſt colours, the deformity of Vice; both of Vice in general, and of thoſe particular vices which were moſt prevalent in their reſpective ages and countries. With equal care they have placed in a ſtrong light, the happineſs that attends Virtue, and the miſery which uſually accompanies Vice, and always follows it. And it may be acknowledged, that treatiſes of this kind, are not wholly without their uſe. Probably hereby ſome on the one hand have been ſtirred up, to deſire and follow after Virtue, and ſome on the other hand, checked in their career of Vice; perhaps reclaimed from it, at leaſt for a ſeaſon. But the change effected in men by theſe means, is ſeldom either deep or univerſal. Much leſs is it durable: in a little ſpace, it vaniſhes away as the morning cloud. Such motions are far too feeble to overcome the numberleſs temptations that ſurround us. All that can be ſaid of the beauty and advantage of Virtue, and the deformity and ill effects of Vice, cannot reſiſt, and much leſs overcome and heal one irregular appetite or paſſion.

"All theſe fences, and their whole array,
One cunning boſom Sin ſweeps quite away."

2. There is therefore an abſolute neceſſity, if ever we would conquer Vice, or ſteadily perſevere in the practice of Virtue, to have arms of a better kind than theſe. Otherwiſe we may *ſee* what is right; but we cannot attain it. Many of the men of reflexion among the very Heathens, were deeply ſenſible of this. The language of their heart was that of *Medea*:

Video meliora proboque,
Deteriora ſequor.

How exactly agreeing with the words of the Apoſtle, (perſonating a man convinced of ſin, but not yet conquering it)

The good that I would, I do not; but the evil I would not, that I do. The impotence of the human mind, even the *Roman* Philoſopher could diſcover. "There is in every man, ſays he, this weakneſs; (he might have ſaid, this ſore diſeaſe,) *Gloriæ ſitis*, athirſt for glory. Nature points out the diſeaſe: but Nature ſhews us no remedy."

3. Nor is it ſtrange, that though they fought for a remedy, yet they found none. For they ſought it, where it never was, and never will be found, namely, in themſelves; in Reaſon: in Philoſophy: broken reeds! bubbles! ſmoke! They did not ſeek it in God, in whom alone it is poſſible to find it: in God! No; they totally diſclaim this: and that in the ſtrongeſt terms. For although *Cicero*, one of their Oracles, once ſtumbled upon that ſtrange truth, *Nemo unquam vir magnus ſine afflatu divino fuit*; (there never was any great man, who was not divinely inſpired.) Yet in the very ſame tract he contradicts himſelf, and totally overthrows his own aſſertion, by aſking, *Quis pro virtute aut ſapientiâ gratias dedit Deis unquam?* Who ever returned thanks to God for his Virtue or Wiſdom? The *Roman* Poet is, (if poſſible) more expreſs ſtill: who, after mentioning ſeveral outward bleſſings, honeſtly adds,

Hæa ſatis eſt orare Jovem, quæ donatet auferat:
Det vitam, det opes: Æquum mi animum ipſe parabo.

We aſk of God, what he can give or take:
Life, wealth: but virtuous I myſelf will make.

4. The beſt of them either ſought Virtue partly from God, or partly from themſelves; or ſought it from thoſe gods, who were indeed but devils, and ſo not likely to make their votaries better than themſelves. So dim was the light of the wiſeſt of men, till *life and immortality were brought to light by the goſpel; till the Son of God was manifeſted to deſtroy the works of the devil.*

But

But what are *the works of the devil* here mentioned? How was *the Son of God manifeſted*, to deſtroy them? And, how, in what manner, and by what ſteps, does he actually deſtroy them? Theſe three very important points we may conſider in their order.

I. And, firſt, what theſe works of the devil are, we learn from the words preceding and following the text. *We know that he was manifeſted, to take away our ſins*, ver. 5. *Whoſoever abideth in him, ſinneth not; whoſoever ſinneth, ſeeth him not, neither knoweth him*, ver. 6. *He that committeth ſin is of the devil; for the devil ſinneth from the beginning. For this purpoſe was the Son of God manifeſted, that he might deſtroy the works of the devil*, ver. 8. *Whoſoever is born of God, doth not commit ſin*, ver. 9. From the whole of this it appears, that *the works of the devil* here ſpoken of, are ſin and the fruits of ſin.

2. But ſince the wiſdom of God has now diſſipated the clouds which ſo long covered the earth, and put an end to the childiſh conjectures of men, concerning theſe things, it may be of uſe, to take a more diſtinct view of theſe *works of the devil*; ſo far as the oracles of God inſtruct us. It is true, the deſign of the Holy Spirit, was to aſſiſt our Faith, not gratify our curioſity. And therefore the account he has given in the firſt chapters of Geneſis, is exceeding ſhort. Nevertheleſs it is ſo clear, that we may learn therefrom whatſoever it concerns us to know.

3. To take the matter from the beginning, *The Lord God*, (literally *Jehovah, the Gods*; that is, One and three) *created man in his own image:* in his own *natural* image (as to his better part) that is, a Spirit, as God is a Spirit: endued with *Underſtanding*, which if not the eſſence, ſeems to be the moſt eſſential property of a Spirit. And probably the human ſpirit, like the angelical, then diſcerned Truth by intuition. Hence he named every creature as ſoon as he ſaw it, according to its inmoſt nature. Yet his knowledge was limited, as he was a

creature: ignorance therefore was inſeparable from him. But error was not: it does not appear that he was miſtaken in any thing. But he was capable of miſtaking, of being deceived, although not neceſſitated to it.

4. He was endued alſo with a *Will*, with various affections, (which are only the will exerting itſelf various ways,) that he might love, deſire and delight in that which is good; otherwiſe his underſtanding had been to no purpoſe. He was likewiſe endued with *Liberty*, a power of chuſing what was good, and refuſing what was not ſo. Without this, both the Will and the Underſtanding would have been utterly uſeleſs. Indeed without Liberty man had been ſo far from being a *Free-Agent* that he could have been no *Agent* at all. For every *unfree Being* is purely paſſive, not active in any degree. Have you a ſword in your hand? Does a man ſtronger than you ſeize your hand, and force you to wound a third perſon? In this you are no Agent, any more than the ſword: the hand is as paſſive as the ſteel. So in every poſſible caſe. He that is not free, is not an *Agent*, but a *Patient*.

5. It ſeems therefore, that every Spirit in the univerſe, as ſuch, is endued with *Underſtanding*, and in conſequence with a Will, and with a meaſure of *Liberty*: and that theſe three are inſeparably united, in every intelligent nature. And obſerve: *Liberty neceſſitated*, or over-ruled, is really no liberty at all. It is a contradiction in terms. It is the ſame as *unfree Freedom*: that is, downright nonſenſe.

6. It may be farther obſerved, (and it is an important obſervation,) that where there is no Liberty, there can be no Moral Good or Evil, no Virtue or Vice. The fire warms us, yet it is not capable of virtue; it burns us; yet this is no vice. There is no virtue, but where an intelligent being knows, loves and chuſes what is good: nor is there any vice, but where ſuch a being knows, loves and chuſes what is evil.

7. And God created man, not only in his *natural*, but likewiſe in his own *moral* image. He created him not only *in knowledge*,

knowledge, but alſo in righteouſneſs and true holineſs. As his underſtanding was without blemiſh, perfect in its kind, ſo were all his affections. They were all ſet right, and duly exerciſed on their proper objects. And as a free Agent, he ſteadily choſe whatever was good, according to the direction of his underſtanding. In ſo doing he was unſpeakably happy, dwelling in God and God in him, having an uninterrupted fellowſhip with the Father and the Son, through the eternal Spirit. And the continual teſtimony of his conſcience, that all his ways were good and acceptable to God.

8. Yet his liberty, (as was obſerved before) neceſſarily included, a power of chuſing or refuſing either good or evil. Indeed it has been doubted, whether man could then chuſe evil, knowing it to be ſuch. But it cannot be doubted, he might miſtake evil for good. He was not infallible; therefore not impeccable. And this unravels the whole difficulty of the grand queſtion, *Unde Malum?* "How came evil into the world?" It came from *Lucifer, ſon of the morning:* it was the *work of the devil. For the devil*, ſaith the Apoſtle, *ſinneth from the beginning*; that is, was the firſt ſinner in the univerſe: the author of ſin; the firſt being, who, by the abuſe of his liberty, introduced evil into the creation.

He, "of the firſt,
"If not the firſt Arch-angel,"

was ſelf-tempted to think too highly of himſelf. He freely yielded to the temptation, and gave way firſt to Pride, then to Self-will. He ſaid, *I will ſit upon the ſides of the North: I will be like the moſt High.* He did not fall alone: but ſoon drew after him a third part of the ſtars of heaven: in conſequence of which, they loſt their glory and happineſs, and were driven from their former habitation.

9. *Having great wrath*, and perhaps envy at the happineſs of the creatures whom God had newly created, it is not ſtrange,

ſtrange, that he ſhould deſire and endeavour to deprive them of it. In order to this, he concealed himſelf in the Serpent, who was *the moſt ſubtil*, or intelligent, of all the brute creatures, and on that account, the leaſt liable to raiſe ſuſpicion. Indeed ſome have (not improbably) ſuppoſed, that the ſerpent was then endued with Reaſon and Speech. Had not Eve known he was ſo, would ſhe have admitted any parley with him? Would ſhe not have been frighted, rather than *deceived?* (as the Apoſtle obſerves ſhe was.) To deceive her, Satan mingled truth with falſehood: *Hath God ſaid, ye may not eat of every tree of the garden?* And ſoon after perſuaded her to diſbelieve God, to ſuppoſe his threatening ſhould not be fulfilled. She then lay open to the whole temptation; to *the deſire of the fleſh*; for the tree was *good for food:* to *the deſire of the eyes*; for it was *pleaſant to the eyes*; and to *the pride of life*; for it was *to be deſired to make one wiſe*; and conſequently honoured. So Unbelief begot Pride. She thought herſelf wiſer than God, capable of finding a better way to happineſs than God had taught her. It begot Self-will: ſhe was determined to do her own will, not the will of him that made her. It begot fooliſh Deſires, and compleated all by outward Sin: *She took the fruit, and did eat.*

10. She then *gave to her huſband and he did eat.* And *in that day*, yea that moment he *died.* The life of God was extinguiſhed in his ſoul. The glory departed from him. He loſt the whole moral image of God, righteouſneſs and true holineſs. He was unholy; he was unhappy: he was full of ſin, full of guilt and tormenting fears. Being broke off from God, and looking upon him now as an angry Judge, *he was afraid.* But how was his underſtanding darkened, to think he could *hide himſelf from the preſence of the Lord, among the trees of the garden?* Thus was his ſoul utterly dead to God! And in that day his body likewiſe began to die: became obnoxious to weakneſs, ſickneſs, pain: all preparatory to the death of the body, which naturally led to eternal death.

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

Some

Some Account of Mr. DUNCAN WRIGHT.

[Wrote by himſelf.]

I Was born, May 1736, in the Kirktown of *Fortingale*, near the river *Lyon*, and not far from the lovely banks of the "Soft winding *Tay*," *Breadalbin*, *Perthſhire*.

I claim kindered to the *Stuarts*, *M'Donalds*, and *M'Gregor's* families; perhaps more famed in ſtory for martial exploits, than for any extraordinary attainments in religion.

It might have been better for me to have had a hardy, Highland education; but of this I was deprived by the removal of my Parents to *Edinburgh*, when I was very young. Here I had the beſt education my Father could give me, who was my only Schoolmaſter. He was eſteemed a pretty good ſcholar; but I doubt knew little of the life and power of religion. Yet he prayed with us at times, made us learn the *Aſſembly's* Shorter Catechiſm, and took care of us to the beſt of his knowledge. I loſt him early, which was a loſs indeed! For my Mother being too eaſy and indulgent, let us have our own way, which led us to all the follies and ſins we were capable of. I do not remember that any creature took any pains to inſtruct me till I was near twenty years of age; but old *Lady D.* of *Preſton-Field*, who at times, adviſed me as well as ſhe could. And yet the the Lord did not leave me without drawings from above: for having a bookiſh inclination, I read, and wept very often till my head ached, and hardly knew what ailed me. Only I wanted to be a Chriſtian, and to be eaſy and happy, but knew not how. Had any

living

living Chriſtian taken a little pains to inform me, I doubt not but I ſhould have embraced the proffers of mercy long before I did. Indeed I never felt any ſpirit of oppoſition to religion and religious perſons. For as I had neither the form nor the power of religion myſelf, I knew I had little reaſon to ſpeak an unkind word of thoſe, that had any appearance of either.

I was from my infancy feeble and tender: yet having many relations in the army, no employment would reliſh with me but a ſoldier's life; hence my Mother never could prevail with me to follow any regular buſineſs, and this expoſed me to vain and wicked company. Yet having ſome tenderneſs of conſcience left, repenting and ſinning, reſolving and breaking through my reſolutions, made my life a wearineſs indeed. So, in order to be happy, I reſolved to ſee the world in a military life. Hence I enliſted, the latter end of 1754, into the tenth regiment of foot. None of my friends knew what was become of me, till I wrote to my Mother from *Limerick*, in *Ireland*. My Mother being infirm, did not ſurvive this long; ſhe died the ſpring following: and I fear my diſobedience, haſtened her departure. An awakened conſcience will ſmart, firſt or laſt, for this ſin, among others, ſtubbornneſs and diſobedience to parents. So did mine, for the day I enliſted, I thought, now I have done for ſoul and body: for I could form no conception how a ſoldier could be religious.

In the Summer of 1755, we encamped near the city of *Caſhell*, eight regiments of foot, and two of horſe, where *William Coventry*, a Corporal in the *Royal Scotch*, frequently preached. I heard him once, and felt nothing but a kind of wonder at his courage in preaching among ſuch a ſet as we were. I little thought, that in leſs than four years, I ſhould be engaged in the ſame work in another camp.

We returned to *Limerick* for winter-quarters, where I began to conſider, (as the ſoldiers had then a great deal of leiſure time in the winter,) how I ſhould paſs my tedious moments;

ments; I could play at cards, and other games, (then common among the ſoldiery, but now happily ſuppreſſed,) but I ſeldom liked my company. For though I could ſwear ſometimes, yet I could not reliſh ſo much of it, as they were addicted to. I therefore bought and borrowed all the plays, novels, and romances, I could lay my hands upon: reading late and early. And my reading had this effect, at leaſt, that it kept me out of worſe diverſions, and gave my mind a turn above ſuch intemperance and lewdneſs, as were too common in men of my rank.

At laſt an old ſoldier, in the ſame barrack-room with me, found fault with me for ſpending my time, and ſpoiling my eyes, in reading ſuch traſh. I thought, I will ſhew you I can read religious books as well as others. But I had none of my own. I borrowed two from one of our ſoldiers. One of them was the *Marrow of modern Divinity*, which being wrote by way of dialogue, attracted my attention; and before I read it half through, I was *truly*, though *gently* convinced, that I was a loſt ſinner, and that Chriſt was all I wanted to make me eaſy, ſatisfied, and happy.

Now it was that a deep ſenſe of my time, youth, and health, ſpent in ſin and folly; my ingratitude to God, the beſt of fathers; my ſlighting of Chriſt ſo long, and grieving the bleſſed Spirit, melted my heart, and made my eyes a fountain of tears. I awoke as from a dream, and ſaw all about me, like the men of *Sodom*, blind and groping about for happineſs; or aſleep, with ſtorms of wrath ready to burſt upon their heads. The immediate conſequence was; a diſtaſte to all my books and diverſions. I exchanged them for religious tracts: and, having a praying heart, it ſoon found a praying place; for as I had no place of retirement in my room, I found a covered battery on the Caſtle wall. This ſoon became my cloſet; and when on guard, I uſed to cover my head with my watch-cloak, and ſtopping my ears with my fingers, ſpent many a happy moment in converſe with God, weeping and making ſupplication.

Although I now forſook, in a ſenſe, all for Chriſt, yet there was, at times, ſuch a mixture of ſerioufneſs and levity, that ſome might conclude I had no tincture of the fear of God. But my trifling in the day, made me often water my couch with tears at night. But I had none to guide me, I did not know a man, among ſeven hundred, that had any knowledge of ſuch a work as I now felt in my mind.

There was one indeed, who I thought muſt have ſomething in him, becauſe he was ſober, and read good books. But when I began to tell a little of what I felt, I found him an entire ſtranger to every thing of the kind. However, the Lord made up the want of chriſtian-fellowſhip, by ſending me ſuch books, from time to time, as ſurprizingly ſuited my caſe; particularly *Allein's Alarm*, which proved of wonderful ſervice to me. Among his directions for Converſion, he adviſes the reader to enter into covenant with God; a form of which he has there given. I took the advice, ſet apart a day of faſting, and prayer, wrote the covenant and ſigned it, and it was not long before the Lord ſhewed me he did not deſpiſe the day of ſmall things.

There was a Society of *Methodiſts* in the town, but I knew them not; and when I did, they were ſuch objects of univerſal contempt, that I hardly knew what to make of them; however the laſt night of this year, I ventured to go, and heard Mr. *Oddie*. I likewiſe began the year 1756 with them, and from that time never miſſed an opportunity of hearing, morning and evening.

I think it was in April this year, that the Lord juſtified me by his grace. I uſed to ſpend all my time in bed, while awake, in weeping and prayer; and it was in one of theſe weeping nights, that in an inſtant the Lord brought me out of darkneſs into his marvellous light. I did not know then what to call it; but its effects were many, I found an uncommon concern for the ſouls of the ſoldiers; and the ſight of a *Methodiſt* uſed to ſet my heart on fire with love. Yet for half a year

a year, not a ſoul of them ſpoke a word to me, though I ſometimes threw myſelf in their way. For, much did I long to be acquainted with them, but my ſhyneſs was ſuch, that I could not break through to ſpeak to them.

Mr. *John Weſley*, and Mr. *Thomas Walſh*, made us a viſit this ſummer; and O, what a heaven upon earth did I feel in hearing them! and yet I could not ſpeak to them for my life. At length, that ſerious man, Mr. *Thomas Seccombe*, took notice of me, and when he was about to leave *Limerick*, deſired *Sidney Hoey*, (a mother in Iſrael ſhe was to me and many of the ſoldiers,) to get acquainted with me. She brought me to her houſe, and the ſame day to a Claſs-meeting, which was a day of gladneſs to me; for I had often found *Solomon's* words fulfilled, *Woe to him that is alone when he falleth.* For when I fell into perplexities and temptations, I had no one to help me; but now I found the real benefit of having fellowſhip with a loving people.

Part of 1757 and 58, I ſpent at *Dublin*, and found their fellowſhip there, alſo of very great ſervice. The Preachers were lively and faithful lovers of diſcipline. The Society retained much of their ſimplicity and teachableneſs, and were in a good degree prepared for the bleſſed revival which followed ſome time after, under Mr. *John Manners*.

It was of uncommon advantage to me to be among the *Methodiſts*, at a time, when both the Preachers and people loved all our diſcipline, and practiſed it. I ſaw the bleſſed conſequences; for few cared to ſtay among us, but ſuch as retained their fervour for the whole of Religion. Falſe brethren eſpecially were ſoon tired, and went to the *Independents*, *Anabaptiſts*, or *Moravians*. But with great ſimplicity we uſed to crowd to the Sacrament at St. *Patrick's* in *Dublin*; or the Cathedral, at *Limerick*, every Sabbath. Theſe were happy times to me; for although I was bred a Preſbyterian, (if I was bred any thing,) yet the love of God threw down the walls of partition, and made me love to be there, where I

found moſt of the people of God. I ſoon ſaw our Plan to be more noble than any poor, narrow diſſenting Scheme whatever, as intending the good of thouſands and tens of thouſands, in the great bodies of the eſtabliſhed Churches; and I am ſtill convinced, that our preſent ſituation is infinitely better calculated for general good than the beſt planned Separation that can be conceived.

[*To be continued.*]

An Extract from the DIARY *of Mrs.* BATHSHEBA HALL.

[*Concluded from page* 311.]

SEPTEMBER 3. My ſpirit ſtill gaſps for deeper union with Thee, my God and my All! Whither ſhould thy indigent creature flee, but to thy bleſſed ſelf?

" My fluttering heart fatigues my breaſt,
And ſwells and ſpreads abroad,
And pants for everlaſting reſt,
And ſtruggles into God?"

Saturday, May 2. All this week I have had little time for prayer, and none for writing. Yet on Monday evening, the holy fire I felt, ſeemed almoſt to conſume me. Afterwards I was deſired to attend a Prayer-meeting. As I was going, my ſpirit ſpread itſelf too wide for all below. As I entered, one who uſed vehemently to oppoſe it, was crying to God for full deliverance from ſin. All my ſoul was engaged in mighty prayer for him. And we were anſwered with a ſhower of love.

Since Wedneſday morning I have been ſorely buffeted with grievous accuſations. But the Lord hath been my ſupport.

port. The more we labour to ſhake Satan's kingdom, the more will he labour to diſtreſs us.

Tueſday 5. I ſee more than ever, I am not called to pleaſe myſelf, but others, for their good to edification. Here are a few that are much athirſt for God: my ſpirit is much knit to them. I intended to have gone this evening, to a Prayer-meeting; but was prevented. Even our beſt intentions are often to be ſacrificed to God.

Wedneſday 13. The Lord is reviving his work at *Bedminſter*. I feel my ſoul much engaged in it. And yet I tremble, leſt I ſhould not be diligent therein. I know, I muſt improve my Lord's talent. I had rather be obſcure. But I dare not. O my God, help me to fight thy battles!

Sunday, Nov. 15. Infinite Source of Good! I adore thee: thou haſt put on me the garment of Self-abaſement. I feel the Life-Divine infuſed. The holy fire conſumes my very ſpirit. O may I this day be more deeply baptized into thy death!

Dec. 10. How ſhall I praiſe thee, thou Ocean of Mercies! Many and great have been my ſpiritual conflicts. But thou haſt been my ſtrength, my confidence, and my glory!

Thurſday 17. The Lord ſent one of his dear children to me, who found pardon laſt winter, but was now in deep diſtreſs through inbred ſin, and longed for deliverance. I read her my own experience. While I was reading, my ſoul was overwhelmed with the power of God. We went to prayer. She was ſhook as over the mouth of hell. She cried out, "I am juſt like Satan. It is not poſſible, God ſhould ſave ſuch a wretch as *me*." For ſome time ſhe continued in a deep agony. We wreſtled with God about an hour. God then began to ſhine upon her ſoul. I then left her alone: and her light and love gradually increaſed till we parted. The next day ſhe came again; and while we were pouring out our ſouls in prayer, the Lord came down as a mighty ruſhing wind, and filled her ſoul with himſelf.

Sunday

Sunday 27. I have this day ſeen ſeven and twenty years. But have been alive to God ten years only. Glory be to God that I was created for a noble purpoſe, and that in ſome ſmall degree I have anſwered it! O that from this day I may be more entirely conſecrated to thee than ever!

January 12, 1773. Surely the Lord is my defence. Amidſt many cloſe trials among falſe brethren, it is He that keeps my ſoul. I find only the Spirit of Love and Prayer, for thoſe that deſpitefully uſe me. I am called to very deep ſufferings for others. I feel myſelf offered up as in ſacrifice for them. Yeſterday it ſeemed I could give up my life for them. I went to bed with my mind much oppreſt for ſeveral. In the night the Lord ſpoke, "Shall the prey be taken from the mighty, or the lawful captive be delivered? Thus ſaith the Lord, even the captives of the mighty ſhall be taken away, and the prey of the terrible ſhall be delivered. For I will contend with him that contendeth with thee, and I will ſave thy children." I know the perſons particularly referred to. I believe, O my God, thou wilt ſave them.

Feb. 16. The Lord was ſo powerfully preſent at the Room, that I thought my ſpirit muſt take its flight. But O what did I feel for many, who I fear, are drawing back to perdition? O Eternity! Who that is not like thee, O God, can grapple with Eternity? Lord, thou ſeeſt my labouring ſoul! Let me meet them at thy right hand!

April 24, 1775. Lord, ſupport me while I behold my own vileneſs! Ah! why do I cumber the ground? What is man! A bubble upon the wave! A mere nothing and vanity! But how immenſely am I, thy poor creature, indebted to thy bounty? I need not deſcend into the deep to find thee, O thou Saviour of men! Yet, I will deſcend into the depths of thy love, and ſilently adore!——The language of my ſoul is,

"Weary

" Weary world, when will it end,
Deſtined to the purging fire?
Fain I would to heaven aſcend;
Thitherward I ſtill aſpire!
Saviour, this is not my place!
Let me die to ſee thy face!"

A ſhort Account of Mrs. S——: extracted from the Rev. Mr. Weſley's Journal.

IN the evening, [Monday October 24, 1743,] the houſe at *Grimſby* not being able to contain one fourth of the congregation, I ſtood in the ſtreet, and exhorted every prodigal to *Ariſe and go to his father.* One or two endeavoured to interrupt; but they were ſoon ſtilled by their own companions. The next day, one of the town promiſed us the uſe of a large room. But he was prevailed upon to retract his promiſe, before the hour of preaching came. I then deſigned going to the Croſs; but the rain prevented: ſo that we were a little at a loſs, till we were offered a very convenient place, by *a woman who was a ſinner.* I therefore declared *Him* (about one o'clock) whom God *hath exalted,* to give repentance and *remiſſion of ſins.* And God ſo confirmed the word of his grace, that I marvelled any one could withſtand him.

However, this *Female-Prodigal* held out till the evening, when I enlarged upon the ſins and faith of her who *waſhed* our Lord's *feet with tears, and wiped them with the hairs of her head.* She was then utterly broken in pieces (as indeed, was well nigh the whole congregation) and came after me to my lodging, crying out, "O Sir! *What muſt I do to be ſaved?*" Being now informed of her caſe, I ſaid, "Eſcape for your life.

life. Return inſtantly to your huſband." She ſaid, "But how can it be? Which way can I go? He is above a hundred miles off. I have juſt received a letter from him; and he is at *Newcaſtle upon Tyne*." I told her, "I am going for *Newcaſtle* in the morning. You may go with me. *William Blow* ſhall take you behind him." And ſo he did. Glory be to the Friend of ſinners! He hath plucked one more brand out of the fire.——Thou poor ſinner, thou haſt received a prophet in the name of a prophet: and thou art found of him that ſent him.

Wedneſday 26. We ſet out at ſix. During our whole journey to *Newcaſtle*, I ſcarce obſerved her to laugh or even ſmile once. Nor did ſhe ever complain of any thing, or appear moved in the leaſt with thoſe trying circumſtances which many times occurred in our way. A ſteady ſerioufneſs or ſadneſs rather appeared in her whole behaviour and converſation, as became one that felt the burthen of ſin, and was groaning after ſalvation. In the ſame ſpirit, by all I could obſerve or learn, ſhe continued during her ſtay at *Newcaſtle*. Not long after, her huſband removed from thence, and wrote to her to follow him. She ſet out in a ſhip bound for *Hull*. A ſtorm met them by the way. The ſhip ſprung a leak. But though it was near the ſhore, on which many people flocked together, yet the ſea ran ſo exceeding high, that it was impoſſible to make any help. Mrs. *S.* was ſeen ſtanding on the deck, as the ſhip gradually ſunk: and afterwards hanging by the hands on the ropes, till the maſts likewiſe diſappeared. Even then, for ſome moments, they could obſerve her floating upon the waves, till her cloaths, which buoyed her up, being thoroughly wet, ſhe ſunk—I truſt, into the ocean of God's mercy.

An Extract from A SURVEY *of the* WISDOM *of* GOD *in the* CREATION.

On RESPIRATION.

RESPIRATION is performed by receiving the air into the lungs, and breathing it out alternately. In the former, the cavity of the breaſt is enlarged, by the ſinking of the diaphragm, and the erection of the ribs, through the force of the muſcles placed between them. In the latter, it is contracted, the diaphragm riſing and the ribs falling again. Whenever the cavity of the breaſt is enlarged, the air by its weight, naturally preſſes into it, and mixing with the blood in the veſicles of the lungs, makes it more fluid, globular and fit for motion. Air is likewiſe abſolutely neceſſary in the body, to counter-act the preſſure of the outward air.

But if the blood in the lungs of a fœtus has not the advantage of reſpiration, it receives a portion of air, tranſmitted with its mother's blood by the umbilical veſſels, to be diffuſed through the body. This is quite neceſſary, as appears hence: tie the navel ſtring very tight, and the child dies, like a man ſtrangled.

One uſe of reſpiration is, to puſh the blood from the right to the left ventricle of the heart. Hence it is, that perſons ſtrangled ſo ſuddenly die, becauſe, with reſpiration, the circulation of the blood ceaſes. And this is the true cauſe of the diaſtole of the heart: the weight of the incumbent atmoſphere, being the true antagoniſt to all the muſcles, that ſerve both for inſpiration and the contraction of the heart. As in the elevation of the ribs, a paſſage is opened for the blood into the lungs, ſo in the depreſſion thereof, by the ſubſiding of the lungs and compreſſion of the blood-veſſels thereby, the blood is driven through the pulmonary vein, into the left ventricle of the heart. And this, together with the general compreſſion of the body, by the weight of the atmoſphere, is that power

which cauſes the blood to mount in the veins, when the force impreſt on it by the heart is nearly ſpent, and which forces the heart itſelf from its natural ſtate of contraction, to that of dilation.

When in an ordinary expiration, the preſſure on the larynx is two ounces, the preſſure on the whole internal ſubſtance of the lungs, is 14412 pounds. So vaſt is the extent of the ſurface of the veſicles, on which it was neceſſary the blood ſhould be ſpread in the fineſt capillary veſſels, that each globule of blood might as it were immediately receive the whole force of the air, and thereby be broken into ſmaller parts, fit for ſecretion and circulation.

And hence we ſee the reaſon for the ſtructure of the lungs. For ſince all the blood is to paſs through them, in order to receive the effect of the air, and that this could not be done, unleſs it were diffuſed in very ſmall veſſels: it was neceſſary the ſurface on which they were to be ſpread, ſhould be proportioned to their number. And this is admirably well provided for, by the fabric of the lungs.

If the diameter of the trachea at the time of every expiration were the ſame in all, and the weight of the air always equal, the preſſure on the lungs would be always the ſame. But as the difference between its leaſt and greateſt gravity, is no leſs than a tenth part of the whole, that preſſure is likewiſe greater by a tenth part at ſome times than it is at others.

This is a difference which the Aſthmatic muſt ſenſibly feel; eſpecially as they breathe thicker, that is, every expiration is performed in leſs time. In truth, theſe feel a difference in the air, upon the greateſt riſe and fall of the barometer, equal to above one third of its preſſure in ordinary breathing.

The alternate dilation and contraction of the Thorax are ſo neceſſary to animal life, that there is no animal life without this, or ſomething analogous to it. Fiſhes and inſects have no dilatable Thorax. But fiſhes have gills, which receive and expel the water alternately, whereby the blood-veſſels ſuffer

the

the ſame alterations of dimenſion as thoſe in our lungs do. And inſects have air-veſſels diſtributed through the whole trunk of their bodies. By theſe they communicate with the external air through ſeveral vent-holes, to which are faſtened ſo many wind-pipes, which ſend branches to all parts, and ſeem to accompany the blood-veſſels all over the body, as they do in our lungs only. And hereby in every inſpiration the whole body is dilated, and in every expiration compreſſed.

But may it not be doubted, whether the primary end of reſpiration, be not to ſupply the whole animal machine with the ethereal fire, a particle of which is connected with every particle of air? Is not this detached from it by the action of the lungs, and thence communicated to every part of the body? And is not this the true vital flame, the original ſource of life and motion?

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

An extraordinary inſtance of the goodneſs of divine Providence to Mr. DAVID ANDERSON, *Miniſter at Walton upon Thames, ejected by the Bartholomew Act*, 1662.

THIS good man, ſoon after his ejectment, croſſed the ſeas, went into *Zealand*, and ſettled at *Middleburgh*, with his wife and five ſmall children. Having no employment, he ſoon conſumed the little money he had carried over with him; owed a year's rent for his houſe, and was reduced ſo as to want bread: yet ſuch was his modeſty, that he knew not how to make his caſe known in a ſtrange country. In this condition, after he had been one morning at prayer with his family, his children deſired ſome bread for their breakfaſt: but having none, nor money to buy any, they all burſt into tears. In this caſe, the bell at the door rung; and Mrs. *Anderſon* went, in a mean habit, to ſee who was there. The perſon that rung the bell, aſked for the miſtreſs: ſhe anſwered, that her name

was *Anderſon*. Here, ſays he, a gentleman has ſent you this paper, and will ſend you ſome proviſions preſently. When they had opened the paper, they found forty pieces of gold in it. The meſſenger went away, without telling his name, or whence he came. Soon after, came a countryman with a horſe load of fleſh, fiſh, herbs, and bread, yea, and of all things neceſſary. Neither did he tell them from whence they came; nor did they know to their dying day who it was. But Mr. *John Quick* (from whoſe memoirs this account is taken) being, in 1681, Paſtor of the *Engliſh* Church at *Middleburgh*, came accidently to the knowledge of the whole matter. For being at the country-houſe of *Mijn Heer de Koning*, a magiſtrate of that city, and happening to mention that ſtory, *M. de Koning* told him that he was the perſon that carried the gold from *Mijn Heer de Hoſte*, a pious merchant of that place, with whom he was then an apprentice. He added, that *Mijn Heer de Hoſte*, obſerving a grave *Engliſh* Miniſter walk the ſtreets frequently, with a dejected countenance, enquired privately into his circumſtances, and apprehending he might be in want, ſent him the gold by *M. de Koning*, and the proviſions by his country ſervant, ſaying, "God forbid, that any of Chriſt's Ambaſſadors ſhould be ſtrangers, and we not viſit them; or in diſtreſs, and we not aſſiſt them!" But he expreſsly charged both his ſervants to conceal his name. This relief, beſides preſent proviſion, enabled Mr. *Anderſon* to pay his debts: and he could not help communicating this inſtance of the great goodneſs of God, to his friends and acquaintance. This coming to the ears of *M. de Hoſte*, he afterwards found a ſecret way of paying Mr. *Anderſon's* rent for him yearly; and conveying to him beſides, ten pounds ſterling every quarter; which he managed ſo as that he never could or did know his benefactor. *M. de Koning* kept the whole matter ſecret, as long as his maſter lived, but thought himſelf at liberty to give this account after his death.

Upon the death of Mr. *Spang*, Miniſter of the *Engliſh* Church at *Middleburgh*, Mr. *Anderſon* was unexpectedly choſen in his ſtead. When the meſſenger came from the church to acquaint him with it, his wife was ſo overborne with joy at the goodneſs of God, in providing them a fixed and honourable maintenance, that it threw her into a fever, of which ſhe died. Mr. *Anderſon* in ſome time grew ſickly, and died alſo in March 1677. The Lords of the city became guardians to the five orphans which he left behind him. The famous *Anna Maria Schurman* took one of his daughters, and two other *Dutch* gentlewomen the two others, and became mothers to them. And the unknown benefactor continued his kind offices to them all. *M. de Hoſte* took his two ſons under his own charge, and by his laſt Will bequeathed a good portion to each of his daughters. He ordered that the eldeſt ſon, who was very pious, ſhould be brought up a ſcholar, and ſettled upon him ſixty pounds per annum ſterling, for his education at one of their univerſities, where he afterwards died of a conſumption; and appointed the youngeſt to be bound apprentice, and when he ſhould be out of his time, to receive ſixty pounds ſterling, to begin the world with. So wonderful a Providence attended this pious Confeſſor, and his children after him.

A plain Account of Kingſwood School, near Briſtol.

1. IT was remarked concerning one of our Poets, "Whenever he wrote, he ſeemed to take it for granted, that whatever he underſtood himſelf, all his Readers would underſtand." But this miſtake is not peculiar to Mr. *Dryden*: I have fallen into it abundance of times: ſuppoſing, becauſe the thing was ſo plain to *me*, it muſt be ſo to all mankind. I have fallen into it particularly, with regard to the School, ſometime

ſometime ſince begun in *Kingſwood*. I have long taken it for granted, that it would be quite ſufficient, to publiſh the bare Rules of that School, and to ſet down ſimply the Method therein purſued, in as few words as poſſible. I ſuppoſed the Reaſons whereon thoſe Rules were grounded, were not only ſo ſtrong, but ſo obvious, that every perſon of common underſtanding, muſt diſcern them as well as myſelf. However, after above twenty years trial, I am convinced, this was a ſuppoſition not to be made. What is as clear to *me*, as the ſun at noon-day, is not ſo clear to every one. At length therefore I judged it needful, to enlarge a little, upon the nature of that Inſtitution; to lay down the *grounds* of thoſe Rules, and the *Reaſons* of what is peculiar in our Method.

2. About forty years ago, one or two tracts upon Education fell into my hands, which led me to conſider the Methods purſued in that great School, wherein I had been educated, and in ſuch others as were in the higheſt repute, particularly thoſe in and near *London*. I ſpent many thoughts on the ſubject, and frequently converſed upon it, with ſome of the moſt ſenſible men I knew. A few years after, I had an opportunity of enquiring, concerning ſome of the moſt celebrated Schools in *Holland* and *Germany*. But in theſe, as well as our own, I found a few particulars, which I could not approve of.

3. One regarded the *ſituation* of them, which itſelf ſeemed a circumſtance of ſome importance. The very moſt of them were placed in a great town; perhaps in the principal town in that country. The inconveniences which naturally attended this, were more eaſy to be diſcovered than removed. The children, whenever they went abroad, had too many things to engage their thoughts, which ought to be diverted as little as poſſible, from the objects of their learning. And they had too many other children round about them, ſome of whom they were liable to meet every day; whoſe example, (perhaps their advice too) would neither forward them in Learning, nor Religion.

Religion. I ſay, neither Learning, nor *Religion*. For if we have any Religion ourſelves, we certainly deſire, that our children ſhould have ſome too. But this they are not likely either to have, or retain, if they converſe promiſcuouſly with the children in a great town.

4. The *promiſcuous admiſſion* of all ſorts of children into a great School, was another circumſtance I did not admire. Are children likely (ſuppoſe they had it) to retain much Religion in a School where all that offer are admitted, however corrupted already, perhaps in principle (though that is not quite ſo frequent) as well as practice? And what wonder, when (as frequently happens) the parents themſelves have no more Religion than their ungodly offspring. It may be, they do not deſire to have any of their family infected with the plague of Virtue. A Gentleman removed his ſon, then at *Weſtminſter* School, from boarding with my eldeſt Brother, for teaching him the Catechiſm: telling him, "Sir, I do not want my ſon, to learn Religion, but *Latin* and *Greek*."

5. But this is no common fault: generally Heathen Parents may meet with *Heathen Schoolmaſters*: a third inconvenience in many Schools is, the Maſters have no more Religion than the Scholars. And if they have little or no Religion themſelves, we may be well aſſured, they will give themſelves little trouble about the Religion of the children, that are committed to their care. Every part of the nation abounds with Maſters of this kind: men who are either uninſtructed in the very Principles of Chriſtianity, or quite indifferent as to the practice of it, *caring for none of theſe things*. Conſequently they are nothing concerned, whether their ſcholars are Papiſts or Proteſtants, Turks or Chriſtians, they look upon this as no part of their buſineſs; they take no thought about it.

6. But it is not only with regard to inſtruction in Religion, that moſt of our great Schools are defective. They are defective likewiſe (which is a fourth Objection) with regard to *Learning*; and that in ſeveral reſpects. In ſome, the children are

are taught little or no *Arithmetic*; in others, little care is taken even of their *Writing*. In many, they learn ſcarce the Elements of *Geography*, and as little of *Chronology*. And even as to the Languages, there are ſome Schools of note, wherein no *Hebrew* at all is taught. And there are exceeding few, wherein the ſcholars are thoroughly inſtructed, even in the *Latin* and *Greek* tongues. They are not likely to be; for there is a capital miſtake, in their very method of teaching. The *Books* which they read are not well choſen, not ſo much as with regard to *Language*. The Language of them is not *Standard*; not even in the *Latin*. Were even this circumſtance duly conſidered, would *Eutopius* or *Lucias Florus* have any place among them? "O, but I want to give a ſketch of the *Roman* Hiſtory." And cannot you do this much better by *Engliſh* Authors? Cannot you give the marrow of *Roman* Hiſtory, without ruining their ſtile by bad *Latin*?

But the *Senſe* too of the Authors read in many Schools, is as imperfect as their Language. And this betrays an inexcuſable negligence in thoſe who teach theſe empty Books. For there is no neceſſity for it. It is well known, there are excellent, both *Greek* and *Roman* Authors, who excel them as much in ſtrength of Underſtanding, as in purity and elegance of Stile.

Again. In moſt Schools little judgment is ſhewn, in the *Order* of the Books that are read. Some very difficult ones are read in the lower Claſſes, *Phædru's Fables* in particular. And ſome very eaſy ones are read long after, in utter defiance of common ſenſe.

[*To be continued.*]

An ARIAN ANTIDOTE.

ARIAN Principles, if *true*, ſhut all men out of heaven, by denying the Saviour's Divine nature, and Atonement; ſeeing *All have ſinned, and are* guilty *before God*, Rom. iii. 19.

And

And a created being—*can by* no means *redeem his brother, nor give to God a ranſom for him*, Pſal. xlix. 7.

Hebrews i. v, 6, 7, it is written, *When he* (the Father) *bringeth in the firſt-begotten into the world, he ſaith, Let all the Angels of God worſhip him*—ſince, *Thy throne O God, is for ever and ever.* Hence Reaſon concludes that Chriſt is eſſentially God; or all the Angels of God (who diſobey not his command) are idolaters.

The Oracles of God declare, *All manner of ſin and blaſphemy* (againſt the Father and the Son) *ſhall be forgiven to men; but blaſphemy againſt the Spirit ſhall not be forgiven.* Hence Reaſon, "infallible Reaſon!" infers, If either is greateſt in the adorable Trinity, it is God the Holy Ghoſt.

But greater or leſſer in Infinity, is not; inferior Godhead ſhocks our ſenſe; Jeſus was *inferior to the Father, as touching his Manhood*, John xiv. 28. He was a *Son given, and ſlain, intentionally, from the foundation of the world*, Rev. xiii. 8. *And the firſt-born from the dead, of every creature*, Col i. 15. 18.

But *Our Redeemer from everlaſting*, Iſa. lxiii. 16, had not the inferior name of Son: *In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, from eternity, and the Word, made fleſh, was God; and dwelt among us*, John i. 14. x. 30. And as it was in the beginning, ſo after his aſcenſion, *His Name is called, The Word of God*, Rev. xix. 13. *He who is, and who was, and who cometh—He that liveth, and was dead, and is alive for evermore, ſaith, I am Alpha, and Omega, the Firſt and the Laſt, the Lord God Almighty*, Iſa. xliv. 6. Rev. i. 5. 8. 18.

Immanuel declares to unbelieving earth; *There are Three that teſtify above*; (co-equal Majeſty in heaven!) *The Father, Word, and Holy Ghoſt, are One*, 1 John v. 7. 10.

PHILANTHROPY.

[*A* FRAGMENT, *by Mr.* Charles Perronet.]

Great peace have they that love thy law. Pſalm cxix. 165.

In unfeigned love to *all*,
With godly jealouſy over *ſome*,
With fervent deſire to *eſtabliſh*
Or *reſtore*,
The Author preſents theſe Goſpel truths.

The humble will hear thereof and be glad.

The CONTENTS.

1. GOD is unchangeable.
2. Creation and Redemption have one deſign.
3. The Old and the New Teſtament teſtify for Holineſs.
4. The Goſpel was at firſt conſidered as a means of reſtoring the image of God.
5. Simon Magus the firſt Chriſtian, (ſo called,) that oppoſed the Law.
6. The firſt (real) Chriſtians bore witneſs againſt Antinomianiſm.
7. The unity of the Chriſtian Faith.
8. Unconditional Decrees crept into the Church in the fifth Century: and from that time the Antinomian poiſon deſtroyed bad and good.
9. The Church of Rome adopted *Auguſtine* for their prime Father; hence the Reformers were Predeſtinarians.
10. Count

10. Count *Zinzendorf* the firſt that could make Antinomianiſm acceptable to good men, without the doctrine of the Decrees.
11. The late revival of Religion: (Strictures on the chief Inſtruments.)
12. The injury it received from Predeſtinarians and Antinomians.
13. Their preaching corrupts the very ſcum of the people.
14. (Strictures on Matt. v. 42.)
15. Their Methods of ſeducing.
16. Three melancholy inſtances.
17. The bondage Preachers were under through the Calviniſts.
18. Mr. *Sellon* refutes the doctrine of Unconditional Decrees.
19. Mr. *Weſley* firſt broke through, and teſtified the plain truth.
20. The oppoſition that was raiſed.
21. Mr. *Fletcher* overthrows Antinomianiſm.
22. The perſecution that it brought upon him.
23. An Extract from him, called *Archophis.*
24. The Antinomian rage that followed.
25. The methods the Antinomians have recourſe to, when they have too openly expoſed themſelves.
26. The Papiſts uſe the ſame methods to make proſelytes.
27. The affinity between Antinomians and Papiſts.
28. The worſt Chriſtians preferable to Pagans. But Antinomians are no Chriſtians.
29. The proofs of Revelation are ſuch as leave the Deiſts without excuſe.
30. Eight capital Apoſtaſies from the Chriſtianity of the firſt Ages.
31. Strictures on the *French* Prophets and *Romiſh* Fraternities.
32. A Sect of Mahometans recommended to the conſideration of Antinomians.

Cambridge 436

LETTERS.

LETTER CLXIX.

[From Miſs B. to the Rev. Mr. Weſley.]

April 17, 1761.

Dear Sir,

IF we continue to cry, God will ſurely hear and anſwer with abundant bleſſing. But we have indeed need to watch and pray. There is ſomething very amazing in the whole affair of our intercourſe with each other: we ſhall underſtand it better in eternity. Inſtead of reaſoning about theſe things, I can now look to Jeſus. Yet I think we ſhould uſe much ſelf-denial, with regard both to our thoughts, words and actions. Then every thought, as often as it comes into our mind, may drive us afreſh to Jeſus; and as it were ſound in our ears, "Cleave to Jeſus! Behold the Lamb of God!" And if we ſo uſe every thought of each other, we ſhall have reaſon to bleſs God we ever met. May he preſerve you from cleaving to any creature! It is not eaſy to deſcribe the pangs which a ſoul that cleaves to any thing muſt ſuffer, before it is entirely healed.

There is ſomething in the account you give of yourſelf which quite ſtruck me. Had you been in my heart, you could not have deſcribed it more exactly. A little while before God bleſſed my ſoul, I felt juſt what you ſpeak of: only Satan was buſier, and ſin ſtrove much more in me, than it ſeems to do in *you*. Sometimes I thought, I had loſt my deſire, and ſeemed to be quite faint. At other times, when the bleſſing was held out to me, Satan ſaid, "Nay, but you can never receive it till that idol is taken out of your heart." This would throw me into bitter anguiſh; and what gave an edge to his fiery darts was this, I felt my will was not given up. One day mentioning

tioning this to *Molly Mulford*, ſhe ſaid, "Caſt it all away. Only come to Chriſt juſt as you are, and plead, Lord, I *would* love thee;" and whether you feel it or not, he will hear." Her words were accompanied with a wonderful power. And you know the bleſſing I found them.

Do *you* ſeem to be a great way off? You are not out of God's reach: not farther from being healed than the man covered with leproſy was, the moment before Chriſt ſaid, "I will; be thou clean!" Jeſus hath joined the glory of the Father, and the anſwer of your prayers in one, for in this is his Father glorified, that you bear much fruit. And will he not care for his own glory! I had not only nothing in me that I liked, but all that I diſliked: a heart bowing down under a weight of ſin. But what was all that to Jeſus? *All* diſeaſes he heals as well as *one*. He does not expect you to bring him *fruit* in order to fetch the *root*. All you want he will give with a new heart: all he aſks of you is, to *claim your right*. Do you ſeek a ſacrifice beſide? O, he is all-ſufficient! And he has paid the full debt both for actual and original ſin. By his ſtripes you are healed. And why ſhould you be without the bleſſing any longer? It is his will, that from the time you read this, you ſhould never ſin againſt him any more. Now believe, and his blood ſhall ſo flow over your ſoul, that no ſpot ſhall be found there. He will keep your heart, as with a garriſon, that it ſhall never open to any thing but his love. There needs but one grain of Faith, and the mountains ſhall be removed. You now believe, your ſins cannot condemn you: that he has taken away the guilt. Only believe, he who loved you in your ſins, will keep you from moment to moment.

You cannot help your great abundance of buſineſs. But you do not ſerve a hard Maſter. And I am ſure, he loves your ſoul as well as your body. Now he *has* ſtrengthened that, according to your day. And he will ſupply your ſoul with ſtrength, to ſtand and praiſe him even in the fire.

I rejoice

I rejoice that you have time for retirement: though I believe you find the ſame trial I have done. Whenever I went to pray, I felt as if a ſwarm of devils had ſurrounded my ſoul: ſo that I could only ſay in broken ſentences, "Lord, I can do nothing. If thou force me to be ſaved, well: if not, I muſt periſh." All you ſay of your wanting deſire and earneſtneſs, I can ſtill ſay, with regard to a farther bleſſing, that of having my whole mind, fixt on God, as well as my whole heart, I want that conſtant, uninterrupted intercourſe with God, which *Lopez* ſpeaks of when he ſays, that for thirty ſix years he had never diſcontinued one moment, making an act of love with all his ſtrength. For want of this, I do not keep quite clear of idle reaſonings. I never had a clear, *abiding* witneſs, that I was ſaved from ſin. But I feel my ſoul hangs on Jeſus, and I do believe he will keep me for ever. And my peace is more ſolid than it was at firſt, and my ſoul ſeems more ſunk into God. But what I judge more by, is the change I feel: my one deſire is to do his will: and I feel nothing but love to every creature, let them uſe me well or ill. My love to God (glory be to his name) does not decline, and my acquaintance with him grows deeper and deeper. But I am hindered ſtill by wandring thoughts. O pray for me, and ſtir up all you can, to ſeek all my Saviour has to give, till all his dear will be accompliſhed.

I am yours, &c.

M. B.

LETTER CLXX.

[From Mrs. H. H——n, to the Rev. Mr. Weſley.]

December 28, 1761.

Rev. Sir,

I Neither have, nor deſire to have a Witneſs, that "Sin never will enter more." My everlaſting life depends upon, patiently continuing in well-doing. I have learnt to

count

count it all joy, when I fall into divers temptations. But I am neither preſerved in, nor delivered out of temptation, without uſing every means. I ſhould be ſorry to let a ſentence eſcape me, without examining, what is my end in ſpeaking? Without this, when by more light I am made ſenſible, "Such things might have been done or ſaid better," I ſhould feel great trouble, if not condemnation. I feel great love to Jeſus Chriſt; but when I think of God the Father, I can find nothing but boundleſs inconceivables. Many unneceſſary things are preſented to my imagination. But as ſoon as they appear to be ſuch, I can as eaſily diſmiſs them, as I can move may hand. I am now looking for the power to follow that excellent advice:

"Let all your geſtures fixt attention draw,
And wide diffuſe infectious awe.
Preſent with God by recollection ſeem,
Yet preſent by your chearfulneſs with men."

I am yours, &c.

H. H———n.

LETTER CLXXI.

[*From the ſame.*]

January 20, 1762.

Rev. Sir,

I Am far from believing, that looking back upon an hour's converſation to be loſs of time. Beſide the Spirit of Judgment which I continually exerciſe, I have many ſolemn ſeaſons of Examination, in which I diſcover many things which might have been ſaid or done much more to the purpoſe.

poſe. My reaſon for this exerciſe, is, I know I am very liable to deviate from the path, in which, by grace, I am enabled to walk. Were I incapable of this, I too might poſſibly imagine ſeaſons of Self-examination to be uſeleſs.

I have a hope full of immortality, which is as an anchor, both ſure and ſtedfaſt. 'Tis long ſince I had the ſhadow of a doubt of my final Acceptance with God. But yet I cannot ſay that I am ſealed to the Day of Redemption.

I am not ſenſible of any decay in the love of God; and 'tis the delight of my ſoul to keep his commandments. My happineſs is augmented or impaired, as the Cauſe of God proſpers or not.

Though I am poſſeſt of every natural paſſion, 'tis long ſince I felt a deſire, inordinate either in kind or degree. It is the chief deſire of my heart, to improve what I have received, till all the faculties of my ſoul, are not only *regulated*, but *ſtrengthened* and *confirmed*.

I am yours, &c.

H. H———n.

LETTER CLXXII.

[*From the ſame.*]

May 12, 1762.

Rev. Sir,

I Have been brought extremely low by a Fever, by which I often loſt the command of my thoughts. My ideas were extremely wild, and my head ſometimes turned. I felt much weakneſs, wearineſs and pain, but nothing contrary to full Reſignation; being ſenſible (when I had the uſe of my Reaſon,) that all would work together for good.

If by being "always happy," you mean, am I ever unhappy, I anſwer in the Negative. But I am far from believing

lieving, the whole of Chriſtianity lies in rejoicing and praiſing God. Did we but rightly divide our time, we ſhould find ſeaſons too for weeping and lamentation.

My thoughts are employed upon various ſubjects, and it requires great care, to go ſo far, and no farther. But I ſtill find, if at any time the ſubject of my meditation appears unneceſſary, I can as eaſily divert my ideas, as I move my hand.

I am yours, &c.

H. H———n.

LETTER CLXXIII.

[From Mrs. E. M———n, to the Rev. Mr. Weſley.]

Potto, March 11, 1762.

Dear Sir,

ON May 3, 1757, one was ſpeaking of two perſons that were made perfect in love. While he ſpoke, God ſaid to my heart, "This is what thou wanteſt: without it thou canſt not be happy." From that day my convictions were exceeding great. And though for near two years and a half, I had enjoyed the pardon of all my ſin, conſtant power over outward ſin, and a daily ſenſe of the love of God ſhed abroad in my heart; yet I ſaw and felt ſuch a myſtery of iniquity within me, which made me groan as the worſt creature living. Often did I reaſon whether the Lord was able or willing to deliver my ſoul? But I believed, "He has done this for many. He *may* do it even for *me*." For two years I continued mortifying my paſſions, and uſing every ordinance of God. Then, as I was hearing his word, one Sunday, I found my heart affected in an uncommon manner. And on a ſudden my ſpirit was taken up on high, and ſurrounded with God. What

I then ſaw, it may not be expedient to utter, though whether in the body or out of the body I could not tell. I afterward found ſuch a deep and humble thankfulneſs as I cannot declare. For ſix weeks I felt no evil move in my heart, nor could any temptation touch my ſpirit. But yet I was not ſatisfied that the Lord had renewed my heart. I then deſired him to diſcover whatever there was in me contrary to his will. In a few days he did: as I was in ſecret prayer, he withdrew the veil, and let me ſee ſuch a depth of unbelief, as for ſome time overwhelmed my ſpirit. For many days I could not pray, nor read. I then threw myſelf before him, deſiring of him, that if there was any way for my eſcape, he would ſhew it me. Before I roſe, I felt thoſe words, *The God of peace ſhall bruiſe Satan under thy feet ſhortly.* I then found power to pray, to read the Scripture, and to watch my heart in every motion. But I ran into an extreme: by too great abſtinence I threw myſelf into a Fever. Satan then ſuggeſted, "It cannot be till the point of death, and it may be, not then neither." But the Lord ſtrengthened me by thoſe words, *I have ſet before thee an open door, and none can ſhut it.* I found great reſignation, yet continually cried, *As the hart panteth for the water-brook, ſo panteth my ſoul after thee, O God.* On a ſudden, my ſpirit was taken up as before, and ſurrounded with the arms of Love, ſealing on my heart, "Thou art the redeemed of the Lord: I will make thee all-glorious within." Immediately I ſaw ſuch a light within me, as ſwept away all darkneſs. I found ſuch power to believe, and ſuch a change paſs upon me, as I cannot declare. But in a ſhort time it was ſuggeſted, It is impoſſible for Satan to tempt any whom God has renewed. Being ſo ignorant, and having no inſtructer, I readily believed this; and cried out, "Lord, let me not reſt a moment, till thou haſt indeed renewed my ſoul." Again his Spirit bore witneſs, "Thou *art* renewed:" but I was afraid of deceiving myſelf. And ſoon the Enemy darted, "Thou haſt thrown away his grace, and there is no mercy for thee."

I cannot

I cannot tell what I then felt for ſix weeks. My ſpirit was torn with temptation every moment. My Fever returned, and on the third of March, 1760, I was brought to extremity. Satan enforced upon me, "Where is thy Deliverer now? Thy deſires are vain. There is no hope for body or ſoul. Thou wilt loſe thy Reaſon; die in Deſpair; diſhonour the Cauſe of God; and ſhame his people." I cried out, "Lord, will it be ſo!" I gave ſoul, body, and all things to the Lord. Self was ſlain. My Fever was taken away: and every motion of my ſoul was only, "Thy will be done."

I remained a few hours with a ſtrong impreſſion, "Thou art going to reſt on the boſom of Love." It was then that Jeſus appeared more glorious than the ſun at noon-day: giving me power to believe and to receive him for my All, with ſuch a weight of love as pen cannot deſcribe. He ſpoke into my heart, *Be thou holy:* and *I have ſprinkled thee with clean water* and *thou ſhalt be clean.* The ſcripture I was before delivered by, was now again ſealed upon my heart: and he united me to himſelf with thoſe words, *I will never leave thee, nor forſake thee.* I found his Spirit bearing witneſs in the cleareſt manner, that the work was done. My heart ſhouted, "Victory! Glory to Jeſus! Let all that he has created, praiſe him for ever!"

I have ever ſince, to this day, found a clear witneſs that the Lord has made an end of Sin, and brought his pure Righteouſneſs into my heart. But I wonder he looks upon *me!* I find ſuch weakneſs and ignorance, in all I ſay, or do, or write, that I am apt to think, I had better do nothing. But I ſee an unſpeakable depth of Holineſs, Glory, and Love in Jeſus! I want to be all Spirit, and ſtand every moment in the full ſunſhine of his Love!

I am continually watched, and almoſt daily perſecuted for the Cauſe of God. I often ſtand in the front of the battle, to bear the buffetings of men and devils. I want inſtruction.

Teach me wherein I have done, or do amiſs. Pray for me. May our dear Lord ſtrengthen and ſettle you and me, with all his weight of Love!

I am yours, &c.

E. M——n.

POETRY.

St. *CECILIA's* HYMN.

[*By Dr. Byron.*]

OH! born of a Virgin, moſt lowly and meek,
Thou, ſent of thy Father, loſt creatures to ſeek;
Vouchſafe, in the manner that pleaſeth thee beſt,
To kindle thy love in my virginal breaſt.
Let the words of my mouth, and the thoughts of my heart,
Obey the ſweet force which thy grace ſhall impart;
Whilſt Angels aſſiſt me to offer my Vows
To the God of my life, my Redeemer and Spouſe.

My life I eſteem, O Creator divine,
As a loving impreſſion out-flowing from thine;
As an act of thy bounty, that gives us a part
Of the Light, Love, and Glory, my God, which thou art.
May I always as little thy pleaſure oppoſe,
As the pure, ſimple Nature from whence I aroſe;
And *by* thee, and *for* thee, created, fulfil
In thought, word, and deed, thy adorable Will.

By this bleſſed Will, howſoever made known,
With a dutiful joy will I govern my own;

And

And deaf to all tempting inchantments of ſin,
I will hearken to thee, my Redeemer within.
Thy words will I ponder by night and by day,
And the light of thy goſpel ſhall mark out my way;
Till at length I arrive at the honour I claim,
To live like a Virgin, baptizèd in thy Name.

FROM THE OLNEY COLLECTION.

Pleading for mercy. Pſal. vi.

IN mercy, not in wrath, rebuke
Thy feeble worm, my God!
My ſpirit dreads thine angry look,
And trembles at thy rod.

Have mercy, Lord, for I am weak,
Regard my heavy groans;
O let thy voice of comfort ſpeak,
And heal my broken bones!

By day my buſy, beating head
Is filléd with anxious fears;
By night, upon my reſtleſs bed,
I weep a flood of tears.

Thus I ſit deſolate and mourn,
Mine eyes grow dull with grief;
How long, my Lord, ere thou return,
And bring my ſoul relief?

O come and ſhew thy powèr to ſave,
And ſpare my fainting breath;
For who can praiſe thee in the grave,
Or ſing thy Name in death?

Satan,

Satan, my cruel, envious foe,
Inſults me in my pain;
He ſmiles to ſee me brought ſo low,
And tells me, hope is vain.

But hence, thou enemy, depart!
Nor tempt me to deſpair;
My Saviour comes to chear my heart,
The Lord has heard my prayér.

INSCRIPTION *near a* SHEEP-COT, 1745.

SHEPHERD, wouldſt thou here obtain
Pleaſure unalloyéd with pain?
Joy that ſuits the rural ſphere?
Gentle Shepherd! lend an ear.

Learn to reliſh calm delight,
Verdant Vales, and Fountains bright;
Trees that grow on ſloping hills,
Caves that echo tinkling rills.

If thou canſt no charm diſcloſe
In the ſimpleſt bud that blows;
Go, forſake the plain and fold,
Join the crowd, and toil for gold.

Tranquil pleaſures never cloy;
Baniſh each tumultuous joy:
All but Love—for love inſpires
Fonder wiſhes, fiercer fires.

Love and all its joys be thine——
Yet, ere thou the reins reſign,

Hear

Hear what Reaſon ſeems to ſay,
Hear attentive, and obey.

" Crimſon leaves the Roſe adorn,
But beneath them lurks a Thorn:
Fair and flowéry is the Brake,
Yet it hides the vengeful Snake.

Think not ſhe, whoſe empty pride
Dares the fleecy garb deride;
Think not ſhe, who light and vain
Scorns the Sheep, can love the Swain.

Artleſs deed, and ſimple dreſs,
Mark the choſen Shepherdeſs;
Thoughts by decency controléd,
Well conceivéd, and freely told.

Senſe that ſhuns each conſcious air,
Wit that falls ere well aware;
Genréous pity prone to ſigh,
If her Kid or Lambkin die.

Let not Lucre, let not Pride,
Draw thee from ſuch Charms aſide?
Have not thoſe their proper ſphere?
Gentler paſſions triumph here.

So to ſweeten thy repoſe,
The bloſſom buds, the fountain flows;
Lo! to crown thy healthful board,
All that milk and fruits afford.

Seek

Seek no more——the reſt is vain;
Pleaſure ending ſoon in pain:
Anguiſh lightly gilded o'er;
Cloſe thy Wiſh and ſeek no more."

SHORT HYMNS.

John ix. 4. *The night cometh when no man can work.*

MOST ſenſibly, O Lord, I know,
My night of death approaches faſt;
My time for work, my courſe below,
Is in another moment paſt:
O then cut ſhort thy work of grace,
This moment finiſh it in me,
And let the next conclude my race,
And bring me to my goal and thee.

John xviii. 20. *In ſecret have I ſaid nothing.*

O Might I like Jeſus be!
Foe to guile and ſecreſy,
Walk as always in his ſight,
Free and open as the light!
Jeſus, Lord, to me impart,
The true nobleneſs of heart,
The unfeigned ſimplicity,
The pure mind which was in thee.

THE Arminian Magazine,

For AUGUST 1781.

Of ELECTION; tranſlated from SEBASTIAN CASTELLIO'S *Dialogues, between* Lewis *and* Frederic.

DIALOGUE II.

Lewis. YOU gave me your ſentiments before dinner, my dear Frederic, on *Predeſtination*; and I acknowledge that you have ſatisfied my doubts on that point. I could now wiſh that you would treat of *Election* alſo, and clear up to me as well ſuch difficulties as have already been curſorily mentioned, as thoſe which may occur as we go on. *Fred.* I am very ready to give you every inſtruction on this head, that God will enable me, my dear Lewis. And to this purpoſe, tell me, in a few words, what opinions your Teachers entertain concerning *Election*. *Lewis.* They ſay that all men, without exception, are damned in *Adam*; but that of

theſe, ſome are choſen unto ſalvation through Chriſt, that he may heal them; and this they term *Election*. Whereas the reſt are ſuffered to remain in evil and in their original ſtate of damnation; which is called *Rejection* or *Reprobation*. And this doctrine they explain by the following ſimile. A Phyſician enters a houſe in which there are many ſick perſons, of whom he cures ſeveral, and that without fee or reward. For this voluntary goodneſs, thoſe that are healed are certainly much beholden to the Phyſician, and return him thanks. The others, on the contrary, he does not heal; yet as he was under no obligation to do ſo, they have no reaſon to complain. In like manner, thoſe who are ſaved, are indebted to God; whilſt thoſe who are excluded from the ſame benefit, have no right to murmur, as God cannot owe any thing to man. *Fred.* Compariſons are undoubtedly of great ſervice towards conveying inſtruction, if they are proper and applicable. But on the other hand, they lead to error, if they are inapplicable or miſapplied. Let us therefore examine the propriety of this you have produced, leſt there be any fallacy in it. I would in the firſt place aſk you, whether the Phyſician was ſo ſkilful as to *be able* to cure all the ſick? *Lewis.* Yes; we believe him to be ſo. *Fred.* Is he merciful likewiſe? *Lewis.* Moſt certainly; for it is mercy alone that prompts him to heal any. *Fred.* Why then does he not cure them all? *Lewis.* He does not chuſe it. *Fred.* But, my dear Lewis, if you was that Phyſician, and it was in your power to heal all the ſick in the houſe, would you not do it? Why do you heſitate? *Lewis.* You puſh me too cloſe. However, if I muſt anſwer, I certainly would. *Fred.* At that rate you would be more merciful than he is. *Lewis.* I ſhould. *Fred.* Behold then the impropriety of the compariſon. For by it, a Phyſician who has but little mercy is compared to God, or to Chriſt, who is all merciful. This Phyſician, therefore, could not ſay, "Come unto me all ye that are ſick, and I will heal you;" whereas our Saviour proclaims aloud "Come unto me, all

ye

ye that labour and are heavy-laden, and I will give you reſt," Matt. xi. 28. *Lewis.* But we ourſelves, though mercifully inclined, if we happen to fall in with a troop of beggars, give only to ſome of them. *Fred.* This is through want of ability; for had we as much money as we wiſhed to have, and were truly merciful, we ſhould aſſiſt them all. Now the power of God, by which he heals the ſick, is ſo far from being exhauſted, as our purſes are; that it is inexhauſtible and infinite. Hear therefore a more juſt compariſon. A ſkilful, and at the ſame time, a merciful Phyſician enters a houſe, full of ſick perſons, and declares that he will cure all thoſe who will take his medicine. Some do take it, and are cured. Whilſt others refuſe to take it, becauſe it is bitter, and conſequently are not cured. From whence we may thus argue; this Phyſician is both able and willing to heal them all; why then does he not do it? The anſwer is plain; becauſe they will not all take the medicine he preſcribes; without which it is impoſſible they ſhould be cured. We may ſay the ſame of Chriſt. He came into the world to cure all men of their ſins; and at the ſame time he is able to do it. But he preſents them with a bitter medicine, to wit, Self-denial. Some rejecting this medicine, are not healed; whilſt others who take it are. It may be ſaid of Chriſt likewiſe, that he is both able and willing to cure them all; why then doth he not do it? Becauſe, not only the Phyſician muſt perform *his* part, but the ſick *theirs* alſo: which if they will not do, they cannot be healed. In order clearly to underſtand what *Election* is, let us examine the parable of our Saviour, concerning thoſe that are invited to the wedding; in which he ſpeaks expreſsly of the Elect. "A certain King made a marriage for his ſon, and ſent forth his ſervants to call them that were bidden to the wedding: and they would not come. Again, he ſent forth other ſervants, ſaying, Tell them which are bidden, Behold, I have prepared my dinner: my oxen and my fatlings are killed, and all things are ready: come unto

the marriage. But they made light of it, and went their ways, one to his farm, another to his merchandiſe: and the reſt took his ſervants and entreated them ſpitefully, and ſlew them. But when the King heard thereof, he was wroth: and he ſent forth his armies, and deſtroyed thoſe murderers, and burnt up their city. Then ſaid he unto his ſervants, The wedding is ready, but they which were bidden are not worthy. Go ye therefore into the high-ways, and as many as ye ſhall find, bid to the marriage. So thoſe ſervants went into the high-ways, and gathered together all, as many as they found, both bad and good: and the wedding was furniſhed with gueſts. And when the King came in to ſee the gueſts; he ſaw there a man which had not on a wedding-garment: and he ſaid unto him, Friend, how cameſt thou in hither, not having a wedding-garment? And he was ſpeechleſs. Then ſaid the King to the ſervants, bind him hand and foot, and take him away, and caſt him into outer darkneſs." Matt. xxii. 2—13. Thus runs the parable; and after Chriſt had ſpoken it, he adds, verſe 14, "*For many are called, but few are choſen.*" You here ſee the whole doctrine of Election. But to underſtand it more clearly, anſwer me in order. Was it the will of the King, who invited the gueſts to the wedding, that they ſhould come; or did he only diſſemble? *Lewis.* Certainly it was his will that they ſhould come, otherwiſe he would not have invited them. *Fred.* Was it his will that they ſhould kill his ſervants? *Lewis.* By no means, or elſe he would not have puniſhed them. *Fred.* Again; when he ordered that his ſervants ſhould invite to the wedding whomſoever they found, was it his will that they ſhould *all* come to it? *Lewis.* Without doubt. *Fred.* And likewiſe that they ſhould have on wedding-garments? *Lewis.* Certainly; or he would not have puniſhed the man that had not on a wedding-garment. *Fred.* And what does the Lord mean when he ſays, "*Many are called, but few are choſen?*" Whom does he mean by the choſen? *Lewis.* Thoſe who came with wedding-garments on.

on. *Fred.* Does then the Election depend on the wedding-garment? *Lewis.* Undoubtedly. *Fred.* What then is this wedding-garment? *Lewis.* Faith working by love; or the new man, which is put on through Faith; the old one being firſt put off. *Fred.* Let us now recapitulate the whole, not according to the letter, but the ſpirit of it. By the King, is meant God; who firſt invited the Hebrews unto his kingdom, by his Prophets. Now, when God invited them, was it his will that they ſhould enter into his kingdom; or did he diſſemble only? *Lewis.* It was his will: or why did he invite them? *Fred.* Was it likewiſe his will that they ſhould kill his Prophets? *Lewis.* God forbid. *Fred.* Again, when Chriſt commanded his Apoſtles to preach the goſpel to every creature, was it his will that all thoſe to whom the goſpel was preached by them, ſhould be ſaved; that is, that having put off, through Faith, all carnal affections, they ſhould put on the new man, which is created after God? *Lewis.* It was. *Fred.* You ſay right; for why would he have commanded, if it had not? Or why was he wroth at the diſobedient? But to proceed. Their election then depends on that wedding-garment, which is the new man put on by the faithful. *Lewis.* It is ſo. *Fred.* We ſhall conclude then that thoſe are choſen who put on Chriſt; and that Election depends on nothing elſe; as St. *Paul* ſays in the following paſſage: *If ye through the Spirit mortify the works of the Fleſh, ye ſhall live.* *Lewis.* It ſeems indeed to be ſo; but if ſo, Election was not from all eternity, but follows the Calling. Whereas it is written, *That we are choſen before the foundation of the world, that we might be holy.* Whereas, according to this, God ſeems to have choſen us, not that we *might be* holy, but becauſe we *are* holy. *Fred.* Your obſervation is juſt. Conceive then the thing thus. Let us ſuppoſe that the King we ſpeak of, reaſoned thus with himſelf, before he invited the gueſts unto the wedding: "I will call ſome certain men unto the wedding, namely, ſuch and ſuch a perſons, &c. and

and ſhould theſe refuſe coming, I will order, that whoſoever ſhall be indiſcriminately met with, ſhall be invited. Further, ſhould any one of theſe come in with a defiled garment, I will have him caſt into outer darkneſs, and retain the reſt. Now, at the time the King was thus reaſoning with himſelf, did he not firſt chuſe ſuch and ſuch men unto the wedding? *Lewis.* Yes. *Fred.* But did he chuſe them in reality, or only intentionally? *Lewis.* Intentionally. *Fred.* Did he make any diſtinction in chuſing them? *Lewis.* He did; for he choſe ſome certain ones, and not every one promiſcuouſly. *Fred.* But when he afterwards determined to call whoſoever ſhould be found in the way, did he not then intentionally chuſe them? and that, not as he had choſen the former, but without any diſtinction? *Lewis.* Yes. *Fred.* Conſequently they all were choſen before the wedding. *Lewis.* They were intentionally, but not in fact. For the King had determined to retain none at the wedding, but thoſe who ſhould have a wedding-garment on. *Fred.* Thus thoſe who had the wedding-garment on, were both in fact, and intentionally, choſen before the wedding, and that without diſtinction. *Lewis.* They were. *Fred.* Conceive then the ſame of God. Before the foundation of the world, God purpoſed thus: "I will create man to inhabit paradiſe, and be bleſſed. Should he deviate from Righteouſneſs, (without which he cannot be bleſſed,) I ſhall ſend down to earth a heavenly doctrine, by which he may learn Righteouſneſs, that he may recover his happy ſtate: and I will teach it firſt to one *Abraham*, whom I will chuſe out of the nation of the *Chaldeans*; and I will teach it to his poſterity likewiſe. If they will not obey it, I will ſend my Son, with a greater power to teach them. And if they will not obey him, I will command, that all nations without diſtinction be taught; and that thoſe, who being called, would not obey, be puniſhed; whilſt I ſubſtitute the reſt in their ſtead. Now tell me, do you think that, (ſpeaking after the manner of men,) this was God's purpoſe and decree? *Lewis.* I do. *Fred.* Has he

he not then, when the offspring of *Abraham* had rejected the offered salvation, chosen all men without distinction; since Christ says, *Preach ye the gospel unto every creature?* *Lewis.* It seems so.

Fred. Therefore the true doctrine of Election stands thus: in the beginning, God did in fact chuse a few, namely, the seed of *Abraham*, unto his heavenly kingdom; but afterwards, the party-wall being broken down through Christ, that is, the distinction between the Jews and the other Nations being abolished, he has chosen unto his heavenly kingdom, all men who were fallen in *Adam*. For the benefits of Christ must needs spread as far as *Adam's* sin, otherwise he could not with propriety be called, "The Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world." Neither could it be said, that "Where sin abounded, grace did much more abound." For if Christ was unable to save every one whom *Adam* destroyed, the grace of Christ would be overcome by the sin of *Adam*. Therefore all men, to whom the gospel is preached, are chosen in Christ unto salvation. Not indeed in fact, (for they could not be chosen in fact before they existed,) but by God's intention from all eternity. Since that intention and decree, on which the first salvation of all depends, may be called an Election from all Eternity.

St. *Paul* speaks of this Election, when he says, *We were chosen before the foundation of the world.* And lest you should be offended at my saying, that those who are elected in Christ, are not elected in fact, until they are taught, consider what St. *Paul* says to the *Ephesians*, chap. ii. 11, 12, *Remember that ye being in times past Gentiles in the flesh, who are called Uncircumcision by that which is called the Circumcision in the Flesh, made by hands; that at that time ye were without Christ, being aliens from the commonwealth of Israel, and strangers from the Covenants of Promise, having no hope, and without God in the world.* Now, if they were without Christ, strangers from the Covenants of Promise, and without God in the world, they

they were not chosen in fact: but only then when they had learned of Christ. Again; observe the following words, Romans ix. 25. *I will call them my people, which were not my people, and her beloved, which was not beloved.* Now if we were in fact chosen before the foundation of the world, we were always God's people, and never could have been called with truth, not his people. And yet St. *Paul* here shews that we were not his people, but now are become his people. Whence it appears, that we are then only chosen in fact, when we are called unto Christ. As on the contrary, the Jews were then only in fact rejected, when they had rejected Christ; so that they who were formerly God's people, are now no longer the people of God.

[*To be continued.*]

SERMON IV.

On 1 JOHN iii. 8.

[*Concluded from page* 366.]

II. SUCH are *the works of the devil*, Sin and its fruits, considered in their order and connexion. We are in the second place to consider, How *the Son of God was manifested*, in order to *destroy* them.

2. He was manifested as the only-begotten Son of God, in glory equal with the Father, to the inhabitants of heaven, before and at the foundation of the world. These *morning-stars sang together*, all these *sons of God shouted for joy*, when they heard him pronounce, *Let there be light*; *and there was light*; when he *spread the North over the empty space*, and *stretched out the heavens like a curtain*. Indeed it was the universal belief of the ancient Church, that God the Father

Father none hath ſeen, nor can ſee: that from all eternity, he hath dwelt in light unapproachable: and it is only in and by the Son of his Love, that he hath at any time revealed himſelf to his creatures.

2. How the Son of God was manifeſted to our firſt parents in paradiſe, it is not eaſy to determine. It is generally, and not improbably ſuppoſed, that he appeared to them in the form of a man, and converſed with them face to face. Not that I can at all believe the ingenious dream of Dr. *Watts*, concerning "The glorious humanity of Chriſt," which he ſuppoſes to have exiſted before the world began, and to have been endued with, I know not what aſtoniſhing powers. Nay, I look upon this, to be an exceeding dangerous, yea, miſchievous hypotheſis; as it quite excludes the force of very many ſcriptures, which have been hitherto thought to prove the Godhead of the Son. And I am afraid it was the grand means of turning that great man aſide from the faith once delivered to the ſaints: that is, if he was turned aſide, if that beautiful ſoliloquy be genuine, which is printed among his poſthumous works, wherein he ſo earneſtly beſeeches the Son of God, not to be diſpleaſed, "Becauſe he cannot believe him to be co-equal and co-eternal with the Father."

3. May we not reaſonably believe, it was by ſimilar appearances that he was manifeſted in ſucceeding ages, to *Enoch*, while he *walked with God*; to *Noah* before and after the deluge; to *Abraham*, *Iſaac*, and *Jacob* on various occaſions; and to mention no more, to *Moſes*. This ſeems to be the natural meaning of the word; *My ſervant Moſes is faithful in all my houſe. With him will I ſpeak mouth to mouth, even apparently, and not in dark ſpeeches, and the ſimilitude of Jehovah ſhall he behold*; namely, the Son of God.

4. But all theſe were only types of his grand manifeſtation. It was in the fulneſs of time (in juſt the middle age of the world, as a great man largely proves,) that God *brought his*

firſt-begotten into the world, made of a woman, by the power of the Higheſt overſhadowing her. He was afterwards manifeſted to the ſhepherds; to devout *Simeon*; to *Anna* the propheteſs; and to *all that waited for redemption in Jeruſalem.*

5. When he was of due age for executing his Prieſtly Office, he was manifeſted to Iſrael, *preaching the goſpel of the kingdom of God, in every town, and in every city.* And for a time he was glorified by all, who acknowledged, that he *ſpake as never man ſpake*; that he *ſpake as one having authority*, with all the wiſdom of God, and the power of God. He was manifeſted by numberleſs *ſigns and wonders, and mighty works which he did:* as well as by his whole life, being the only one born of a woman *who knew no ſin*; who from his birth to his death, *did all things well*, doing continually *not his own will, but the will of him that ſent him.*

6. After all, *behold the Lamb of God, taking away the ſin of the world!* This was a more glorious manifeſtation of himſelf, than any he had made before. How wonderfully was he manifeſted to angels and men, when he *was wounded for* our *tranſgreſſions*, when he *bore all our ſins in his own body on the tree:* when, having by that one oblation of himſelf once offered, made a full, perfect, and ſufficient ſacrifice, oblation and ſatisfaction for the ſins of the whole world, he cried out, *It is finiſhed: and bowed his head, and gave up the ghoſt.* We need but juſt mention thoſe farther manifeſtations, his Reſurrection from the dead, his Aſcenſion into heaven, into the glory which he had before the world began; and his pouring out the Holy Ghoſt, on the day of Pentecoſt: both of which are beautifully deſcribed in thoſe well-known words of the Pſalmiſt: *He hath aſcended up on high; he hath led captivity captive; he hath received gifts for men: yea, even for his enemies, that the Lord God might dwell among, or in them.*

7. That the Lord God might dwell in them. This refers to a yet farther manifeſtation of the Son of God, even his inward

inward manifeſtation of himſelf. When he ſpoke of this to his Apoſtles, but a little before his death, one of them immediately aſked, *Lord, how is it that thou wilt manifeſt thyſelf to us, and not unto the world?* By enabling us to believe in his name. For he is then inwardly manifeſted to us, when we are enabled to ſay with confidence, "My Lord, and my God!" Then each of us can boldly ſay, *The life which I now live, I live by faith in the Son of God, who loved* me, *and gave himſelf for* me. And it is by thus manifeſting himſelf in our hearts, that he effectually *deſtroys the works of the devil.*

III. 1. How he does this, in what manner, and by what ſteps he does actually deſtroy them, we are now to conſider. And firſt, as Satan began his work in *Eve*, by tainting her with Unbelief, ſo the Son of God begins his work in man, by enabling us to believe in him. He both opens and enlightens the eyes of our underſtanding. Out of darkneſs he commands light to ſhine, and takes away the vail which the god of this world had ſpread over our hearts. And we then ſee, not by a chain of *reaſoning*, but by a kind of *intuition*, by a direct view, that *God was in Chriſt, reconciling the world to himſelf, not imputing to them their former treſpaſſes*, not imputing them to *me*. In that day *we know that we are of God*, children of God by faith. *Having redemption through* the *blood* of Chriſt, *even the forgiveneſs* of ſins. *Being juſtified by faith we have peace with God, through our Lord Jeſus Chriſt*: that peace which enables us in every ſtate, therewith to be content; which delivers us from all perplexing doubts, from all tormenting fears; and in particular from that *fear of death, whereby we were all our life-time ſubject to bondage.*

2. At the ſame time the Son of God ſtrikes at the root of that grand work of the devil, Pride; cauſing the ſinner to humble himſelf before the Lord, to abhor himſelf as it were in duſt and aſhes. He ſtrikes at the root of Self-will, enabling the humbled ſinner to ſay in all things, *Not as I will*, but as thou wilt. He deſtroys Love of the world, delivering them

that believe in him from every *fooliſh and hurtful deſire*; from *the deſire of the fleſh*, the *deſire of the eyes, and the pride of life*. He ſaves them from ſeeking any, or expecting to find happineſs in any creature. As Satan turned the heart of man, from the Creator to the creature; ſo the Son of God turns his heart back again, from the creature to the Creator. Thus it is, by manifeſting himſelf, he deſtroys the works of the devil, reſtoring the guilty outcaſt from God, to his favour, to pardon and peace, the ſinner in whom dwelleth no good thing, to love and holineſs; the burdened, miſerable ſinner, to joy unſpeakable, to real, ſubſtantial happineſs.

3. But it may be obſerved, that the Son of God does not deſtroy the whole work of the devil in man, as long as he remains in this life. He does not yet deſtroy bodily weakneſs, ſickneſs, pain, and a thouſand infirmities incident to fleſh and blood. He does not deſtroy all that weakneſs of underſtanding which is the natural conſequence of the ſoul's dwelling in a corruptible body: ſo that ſtill

Humanum eſt errare & neſcire:

Both ignorance and error belong to humanity. He entruſts us with only an exceeding ſmall ſhare of knowledge in our preſent ſtate, leſt our knowledge ſhould interfere with our humility, and we ſhould again affect to be as gods. It is to remove from us all temptation to pride, and all thought of independency, (which is the very thing that men in general ſo earneſtly covet, under the name of *Liberty*) that he leaves us encompaſt with all theſe infirmities, particularly weakneſs of underſtanding, till the ſentence takes place, *Duſt thou art, and unto duſt thou ſhalt return!*

4. Then Error, Pain, and all bodily infirmities ceaſe: all theſe are deſtroyed by Death. And Death itſelf, *the laſt enemy* of man, ſhall be deſtroyed at the Reſurrection. The moment that we hear the voice of the Archangel and the trump of God, *Then ſhall be fulfilled the* ſaying that is written, *Death*

is

is ſwallowed up in victory. This corruptible body *ſhall put on incorruption; this mortal* body *ſhall put on immortality:* and the Son of God, manifeſted in the clouds of heaven, ſhall deſtroy this laſt work of the devil.

5. Here then we ſee in the cleareſt, ſtrongeſt light, what is real Religion; a reſtoration of man, by Him that bruiſes the ſerpent's head, to all that the old Serpent deprived him of: a reſtoration not only to the favour, but likewiſe to the image of God; implying not barely deliverance from ſin, but the being filled with the fulneſs of God. It is plain, if we attend to the preceding conſiderations, that nothing ſhort of this is Chriſtian Religion. Every thing elſe, whether Negative or External, is utterly wide of the mark. But what a paradox is this! How little is it underſtood in the chriſtian world? yea, or this enlightened age, wherein it is taken for granted, the world is wiſer than ever it was from the beginning of the world. Among all our diſcoveries, who has diſcovered this? How few, either among the learned or unlearned? And yet, if we believe the Bible, who can deny it? Who can doubt of it? It runs through the Bible, from the beginning to the end, in one connected chain? And the agreement of every part of it with every other, is properly the *analogy* of *Faith!* Beware of taking any thing elſe, or any thing leſs than this for Religion. Not any thing elſe: do not imagine an *outward Form*, a round of Duties, both in public and private, is Religion. Do not ſuppoſe, that Honeſty, Juſtice, and whatever is called *Morality*, (though excellent in its place,) is Religion. And leaſt of all, dream that Orthodoxy, right Opinion, (vulgarly called *Faith*,) is Religion. Of all religious dreams, this is the vaineſt, which takes hay and ſtubble, for gold tried in the fire!

6. O do not take any thing leſs than this for the religion of Jeſus Chriſt! Do not take any part of it for the whole? What God hath joined together, put not aſunder. Take no leſs for his Religion, than *the Faith that worketh by Love*; all inward and outward Holineſs. Be not content with any

Religion

Religion which does not imply the deſtruction of all the works of the devil, that is, of all ſin. We know, weakneſs of underſtanding, and a thouſand infirmities will remain, while this corruptible body remains. But ſin need not remain: this is that work of the devil, eminently ſo called, which the Son of God was manifeſted to deſtroy in this preſent life. He is able, he is willing to deſtroy it now, in all that believe in him. Only be not ſtraitened in your own bowels! Do not diſtruſt his power or his love! Put his promiſe to the proof! He hath ſpoken: and is he not ready likewiſe to perform? Only *come boldly to the throne of grace*, truſting in his mere mercy: and you ſhall find, *He ſaveth to the uttermoſt all thoſe that come to God through him!*

Jan. 20, 1781.

Some Account of Mr. DUNCAN WRIGHT.

[Wrote by himſelf.]

[*Continued from page* 372.]

WHAT occaſioned my commencing a Preacher, was as follows. In September 1758, we returned to *Limerick*; and as Government reſolved to ſhoot a Deſerter in every city, *in terrorem*, the lot fell on a young man in our regiment to die in *Limerick*. His name was *Joſeph Newton*; he was a *Derbyſhire* man, twenty two years of age. I longed to talk with him; but as he was kept in a public Guard-houſe, with no place of retirement, I could not tell how to ſpeak to or pray with him, among ſo many people. But when I found the Adjutant had been to inform him that he muſt die on Monday, (this was on the Tueſday before) I ſaw I had no time

time to loſe. I went in, and found him weeping, as if his heart would break, and reading a *Whole Duty of Man* with all his might: like a drowning man catching at any thing to ſave him. I ſpoke a few words to him then, and again in the evening, though with uncommon reluctance, there being many ſoldiers round us. I prayed with him, and found very great freedom to ſpeak to him and to all that were preſent. He had no plea, but ſaw himſelf an undone ſinner without help, and almoſt without hope. Some of us viſited him twice or thrice a day, and on Thurſday his ſoul was ſet at liberty. From that time he witneſſed a good confeſſion to all that ſpoke to him. Every one that ſaw him go to the place where he was ſhot, could not but admire the ſerene joy that appeared in his countenance. He ſaid but little, but his calm, happy death, made a deep impreſſion on many of our ſoldiers; for they could not but diſcern the difference between him and one they ſaw die awhile before at *Dublin*, who ſhewed the greateſt reluctance, the Field-Officer of the day, being obliged to ride up to him ſeveral times to tell him he *muſt* die; while *Joſeph Newton* was not above ten minutes on his knees before he dropt the ſignal, and went to paradiſe.

I thought now was the time to try what could be done among the ſoldiers. I therefore told ſeveral, that as many as had a mind, might come to my room every night after roll-calling, and I would ſing, read, and pray with them as well as I could. They came and crowded my room, and in a little while I had a Claſs of them. But about the beginning of the year 1759, I was ordered for *Scotland* on the recruiting ſervice. I found this not to be eaſy work for a Chriſtian, yet, through mercy, I was kept from outward ſin.

After an abſence of four months, the *French* being expected to invade *Ireland*, we were ordered to join the regiment, which lay encamped near *Kilkenny*, and found my little flock, having had no one to look after them, were all ſcattered. The firſt morning we met (in a field adjoining) there were

but

but three of us. But our number increaſed every time we met; and before our camp broke up, I had a little ſociety gathered again. And here it was, that I got the name of a Preacher: for it being frequently late in the evenings before we could meet, before I had ſung and prayed, our light was gone out, ſo that I could not ſee to read, but was obliged to ſay ſomething to them without a book, or ſend them away empty.

It was well I did not begin to preach among very knowing men, for they might ſoon have ſilenced me, as a little thing would have done it: but here there was none to hinder me but the Commanding Officer, and he did not chooſe to do it. Though he did not like the Methodiſts, yet he wanted us all to be very good, as we did not know how ſoon our valour might be tried by the *French*. Therefore we had very ſtrict orders againſt ſwearing, drunkenneſs, &c. but thoſe orders did not effect any great reformation.

When we left the camp, as we ſtill expected an invaſion, we were ſcattered abroad in cantonments all over the ſouth of *Ireland*. This hurt ſuch of us as were weak in the Faith, very much. None can tell, but ſuch as have tried, how hard it is for a ſoldier to ſtand his ground among ſo many unreaſonable, as well as ungodly men; for ſuch were moſt of the Officers as well as ſoldiers. Men whoſe tender mercies were cruel.

I had myſelf ſuffered much loſs in my mind for a year, and conſequently had little inclination for preaching. Hence when we got the Route for *Galway*, I was not at all ſorry that there was no Society to ſolicit me to preach among them. Even my friends among the Officers were much concerned for me, as many Serjeants were preferred to Commiſſions, they ſaid, they doubted they could do nothing for me, as I made myſelf ſo ridiculous. Indeed this did not move me. But my unhappineſs of mind was the great hinderance to my preaching. Yet in *Galway* it was that I had

had the moſt clear, undoubted ſeals to my miſſion, in the converſion and converſion of ſouls who never had heard any other Methodiſt Preacher. Some of them are a comfort to me to this day; and ſome are fallen aſleep in Jeſus.

In 1761, we marched for *Dublin* again, and the following year back to *Galway*. All this time, from 1758 to 1763, I walked in darkneſs, and had no light. I fell into it by degrees: but by what particular thing, I am at a loſs to know. But this I know, my caſe was truly deplorable; and yet I did not give way to any known ſin; neither did I miſs any means of grace. Nay, I often went to the Lord's table, when, to all ſenſe and feeling, I was as dead as a ſtone. My gracious tears were all dried up. My ſtony heart could not melt. And yet I heard the greateſt Preachers, read the beſt books I knew, and converſed or correſponded with the moſt gracious Chriſtians I could hear of. Nay, I frequently exhorted or preached the whole time; yea, and in that ſeaſon had apparent ſucceſs to my labours. I remark this, to refute an idle conceit, that none are fit to teach others, but ſuch as are happy themſelves. I know, that many times, though I forgot it while preaching, I was as miſerable as a devil, both before and after. And it was often ſuggeſted to me, "*Judas* may caſt out devils, and notwithſtanding all this, be only an outcaſt." I often ſaw myſelf like one encloſed all around *with hewn ſtone, my ſtrength and my hope periſhed from the Lord.* As I knew very little of myſelf when the Lord juſtified me, he ſaw good to ſhew me now my utter helpleſsneſs, by leading me into the painful ſchool of Self-knowledge. And a dull ſcholar I proved, being five years in learning what others have learned in leſs than five months.

Yet notwithſtanding my wretchedneſs, our little Society at *Galway*, was wonderfully bleſt. As there was about this time a glorious revival in many parts of the three kingdoms, I communicated to them, from time to time, the intelligence I received of the work, and the fire ſoon kindled among

them alſo. All were happy, or in earneſt but me, and I durſt tell very few my ſad caſe, for fear of hurting them. This was often the language of my heart,

" My ſoul in ſin ſo rooted ſtands,
No common miracle can move,
I know my ſpirit's cure demands
Thy whole omnipotence of love.

But whether thou haſt ever healed
A ſpirit ſo deſperate as mine,
It lies, alas, from me concealed,
In loweſt depths of love divine."

If it be aſked, what could induce me to continue in the means of grace? I anſwer, I never doubted my former experience of the truth and reality of religion; and (beſides an unſeen hand that upheld me) I retained a full conviction, that in the favour of God alone there was life and happineſs. So I was determined to be happy in the favour of God, or refuſe every other comfort.

It was when I was thus in darkneſs, and in the deep, that the Lord, in a moment, *reſtored to me the joy of his ſalvation.* This was like a plenteous ſhower, upon a parched and dry land, that ſoon made my ſoul like *a watered garden.* The Lord now *led me into green paſtures, beſide the ſtill waters.* What a change was this! The ſoul that was before, all tumult and confuſion, was now all joy and peace through believing. This was about June 1763.

And yet I ſoon found I had not attained what *J. Dillon,* and *S. Hoey,* informed me they had attained, viz. *A mind conſtantly ſtaid upon God, and kept in perfect peace.*

Being about this time confined to my room, by a violent inflammation in my cheek, my pain made me pray the more earneſtly, that the peace of God might *keep my heart and mind* alſo.

alſo. The Lord heard, and gave me a glorious anſwer. I felt ſuch a ſudden, and ſuch a delightful change, as I never before conceived poſſible. My joy was indeed unſpeakable; my hope full of immortality; and my peace flowed like a river. I then underſtood thoſe words as I never did before, *We all, with open face, beholding as in a glaſs the glory of the Lord, are changed into the ſame image, from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord.*

Juſt then we were ordered to the North of *Ireland*, to quell a ſet of Rioters, called *Hearts of Oak*. Being ſomething better, I marched on till we came to *Carrick on Shannoh*, when our Surgeon told me I muſt go no farther, at the peril of my life. My exceſſive pain, and the being left behind, would at ſome other times have tried me ſufficiently: but now,

"All was calm, and joy, and peace."

And here it was that I firſt underſtood, how the bleſſed Martyrs could clap their hands in the flames; for although for ſome nights my pain was excruciating, yet all was tranquillity within.

The little Society here, and the *M'Neily's* family in particular, took remarkable care of me. *The Lord grant they may find mercy of him in that day!* This ſtate continued ſeveral months; but having none to direct me, and not being ſufficiently aware of the need there was for conſtant watchfulneſs and prayer, I fell, by degrees, from that heaven of love.

[*To be continued.*]

A ſhort Account of Mr. THOMAS JOYCE.

I Was born at *Portſmouth*, in February 1712. I did not go to ſchool till I was twelve years old. After three years I was taken away, and wrought for a time at my Father's trade

of Sail-making. About ſixteen, I went to ſea on board the *Namur*; and afterward on board the *Romney*. Here I learned curſing and ſwearing, and all manner of wickedneſs. But being weary of the ſea, when I was about twenty, I bound myſelf apprentice to a Sail-maker. About ſix months after, being reproved by my Fellow-ſervant for ſwearing, I promiſed to amend, and did not ſwear any more for ten years. Soon after, I began to be convinced of ſin, and to pray much with many tears. I grew more and more ſerious till my apprenticeſhip was out. A fortnight after, I married. My convictions then died away, and three years after, I fell into outward ſins. Indeed I prayed much againſt them, but fell again and again, for above five years, till my wife died. This was in June. In Auguſt I was walking in *Deptford*, when a voice, as it were, came into my ſoul like thunder, "Ariſe, ye dead, and come to judgment!" It went through me, and immediately I felt a hell in my conſcience. I went into my houſe, ran up ſtairs, fell upon my knees, and cried to God to ſave me from my boſom ſin. And I was ſaved from it, from that hour. Coming out a few minutes after, it was ſuggeſted to me, "There is no Chriſt:" but I ſaid, "However, I will ſeek him." And from that time I ſought him diligently in all his public and private Ordinances. This was in Auguſt 1747. In the year 1749, I joined a Religious Society in *Wapping*. Soon after, I began to hear Mr. *Brewer* in *Stepney*, by whom I was convinced, that we are juſtified by Faith. About two years after, I began to hear Mr. *Whitefield*, and ſin was more and more a burden to me. In November 1752, as I was walking from St *Katherine's* to *Wapping*, I felt ſuch a load as I was ſcarce able to bear. I looked down, and thought I muſt drop into hell forthwith: when in a moment I ſaw a great light, and heard a voice, ſaying, "Rejoice in the Lord always, and again I ſay, rejoice." This came twice, and I anſwered in my heart, "Yea, and I will rejoice." Since that time, I never loſt the ſenſe of God's love, nor ever yielded to any known ſin.

In

In June 1753, being out of buſineſs, I went to *Wapping* Chapel, juſt when Mr. *J. Weſley* was in the pulpit. I immediately knew him again, having ſeen him in a dream a year and a half before. But I continued at the Tabernacle till Nov. 5, when, by my ſiſter's importunity, I joined Mr. *Weſley*. From that time I was more and more deſirous to give up all for God, and I was more and more convinced, that I could not go to heaven without a full deliverance from ſin. On Feb. 11, 1757, as I was going to *Spittleſield's* Church, my ſiſter told me what God had wrought in her. I was cut to the heart, and went on trembling When we came to the Church, I was in an agony of prayer, till my hair was wet with ſweat. On Sunday, at *Weſt-Street* Chapel, I was ſtill more deeply convinced of the neceſſity of entire Sanctification. Before I communicated, I wreſtled with God in prayer, till my bodily ſtrength was gone. And in communicating, I was exceedingly comforted, and ſtrengthened to wreſtle ſtill more earneſtly. On Tueſday evening, Feb. 22, I went up into my room, and broke out into prayer, pleading the Promiſes, till I was all over in a ſweat. But I could not leave off, till I felt that word applied, "Thou art ſealed unto the day of redemption." I immediately felt a far greater change, than I did when I was juſtified. I felt my ſoul was all renewed, and a witneſs that ſin was all deſtroyed. And from that time I have found a continual increaſe of light, and love, and holineſs.

*** A few months ago, this *Nathanael* went to God, dying (as he lived) in perfect peace.

In

[*In Mr.* Fox's Acts *and* Monuments, *there are many relations, which ought never to be forgotten. But the following is little known, lying near the end of a very large volume. I have therefore thought an Extract from it might be of use to every ſerious Reader.*]

An Account of Mrs. ALICE BENDEN.

MRS. *Alice Benden*, wife of Mr. *Edward Benden*, of the pariſh of *Staplehurſt*, in the county of *Kent*, was firſt brought before Mr. *Roberts*, of *Crambroke*, in the ſaid county, the 14th of October *1556*, of whom ſhe was demanded why ſhe would not go to the church? To which ſhe anſwered, that ſhe could not do ſo with a clear conſcience, becauſe there was much idolatry committed. For which, with many mocks, ſhe was ſent to priſon, where ſhe lay fourteen days: on the 20th of October, her huſband required his neighbours, the wealthy men of *Staplehurſt*, to write to the Biſhop of *Dover*, who had the chief government of the ſword in *Kent*, which they did, deſiring him to ſend her home. Wherefore the Biſhop called her before him, and aſked her if ſhe would go home, and go to the church; ſhe anſwered, if I would have ſo done, I need not have come hither. Then wilt thou go home, and be confeſſed by thy Pariſh-Prieſt? She ſaid, No, that would ſhe not. Well, ſaid he, go thy ways home, and go to the church when thou wilt. Whereunto ſhe anſwered nothing. So he let her go, and ſhe came home forthwith. On the Saturday following, her huſband deſired her to go to the church; which ſhe refuſed: wherefore on the Sunday fortnight after, he procured her to be ſent to Sir *John Gilford*, who commanded her to priſon again: her huſband took money of the Conſtable to carry her to priſon.

But

But ſhe having more care of his good report, than he had himſelf, choſe rather to commit herſelf into the hands of her enemies, than that the world ſhould bear witneſs againſt her huſband. Wherefore ſhe went to the Conſtable, deſiring him to go with her: but he anſwered that he could not: but he granted her his boy to go with her, with whom ſhe went to priſon; namely, to the caſtle of *Canterbury*, according to the commandment given. While ſhe was in this priſon, ſhe agreed with a fellow-priſoner to live both of them on two-pence halfpenny a day, to try how well they could ſuſtain hunger, before they were put to it. For they had heard, that when they ſhould be removed to the Biſhop's priſon, their livings would be but three farthings a piece a day; and they lived thus for fourteen days, ere ſhe was removed. The 22d day of January following, her huſband went again to the Biſhop, deſiring him to deliver his wife out of priſon; but he ſaid ſhe was an obſtinate heretic, and therefore he could not deliver her. Then ſaid he, my Lord, ſhe hath a brother, who reſorteth unto her. If your Lordſhip could keep him from her, ſhe would turn. This caution was no ſooner given, but it was put in execution. For the Biſhop commanded her to a priſon called Monday's Hole; and gave a ſtrict charge, that if her brother came, he ſhould be apprehended. This priſon was within a court where the Prebend's chambers were, being a vault beneath the ground, and being before the window, incloſed with a pale about four feet and a half high, and three feet diſtant from the ſame; ſo that ſhe looking from beneath, might only ſee ſuch as ſtood at the pale. After this, her brother ſought often for her, with no leſs danger than diligence. But from the unknown ſituation of the place, it being alſo rarely uſed for a priſon, he could never come to underſtand where ſhe was, until, through God's providence, coming thither very early in the morning, her Keeper being then gone to the church to ring, (for he was a ringer,) happened to hear her voice, as ſhe was pouring out her

her complaints unto God, ſaying the pſalms of *David*: and there he could no otherwiſe relieve her, than by putting money in a loaf of bread, and ſticking the ſame on a pole, and ſo reaching it to her. And this was five weeks after her coming thither; all which time no creature came to her but her Keeper. Her bed in that priſon was only a little ſtraw, between a pair of ſtocks and a ſtone wall; being allowed three farthings a day, that is a halfpenny for bread, and a farthing for drink; neither could ſhe get any more for her money. Wherefore ſhe deſired to have her whole allowance in bread, and uſed water for her drink. Thus did ſhe lie nine weeks. During all which time ſhe never changed her apparel; whereby at laſt ſhe became a very piteous creature to behold. At her firſt coming into this place, ſhe did grievouſly bewail and reaſon, why her Lord God did ſuffer her to be ſequeſtered from her loving fellows, into ſo extreme miſery? In theſe mournings did ſhe continue, till one night as ſhe was in her ſorrowful ſupplications, rehearſing this verſe of the pſalm, "Why art thou ſo heavy, O my ſoul?" She received comfort, and after that, continued very joyful till her delivery from the ſame. About the 25th day of March, in the year 1557, ſhe was called before the Biſhop, who demanded of her, whether ſhe would now go to the church? Promiſing her great favour, if ſhe would. To whom ſhe anſwered, I am thoroughly perſuaded by the great extremity that you have already ſhewed me, that you are not of God; and I ſee that you ſeek my utter deſtruction; ſhewing how lame ſhe was by hunger and cold, while ſhe lay in the diſmal priſon, whereby ſhe was not able to move herſelf without great pain. Then the Biſhop ſent her to *Weſtgate*, where being kept clean, her ſkin did ſcale off as if ſhe had been poiſoned. Here ſhe continued till the latter end of April, when, with others, ſhe was condemned to the flames. When ſhe was at the ſtake, ſhe threw her handkerchief to one *John Banks*, requiring him to

keep

keep it in memory of her; and from about her middle ſhe took a white lace, which ſhe gave to the keeper, deſiring him to give the ſame to her brother *Roger Hall*, and to tell him, that it was the laſt band that ſhe was bound with, except the chain. A ſhilling alſo of *Philip* and *Mary* ſhe took forth, which her father had bent and ſent her when ſhe was firſt ſent to priſon, deſiring that her ſaid brother ſhould with obedient ſalutations render the ſame to her father again. She, and ſix others, were burnt at the ſame time. Being brought to the place of martyrdom, they all undreſſed themſelves joyfully, and being ready, they all ſeven (like the communion of Saints) kneeled down, and made their humble prayers to the Lord with ſuch zeal and affection, as even the enemies of the croſs could not but admire. When they had made invocation together, they aroſe and went to the ſtake, where being ſoon encompaſſed with flames, they yielded their ſouls glorioufly into the hands of the Lord.

An Extract from a SURVEY *of the* WISDOM *of* GOD *in the* CREATION.

On RESPIRATION.

[*Concluded from page* 397.]

CHYLIFICATION is preceded by *Digeſtion*, which is much illuſtrated by Mr. *Papin's Digeſter*. This is a veſſel wherein meat is put, with juſt as much water as will fill it. Then the lid is ſcrewed on ſo cloſe, as to admit of no external air. The meat herein is, by the flame of a ſmall lamp, in ſix or eight minutes, brought to a perfect pulp. In a few minutes more, the hardeſt bones are reduced to a jelly. No air entering, the ſuccuſſions cauſed by the air incloſed in the fleſh,

reſolve the whole into one homogeneous body. It is juſt ſo in Digeſtion. In proportion to its heat, the ſtomach does the very ſame thing as the Digeſter.

Add to this, that the muſcular coat of the ſtomach continually contracting, and preſſing its contents by its periſtaltic motion, occaſions a more intimate mixture, and works the more fluid parts, through the pylorus into the duodenum. Along the ſides of this, and the other ſmall inteſtines, the lacteals are planted: into the minute orifices whereof, the chyle or finer part of the maſs is received. The lacteal veins of the firſt kind diſcharge themſelves into the glands of the baſis of the meſentery. The chyle is afterward received by the lacteals of the ſecond kind, and conveyed into the glands between the two tendons of the diaphragm. And hence it is carried to the heart, where it mixes with the blood.

By the perpetual motion of the fluids (eſpecially in the minute veſſels) as well as by the conſtant action of the muſcles, ſmall particles are continually worn off from the ſolids of the body. The fluids likewiſe are continually diminiſhing. And hence every animal body, by the very condition of its frame, is liable to deſtruction. To prevent this, a reſtitution muſt be made to the juices and ſolids of the body, equal and ſimilar to what is loſt. And this we call *Nutrition.*

It ſeems to be performed thus. The blood, forcibly thrown by the heart into the arteries, endeavours to go out every way through the pores. But theſe are uſually too ſmall to give its particles a free paſſage. They can only paſs where any of the pores are open. Here one will naturally follow another in a line, and conſtitute a fibre or part of a fibre. When as much is thus added to one end of the fibre, as is waſted at the other, the body is *nouriſhed*: when more is added than is waſted, we are ſaid to *grow.*

We ſee then how abſolutely neceſſary food is, to repair the conſtant decay of the body: ſo that few men or women can live without it, above five or ſix days. And yet the abſtaining

from it for a ſeaſon has its uſe. Indeed great is the efficacy of abſtinence, both in prolonging life beyond its uſual period, and in the cure of many ſtubborn diſorders.

Lewis Cornaro, a nobleman of *Venice*, after all other means had failed, ſo that his life was deſpaired of at forty, recovered and lived to near a hundred, by mere dint of abſtinence.

'Tis ſurpriſing to obſerve, to what an age thoſe ancient chriſtians lived, who retired from the fury of perſecution, into the deſerts of *Arabia* and *Egypt*. They drank only water, and took no other food than 12 ounces of bread in 24 hours. On this St. *Anthony* lived 105 years, *Epiphanius* 115, *Simon Stylites* 112, and *Romuald* a hundred and twenty.

Among animals we ſee ſurpriſing inſtances of long abſtinence. Several ſpecies paſs 4, 5, or 6 months every year without eating or drinking. So tortoiſes and dormice regularly retire at the ſeaſon to their reſpective cells. Some kinds get into ruins, or the hollows of rocks; others, into clefts of trees. Some ſleep in holes under the earth: others bury themſelves under water.

The ſerpent-kind bear abſtinence to a miracle. Rattleſnakes will ſubſiſt many months without food. Dr. *Shaw* ſaw two *Egyptian*-ſerpents, which had been kept in a bottle five years, (on a ſmall quantity of ſand wherein they coiled themſelves up) without any ſort of food. Yet when he ſaw them, they had juſt caſt their ſkins, and were as lively as if juſt taken.

There have been inſtances even of men paſſing ſeveral months, with ſcarce any ſuſtenance. So *Samuel Chilton* of *Tinſbury*, near *Bath*, in the year 1693, 1694 and 1695, ſlept ſometimes four months, and ſometimes above ſix together, with very little food: and ſix weeks without any, but a little tent conveyed with a quill through his teeth.

And ſince this, *John Ferguſon*, of *Killmelford* in *Argyleſhire*, about 18 years ago, over-heated himſelf, drank largely of cold water, and fell aſleep. He ſlept for four and twenty

hours, and waked in a high fever; ever ſince, his ſtomach loaths, and can retain no kind of aliment but water. A neighbouring gentleman to whom his father is tenant, locked him up for twenty days, ſupplying him daily with water, and taking care that he ſhould have no other food. But it made no difference either in his look or ſtrength. He is now ſix and thirty years of age, of a freſh complexion, and as ſtrong as any common man.

Still more ſtrange is the caſe of *Gilbert Jackſon*. About fifteen years of age, in February 1716, he was ſeized with a violent fever: it returned in April for three weeks, and again on the tenth of June; he then loſt his ſpeech, his ſtomach, and the uſe of his limbs, and could not be perſuaded either to eat, or drink any thing. May 17, 1717, his fever left him, but he was ſtill deprived of ſpeech and of the uſe of his limbs, and took no food whatever. June 30th, he was ſeized with a fever again, and the next day recovered his ſpeech, but without eating or drinking, or the uſe of his limbs. On the 11th of October he recovered his health, with the uſe of one of his legs, but neither ate nor drank; only ſometimes waſhed his mouth with water.

On the 18th of June 1718, the fever returned and laſted till September. He then recovered, and continued in pretty good health and freſh coloured, but took no kind of meat or drink. On the 9th of June, 1719, he was again ſeized with a ſevere fever. On the tenth at night, his father prevailed on him to take a ſpoonful of milk boiled with oatmeal. It ſtuck ſo long in his throat, that his parents feared he had been choaked; but ever ſince that time he has taken food, though ſo little, that a halfpenny loaf ſerves him for eight days. All the time he faſted, he had no evacuation, either by ſtool, or urine: and it was fourteen days after he began to eat, before he had any. He is now in pretty good health.

I ſuppoſe ſuch another inſtance as this, has ſcarce been known in the memory of man.

It

It is not improbable, that the air itſelf furniſhes ſome nutritive particles. It is certain, there are ſubſtances of all kinds, floating in the atmoſphere. And that an animal body may be nouriſhed hereby, is evident in the caſe of vipers. Theſe, if taken when firſt brought forth, and kept from every thing but air, will yet grow very conſiderably in a few days.

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An Account of the ſurpriſing deliverance of Mr. JOHN ROGERS, *Miniſter at Croglin, in Cumberland, and the caſe of his deliverer: in a letter from a Diſſenting Miniſter in Eſſex, to a Merchant in Edinburgh, dated October* 12, 1767.

THE late Mr. *Thomas Bradbury* happened to dine one day at the houſe of Mrs. *Tooly*, a lady in *London*, who was famous in her day, for the love ſhe bore to Chriſt, and to all his ſervants and people. Her houſe and table were open to them all, being another *Lydia* in that reſpect. Mr. *Timothy Rogers*, who wrote the book on religious melancholy, and was himſelf many years under that diſtemper, happened to dine there the ſame day with Mr. *Bradbury*; and, after dinner, he entertained Mrs. *Tooly* and him with ſome ſtories concerning his father, who was one of the ejected Miniſters in the year 1662. Mr. *Rogers* particularly related, that he had often heard his father, with a good deal of pleaſure tell himſelf and others, a deliverance which he had from being ſent to priſon, after his *mittimus* was written out for that purpoſe. He lived near the houſe of one Sir *Richard Cradock*, a Juſtice of the peace, who was a violent perſecutor of the Diſſenters. He bore a particular hatred to Mr. *Rogers*, and wanted above all things to have him in his power. A fair opportunity offered. He heard that Mr. *Rogers* was to preach

preach at a place ſome miles diſtant; and he hired two men to go as ſpies, who were to take the names of all the hearers, and to witneſs againſt Mr. *Rogers* and them.

The thing ſucceeded to his wiſh; they brought the names of ſeveral perſons; and Sir *Richard* ſent and warned them and Mr. *Rogers* to appear before him. Accordingly they all came with trembling hearts, for they knew the violence of the man.

While they were in his great hall, expecting to be called upon, there happened to come into it a little girl, a grandchild of Sir *Richard's*, ſix or ſeven years of age. She looked at Mr. *Rogers*, and was much taken with his venerable appearance; and he, being fond of children, got her on his knee, and made a great deal of her. At laſt Sir *Richard* ſent one of his ſervants to inform the company that one of the witneſſes was fallen ſick; therefore he warned them to come on another day which he named to them.

Accordingly they came; and the crime was proved. He ordered their *mittimus* to be written, to ſend them to goal. Mr. *Rogers*, before he came, expecting to ſee the little girl again, had bought ſome ſweetmeats to give her: and he was not diſappointed; for ſhe came running to him, and was fonder of him than ſhe was the day before. She was a particular favourite of her grandfather's, and had got ſuch an aſcendency over him, that he could deny her nothing. She was withal a child of a violent ſpirit, and could bear no contradiction. Once, it ſeems, when ſhe was contradicted in ſomething, ſhe ran a pen-knife into her arm, that had near coſt her her life. After this, Sir *Richard* would not ſuffer her to be contradicted in any thing.

While ſhe was ſitting on Mr. *Rogers's* knee, ſhe looked wiſhfully at him, and ſaid, What are you here for, Sir? He anſwered, "I believe your grandfather is going to ſend me and my friends to goal." "To goal! ſaid ſhe, why, what have you done?" "Why, I did nothing, but preach at ſuch a place;

place; and they did nothing but hear me." "But, ſaid ſhe, my grandpappa ſhall not ſend you to goal." "Ay but my dear, ſaid he, I believe he is now making out our *mittimus*."

She ran immediately to the chamber where her grandfather was, and knocked with her head and heels till ſhe got in, and ſaid, "What are you going to do with my good old gentleman here in the hall?" "That is nothing to you, ſaid her grandfather, get you about your buſineſs." "But I will not, ſaid ſhe; he tells me, that you are going to ſend him and his friends to goal; and if you ſend them, I will drown myſelf in the pond as ſoon as they are gone: I will indeed." When he ſaw the girl was peremptory, it ſhook and overcame him. He ſtept into the hall, with the *mittimus* in his hand, and ſaid, "I had here made out your *mittimus* to ſend you all to goal, but, at my grandchild's requeſt, I ſet you all at liberty."

They all bowed, and thanked his Worſhip. Mr. *Rogers* ſtept up to the child, and laid his hand upon her head, and lifting his eyes up to heaven ſaid, "God bleſs you, my dear child! May the bleſſing of that God whoſe cauſe you now plead, though as yet you know him not, be upon you in life, at death, and throughout eternity!" And then he and his friends went away.

Mrs. *Tooly* liſtened with uncommon attention to the ſtory; and looking on Mr. *Rogers*, ſaid, "and are you that Mr. *Rogers*'s ſon?" "Yes Madam, anſwered he, I am." "Well, ſaid ſhe, as long as I have been acquainted with you, I never knew that before. And now I will tell you ſomething you never knew before: I am the very girl your dear father bleſſed. It made an impreſſion on me I could never forget." Upon this he and Mr. *Bradbury* were deſirous to know how ſhe who had been bred up with an averſion to ſerious religion, came to be ſo eminent for it.

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

A plain

A plain Account of KINGSWOOD SCHOOL, *near Briſtol.*

[*Continued from page* 384.]

ANOTHER fault common in almoſt all our Schools, is, The Maſters not only take no care to train up their Scholars in true Religion, but they themſelves teach them what is utterly deſtructive of all Religion whatever. They put Authors into their hands, that, with all the beauty of language, all the ſweetneſs of expreſſion, inſtil into their tender minds both obſcenity and profaneneſs. *Virgil's Alexis*, the lewd Epigrams of *Martial*, and the ſhameleſs Satires of *Juvenal*, (even the ſixth) ſo earneſtly recommending Sodomy as well as Adultery!

Nonne putas melius, quod tecum puſio dormit?

Here, you ſee, is the bleſſed *Moral!* Nay, in ſpite of the loud complaint made by St. *Auſtin*, fourteen hundred years ago, we read there ſtill of the great God,

Qui templa cæli ſumma ſonitu concutit,

coming down from heaven upon that bleſſed errand,

Fucum factum mulieri!

And to this day we retain, for edification of our Children,

Tonantem & fornicantem Jovem!

8. After long enquiring, but enquiring in vain, for a School free from theſe palpable blemiſhes, at laſt a thought came into my mind, of ſetting up a School myſelf. The firſt point was, to find a proper *ſituation:* not too far from a great town; which I ſaw would be highly inconvenient for a large

large family: nor yet too near, and much leſs in it; which would have been attended with greater evils. After mature conſideration, I choſe a ſpot, in the middle of *Kingswood*, three miles from *Briſtol*. It was quite private, remote from all high roads, on the ſide of a ſmall hill, ſloping to the Weſt, ſheltered from the Eaſt and North, and affording room for large gardens. I built the houſe capable of containing fifty Children, beſides Maſters and Servants; reſerving one room, and a little ſtudy, for my own uſe.

9. I then ſet myſelf to procure *Maſters*. And in this reſpect I had ſuch an advantage, as few beſides have, in being acquainted with every part of the nation. And yet I found it no eaſy thing, to procure ſuch as I deſired. For I was not ſatisfied, that they had Learning ſufficient for their ſeveral departments, unleſs they had likewiſe the Fear of God, producing an unblameable converſation. I ſaw, none would anſwer my intention, but men who were truly devoted to God: who ſought nothing on earth, neither pleaſure, nor eaſe, nor profit, nor the praiſe of men: but ſimply to glorify God, with their bodies and ſpirits, in the beſt manner they were capable of.

10. I next conſidered, How to procure proper *Scholars*: not any that came to hand, but, if poſſible, ſuch as had ſome thoughts of God, and ſome deſire of ſaving their ſouls: and ſuch whoſe Parents deſired they ſhould not be almoſt, but altogether Chriſtians. This was propoſed to them, before their Children came: and to prevent future miſunderſtandings, they were deſired attentively to read, and ſeriouſly to conſider the Rules of the School; being aſſured they would be punctually obſerved, without any favour or affection. One of theſe rules was, That "no child ſhall be admitted after he is twelve years old." The ground of this rule was, A child could not well before that age be rooted either in bad habits, or ill principles. But notwithſtanding the ſtrictneſs of the Rules, I had ſoon as many Scholars as I deſired: nay,

conſiderably more. For I was afraid of having too many at once, knowing how difficult it was to govern a large number: children being ſo apt, when many of them are together, to hinder and corrupt one another.

11. Having procured proper Maſters, and a ſufficient number of Children, moſt of whom were as well inclined as could be expected, our firſt point was, To anſwer the deſign of Chriſtian Education, by forming their minds, through the help of God, to wiſdom and holineſs; by inſtilling the principles of true Religion, ſpeculative and practical, and training them up in the ancient way, that they might be rational, ſcriptural Chriſtians. This deſign was expreſsly mentioned in the "Short Account of the School in *Kingswood*, near *Briſtol*." "It is our particular deſire, that all who are educated here, may be brought up in the Fear of God, and at the utmoſt diſtance, as from Vice in general, ſo in particular, from Softneſs and Effeminacy. The children therefore of *tender Parents*, ſo called, have no buſineſs here: for the Rules will not be broken, in favour of any perſon whatever. Nor is any Child received, unleſs his Parents agree, 1. That he ſhall obſerve all the Rules of the Houſe, and 2. That they will not take him from School, no, not for a day, till they take him for good and all. The reaſonableneſs of this uncommon Rule, is ſhewn by conſtant experience. For Children may *unlearn* as much in one week, as they have learned in ſeveral: nay, and contract a prejudice to exact Diſcipline, which never can be removed.

12. "The General Rules of the Houſe are theſe: The Children riſe at four, Winter and Summer." This I know by conſtant obſervation, and by long experience, to be of admirable uſe, either for preſerving a good, or improving a bad conſtitution. It is of peculiar ſervice in almoſt all nervous complaints, both in preventing and in removing them. "They ſpend the time till five in private; partly in reading, partly in ſinging, partly in prayer: and in ſelf-examination and meditation, thoſe that are capable of it.

"At

"At five they are all together with the Maſter. Then, till ſeven they breakfaſt, and walk or work. For as we have no play-days, the School being taught every day in the year but Sundays, ſo neither do we allow any time for play on any day. It is a wiſe *German* Proverb, "He that plays when he is a boy, will play when he is a man." If not, why ſhould he learn now, what he muſt unlearn by and by?

"On fair days they work, according to their ſtrength, in the garden; on rainy days, in the houſe. But particular care is taken, that they never work alone, but always in the preſence of a Maſter." This circumſtance I adopted from the great School at *Jena*, in *Germany*. It lays much labour upon the Maſters; but the advantage is worth all the labour. It prevents abundance of evil: (and it is far better to prevent evils, than to puniſh them:) not only rudeneſs and ill manners, but many ſins that Children would eaſily teach each other.

"The ſchool-hours are from ſeven to eleven, and from one to five. They drink water at their meals:" (and why do not all wiſe Parents teach their Children ſo to do from their infancy, ſeeing it is univerſally allowed to be the beſt dilutor of food, which is to be found on earth?) "Nothing between meals"—leſt they ſhould inſenſibly contract habits which are neither good for body nor mind. Their food is as ſimple as poſſible: two days in a week it is wholly *vegetable*: every day, at breakfaſt and ſupper: if we allow (with Dr. *Cheyne*) milk to come under that appellation.

"At eight they go to bed, the youngeſt firſt. They all lodge in one room, (every Child having a bed to himſelf) in which a lamp burns all night. A Maſter lies in the ſame room." The propriety of theſe circumſtances is ſo manifeſt, that it needs not to be enlarged upon. "All their beds have mattraſſes on them, not feather-beds: both becauſe they are more healthy, and becauſe we would keep them at the utmoſt diſtance from ſoftneſs and effeminacy."

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

PHILANTHROPY.

UNFINISHED.

[*By the late Mr. Charles Perronet.*]

1. GOD is eternally *One*, always the *ſame*, unchangeable in his nature, unalterable in his purpoſe.

He for ever unites with the likeneſs of his own purity, and departs from the workers of iniquity. When he formed the firſt-born ſons of light, they were his beloved. But when they *left their firſt eſtate*, he abhorred and *caſt them down to hell*. Becauſe he is the *ſame* for ever, without *ſhadow of turning*.

His Counſels are as invariable as his Eſſence. He created man holy, and deſigned him for everlaſting communion with himſelf. His purpoſe is ſtill the ſame. His word calls us back to our firſt eſtate. His Spirit ſtrives with us, and would fain reſtore the loſt inheritance.

2. Creation and Redemption are one in the purpoſes of God. The mode is different, but the end and deſign the ſame. Redemption is a ſecond creation. We *are created* anew *in Chriſt Jeſus unto good works, which God had before ordained, that we might walk in them*, Eph. ii. 10. The benefits received by Chriſt, are a continuation and lengthening out of what was granted to *Adam*. Through Chriſt, the promiſed *ſeed of the woman*, the divine favour and means of ſalvation are reſtored. Every man is reinſtated in a ſtate of probation, and receives a talent a ſecond time, to improve for eternal life.

As the end of the firſt creation was anſwered by God, *making man in his own image*, (though the bleſſing was forfeited

feited by diſobedience,) ſo the deſign of the ſecond creation is anſwered, by *God* being *manifeſted in the fleſh*. Accordingly *we are unto God a ſweet ſavour of Chriſt, in them that are ſaved, and in them that periſh.*

3. The teſtimony of the whole law, and of all the prophets is this, "God is holy, and commands all men, *Be ye holy; for I am holy.*"

This teſtimony the Son of God bore. And thus ſpake all, whom he ſent to preach *ſalvation in his Name*; and to *declare his righteouſneſs, for the remiſſion of ſins.*

4. When the Goſpel was firſt publiſhed, it was conſidered as a plan of divine wiſdom, juſtice and mercy, to free us from Guilt, and reſtore us to Holineſs, by the death of Chriſt. Accordingly, the firſt Chriſtians believed that the ſacrifice which purchaſed Pardon, procured power over Sin; that *as Chriſt was raiſed from the dead by the glory of the Father, ſo we alſo might walk in newneſs of life*, Rom. vi. 4. They believed the Goſpel to be ſalvation from *the wrath of God, revealed from heaven againſt all unrighteouſneſs*, and from the power that *works with energy in the children of diſobedience*: they believed, that by Faith we receive Chriſt, and by continuance in well-doing, retain Faith and a good Conſcience, abide in our living Head, and enſure eternal life. And they judged, that no news but this was *glad tidings*; that nothing ſhort of ſalvation from the evil which ſeparated us from God, was worthy of Chriſt to give, or could profit his Redeemed: and that as our grand loſs was that of the divine likeneſs, ſo nothing but the recovery of it, could be *joy to all people*, or make us *meet, to partake of the inheritance of the ſaints in light.*

5. He that firſt broke down the ſacred fence, which encloſed the heritage of Chriſt, was *Simon* the *Sorcerer*: he firſt taught *the depths of Satan* in the Antinomian Creed. And in every ſucceeding age of the Church, his ſeed have trod in his ſteps, deſtroying numberleſs ſouls, by the flood of blaſphemy, which they pour out againſt the law of God.

6. Theſe

6. Theſe were they, whom St. *Paul* calls *grievous wolves, arrogant, unholy, deſpiſers of good men, having a form of godlineſs, but denying the power thereof.* Of theſe St. *Peter* ſays, that they *beguiled unwary ſouls*, and *while they promiſed them liberty, were themſelves the ſlaves of corruption.* Of theſe St. *Jude* ſays, *There are certain men crept in unawares, turning the grace of God into laſciviouſneſs.* And he foretels their fearful doom: *for whom is reſerved the blackneſs of darkneſs for ever.*

At whatſoever time this generation of vipers appeared, the real Chriſtians reſiſted them, *contending earneſtly*, though mildly, *for the faith* that *purified the heart* and *wrought righteouſneſs*, and by which they *kept themſelves in the love of God, waiting for the mercy of our Lord Jeſus Chriſt unto eternal life.*

The Chriſtians in the purer ages of the Church, did not entertain the leaſt fear, (as many do now,) of diſhonouring Chriſt, by keeping his commandments. The path they choſe was *the narrow way*; their warfare was againſt Sin; their labour, that of *purifying themſelves, by obeying the truth through the Spirit.*

7. They knew of no *unity of the Faith*, but the love of the truth, in all purity, long-ſuffering and gentleneſs. The loſs of brotherly kindneſs, they accounted *Schiſm*, and its breaking out into parties, *Hereſies.* The Apoſtles declared *the whole counſel of God*, and eſtabliſhed every thing eſſential to the Goſpel. But they did not all appoint the ſame Externals; and probably, no Apoſtle the ſame in every place. Rather, they ſuited indifferent things to the particular circumſtances of each people, always appointing what beſt anſwered the end of each inſtitution.

And no man *had dominion over* another's *faith*: nor was any man's *liberty* to be *judged by another's conſcience.* They knew, the right of private judgment was implied in the very capacity of thinking: and that as *every one was to give an account*

count of himſelf to God, every one was to act *as he was fully perſuaded in his own mind:* no man having a right to judge another, ſince he ſtood or fell *to his own maſter.*

But when Antinomianiſm had ſpread Laodiccan coolneſs far and wide, and deſtroyed both the truth and power of Religion, opinions and modes of worſhip became the whole of Chriſtianity, and human authority the beſt ſupport of the Goſpel.

[*To be concluded in our next.*] 494

On the MOTTO *of a* SEAL—

BELIEVE! — LOVE! — OBEY!

THIS motto is indeed a very ſhort one; but ſurely it contains much in little. It is replete with every inſtruction neceſſary to teach us how to be happy both in time and in eternity. Let us then examine a little into each of its particulars, beginning with the firſt:

B E L I E V E!

When the Gaoler aſked of the Apoſtle, What he ſhould do to be ſaved? He was anſwered—*Believe on the Lord Jeſus Chriſt, and thou ſhalt be ſaved.* This anſwer is what remains to be given to every one who ſhall make the ſame enquiry, to the end of the world. This being the caſe, let us next enquire, What it is to believe in Jeſus Chriſt? Our Saviour tells us, John iii. 16. that *God ſo loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whoſoever believeth in him, ſhould not periſh, but have everlaſting life.* Now the whole tenor of the Old Teſtament teaches us, that Chriſt ſhould come to be a ſacrifice, and a propitiation for the ſins of the world; to make reconciliation for iniquity, and to bring in everlaſting righteouſneſs.

All

All which he has done, according to the ſcriptures: being raiſed from the dead, and aſcended on high: for when he had by himſelf purged our ſins, he ſat down on the right-hand of the Majeſty on high, to give eternal life to all that ſhould come unto him. In conſequence of this, remiſſion of ſins is preached in his Name to all that believe. *To him give all the prophets witneſs, that through his Name, whoſoever ſhall believe in him ſhall receive remiſſion of ſins*, Acts x. 23. Now, as Chriſt's blood was ſhed for the remiſſion of ſins, ſo faith in his blood receives the remiſſion of ſins; and *Being juſtified by faith, we have peace with God, through our Lord Jeſus Chriſt.* Every true believer experiences the ſame thing in his own ſoul, whereof the Holy Ghoſt is the witneſs. *He that believeth, hath the witneſs in himſelf.*

And we are all called; we are all invited; we are all commanded, to *believe in him whom God hath ſent.* May we all accept this great ſalvation, and by faith receive the Atonement! Now let us proceed to the next particular,

L O V E!

This can never be ſeparated from true Faith. For Faith, when it is real, always works by love. How is it poſſible that we can really believe, that God hath loved us, and forgiven us our ſins, without loving him again? It can never be. For as St. John ſays, *We love him, becauſe he firſt loved us.* And he that ſays he believes in Jeſus Chriſt, and does not find love to God, may be aſſured he deceives himſelf with only a notion of Faith. A picture of fire is without heat; but a real fire cannot be without it. A notional Faith is without love; but a real one is never without it. *But to you, who are* indeed *Believers, Chriſt is precious*; yea, more precious than all things. Love then; and walk in love; encreaſe in love; and let love be your element, your buſineſs, your every thing: but remember! the flower withers when cut off from the ſtalk—ſo your love will wither, unleſs you ſtand faſt, and grow in the Faith. Without you abide in the Faith, the fire of love will go out.

If

If this is the caſe with any, let them believe again, and love will come again; for they always come and go together. Do we profeſs to believe? and do we profeſs to love? Say, my friends, is our Faith unfeigned? And is our love without diſſimulation? If ſo, let us proceed to the third particular; which is,

O B E Y!

As a heart-felt Faith in Jeſus Chriſt produces a heart-felt Love to him; ſo Obedience to his commands, will follow as the opening flowers, and ripening fruits follow the genial heat of the ſun. Chriſt ſaith, *If ye love me, keep my commandments.* What are his commandments? Love to God, and love to one another: the firſt ſhews itſelf in doing his will, both actively and paſſively. Doing what we know is our duty, and patiently ſuffering; yea, and reſigning ourſelves to his diſpoſal in all things. The ſecond ſhews itſelf in doing to others as we would be done by. In all loving and kind offices, in forgiving injuries; in all things being juſt and true; alſo in patience, long-ſuffering, and forbearance, and all other duties, mentioned in the law. Alſo loving our enemies, returning good for evil, and praying for our perſecutors. Obedience to God, is ſhewing the reality of our love to him, in following the example of Chriſt in all his imitable perfections. And this Obedience is the reſult of having his Spirit dwelling in us, inclining us to walk in all the ways of holineſs: ſummed up in loving God with all our hearts, and our neighbour as ourſelves: in which are contained all the precepts of the moral law—which law is written in the hearts of all true Believers. See 1 Cor. chap. xiii.

Thus we ſee in theſe three particulars—Believe—Love—Obey! are contained the very eſſentials of all true Religion. What then remains, my Friends, but that we give all diligence to be found, *believing, loving, obedient Followers* of the Lamb of God? If ſo, let us not quarrel about other matters. Let us keep the unity of the ſpirit in the bond of peace, and bear

with one anothers different opinions and forms, that do not claſh with true Faith, true Love and true Obedience. Let us not wrangle about circumciſion, or uncircumciſion, but let us contend for the Faith, which worketh by love. Let the ſtrong bear with the weak, and let the weak not be offended with the ſtrong. May the Motto of the ſeal be engraven in all our hearts, and may our ſober, godly, and righteous lives and converſations, demonſtrate to all the world that it is really ſo! In a word: may we all believe; may we all love; and may we all obey! So prays, from his very heart, one who is a Lover of all the true Church of Chriſt; one who is for Chriſt's ſake their truly affectionate Servant in the Miniſtry of the Goſpel of Peace and Salvation.

LETTERS.

LETTER CLXXIV.

[From Miſs B. to the Rev. Mr. Weſley.]

Friday Evening.

Dear Sir,

ON March 7, Mrs. *Jay* received a clean heart. Yet ſhe was greatly tempted, and ſo diſturbed by wandering thoughts that ſhe began to doubt, whether ſhe was ſaved from ſin, or not? But on the ſecond of April, ſhe was, as it were, caught up into the third heavens. She thought her ſoul lay proſtrate before the Lord, and ſhe caſt her crown at his feet. And ever ſince, her mind has been ſo ſtayed on him, that ſhe has been kept in perfect peace.

I am much tempted ſtill, eſpecially when I pray. So that I can only ſay, in M. *De Renty's* words, "In ſpite of all theſe things, ſtill I am thine, and ſo I ſhall continue without reſerve

reſerve for ever." What have we to do but truſt and watch? Truſt our ſouls, and the whole management of them to him who has bought them with his blood, and watch ſteadily and conſtantly: 1. Againſt every thought, word and deed, that does not draw our ſouls to Chriſt; and 2. For that bleſſed moment, when he ſhall give us a fuller manifeſtation of his love. O that my Jeſus may give you ſuch a hunger after himſelf, that the cry of your ſoul may never ceaſe, night or day, till all your heart is love! Lord, is any thing wanting on *thy* part? Wilt thou muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn? While thou art filling his children on every ſide, ſhall he be conſtrained to ſay, "My leanneſs, my leanneſs?" Far be that from my tender-hearted Lord! He loves you more than his own life.

"And *you* will taſte the perfect power,
As ſure as God is love!"

Saturday Morning.

I will freely unburden my mind. Before I knew what it was, to *love God with all my heart*, I thought my ſoul would be ſo fixt, that it would be continually aſcending as a flame before him. But inſtead of this, though I feel my *Will* is given up, and my *Love* is fixt on Jeſus, though he is my All, yet crowds of thoughts frequently preſs into my mind. And ſometimes Satan brings the things I uſed to be tempted with, and then accuſes me. But I can ſay all the time,

"Jeſus, to thee my ſoul I raiſe,
My ſoul in thee ſecurely boaſts,
Exults and triumphs in thy praiſe,
And glories in the Lord of Hoſts."

Meantime I cry to God to fix my mind on him, ſo that it may wander no more. And I am confirmed in the expectation of this, by the experience of many of my brethren.

Though others cannot believe there is any ſuch thing to be attained, and are offended at our mentioning it. *Joſeph Guilford*, in particular, at one of our meetings, fought exceedingly againſt it. Afterwards in prayer, he ſaid, "Lord, if there be ſuch a bleſſing, I am as ignorant of it as the table." Yet he cried mightily, and after he had wreſtled ſome time, the Lord gave it to him. He is now all praiſe and prayer. The Lord *will* work. And who ſhall hinder him!

Some call this, "Loving God *with all their minds*." Might they not rather ſay, they had received a farther degree of Faith, enabling them always to ſtay their minds upon God? But let us call it what we will, it is always given inſtantaneouſly.

Eternity ſeems to be brought ſo nigh, that I think the Lord is juſt going, either to take me to himſelf, or to manifeſt himſelf more abundantly to the Church. I do indeed delight in the thought of departing. Yet I cannot help wiſhing to ſee one prayer anſwered firſt, one ſoul entirely caſt on God! And I do believe, I ſhall ſee it. I believe, I know, you will be bleſt. I can ſo commit you to my loving Saviour, that I am ſure he will keep you for ever!

I am yours, &c.

M. B.

LETTER CLXXV.

[From Mrs. E. M———n, to the Rev. Mr. Weſley.]

Potto, April 14, 1762.

Dear Sir,

AS the Lord has made your inſtruction ſo great a bleſſing to my ſoul, I think it my duty to let you hear from me.

What you ſaid of being "ſettled in the pure love of God," was greatly bleſt to me. While you ſpoke to me, I ſaw the grace ſet before me, and my heart was drawn out to the Lord in prayer, with a conſtant waiting upon him for the bleſſing, till at the Love-feaſt in *York*, under your prayer, the Lord revealed himſelf with ſuch a weight of love, that my bodily

ſtrength

ſtrength was all removed, by his glorious appearing, and he ſaid to my ſoul, "Thou ſhalt never wander more." In this unſpeakable bleſſing, I found my whole ſoul to centre in the arms of Jeſus, being all united and ſwallowed up, in his infinite love to *me*. For two weeks after, the Enemy ſeemed to ſtir up earth and hell to tear it from me. He then tried his ſmoother wiles, ſuggeſting, "There is no ſcripture for this." But I found thoſe words ever before me, (and I knew they were a ſcriptural promiſe,) *I will keep his ſoul in perfect peace, whoſe mind is ſtaid on* me. Yet I prayed the Lord to make it ſtill plainer. And at the end of ſix weeks, as I was in ſecret prayer, I beheld him appearing glorious and ſealing this ſcripture on my heart, *All mine are thine*. I then found more of his love than ever before; even more than when he ſpoke the deſtruction of ſin, whereby my ſpirit was overwhelmed in love, for three days and nights together. Ever ſince I have found ſteadineſs of mind, though often ſurrounded with the hurries of my family, and of the world, in which I muſt act, and ſpeak, and think, according to my calling. For while I am in the body, I am expoſed to the various ſcenes of life. Have the happy ſouls you are with, never an uſeleſs or unprofitable thought caſt before them? I find a conſtant looking to the Lord: but I want to be every moment free from this life, and ever be ſwallowed up in the ocean of his love. I find my ſoul to be ſo ſhallow, I contain but a ſmall meaſure of his love. I have need to pray the Lord to enlarge my heart, and ſtrengthen me to bear the fulneſs of it.

Since I ſaw you, I ſeldom bow my knee, but I have ſuch uncommon deſires for your ſoul, as I cannot expreſs. I could ſtruggle with the Lord for you, while I have any life, that he would fill your ſoul with every grace which he hath purchaſed with his precious blood. Remember me, as one of the unworthieſt of his creatures, in all your prayers.

I am yours, &c.

E. M———n.

LETTER

LETTER CLXXVI.

[From the ſame.]

Potto, May 24, 1762.

Dear Sir,

I Have received yours, to the unſpeakable comfort of my ſoul. And though I have delayed a little in writing, my heart never delays in praying for, and being preſent with you daily. I thank the Lord in every remembrance of you, whom I find ſo dear to himſelf, his cauſe, and to me, the moſt unworthy of all to whom you ever wrote.

I have daily more and more reaſon to bleſs the Lord, for his unnumbered mercies: I have always a ſweet ſenſe of his tender love; but I want to be conſtantly ſwallowed up herein. Time is very precious to me, and yet it appears, as if I made little improvement thereof. I ſeem always to have too little time; never any to ſpare. My family is ever calling for my aſſiſtance for this life; and the Lord is ever calling me to purſue his work: ſo that I am conſtrained to cry, "Lord! my moments fly away, before my work is half performed."*

Bleſſed be God, I find an increaſe of love, and joy, and peace! This world appears a vain ſhadow, ſwiftly flying from me, and I from it. I have lately found an uncommon deſpiſing of all things here below: and yet at the ſame time, more abundant thankfulneſs to the Lord for every thing. I often ſee ſuch ſcenes of bleſſings to be thankful for, as appear like an unfathomable ocean, without a bottom or a ſhore. I am loſt in amazement; for the more I gaze, the more the ocean ſwells, and I poor duſt and aſhes, ſink into a ſilent nothing before him.

I have no confidence of perſevering to the end in any way, but conſtantly obeying all the commands of God. And in this, I find the Lord ſeals his word by his bleſſed Spirit upon my

my heart; and that in ſo deep and powerful a manner, as I cannot deſcribe or explain. He then ſhews me, that ſcripture is mine, "I will never leave thee nor forſake thee." My prayer is, that he may keep me to the end, and fully accompliſh his bleſſed word in me.

I always can tell *you* my whole heart; for your ſoul is unſpeakably near to me. May the Lord bleſs and preſerve you every moment, from all the ſnares, and baits, and ſmiles, and frowns, and powers of earth and hell, to rejoice every moment in his love! O remember me in all your prayers, the moſt ignorant and weak of all his creatures! I deſire your reproof in whatever you may fear amiſs in me, and your direction in all things.

I am yours, &c.

E. M——n.

LETTER CLXXVII.

[*From the ſame.*]

Potto, July 29, 1761.

Dear Sir,

I Have great cauſe of thankfulneſs for your care, in ſo thoroughly ſearching my heart. I hope you ever will: but I am ſo weak and ignorant, I ſcarce know how to anſwer. I do not always pray in words: but I find a conſtant prayer in my heart to God. And this he is pleaſed frequently to anſwer, with ſprings of ſtrength and comfort. Yet I deſire to be every moment more fervent in this bleſſed Duty. I am enabled to rejoice evermore, yea, in every trial and affliction I meet with. I am aſtoniſhed that the Lord ſhould pour his bleſſings upon me, who can thank him no more! Indeed I *do* render him all my powers in thanks and love to him. But this ſeems to be as nothing to his immenſity of love to *me*.

When

When I meet with the contradiction of ſinners, I feel much love and pity for their poor ſouls. But in general, while I am with them, they ſeem to melt before me. I find more to bear from thoſe who know, or have known the Grace of God. Some of theſe are conſtantly deriding holineſs, and calling the experience of thoſe that are *renewed*, Deluſion. This kind of contradiction meets me daily, and makes me ſink as into duſt and aſhes before the Lord, and all his creatures, willing to be trodden under foot of all men.

As to pride, anger, and vain deſire, I know my ſoul is cleanſed from them. And though I am tempted to them all, yet they can never affect my ſpirit or touch my heart. My will is wholly devoted to God; but I am ſo ignorant, I have need to cry to the Lord to teach me every moment. I deſire not to live, but to do his will; it would be a hell to me, to diſhonour the Lord, or grieve his people.

I hope you will caution me, whereinſoever you fear evil in me or near me. This above all will endear your ſoul to me, and I hope make you love and pray for me the more. I cannot tell what joy I feel in hearing, how the Lord proſpers your labours. O may your hands never hang down! May your knees never be feeble; but may the Lord appear victorious for you, and in you every moment! May your care and labour for other ſouls, never be a hinderance to your own! I never bow my knee to the Lord, but my heart is drawn out in prayer, that your peace may flow as a river, and your righteouſneſs as the waves of the ſea! And I cannot doubt but the Lord will conquer every hinderance you meet with, and bring you forth into the *Canaan* of peace and plenty, to ſing his praiſe for ever and ever.

I am yours, &c.

E. M——n.

LETTER

LETTER CLXXVIII.

[From Mrs. Sarah Oddie to the Rev. Mr. Wesley.]

Barton Forge, March 18, 1762.

Dear Sir,

I Am ſtill more and more aſtoniſhed at the goodneſs of God! What am I, O Lord, that thou ſhouldeſt vouchſafe to take up thine abode in ſo unworthy a creature! Yea, and to give me the advantage of thy moſt excellent ones, to help my weakneſs on? It ſurpriſes me, that they ſhould take any notice of one ſo inſignificant. I think of you often, when tears of joy are ſtreaming down my face! I believe God does bleſs your precious ſoul, and I pray him to fill you with all his fulneſs, and to return a thouſand fold into your own boſom, all the good you have done to me.

God of his great mercy kept me when I was a child, from what the world calls ſin. I was then under great fear of death: and that fear put me upon many duties. I got the ſtricteſt books, and copied after them as far as I could. I prayed eight ſtated times every day. I was ſtrict in going to Church and Sacrament. Thus I was rich, and increaſed in goods, and needed nothing; thinking what I could not do, Chriſt would make up for me.

In 1750 I heard of your Societies, and became acquainted with ſome of them. They gave me ſome books, by which, and by the holy ſcriptures, I was ſoon convinced, I had been in the dark all my life long. It was then the Commandment came home to my Conſcience, and a ſight and ſenſe of my ſins, brought me into ſuch miſery, that I had no eaſe in the day, nor reſt in the night. My continual prayer was, though with little hope, "God be merciful to me a ſinner!" But in Lent, 1752, as I was dreſſing myſelf to go to Church, I was on a ſudden filled with the love of God. The fear of

death was gone: I wiſhed for nothing ſo much as to be with him whom my ſoul loved. It was not long before my joy abated, and I began to doubt, if it was not a falſe peace. But I went to God in prayer, and before I roſe from my knees, he manifeſted himſelf afreſh. This ſet my ſoul at liberty from all doubts; and my heart was again filled with thankfulneſs.

In this ſtate I continued almoſt a year, when God began to ſhew me by degrees, the wickedneſs of my heart. I found many tempers contrary to the will of God: but generally one at a time. Then God gave me power to agonize and wreſtle with him, till that was under my feet. No ſooner had I the victory over one, but another ſhewed itſelf. I made uſe of the ſame method, till that alſo was conquered: and hereby I was greatly encouraged. Yet I thought ſometimes, my heart was more deſperately wicked than any one's in the world. And how was I grieved, that after all God had done, I ſhould find ſo many things in me to oppoſe him!

In the year 1759, I knew not any thing that hindered my deliverance from all ſin, unleſs it were the hurrying buſineſs in which I was engaged, which took up ſo much of my time and thought. But being about this time with Mrs. *Green*, of *Ratherham*, while ſhe was more than commonly hurried with buſineſs, I was convinced, that as ſhe rejoiced evermore, ſo might I, in any outward ſtate whatever. And the beauty of holineſs which I ſaw in her, made me long for it more than ever. But the more I ſtrove to pleaſe God in all things, the more I ſaw of my imperfections. I could not find that I could do this for one day. I always found at night, that I had done ſomething wrong, or ſpoke too many words, or kept ſilence when I ſhould have ſpoken: ſo that I went heavily, though I had a conſtant ſenſe of the pardoning love of God. I do not indeed remember, that ever I was one hour in darkneſs ſince I was juſtified. But this was my ſorrow,

"Pardoned, but yet alas! unclean."

In

In January 1760, I determined to give myſelf up entirely, into the hands of my Redeemer, fully reſolving, that the care of my ſoul ſhould have every moment of my leiſure time, and leaving it to God, to give me what he pleaſed. My ſoul was then in a great calm.

On the firſt of February it was ſaid to my heart, "I have ſhewed thee how unable thou art of thyſelf, to do what thou deſireſt; and now I will do it for thee. My love ſhall conſtrain thee to obey me, and my grace ſhall be ſufficient for thee." I felt ſuch love, peace, and joy, as tongue cannot expreſs. This continued all day, while a ſtream of loving tears ran down my face. Next morning I awaked all in tears of joy, full of wonder, with the greateſt confidence, that God had brought me into the liberty of his much favoured children. For a week together I awoke every morning, in the ſame joyous ſurpriſe. The Bible was a new book to me. I ſaw Chriſt in every line, and his all-ſufficiency to keep me in the ſtate to which he had brought me.

And ever ſince, glory be to God! I have found him faithful to his word. I have loved God and all mankind at all times. I have ſerved him from love only; and whatever I have been employed in, I have offered it to him, with a pure intention to pleaſe him. Formerly I uſed to feel ſome anger or reſentment, when men treated me ill. But now I find it is all turned into tender compaſſion for them. I am ever under the eye of my indulgent Father, and look to be guided by him in every ſtep I take. And ſince I have done this, I find my buſineſs is diſpatched in leſs time, with fewer words, and to greater advantage than ever before. He is a preſent help in time of need. And amidſt all the cumber, hurry and trials, of ſo large a family, and ſo great a charge, "Careful without care I am."

Indeed ſometimes I ſee, that ſome things might have been done, or ſome words ſpoken better than they were. But thoſe are ſhewn me by my loving Father, to improve his loving, but

ignorant child. Therefore I receive the inſtruction with thankfulneſs, and ſet myſelf to improve thereby.

And what ſhall I now ſay to the King? When I attempt to praiſe him, I am as one dumb before him. I cannot find words to expreſs my heart: I am forced to ſay, let ſilence ſpeak thy praiſe. I lie in his hand, thirſting for more of his image, more of his love, till I am wholly loſt in him. His bleſſed word and all his ordinances are right precious to my ſoul. His dear children are my companions: I have nothing, and yet poſſeſs all things. I think myſelf the moſt highly favoured creature under heaven: death is always welcome. Chriſt is always preſent and precious; eſpecially in ſickneſs and pain. What in his love poſſeſs I not? In him I find every thing to make me holy and happy. Thanking you for all favours,

I remain, dear Sir,

Your obliged Child in the Goſpel,

SARAH ODDIE.

POETRY.

A PENITENTIAL SOLILOQUY.

[*By Dr. Byron.*]

WHAT! though no objects ſtrike upon the ſight!
Thy ſacred preſence is an *inward* light!
What! though no ſounds ſhould penetrate the ear!
To liſtening Thought the Voice of Truth is clear!
Sincere Devotion needs no outward ſhrine;
The centre of an *humble* ſoul is thine!

There

There may I worſhip! there mayeſt thou ever place
Thy Seat of Mercy, and thy Throne of Grace!
Yea, fix, if Chriſt my Advocate appear,
The dread tribunal of thy Juſtice there!
Let each vain thought, let each impure deſire,
Meet, in thy wrath, with a conſuming fire.

Whilſt the kind rigours of a righteous doom
All deadly filth of *ſelfiſh Pride* conſume,
Thou, Lord! canſt raiſe, though puniſhing for ſin,
The joys of peaceful Penitence within.
Thy Juſtice and thy Mercy both are ſweet,
That make our *ſuff'rings* and *ſalvation* meet.

Befal me then whatever God ſhall pleaſe!
His Wounds are healing, and his pains give eaſe;
He like a true Phyſician of the ſoul
Applies the medicine that will make it whole.
I'll do, I'll *ſuffer*, whatſoe'er he will;
I ſee his aim through every tranſient ill.

'Tis to infuſe a *ſalutary* grief,
To fit the mind for abſolute relief:
That purgèd from every *falſe* and finite love,
Dead to the world, alive to things above;
The ſoul may riſe, as into *firſt* formèd youth,
And worſhip God in *ſpirit* and in *truth*.

FROM THE OLNEY COLLECTION.

None upon earth I deſire beſides thee. Pſal. lxxiii. 25.

HOW tedious and taſteleſs the hours,
When Jeſus no longer I ſee;
Sweet proſpects, ſweet birds, and ſweet flowers,
Have loſt all their ſweetneſs with me:

The

The midſummer ſun ſhines but dim,
The fields ſtrive in vain to look gay;
But when I am happy in him,
December's as pleaſant as May.

His Name yields the richeſt perfume,
And ſweeter than muſic his voice;
His preſence diſperſes my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice:
I ſhould, were he always thus nigh,
Have nothing to wiſh or to fear;
No mortal ſo happy as I,
My ſummer would laſt all the year.

Content with beholding his face,
My all to his pleaſure reſigned,
No changes of ſeaſon or place,
Would make any change in my mind:
While bleſſed with a ſenſe of his love,
A palace a toy would appear;
And priſons would palaces prove,
If Jeſus would dwell with me there.

Dear Lord, if indeed I am thine,
If thou art my ſun and my ſong;
Say, why do I languiſh and pine,
And why are my winters ſo long?
O drive theſe dark clouds from my ſky,
Thy ſoul-cheering preſence reſtore;
Or take me unto thee on high,
Where winter and clouds are no more.

A PRAYER,

A PRAYER, *written at the time of the Inſurrection, June* 1780.

GOD omnipotent, ariſe,
And ſcatter all thy foes,
Blaſt the rebels with thy eyes
Who Thee and Thine oppoſe:
Let the Tools of anarchy,
The ſons of daring wickedneſs,
Drivèn as by a whirlwind flee
Before thine angry face.

Lord of hoſts, and King of kings,
Thine outſtretchèd arm make bare,
Thine alone ſalvation brings,
And ſtops the waſte of war:
Earth and hell to Thee ſubmit:
Avenge us quickly of the fiend,
Chaſe him back to his own pit,
The hour of darkneſs end.

Arm the Man of thy right-hand,
And make him ſtrong for Thee,
Confident, thè angelic Band
His conſtant guard ſhall be:
Him with wiſdom from above,
With calm, intrepid zeal inſpire,
All our evils to remove,
And ſnatch us from the fire.

Britain then thy Hand ſhall own,
And bleſs thine Inſtrument,
Thou through Him the work haſt done,
The great Delivèrance ſent:
Praiſe entire to Thee we give,
The God ſupreme, the Lord moſt high,
Thankful to thy glory live,
And to thy glory die!

On the MESSENGERS *of* GOD.

A Scripture Teſt—to tell, and try
The Meſſengers of the Moſt High—
" Servants of all"—are theſe on earth,
Yet Sons of God, by heavénly birth! ‖
Godlike in temper, act, and word,
Meek imitators of their Lord;*
Who ſeek not pleaſure, profit, praiſe,
Which vaniſh with terreſtrial days;
But " Honour coming from above,"
Boundleſs as heavén's eternal love!
" Lord, make me fruitful," is their cry,
" To prove my miſſion from the ſky,
O give me children—elſe I die!"
Nor labour ſuch for ſouls—in vain,
While faithful—fruitful they remain;
Weeping, with zeal through crowds they roam!
Shouting, with ſ[illegible] fly bounding home!
Wiſhing the world to heavén would come!
Expecting that millennial day †
When earth, like heavén, ſhall God obey!
Nor " run they as uncertainly,"
Each know from ſtricteſt ſcrutiny,
By heart-felt joys, and what they ſee,
" I AM hath ſent unworthy me."

A SHORT HYMN.

Rom. xv. 2. *Let every one of us pleaſe his neighbour, for his good, to edification.*

AIMING at the nobleſt end,
Would I learn the art to pleaſe,
Yield to all, and condeſcend,
Sacrifice my time and eaſe;
Caſt my own deſires behind,
Live the Servant of mankind.

‖ John iii. 3. * Matt. xi. 29. John viii. 40. † Iſa. lxvi. 23


CHA.
Aged 29
BOONE.

THE Arminian Magazine,

For SEPTEMBER 1781.

DIALOGUE II.

Of ELECTION; *tranſlated from* SEBASTIAN CASTELLIO's *Dialogues*, *between* Lewis *and* Frederic.

[*Continued from page* 408.]

Fred. IT is therefore[a] a ſecond Election, when a man is choſen in fact: that is, when he is called unto ſalvation by a peculiar choice. Of this, St. *James* ſpeaks, when he ſays, chap. ii. 5, *Hath not God choſen the poor of this world, rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom?* But both theſe elections are entirely gratuitous, and without any condition whatſoever. For God hath no regard to man's work when he chuſes him. He did not aſk *Saul* or *David*, whether or not they would be choſen unto the kingdom. Neither did he propoſe to them any condition, or ſay thus to them, "I will chuſe you to reign, if you will do ſo and ſo;" but he ſaid only, I chuſe thee to the kingdom. In the ſame manner,

[a] See the preceding Number.

Chriſt did not aſk his Apoſtles, whether or not they would be choſen or called; no more than a Father aſks his Son whether he will be begotten; or after he is born, whether or not he will be conſtituted heir. Regeneration is like unto generation in this reſpect. For as he who is to be begotten is not yet, ſo likewiſe he that is to be regenerated is not yet; that is, not yet what he is to be through Regeneration.

Now follows the third and laſt Election; of which God ſpeaks thus by Iſaiah xlviii. 10, *I have choſen thee in the furnace of affliction.* And this takes place when man is tried, and approved of, by the Croſs of Chriſt, (as gold is tried in the fire,) and ſhows himſelf faithful, and perſeveres unto the end. As it is written by Daniel, chap. xii. 10, *Many ſhall be purified, and made white, and tried.* For then Chriſt ſays, *Well done, good and faithful ſervant: becauſe thou haſt been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord,* Matt. xxv. 23. The two former Elections lead to this. For God chuſes or calls none unto ſalvation, without being willing to conduct them to it. Now if this election or approbation, was ſimilar to the former, that is, if it had no regard to works, all thoſe who are *called* unto ſalvation would be choſen. But as it muſt follow works, many, as they will not perform the works required, do not obtain ſalvation. For if being called, they refuſe the Croſs, they are not choſen; that is, they do not reach ſalvation. Hence he ſays, *Many are called, but few are choſen.* For thoſe only are choſen, that have ſhewed themſelves faithful. Juſt as a piece of gold, though ſet aſide to make ſome elegant veſſel, is nevertheleſs rejected, if it be not found good, when put into the crucible. So that the ſame gold may be ſaid to be both choſen for the work, and yet afterward rejected. Thoſe who are choſen by this laſt election cannot be loſt; nor can any pluck them out of the hands of Chriſt.

I am

I am aware, that what I have ſaid of this threefold Election may, to many, ſeem hard; but thus the ſcriptures ſpeak. And leſt you ſhould be offended at my ſaying, many who are choſen unto ſalvation do not obtain it, I ſhall prove it by ſeveral inſtances. In the firſt place, it cannot be doubted but *Eſau* was by nature choſen unto ſuperiority; ſince he was the firſt-born, to which that honour is naturally due. And yet *Eſau* loſt that right, and through his own fault, by prefering a meſs of pottage to ſo great a privilege. The ſame will happen to all, who like him, though called to ſalvation, do not attain it, becauſe they prefer their own luſts to it.

I do not ſay, that *Eſau* was rejected from life everlaſting; all I mean is, that his rejection is a figure of everlaſting rejection; inſomuch that what happened to him in the body, will happen unto the wicked ſpiritually. This the Author of the Epiſtle to the *Hebrews* ſeems to hint at, when he ſays, chap. xii. 16, 17, *Leſt there be any fornicator, or profane perſon, as Eſau, who for one morſel of meat ſold his birth-right. For ye know how that afterward, when he would have inherited the bleſſing, he was rejected.* *Lewis.* But the rejection of *Eſau*, which relates to earthly things, does not ſeem to be an emblem of the rejection of the wicked, which concerns heavenly things; ſince God declared the former before *Eſau* was born; whilſt the latter, in many reſpects, depends upon man's will. *Eſau* therefore was not choſen by God at all; conſequently he could not but loſe his birth-right, ſince God had foretold that it ſhould come to paſs. *Fred.* That rejection of *Eſau*, which the Author of the Epiſtle to the *Hebrews* ſpeaks of, never was foretold before *Eſau* was born. It was foretold, indeed, that of the people which were in *Rebecca's* womb, the elder ſhould ſerve the younger: but not that *Eſau* ſhould ſell his birth-right, as he did, and of courſe, was juſtly rejected. What I mean is, *Eſau* did not loſe his birth-right, which was neceſſarily his prerogative, but through his own fault. The

ſame happened to him, that afterwards happened to *Reuben*; who, becauſe he had defiled his father's bed, was deprived of the prerogative he before enjoyed over all his brethren.

But beſides *Eſau's* example, I will produce another ſtill clearer. God ſpeaks thus unto *Eli* the High-Prieſt, becauſe he had not rebuked his ſons in the manner he ought to have done, 1 Sam. ii. 30. 35, *I ſaid indeed, that thy houſe, and the houſe of thy father ſhould walk before me for ever: but now the Lord ſaith, Be it far from me*, &c. &c. Here you may clearly perceive, that *Eli* was choſen by God unto an everlaſting Prieſthood, and yet that he was deprived of it on account of his ſin. I ſay the ſame of *Saul*; who, tho' he had been elected to the kingdom for ever, was rejected for his diſobedience. So *Samuel*, (1 Sam. xiii. 13, 14,) *Thou haſt done fooliſhly: thou haſt not kept the commandment of the Lord thy God, which he commanded thee: for now would the Lord have eſtabliſhed thy kingdom upon Iſrael for ever. But now thy kingdom ſhall not continue.* Here again it is manifeſt that *Saul* would have been king over Iſrael for ever, had he not been diſobedient. Nay, he was not deprived of the kingdom only, but alſo of the ſpirit of God. *Lewis.* I muſt interrupt you. Our Teachers ſay, that *Saul* was not endowed with the ſpirit of God which makes men righteous, but only, with that which makes them prudent and ſucceſsful in buſineſs. *Fred.* Should it be ſo, what I have advanced would be equally true; that though *Saul* was choſen to a perpetual kingdom, he did not remain poſſeſſed of it. But it is *not* ſo, for *Samuel* ſpeaks to him thus: *The ſpirit of the Lord will come upon thee, and thou ſhalt propheſy with them, and ſhalt be turned into another man. And let it be when theſe ſigns are come unto thee, that thou do as occaſion ſhall ſerve thee, for God is with thee.* Pray, is he that is thus changed into another man, and may do as occaſion ſerves him, and who hath God with him, only prudent? Is he not righteous alſo? *Lewis.* He may be ſaid to be righteous alſo. *Fred.* Certainly. For *Saul* did not only perform deeds

deeds of wiſdom and of courage, but moreover of righteouſneſs; as when he would not take revenge of his adverſaries for their having rejected him. Which was the ſame ſpirit with which *David* was afterwards endowed, when he would not avenge himſelf of his enemies. When therefore *Saul* was deprived of the ſpirit of God, he was not only deprived of Gifts, but of Righteouſneſs alſo.

But not to dwell any longer on the hiſtory of *Saul*, let us come to the people at large. Why did God lead the *Iſraelites* out of *Egypt*? *Lewis.* To give them the poſſeſſion of the land of *Canaan*. *Fred.* Conſequently they were choſen for that land? *Lewis.* They were ſo; for God ſpeaks thus, Exodus iii. 8, *I am come down to deliver them out of the hand of the Egyptians, and to bring them up out of that land, unto a good land and a large.* *Fred.* And yet he did *not* bring them into it. *Lewis.* He did not. *Fred.* Do you not obſerve that this Deſtination and Election were hindered by their ſtubbornneſs? *Your carcaſes ſhall fall in this wilderneſs; and all that were numbered of you, according to your whole number, from twenty years old and upward, which have murmured againſt me. Doubtleſs, ye ſhall not come into the land, concerning which I ſware to make you dwell therein*, Num. xiv. 29, 30.

Let us now ſpeak of the heavenly kingdom, of which, that earthly one was a figure. Will you not allow that all the children of *Abraham* were choſen and deſtined? *Lewis.* I do not know; for St. Paul ſays, Rom. ix. 8, *They which are the children of the fleſh, theſe are not the children of God: but the children of the promiſe are counted for the ſeed.* *Fred.* Neither do I ſpeak of *Iſhmael's* poſterity, but of *Iſaac's*; who, ſince he was born by the promiſe, his poſterity muſt needs be the ſons of the promiſe. *Lewis.* But St. Paul teaches, Rom. ii. 29, *That he alone is a Jew, and circumciſed, who is circumciſed in the heart.* *Fred.* Neither do I ſpeak of a true and ſpiritual Jew, but of him who is choſen ſo to be. And ſince the circumciſion of the fleſh is the figure of that of the heart,

heart, all thoſe who are circumciſed in the fleſh, are choſen unto the circumciſion of the heart; otherwiſe the circumciſion of the fleſh would ſignify nothing. Therefore Moſes ſays, *Circumciſe the foreſkin of your hearts.* As if he had ſaid, This circumciſion of the fleſh invites you to the circumciſion of the heart, unto which ye are called. St. Paul himſelf indiſputably proves, that all the Jews were choſen unto ſalvation, when he calls them *Olive branches, broken off through their unbelief*, Rom. xi. 20. For all branches are deſigned to bear fruit; which fruit, as it was not when they were under the law, they muſt needs have been choſen unto Chriſt, to whom the law reſpects; as in him alone are the true fruits of the law found. In like manner, therefore, as every tree is deſigned to arrive at an age of maturity, in which it is to bear fruit; and as every youth is deſigned to become a man; ſo likewiſe all thoſe who were under the law (which law was a kind of rudiments) were deſigned unto Chriſt: in whom all the treaſures of divine wiſdom are found.

Now when St. Paul writes, that the people of God are not caſt away of God, ſince he himſelf was an Iſraelite, *of the ſeed of Abraham, of the tribe of Benjamin*, Rom. xi. 1, he certainly ſpeaks of the ſeed of *Abraham* according to the fleſh; elſe it would have been improper to mention the tribe of *Benjamin*. Whence it is evident that the promiſes appertained to that ſeed according to the fleſh; that thoſe who were the children of *Abraham* according to the fleſh, might alſo become the children of *Abraham* according to the ſpirit. Hence Chriſt, born himſelf of the ſeed of *David* according to the fleſh, did at firſt ſend his diſciples to the *Iſraelites* only; and forbad them to go unto other nations. He likewiſe anſwered the woman of *Canaan* to this purpoſe, (Matt. xv. 24,) *I am not ſent but unto the loſt ſheep of the houſe of Iſrael.* And elſewhere he calls the Iſraelites *the children of the kingdom. The children of the kingdom*, ſays he, *ſhall be caſt out.* And why does he call them the children of the kingdom? but

becauſe

becauſe they were deſigned for the kingdom by the promiſe made unto *Abraham*. And how are they to be caſt out, unleſs they be deprived of the kingdom unto which they were choſen. For otherwiſe they could not be ſaid to have been caſt out. Since none can be thruſt out of doors, but ſuch as are within.

[*To be continued.*]

SERMON V.

On GALATIANS iv. 18.

It is good to be always zealouſly affected in a good cauſe.

1. THERE are few ſubjects in the whole compaſs of Religion, that are of greater importance than this. For without Zeal it is impoſſible, either to make any conſiderable progreſs in Religion ourſelves, or to do any conſiderable ſervice to our neighbour, whether in temporal or ſpiritual things. And yet nothing has done more diſſervice to Religion, or more miſchief to mankind, than a ſort of Zeal, which has for ſeveral ages prevailed, both in Pagan, Mahometan, and Chriſtian Nations. Inſomuch that it may truly be ſaid, Pride, Covetouſneſs, Ambition, Revenge, have in all parts of the world ſlain their thouſands; but Zeal its ten thouſands. Terrible inſtances of this have occurred in ancient times, in the moſt civilized Heathen Nations. To this chiefly were owing the inhuman perſecutions of the primitive Chriſtians: and in later ages, the no leſs inhuman perſecutions of the Proteſtants, by the Church of *Rome*. It was Zeal that kindled the fires in our own nation, during the reign of bloody Queen *Mary*. It was Zeal that ſoon after made ſo many provinces of *France* a field of blood. It was Zeal that murdered ſo many thouſand, unreſiſting Proteſtants, in

in the never to be forgotten Maſſacre of *Paris*. It was Zeal that occaſioned the ſtill more horrid Maſſacre in *Ireland*; the like whereof, both with regard to the number of the murdered, and the ſhocking circumſtances wherewith many of thoſe murders were perpetrated, I verily believe never occurred before, ſince the world began. As to the other parts of *Europe*, an eminent *German* Writer has taken immenſe pains, to ſearch both the Records in various places, and the moſt authentic Hiſtoriès, in order to gain ſome competent knowledge of the blood which has been ſhed ſince the Reformation. And he computes, that partly by private Perſecution, partly by religious Wars, in the courſe of forty years, reckoning from the year 1520, above forty millions of men have been deſtroyed.

2. But is it not poſſible to diſtinguiſh right Zeal from wrong? Undoubtedly it is poſſible. But it is difficult: ſuch is the deceitfulneſs of the human heart! So ſkilfully do the Paſſions juſtify themſelves! And there are exceeding few treatiſes on the ſubject; at leaſt in the *Engliſh* language. To this day I have ſeen, or heard of only one Sermon; and that was wrote above a hundred years ago, by Dr. *Spratt*, then Biſhop of *Rocheſter*, ſo that it is now exceeding ſcarce.

3. I would gladly caſt in my mite, by God's aſſiſtance, toward the clearing up this important Queſtion, in order to enable well-meaning men, who are deſirous of pleaſing God, to diſtinguiſh true Chriſtian Zeal from its various counterfeits. And this is more neceſſary at this time, than it has been for many years. Sixty years ago there ſeemed to be ſcarce any ſuch thing as religious Zeal left in the nation. People in general were wonderfully cool and undiſturbed about "that trifle, Religion." But ſince then, it is eaſy to obſerve, there has been a very conſiderable alteration. Many thouſands almoſt in every part of the nation, have felt a real deſire to ſave their ſouls. And I am perſuaded there is at this day more religious Zeal in *England*, than there has been for a century paſt.

4. But

4. But has this Zeal been of the right or the wrong kind? Probably both the one and the other. Let us ſee if we cannot ſeparate theſe, that we may avoid the latter, and cleave to the former. In order to this, I would firſt enquire, What is the nature of true, Chriſtian Zeal: Secondly, What are the Properties of it? And thirdly, draw ſome practical Inferences.

I. And firſt, What is the nature of Zeal in general, and of true Chriſtian Zeal in particular.

1. The original word, in its primary ſignification means *Heat*, ſuch as the heat of boiling water. When it is figuratively applied to the mind, it means any warm Emotion or Affection. Sometimes it is taken for *Envy*. So we render it, Acts v. xvii, where we read, *The high-prieſt, and all that were with him, were filled with envy:* ἐπλήρθησαν ζήλου· (although it might as well be rendered, were filled with *Zeal*.) Sometimes it is taken for Anger and Indignation; ſometimes for vehement Deſire. And when any of our Paſſions are ſtrongly moved on a religious account, whether for any thing good, or againſt any thing which we conceive to be evil, this we term *Religious Zeal*.

2. But it is not all that is called Religious Zeal, which is worthy of that name. It is not properly Religious or Chriſtian Zeal, if it be not joined with Charity. A fine Writer, (Biſhop *Spratt*,) carries the matter farther ſtill. "It has been affirmed, ſays that great man, No Zeal is right, which is not charitable. But this is not ſaying enough. I affirm, that true Zeal is not only charitable, but is moſtly ſo. Charity or Love is not only one Ingredient, but the chief ingredient in its compoſition." May we not go further ſtill? May we not ſay that true Zeal is not moſtly charitable, but wholly ſo? That is, if we take Charity in St. *Paul's* ſenſe, for Love; the Love of God and our Neighbour. For it is a certain truth, (although little underſtood in the world,) that Chriſtian Zeal is all Love. It is nothing elſe. The Love of God and Man fills up its whole nature.

3. Yet, it is not every degree of that Love, to which this appellation is given. There may be ſome Love, a ſmall degree of it, where there is no Zeal. But it is properly, Love in a higher degree. It is *fervent Love*. True Chriſtian Zeal is no other than *the flame of Love*. This is the nature, the inmoſt eſſence of it.

II. 1. From hence it follows, that the properties of Love, are the properties of Zeal alſo. Now one of the chief properties of Love, is *Humility: Love is not puffed up*. Accordingly this is a property of true Zeal: humility is inſeparable from it. As is the degree of Zeal, ſuch is the degree of Humility: they muſt riſe and fall together. The ſame Love which fills a man with zeal for God, makes him little, and poor, and vile in his own eyes.

2. Another of the properties of Love is *Meekneſs:* conſequently it is one of the properties of Zeal. It teaches us to be meek, as well as lowly: to be equally ſuperior to Anger and Pride. Like as the wax melteth at the fire, ſo, before this ſacred flame, all turbulent Paſſions melt away, and leave the ſoul unruffled and ſerene.

3. Yet another property of Love, and conſequently of Zeal, is unwearied *Patience*; for *Love endureth all things*. It arms the ſoul with entire reſignation to all the diſpoſals of divine Providence, and teaches us to ſay in every occurrence, *It is the Lord: let him do what ſeemeth him good*. It enables us, in whatever ſtation, therewith to be content: to repine at nothing; to murmur at nothing; but *in every thing to give thanks*.

4. There is a fourth property of Chriſtian Zeal; which deſerves to be more particularly conſidered. This we learn from the very words of the Apoſtle, *It is good to be zealouſly affected*, (not to have tranſient touches of zeal, but a ſteady, rooted diſpoſition) *in a good thing:* in that which is good; for the proper object of Zeal, is Good in general. That is, every thing that is good, really ſuch, in the ſight of God.

5. But

5. But what is good in the ſight of God? What is that Religion, wherewith God is always well-pleaſed? How do the parts of this riſe one above another? And what is the comparative value of them?

This is a point exceeding little conſidered, and therefore little underſtood. Poſitive Divinity, many have ſome knowledge of. But few know any thing of Comparative Divinity. I never ſaw but one tract wrote upon this head; a ſketch of which it may be of uſe to ſubjoin.

In a Chriſtian Believer, *Love* ſits upon the throne, which is erected in the inmoſt ſoul: namely, love of God and man, which fills the whole heart, and reigns without a rival. In a circle near the throne, are all *holy Tempers*; Long-ſuffering, Gentleneſs, Meekneſs, Goodneſs, Fidelity, Temperance: and if any other is compriſed in *the mind that was in Chriſt Jeſus*. In an exterior circle are all the *Works of Mercy*, whether to the ſouls or bodies of men. By theſe we exerciſe all holy Tempers; by theſe we continually improve them, ſo that all theſe are real *Means of Grace*, although this is not commonly adverted to. Next to theſe are thoſe that are uſually termed *Works of Piety:* Reading and Hearing the Word, Public, Family, Private Prayer, Receiving the Lord's Supper, Faſting or Abſtinence. Laſtly, that his followers may the more effectually provoke one another, to Love, holy Tempers, and good Works, our bleſſed Lord has united them together in one body, *the Church*, diſperſed all over the earth: a little emblem of which, of the Church univerſal, we have in every particular Chriſtian congregation.

6. This is that Religion which our Lord has eſtabliſhed upon earth, ever ſince the deſcent of the Holy Ghoſt on the day of Pentecoſt. This is the entire, connected ſyſtem of Chriſtianity: and thus the ſeveral parts of it riſe one above another, from that loweſt point, *the aſſembling ourſelves together*, to the higheſt, Love enthroned in the heart. And hence it is eaſy to learn the comparative value of every branch of Religion.

Hence alſo we learn a fifth property of true Zeal. That as it is always exerciſed ἐν καλῷ, *in that which is good*, ſo it is always *proportioned* to that Good, to the degree of Goodneſs that is in its object.

7. For example. Every Chriſtian ought undoubtedly to be zealous for *the Church*, bearing a ſtrong affection to it, and earneſtly deſiring its proſperity and increaſe. He ought to be thus zealous, as for the Church univerſal, praying for it continually, ſo eſpecially for that particular Church or Chriſtian Society, whereof he himſelf is a member. For this he ought to wreſtle with God in prayer; mean time uſing every means in his power, to enlarge its borders, and to ſtrengthen his brethren, that they may adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour.

8. But he ſhould be more zealous for the *Ordinances of Chriſt*, than for the Church itſelf: for Prayer in public and private, for the Lord's Supper, for reading, hearing and meditating on his word; and for the much neglected duty of faſting. Theſe he ſhould earneſtly recommend, firſt by his example, and then by advice, by argument, perſuaſion, and exhortation, as often as occaſion offers.

9. Thus ſhould he ſhew his Zeal for Works of Piety; but much more for *Works of Mercy*. Seeing *God will have mercy and not ſacrifice*; that is, rather than ſacrifice. Whenever therefore one interferes with the other, Works of Mercy are to be preferred. Even reading, hearing, prayer, are to be omitted, or to be poſtponed, "at Charity's almighty Call:" when we are called to relieve the diſtreſs of our neighbour, whether in body or ſoul.

10. But as zealous as we are for all good Works, we ſhould be ſtill more zealous for *holy Tempers*; for planting and promoting both in our own ſouls, and in all we have any intercourſe with, Lowlineſs of mind, Meekneſs, Gentleneſs, Long-ſuffering, Contentedneſs, Reſignation unto the Will of God, Deadneſs to the world and the things of the world, as the only

only means of being truly alive to God. For theſe proofs and fruits of living Faith, we cannot be too zealous. We ſhould *talk of them when we ſit in our houſe*, and *when we walk by the way*, and *when we lie down*, and *when we riſe up*. We ſhould make them continual matter of prayer; as being far more excellent than any outward works whatever: ſeeing thoſe will fail when the body drops off; but theſe will accompany us into eternity.

11. But our choiceſt Zeal ſhould be reſerved for *Love* itſelf, the end of the commandment, the fulfilling of the law. The Church, the Ordinances, outward Works of every kind, yea, all other holy Tempers, are inferior to this, and riſe in value, only as they approach nearer and nearer to it. Here then is the great object of Chriſtian Zeal. Let every true Believer in Chriſt, apply with all fervency of ſpirit, to the God and Father of our Lord Jeſus Chriſt, that his heart may be more and more enlarged in Love to God and to all mankind. This one thing let him do: let him *preſs on to this prize of our high calling of God in Chriſt Jeſus.*

[*To be concluded in our next.*] 520

Some Account of Mr. DUNCAN WRIGHT.

[Wrote by himſelf.]

[*Continued from page* 419.]

IN the beginning of 1764, I was called to ſuffer a little for the teſtimony of Jeſus. And indeed but a little; for what were a few threatenings, a little reproach and ſhame, a few ſtones, or rotten eggs, to what many of the dear ſervants of God have ſuffered even in this age?

Our

Our Lieutenant-Colonel did not care what a ſoldier's religion was, provided he did his duty; but our Major, a warm blunderer, to whom the command of the regiment was left for a time, thought it a diſgrace to have a Serjeant, a Preacher among them. He therefore reſolved to drive me out of preaching if poſſible. I ſhall not enter upon a detail of the ſeveral means he uſed for this purpoſe, as I believe he was aſhamed of them himſelf before I left him. He found me ſo much the ſoldier, however, as not to be frightened out of what I thought was my duty. Yet I found it no eaſy matter to walk the ſtreets of *Newry*, a gazing flock to both old and young. At laſt, as he found he could not prevent my preaching, he hit upon a method to get quit of me: namely, to put me into the tenth company, which was ſoon to be reduced. And thus it was that the Lord *thruſt me out into the harveſt*; for I was determined not to leave the army, till ſome clear Providence ſet me free. Before the time came for the reduction of the company, ſome of the friendly Officers wanted me to ſtay, and ſaid, they would get the Major to put ſome old Serjeant in my place. I begged they would not, and they acquieſced. Some of them, indeed, wiſhed I could perſuade all their men to be religious, for they had no trouble with the Methodiſt ſoldiers, but enough with the others. Yet they told me, they feared what our enthuſiaſm would turn to; and mentioned *Cromwell*, who could preach and pray one part of the day, and kill and plunder the other.

Never were words more applicable to theſe fearful men than the following.

" The ſame in your eſteem,
Falſehood and truth ye join;
The wild pretender's dream,
And real work divine;

Between

Between the ſubſtance and the ſhow,
No difference you can find;
For colours all, full well we know,
Are equal to the blind."

Were the Chaplains men of real piety and courage, much good might be done in the Army; but the chaplaincy is generally a kind of ſinecure, and the care of ſouls is left to any worthleſs wretch, that will do it at an eaſy rate. When we lay in one city, the care of four or five regiments was left to an unhappy man, who was an object of common ridicule among the ſoldiers, for his perpetual drunkenneſs.

But although my Commanding-Officer could not hinder me from preaching, and God gave me to ſee the fruit of my labours, yet I was not thoroughly ſatisfied in my own mind that it was my duty to preach; but this ſpring, at *Waterford*, God revived his work wonderfully among that Society, and ſet my mind free from every ſcruple; ſo that when Mr. *Weſley* wrote me word, that if I left the army, he had immediate work for me, I had no objection, but the precarious ſtate of my health; for by preaching loud, and long, and by reading at all hours, I had brought myſelf ſo low, that our Surgeon ſometimes thought me in a conſumption. Mr. *Weſley* told me in anſwer to my objection, *that our maſter had all power in heaven, and in earth, and that as my day, ſo ſhould my ſtrength be.* And in the latter end of 1764, I found myſelf at liberty to go where Providence directed.

I was now entering upon a new ſcene of life, and though I was twenty-eight years of age, I was an utter ſtranger to mankind: hence I imagined that blunt honeſty, with innocency, would bear me through any thing; but I have ſince learned, that we need the wiſdom of the Serpent, as well as the innocence of the Dove, in our dealings with men, even about their ſouls. I mention this as an apology for ſome parts of my conduct, which had not always a due mixture of calm wiſdom;

my native impetuoſity, often hurrying me beyond the bounds of moderation; a thing too common with well-meaning, zealous young men.

I would obſerve farther, that I was kept in ſuch watchfulneſs and tenderneſs of conſcience, nine years after I knew ſomething of religion among the ſoldiery, as to my grief and ſhame I have not always retained ſince that period. I was then continually among the open enemies of religion, which partly obliged me to vigilance, but being ſince then, chiefly among the profeſt friends of religion, how often have I been off my watch? But whatever I have fallen into, I could never preach till I recovered a ſenſe of the divine acceptance. O where are we ſafe, beyond the power of ſinning, but in Paradiſe!

When I came to *Dublin*, our Society and Preachers received me in the kindeſt manner, and a comfortable time I ſpent with them that winter.

One of our Captains, without my knowledge, now recommended me to a late Nobleman, who, he told me, had an eaſy place for me, and deſired my anſwer in two or three days; I thanked him, and told him I had choſen another employment.

Here I was acquainted with Dr. *Davis*, whoſe caſe is worth relating. He was formerly remarkable for a peculiar lively turn of wit on all occaſions, and happy was the company that could get him to ſpend the evening with them. But being perſuaded by a friend to hear *John Carr*, one of our local Preachers, his companions, alas, loſt their Merry-Andrew. He told me that he went to *ſee* the Preacher, merely to take him off, as he expreſſed it: "but, ſaid he, while I was leaning on my cane, looking at him through my fingers, during his firſt prayer, an arrow went to my heart, which ſent me home, bruiſed and wounded." He then ſought the true Phyſician, who ſoon brought him to a healthful mind.

The regiment of dragoons, of which he was Surgeon, marched into *Dublin*, while I was there. One day, being at the

the ſoldier's Infirmary, a ſerious man, the porter of the houſe, one *FrancisMay*, ſaid to him, Sir, we want prayer, and a word of Exhortation, very much in this houſe: would you pray with two or three, Sir, if I get them together? Really *Frank*, ſaid the Doctor, "I never prayed in my life, but with two or three ſerious people, and I know not how to begin with any other." Sir, ſaid *Frank*, it is high time you ſhould begin. Begin to-day Sir, begin now! The Doctor was prevailed on. Away went *Frank*, and informed them through all the houſe, that Dr. *D*——, was going to preach to them. Down came every ſoul that could crawl; the ſick, the lame, and the lazy, to the long room, where the Chaplains uſed to read prayers. Away came *Frank* to the Doctor. Now Sir, ſaid he, "I have got a few of them." When the Doctor came to the room door, and ſaw the place full, he was for going back. Nay, Sir, ſaid *Frank*, "you cannot go back for your life! There they are, the Lord has delivered them into your hands, and will you ſtart from his work!" In ſhort, the Doctor went in, ſtood on a form, ſung and prayed; and having his pocket-bible with him, he read a portion to them, diſcourſed an hour and half, and from that time, preached to the ſoldiers where ever he could. As I knew his dangerous ſituation, I was a little afraid for him. But God took care of him; for going to viſit ſome priſoners in Newgate, who had a malignant fever, he caught the infection, and finiſhed his courſe rejoicing in God his Saviour.

We had ſeveral remarkable converſions while I was in *Ireland*. One or two more may be mentioned. We often think it loſt labour, to talk to a man about his ſoul while drunk; but I know to the contrary. I knew one in the North of *Ireland*, who, going home one ſummer-evening, much in liquor, ſaw a crowd of people on a green, at ſome diſtance; and imagining it to be a cock-fight, he would ſee it before he went home. The Preacher being in the application of his diſcourſe, ſaid, "are there any drunkards here? &c." The

poor fellow looking up, ſaid, "Yes, I am one." At that inſtant he was ſeized with ſuch concern for his ſoul, as never left him till he became a new man.

I add another remarkable caſe. We had a little Society in the county of *Wexford*, who uſed to be much peſtered with a Popiſh mob. They met in a long barn, with the door near one end. The rabble wanted ſadly to know what they did at their private meetings; but as the barn belonged to one that was no Methodiſt, they durſt not break open the door. At length they contrived that one of them ſhould get into the barn before the people came, and let his companions in at a proper time. To conceal himſelf the better he got into a ſack, and lay down behind the door. When the Society were all in, they faſtened the door as uſual. Soon after came the mob, hollowing and ſhouting to their friend to let them in; but God found other work for him; for being charmed with the firſt hymn, he thought it a thouſand pities (as he afterwards ſaid) to diſturb them while ſinging it. And when the prayer began, the power of God did ſo confound him, that he roared out with might and main. And not having power to get out of the ſack, lay bawling and ſcreaming. At laſt one ventured to ſee what was the matter, and helping him out, brought him up confeſſing his ſins and crying for mercy: which was the beginning of a laſting work in his ſoul.

But to return. This winter, three of the Preachers going to *Chappel-Izod*, where one of them was to preach, as there was room in the coach, they invited me to accompany them. A river, through which we were to paſs, happened to overflow part of the road. Our coachman thinking to drive in the moſt ſhallow water, drove near a wall; but the wheels turning on a large ſtone, overſet us. Through mercy we got out, with little more damage, than being well wet; but the Coachman ſtood up to the neck, like one diſtracted, crying, "Murder! Murder!" At laſt he got out, and then I

and

and two others, (Mr. *Johnſon* and *Dempſter*,) walked home, and were no worſe.

In the ſpring, there being no Preacher in the *Waterford* Circuit, I went thither, and ſpent ſome time very agreeably among my former acquaintances. And now it was that I ſaw what ſpirit many of the *Iriſh* Papiſts were of. While I carried a ſword by my ſide, few of them cared to ſpeak their minds; but now, that reſtraint being removed, ſeveral of them told me to my face, that they thought it would be doing both God and the Church ſervice, to burn all ſuch as me in one fire! The infatuation of many of them, owing to the ignorance they are kept in, cannot be deſcribed; for upon the leaſt pretence, and often without any, they riſe in large parties, well armed, to deſtroy the lives and properties of their neighbours, oppoſe the magiſtracy, and even inſult the army.

About this time, a party of the light-horſe, being on foot, were conveying one of the *Whiteboys* to *Kilkenny*-jail. In going through a village, the Papiſts croſſed the way with a mock funeral. When they had got the ſoldiers in the midſt, they threw down their coffin full of ſtones, and fell on, old and young, with the greateſt fury. The ſoldiers defended themſelves, till the Serjeant and three or four more were killed, and ſeveral deſperately wounded. For this, five of them were hanged at *Kilkenny*. They all died "innocent (they ſaid) as the child unborn!" So did five more, who were executed a little while before, for burning a mill, and burying the miller up to the neck. I could not underſtand at firſt, how moſt of the Papiſts that die here, by the hands of the executioner, die declaring their innocency, till I found out the ſecret: having confeſſed all their crimes to the Prieſt, and received his abſolution, they believed themſelves guiltleſs, and were forbid to make confeſſion to the *Heretics*. However we had the comfort to ſee ſeveral of them brought to the experience of real chriſtianity. And there is no doubt but if there were a few Preachers of Mr. *Walſh's* ſpirit, we ſhould ſee many more.

Mr. *Weſley* having ſignified to me, ſome time before, that I might travel with him if I had a mind, I gladly embraced the opportunity, and met him at *Limerick*, in June 1765. This and the next year, I had an opportunity of ſeeing moſt of our large Societies in the three kingdoms; and had my health, capacity, and induſtry kept pace with my opportunities, it might have been a time of extraordinary improvement. Beſides all other advantages, I had conſtantly before me ſuch an example of redeeming time, as I hope will be of ſervice to me while I live. But however profitable my travelling with Mr. *Weſley* might be, as the exerciſe was too much, I was obliged to give it up.

It was alſo of ſervice to me to ſpend ſome time in *London*, among ſome of our old, happy Methodiſts; who bore with my weakneſſes, and by their prayers and example confirmed me more and more in the truth as it is in Jeſus.

What the Lord has been doing by me in *Kent*, *Eſſex*, *Norwich*, *Mancheſter*, *Macclesfield*, in the *Yarm*, and *Thirſk* Circuits, and in *Scotland*, is known to him. I bleſs God that I have ſeen the work proſper and increaſe in moſt of the Circuits I have been in, not indeed in conſequence of *my preaching*, ſo much as by ſome regard to our diſcipline, and the labour of my colleagues. I have been happy, in having thoſe in general with me who were not *drones*, but hearty in the work of God. And their love to diſcipline has not been labour in vain; to God alone be all the glory!

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

A ſhort

A ſhort Account of Mrs. RUTH HALL.

I Was born at *Woolley*, near *Barnſley*, in *Yorkſhire*, in the year 1732. I thought that I lived to the beſt of my knowledge, till I was about eighteen, having always ſome meaſure of the fear of God, which kept me from outward ſins, and from being undutiful to my parents; but I had no great concern about heaven or hell. I then lived with a popiſh Gentlewoman, who told me I was a Heretic, and that no heretic could be ſaved. This threw me into much trouble and perplexity; which was afterwards increaſed by a Quaker, with whom I lived at *Leeds*, who was continually talking againſt the Sacrament, againſt going to Church, and againſt the Miniſters, whom I had always reverenced as the beſt of men. When I was about twenty, Mr. *Murgetroyd* began to read the Homilies in the Church. He read them every night that winter. I was deeply affected by ſome of them, particularly that on Good-Friday! What is ſaid there concerning the ſufferings of our Saviour, cut me to the heart. From that time my convictions grew deeper and deeper, till I was ſcarce fit for any buſineſs. I had hardly any natural underſtanding left, and no memory at all; ſo that if I went out to fetch any thing, I had forgot it, before I was half way down the ſtreet. I then, by the advice of my parents, who were afraid I ſhould be quite diſtracted, removed to *York*. Here I left off reading religious books, and uſed all means to make myſelf gay and eaſy. But I could not; for whenever I went to Church, the Scriptures were as an arrow piercing my heart. So that I grew more and more uneaſy, in ſpite of all that I could do. Finding no help in any thing, I one day aſked one of my neighbours, What thoſe People called *Methodiſts* were? And by a little perſuaſion was inclined to hear ſome of them preach. I went twice. The ſecond time, *William Shent* was the Preacher. When

When I looked at him, I was unuſually affected. I thought, "I wiſh that man would ſpeak to me! I could tell him all that is in my heart." Soon after, he did ſpeak to me, and I told him how I had been, and how I was. He ſaid, "Young woman, you have been ſtifling conviction: you have been reſiſting the Spirit of God. If you die as you are now, you will certainly go to hell." I ſaid, "O Sir, do not ſay ſo! for I cannot bear it." He added, "But I have one word of comfort for you. God will not ſuffer you to die as you are. Continue to ſeek him in good earneſt, and you will ſurely find him." This was made a wonderful bleſſing to me, and ſhortly after I joined the Society.

Yet I found no laſting comfort, but felt the burden of ſin increaſe more and more, till I had no hope left. I fully expected to go to hell, and knew it was juſt; yet I continued conſtantly in prayer. Many ſtrove to comfort me; but it was in vain: I could receive no comfort. Thus I remained for two or three months, till March 1752. Then, for two or three days, I was as in hell, full of anguiſh and bitterneſs of ſoul. On March 20th, being in a great agony, I was crying to God to have mercy upon me, when I heard a voice, (inwardly or outwardly I cannot tell,) "Jeſus Chriſt maketh thee whole." I could not believe it. I cried out, "Me, Lord! It cannot be me!" But it was repeated again and again, it may be twenty times, till I could not but believe it. I was quite overwhelmed with peace and love, and was unſpeakably happy. From that moment I never could doubt at all, nor did I ever loſe the love I then received. In March 1753, I married. Worldly troubles followed, which damped me a little, and inclined me to peeviſhneſs, ſo that ſometimes for one, ſometimes for two days, I was under a kind of cloud, not having ſo free and open an intercourſe with God as I uſually had. This concerned me much, and I never could reſt, till the clear light returned. I was likewiſe concerned, that there ſhould be any peeviſhneſs, or any ſin in me, and longed to have it all taken away.

I had

I had heard a great deal about *Nicholas Manners*, ſome believing what he ſaid, and ſome diſbelieving. In December 1756, I found means of talking with him. I aſked, if he was not troubled by ſin, or the temptations of the devil? He ſaid, "No, not at all: I live as if there was no ſin and no devil in the world." He then gave me a particular account how God had dealt with his ſoul: which much increaſed my hope of perfect love, and my hunger and thirſt after it.

In June laſt, I went to *Leeds*, and in the way called upon *Samuel Maſſey*, at *Seacroft*. He wept over me, and ſaid, "O ſiſter H—! God has a great work to do in *you*." His words pierced my heart, and melted me into tears, ſo that I could hardly ſpeak. At the ſame time I was ſo filled with the love of God, as I never had been before. And I felt no ſin of any kind, ſo that I began to think I was fully delivered from it. I went and aſked *William Shent*, "Can any one be thoroughly ſanctified, and not know it?" He ſaid "Certainly none can. For if the change at Juſtification be glorious, that of full Sanctification muſt be much more glorious." Then, I reſolved never to reſt, till I had as clear a witneſs of it as of my Juſtification.

When I returned to *York*, *John Fenwick* came and preached entire Sanctification clearly. This was food to my ſoul, which God applied, to my exceeding comfort. All the ſummer I was continually happy, and full of the love of God. Yet I had not that witneſs in myſelf, which I longed for, and expected daily.

One morning in July, *John Johnſon*, in preaching ſaid, "Before you can be entirely holy, it is abſolutely needful, that you ſhould be convinced of your unholineſs." Immediately I felt an unſpeakable conviction of the holineſs of God, and the unholineſs of my heart. For about eight days I felt eternal things ſtill nearer and nearer to me. I was full of hope and fear, and ſtrong deſire, and of uncommon, violent temptations.

temptations. Then I read over the latter part of the 36th chapter of Ezekiel, and ſaw the vaſt height, and depth of the promiſe, which ſtrengthened me exceedingly.

On Thurſday, July 28, I was muſing by myſelf, and ſaying in my heart, "Lord Jeſus! what is it I would not part with for thy ſake?" I thought, one by one, of my huſband, my child, and all things I loved beſt. And I found they were ſo little! They were nothing! I ſaid, "Lord, I give thee all!" Immediately I heard as it were a voice, ſaying in my inmoſt ſoul, "Stand thou faſt in the liberty wherewith Chriſt hath made thee free." I felt all evil, all fear, all darkneſs removed, and only fulneſs of light and love. I felt, and have done from that hour, an inexpreſſible oneneſs with God: ſuch an union of nature with him, as it is impoſſible to deſcribe. At the ſame time I felt violent pain in my body, as if it would burſt aſunder. But the joy over-powered it; for I found God making his abode in me. I have never found any decay ſince, but a continual increaſe in the knowledge and love of God. Three months after, I felt thoſe words applied to my ſoul, in a manner I cannot expreſs, *They that truſt in the Lord, ſhall be even as Mount Sion, which cannot be removed, but ſtandeth faſt for ever.* From that time, I have been aſſured I ſhall not be removed: I ſtand faſt in the Lord. I know he will never depart from me, nor ſhall I ever depart from him. Many times I know not what to aſk for more: for I want nothing: I have Chriſt; I have All. But yet I do aſk: I am always praying or giving thanks: for the Lord is always before me.

An

An Account of Mr. JULIUS PALMER, *ſometime Fellow of Magdalen-College, in Oxford; burnt at a place called, The Sand-Pits, in Newbery, about the 16th Day of July,* 1556.

HE was born in *Coventry*. His Father had ſometime been Mayor of that city, and occupied merchandize. How he was brought up in his tender years, we know not: but he was ſometime ſcholar to Mr. *Harley*, of Magdalen-College, in *Oxford*; had a very ready memory, a wit, ſharp and pregnant. He ſpoke *Latin* with great facility, and wanted not competent knowledge in the *Greek*; inſomuch, that divers times he ſupplied the room of the Greek-Reader. He was a ſubtle diſputer, both in the public ſchools, and at home. He uſed to ſay, that he was never ſo pleaſantly occupied, as when he came to the hard debating of profound queſtions in philoſophy. And this he uſed to do ſundry times, with divers of his equals. Although he applied to divinity, he recompenſed the ſmall time of his ſtudy, with the greatneſs of his diligence, and his late coming to the truth, with earneſt and zealous proceeding therein. He gave an apparent ſignification in his young years, that if God ſpared his life, he would have been an ornament to Chriſt's church, and an honour to his country.

He was courteous without curioſity; of countenance cheerful, without high looks; of ſpeech, pleaſant; without affectation, affable and lowly as any child. He practiſed no deceit toward any man, for he was of ſuch ſimplicity, that he was apter to be deceived than to deceive; and he was ſo great a contemner of all reproaches, that he would ſay, None were to be counted valiant, but ſuch as could deſpiſe an injury. He roſe every morning at four o'clock, and went not to bed before ten. As he grew in years, he was choſen Fellow of Magdalen-College, where alſo he was Reader in Logic, Anno 1550.

He was ſo much addicted to the Romiſh Faith, that his company in the houſe was altogether with ſuch as were utter enemies to the goſpel of Chriſt. If he came to common prayer at any time, it was by violence, for otherwiſe he came not. Sermons would he hear none himſelf; nor ſuffer his ſcholars by his good-will. The Preachers themſelves he diſdained and deſpiſed, and all ſuch as were ſetters forth of ſound doctrine.

Not long before the death of King *Edward*, certain ſlanderous libels and verſes, were fixed to the walls and doors of the College, againſt the Preſident. Great inquiſition was made in the College for the Author; but nothing could be proved. Mr. *Palmer*, who being hereupon examined by the Officers, did not only deny the fact, but alſo ſpake reproachful words touching the ſaid Officers, whereby they adjudged him to be an unworthy member of that ſociety. After he was expelled, he was obliged, for his maintenance, to apply himſelf to be a teacher of children in the houſe of Sir *Francis Knolles*, until the coming in of Queen *Mary*. And when her Viſitors were ſent to Magdalen-College, then was he reſtored to his Fellowſhip. But God dealt ſo mercifully with him, that of an obſtinate Papiſt, he became a zealous Proteſtant. When he was reſtored to the College, although he began to taſte of God's truth, yet was he not thoroughly perſuaded, but in moſt points continued for awhile either blind or elſe doubtful. But within a ſhort time, God ſo wrought in his heart, that he became very inquiſitive, to hear and underſtand how the Martyrs were apprehended, what articles they died for, how they were uſed, and after what manner they took their death. Inſomuch that he ſpared not, at his own charges, to ſend over one of his ſcholars to *Glouceſter*, to ſee the whole order of Biſhop *Hooper's* death, and to bring him a true report thereof. Thus he learned, with what horrible cruelty the Martyrs of God were tried, and how valiantly they overcame all. But he ſaw more of this at the examination and death

death of thoſe holy Martyrs which were burnt at *Oxford* before his eyes; inſomuch that the firſt hope which was conceived of him, was at his return from the burning of Biſhop *Ridley*, and Biſhop *Latimer*. From that day forward he ſtudiouſly endeavoured to underſtand the truth; until, through hearty prayer, and a diligent ſearch into the ſcriptures, he at length believed and embraced it with great joy: inſomuch, that ever afterwards, he loved the truth as much as he before hated it.

Perceiving after awhile, that he was greatly ſuſpected by Mr. *Cole*, the Preſident of the College, and divers others who before had been his friends, and finding great uneaſineſs of mind daily growing upon him, he aſked leave to depart the houſe. And being demanded by a particular friend whither he would go, or how he would live? he made anſwer, "The earth is the Lord's and the fulneſs thereof. Let the Lord work, I will commit myſelf to God, and the wide world." The laſt time of his being at *Oxford*, one *Barwick*, an old acquaintance of his, then Fellow of Trinity-College, began to reaſon with him, and perceiving him to be zealous for the truth, ſaid, Well *Palmer*, now thou art ſtout and hardy in thy opinions; but if thou wert once brought to the ſtake, I believe thou wouldſt tell me another tale. I adviſe thee, beware of the fire; it is a ſhrewd matter to burn. Truly, ſaid *Palmer*, I have been in danger of burning once or twice; and hitherto, I thank God, I have eſcaped it. But I judge verily, it will be my end at the laſt; welcome be it, by the grace of God. Indeed it is a hard matter for them to burn, that have their mind and ſoul linked to the body, as a thief's foot is tied in a pair of fetters: but if a man be once able, through the help of God's Spirit, to divide the ſoul from the body, for him it is no more maſtery to burn, than for me to eat this piece of bread. Within a ſhort time after he had yielded up his Fellowſhip, he was, through God's providence (who never faileth them that ſeek his glory,) placed School-maſter, by patent, in

the Grammar-School of *Reading*, where he was well accepted by all thoſe that feared God, and favoured his word, as well for his learning, as for his zeal and profeſſion of the truth. But Satan would not ſuffer him long to be quiet. Wherefore he ſtirred up againſt him certain, who by crafty inſinuation had crept in, to underſtand his ſecrets, under pretence of a zeal to the goſpel. He (ſuſpecting no deceit) joyfully embraced them, and made them privy to all his doings. Theſe truſty brethren! ſo ſoon as they found good opportunity, ſpared not, in his abſence, to rifle his ſtudy of certain writings; amongſt which was, his Replication to verſes, touching arguments (both which were in *Latin* and *Engliſh*) againſt the popiſh proceedings, and eſpecially their brutiſh tyranny againſt the Martyrs. When they had done this, they threatened to exhibit the ſame to the Council, unleſs he would, without delay, give over the ſchool to a friend of their's. Thus then was he for the ſafe-guard of his life, forced to depart on a ſudden from *Reading*, leaving behind him, in the hands of his enemies, his goods, and one quarter's ſtipend; and ſo he took his journey towards *Enſham*, where his mother then dwelt, hoping to obtain at her hands certain legacies due to him by his father's will.

[*To be continued.*] 530

An Extract from A SURVEY *of the* WISDOM *of* GOD *in the* CREATION.

On D E A T H.

AS long as the ſoul and body are united, a man is ſaid to be *alive*. But it is extremely difficult to determine the preciſe time at which life ceaſes, or what that is, which is abſolutely neceſſary to the continuance of it. Is reſpiration? But

But when this is entirely ceaſed, as is the caſe in a perſon ſtrangled, blow ſtrongly into the lungs, and they play again; which ſhews he was not dead before.—Is the beating of the heart?) But when this alſo is ceaſed, in the forementioned caſe, take the ſame method, and when the lungs begin to play, the heart begins to beat anew.—Is the circulation of the blood? But perſons drowned, who have been ſo long under water, as to have no pulſe remaining in any artery, and conſequently no circulation, have recovered by the uſe of proper means, and lived many years after.—Is the fluidity of the blood? Nay, but it is a common thing in *Sweden*, to recover to life one who has been twenty-four hours under water; and who not only has no pulſe, but is as ſtiff all over, as any dead corpſe can be. What then is *Death?* Undoubtedly it is the ſeparation of the ſoul and body. But there are many caſes wherein none but God can tell the moment wherein they ſeparate.

Many who *ſeem* to be dead, may be recovered.——A perſon ſuffocated by the ſteam of coals, ſet on fire in the pit, fell down as dead. He lay between half an hour and three quarters, and was then drawn up, his eyes ſtaring, his mouth gaping, his ſkin cold: not the leaſt breathing being perceivable, nor the leaſt pulſe either in his heart or arteries.

A Surgeon applied his mouth to that of the patient, and by blowing ſtrongly, holding the noſtrils at the ſame time, raiſed the cheſt by his breath. Immediately he felt ſix or ſeven quick beats of the heart: the lungs began to play, and ſoon after the pulſe was felt in the arteries. He then opened a vein, which at firſt bled drop by drop, but in a while bled freely. Mean time he cauſed him to be pulled and rubbed. In an hour he began to come to himſelf; in four hours walked home, and in four days returned to his work.

Wherever the ſolids are whole, and their tone unimpaired, where the juices are not corrupted, where there is the leaſt remains of animal heat, it would be wrong not to try this experiment.

periment. This takes in a few diſeaſes, and many accidents. Among the firſt are many that cauſe ſudden deaths, as apoplexies and fits of various kinds. In many of theſe it might be of uſe to apply this method: and in various caſualties, ſuch as ſuffocations from the damps of mines and coal-pits, the condenſed air of long-unopened wells, the noxious vapours of fermenting liquors, received from a narrow vent, the ſteam of burning charcoal, arſenical effluvia, or thoſe of ſulphureous mineral acids.—And perhaps thoſe who ſeem to be ſtruck dead by lightning, of any violent agitation of the paſſions, as joy, fear, anger, ſurpriſe, might frequently be recovered by this ſimple proceſs.

[*To be continued.*]

A plain Account of KINGSWOOD SCHOOL, *near Briſtol.*

[*Concluded from page* 435.]

13. THE things taught here, are Reading, Writing, Arithmetic; Engliſh, French; Latin, Greek, Hebrew: Hiſtory, Geography, Chronology: Rhetoric, Logic, Ethics; Geometry, Algebra, Natural Philoſophy, and Metaphyſics.

In teaching the Languages, care is taken to read thoſe Authors, and thoſe only, who join together the purity, the ſtrength, and the elegance of their ſeveral Tongues. In particular, no *Roman* Author is read, who lived later than the *Auguſtan Age*. Only to theſe are added proper *Excerpta*, from *Juvenal*, *Perſius* and *Martial*. To ſupply the place of bad *Latin* Writers of antiquity, a few of the moderns are added. And indeed their writings are not unworthy of the Auguſtan Age: being little inferior, either in purity and beauty of diction, to the beſt Writers of that period.

14. Particular

14. Particular care is taken, that nothing immodeſt or profane be found in any of our Authors. One of the moſt immodeſt wretches that ever defiled paper, has nevertheleſs ſtumbled upon this caution:

Nil dictu fœdum viſuve hæc limina tangat
Intra quæ puer eſt.

But this is not all. We take care that our books be not only inoffenſive but uſeful too: that they contain as much ſtrong ſterling *Senſe*, and as much genuine *Morality* as poſſible: yea, and Chriſtian Morality. For what good reaſon can be aſſigned, why we ſhould leave this out of the account? Why ſhould not even Children be taught, ſo far as they are capable, *the Oracles of God?*

15. Another point, which has been carefully conſidered, is The *Order* in which the books are read. The harder are never learned before the eaſier: we begin with the plaineſt of all; next read ſuch as are a little more difficult, and gradually riſe to thoſe that are hardeſt of all: that is, of all thoſe which are read in the Claſſes, that belong to the School. The moſt difficult are reſerved for thoſe who have gone through the School, and are employed in *Academical* Exerciſes.

16. It is true, I have for many years ſuſpended the execution of this part of my deſign. I was indeed thoroughly convinced, ever ſince I read *Milton's* admirable Treatiſe on Education, That it was highly expedient for every youth, to begin and finiſh his Education at the ſame place. I was convinced, nothing could be more irrational and abſurd, than to break this off in the middle, and to begin it again, at a different place, and in a quite different method. The many and great inconveniences of this, I knew by ſad experience. Yet I had ſo ſtrong a prejudice in favour of our own Univerſities, that of *Oxford* in particular, that I could hardly think of any one's finiſhing his Education, without ſpending ſome years

years there. I therefore encouraged all I had any influence over, to enter at *Oxford* or *Cambridge*. Both of which I preferred in many reſpects, to any Univerſity I had ſeen abroad. Add to this, that ſeveral of the young perſons at *Kingswood*, had themſelves a deſire of going to the Univerſity. I cannot ſay, I am yet quite clear of that prejudice. I love the very ſight of *Oxford*: I love the manner of life: I love and eſteem many of its inſtitutions. But my prejudice in its favour, is conſiderably abated: I do not admire it as I once did. And whether I did or not, I am now conſtrained to make a virtue of neceſſity. The late remarkable occurrence of the ſix young Students, expelled from the Univerſity, and the ſtill more remarkable one of Mr. *Seagar*, refuſed the liberty of entering into it, (by what rule of *prudence*, I cannot tell, any more than of Law or Equity) have forced me to ſee, That neither I, nor any of my Friends, muſt expect either favour or juſtice there. I am much obliged to Dr. *Nowell*, and the other Gentlemen who exerted themſelves on either of thoſe tranſactions, for not holding me longer in ſuſpenſe, but dealing ſo frankly and openly. And, bleſſed be God, I can do all the buſineſs which I have in hand without them. Honour or preferment I do not want, any more than a feather in my cap. And I truſt moſt of thoſe who are educated at our School, are, and will be of the ſame mind. And as to the knowledge of the Tongues, and of Arts and Sciences, with whatever is termed Academical Learning; if thoſe who have a tolerable capacity for them, do not advance more here in three years, than the generality of Students at *Oxford* or *Cambridge* do in ſeven, I will bear the blame for ever.

17. It may be objected, "But they cannot have many advantages here which they have at the Univerſity. There the *Profeſſors* are men of eminent learning: and ſo are alſo many of the *Tutors*. There they have *public Exerciſes* of various kinds: and many others in their ſeveral Colleges. Above all, they have there ſuch choice of *Company*, as is not to be found elſewhere in all the kingdom."

This

This is moſt true. But may I be permitted to aſk, (and let calm, ſenſible men give the anſwer:) what is the real, intrinſic worth of all theſe advantages? As to the *Profeſſors*, how learned ſo ever they are, (and ſome of them I verily believe yield to none in *Europe*,) What benefit do nine in ten of the young Gentlemen reap from their learning? Truly they do them neither harm, nor good; for they know juſt nothing about them. They read now and then an ingenious Lecture, perhaps three or four times a year. They read it in the Public Schools. But who hears? Often, *Vel duo, vel nemo.* And if two hundred, out of two or three thouſand Students hear, how much are they edified? What do they learn, or what are they likely to learn, which they may not learn as well or better at home? For about fourteen years, except while I ſerved my Father's Cure, I reſided in the Univerſity. During much of this time, I heard many of thoſe Lectures, with all the attention I was maſter of. And I would aſk any perſon of underſtanding, conſidering the manner wherein moſt of thoſe Lectures are read, and the manner wherein they are attended, what would be the loſs, if they were not read at all? I had almoſt ſaid, What would be the loſs, if there were no *Profeſſorſhips* in the Univerſity? "What! Why Dr. —— would loſe three hundred a year!" That is a truth. It cannot be denied.

18. "But the *Tutors*, you ſay, in the ſeveral Colleges, ſupply what is wanting in the Profeſſors." A few of them do: and they are worthy of all honour: they are ſome of the moſt uſeful perſons in the nation. They are not only men of eminent learning, but of piety and diligence. But are there not many of another ſort? Who are utterly unqualified for the work they have undertaken? Who are far from being maſters even of *Latin* and *Greek:* who do not underſtand the very Elements of the Sciences: who know no more of Logic or Metaphyſics, than of *Arabic*, or even of that odd thing, Religion? Perhaps if a perſon who knew of this, were to

examine therein the famous Gentleman of *Edmund-hall*, who made ſuch a pother with the young men for their want of learning, he might be found as very an ignoramus as Mr. *Middleton*.

And even with regard to many of thoſe Tutors that have learning, how little are their Pupils the better for it? Do they uſe all diligence to inſtil into them, all the Knowledge which they have themſelves? Do they lecture them conſtantly: every day, either in the Languages or Sciences? Do they inſtruct them regularly and thoroughly, in Logic, Ethics, Geometry, Phyſics and Metaphyſics? Are there not ſome, who inſtead of once a day, do not lecture them once a week? Perhaps not once a month, if once a quarter? Are not theſe, precious Inſtructors of youth? Indeed when I conſider many of the Tutors who were my cotemporaries, (and I doubt, they are not much mended ſince) I cannot believe, the want of *ſuch Inſtructors* to be an irreparable loſs.

19. "Well, but they loſe alſo the advantage of the *Public Exerciſes*, as well as of thoſe in their ſeveral Colleges." Alas, what are theſe Exerciſes? Excuſe me, if I ſpeak with all ſimplicity. I never found them any other, than idle uſeleſs interruption of my uſeful ſtudies. Pray of what uſe, are the ſtated *Diſputations* for Degrees? Are they not mere grimace? Trifling beyond expreſſion? And how little preferable to theſe, are moſt of the *Diſputations in* our ſeveral *Colleges?* What worthy *ſubjects* are uſually appointed, for the Scholars to diſpute upon? And juſt ſuitable to the importance of the ſubject, is the management of it. What are the uſual *Examinations* for the degree of a *Batchelor*, or *Maſter of Arts?* Are they not ſo horridly, ſhockingly ſuperficial, as none could believe, if he did not hear them? What is that, which ſhould be the moſt ſolemn Exerciſe we perform, for a Maſter of Arts' Degree? The reading ſix Lectures in the Schools, three in Natural, and three in Moral Philoſophy. Reading them to whom? To the walls: it being counted an affront, for any one

one that has ears to hear them. This is literally true: you know it is. But what an execrable inſult on common ſenſe? Theſe are the *Public Exerciſes!* And is it a loſs, to have nothing to do with them? To ſpend *all our time* in what directly tends to improve us in the moſt uſeful Knowledge?

20. "However, there is no ſuch choice of *Company* elſewhere, as there is at *Oxford* or *Cambridge*." That is moſt true: for the moment a young man ſets his foot either in one or the other, he is ſurrounded with company of all kinds,—except that which would do him good: with loungers and triflers of every ſort, (*nequid gravius dicam:*) with men who no more concern themſelves with Learning than with Religion;

"Who waſte away
In gentle inactivity the day:"

To ſay the beſt of them; for it is to be feared, they are not always ſo *innocently* employed. It cannot be denied, there is too much choice of this kind of company in every College. There are likewiſe Gentlemen of a better kind: but what chance is there, that a raw, young man ſhould find them? Seeing the former will every where obtrude themſelves upon him, while the latter naturally ſtand at a diſtance? Company therefore is uſually ſo far from being an advantage to thoſe who enter at either Univerſity, that it is the grand nuiſance, as well as diſgrace of both: the pit that ſwallows unwary youths by thouſands. I bleſs God, we have no ſuch *choice of Company* at *Kingswood:* nor ever will, till my head is laid. There is no trifler, no lounger, no drone there: much leſs any drunkard, ſabbath-breaker, or common ſwearer. Whoever accounts this a diſadvantage, may find a remedy at any College in *Oxford* or *Cambridge*.

21. "Be this as it may, there are other advantages, of which no other place can boaſt. There are Exhibitions, Scholarſhips, Studentſhips, Fellowſhips, Canonrys: to ſay nothing of Headſhips, and Profeſſorſhips, which are not only accom-

panied with preſent honour and large emoluments, but open the way to the higheſt preferments, both in Church and State."

All this is indiſputably true: I know not who can deny one word of it. Therefore if any of *theſe advantages*, if honour, if money, if preferment in Church or State, be the point at which a young man aims, let him by all means go to the Univerſity. But there are ſtill a few, even young men in the world, who do not aim at any of theſe. They do not deſire, they do not ſeek either honour, or money, or preferment. They leave Collegians to diſpute, and bite, and ſcratch, and ſcramble for theſe things. They believe there is another world: nay, and they imagine, it will laſt for ever. Suppoſing this, they point all their deſigns, and all their endeavours towards it. Accordingly they purſue learning itſelf, only with reference to this. They regard it merely with a view to eternity; purely with a view to know and teach, more perfectly, the truth which God has revealed to man, *the truth which is after godlineſs*, and which they conceive, men cannot be ignorant of, without hazarding their eternal ſalvation. This is the only advantage which they ſeek: and this they can enjoy in as high a degree, in the School or Academy at *Kingswood*, as at any College in the Univerſe.

22. "But whatever Learning they have, if they acquired it there, they cannot be ordained." (You mean, *Epiſcopally* ordained: and indeed that ordination we prefer to any other, where it can be had.) "For the Biſhops have *all agreed together*, not to ordain any *Methodiſt*." O that they would *all agree together*, Not to ordain any Drunkard; any Sabbath-breaker; any Common-Swearer! Any that makes the very name of Religion ſtink, in the noſtrils of Infidels! Any that knows no more of the grounds of Religion, than he does of *Greek* or *Hebrew*! But I doubt that fact. I cannot eaſily believe, That *all the Biſhops* have made ſuch an agreement. Could I be ſure they had, I ſhould think it my duty, to return them my ſincereſt

cereſt thanks. Pity they had not done it ten years ago, and I ſhould not have loſt ſome of my deareſt friends. However, I am extremely obliged, if they have agreed to prevent my loſing any more the ſame way: if they have blocked up the door, through which ſeveral others were likely to run away from me.

23. I ſhould not wonder, if there was a general agreement againſt thoſe who have been ſo often deſcribed as both Knaves and Madmen. Meantime I can only ſay (as a much greater man ſaid) "*Hier ſtehe ich: GOTT hilffe mich!*" By his help I have ſtood for theſe forty years, among the children of men, whoſe tongues are ſet on fire, who ſhoot out their arrows, even bitter words, and think therein they do God ſervice. Many of theſe are already gone to give an account to the Judge of quick and dead. I did not expect to have ſtayed ſo long behind them: but *good is the Will of the Lord.* If it were poſſible, I ſhould be glad, for my few remaining days, to live peaceably with all men: I do *as much as lieth in me*, in order to this. I do not willingly provoke any man. I go as quietly on my way as I can: but quietly or unquietly, I muſt go on. For *a diſpenſation of the goſpel is committed to me: and woe is me, if I preach not the goſpel.* I am convinced, that I am a debtor to all men, and that it is my bounden duty,

To ruſh through every open door,
And cry, ſinners, behold the Lamb.

Now eſpecially I have no time to loſe: if I ſlacked my pace, my grey hairs would teſtify againſt me. I have nothing to fear: I have nothing to hope for here, only to finiſh my courſe with joy:

Happy, if with my lateſt breath,
I might but gaſp his Name,
Preach him to all, and cry in death
Behold, behold, the Lamb!

PHILAN.

PHILANTHROPY.

UNFINISHED.

[By the late Mr. Charles Perronet.]

[*Concluded from page* 439.]

8. IN the fifth century aroſe *Auguſtine*, an *African* Biſhop, and once a zealous *Manichee*. The *Manichean* doctrine was compoſed of various other blaſphemies, and the Stoical doctrine of *Fate* or *Neceſſity*. And from that part of their doctrine he never recovered, but brought it with him into the Church.

There was no end of the evil, which this heathen principle brought into the chriſtian world. The *Stoics* had maintained it five hundred years; but that did not affect the Chriſtians. Some apoſtate Chriſtians had adopted it; but they were little regarded. But the fame and piety of *Auguſtine*, gave ſanction to his error: and the precious truths which he mingled with it, diſguiſed and recommended the poiſon.

Wherever this doctrine came, it opened wide the gate of everlaſting perdition. For who did not ſee, that if all things were fixt by eternal Deſtiny, nothing could poſſibly be altered: all being bound by a law which could not be broken? If God compelled every man to be juſt what he was, who could control the Almighty? Thus the reproach of ſin was wiped from all faces. For how could a man contend with his Maker?

9. The Church of *Rome*, conceiving St. *Auguſtine* to countenance Perſecution, adopted him for their prime Father. And on his authority moſt of their chief Writers, eſpouſed the doctrine of Abſolute Predeſtination. In a few ages, the papal authority over-ſpread the weſtern world. Hence our firſt Reformers, being all Papiſts, were of courſe Predeſtinarians. And when they caſt off many of the Romiſh errors,

errors, few of them caſt off this: but *Calvin* and *Bellarmine* ſtill drew in one yoke, equally maintaining the Abſolute Decrees.

10. The late Count *Zinzendorf* ſeems to have been the firſt perſon of any note, who was able to make the Law of God, appear contemptible, nay, even odious in the eyes of good men, without being beholden to the doctrine of Abſolute Predeſtination. Such was the power of darkneſs in theſe latter days, that this great man aboliſhed the whole divine Law, and invalidated all the commandments of God, by virtue of his own ſole authority. "*No Law*, ſaid he, *no Commandments* now! There is *no commandment* in the New Teſtament, but *to believe!*

11. About forty years ſince, it pleaſed God to begin a revival of pure Religion in this land, by Mr. *John* and *Charles Weſley*, and to carry it on by divers unlettered men: ſo that by means of their unwearied endeavours, notwithſtanding reproach and perſecution from all quarters, the land that was before as *the ſhadow of death, ſaw a great light.* The plan they ſet out upon was, to wave controverſy with Diſſenters; but to abide themſelves in the National Church, to preach her doctrines and attend her ſervice, ſo far as was conſiſtent with the work God had called them to, of calling men at all times and in all places, to *repent and believe the goſpel*, ſo as to be holy of heart, as well as holy in all manner of converſation. For awhile, ſeveral Clergymen united with them: but moſt of theſe, renouncing the National Church, either joined the Diſſenters, or ſet up for themſelves, and ſoon came to nothing.

But ſome, being convinced the work was of God, though they continued with their flock, yet opened their pulpits to God's meſſengers, ſhewed them all kind of countenance, and were not aſhamed to ſhare their reproach, knowing it to be the reproach of Chriſt.

12. I do not mean to exclude ſome others from being inſtruments of good alſo, in *Scotland*, *Wales*, and *England*. But

it

it was obſerved with grief, that they pulled down with one hand, what they had built up with the other. No ſooner were large Congregations gathered together, willing to learn the ſcriptural terms of ſalvation, but inſtead of being taught that *without holineſs no man can ſee the Lord*, the matter was put on quite another footing. They were told of Unconditional Decrees, the ſum of which was, "If you are *Elect*, you *muſt* be ſaved; if not, you muſt be damned!" And thus the harveſt was trodden under foot, juſt as it began to ſpring out of the ground!

Some even of their own children (I mean Mr. *W*'s) being given up to Predeſtinarian or Antinomian deluſion, loſt all gratitude and all brotherly affection, and learned to revile both their Brethren and Teachers, as ignorant of the Goſpel, becauſe they inſiſted on our being *under the law to Chriſt*.

To theſe, the ſound of *Obedience* became the common topic of ridicule and deriſion. Nothing was to be heard with *them*, but *Chriſt* dying for the *Elect only: no falling* from Grace: *no Conditions*; *finiſhed Salvation*, through imputed Righteouſneſs. The bare mention of holineſs excluded a man from the number of "Goſpel Preachers," and was ſuppoſed to rob Chriſt of his honour, and to pull the crown from his head. Thus *the prophets propheſied falſely*, and the people *loved to have it ſo*. They would hear no other Preachers, and receive no other doctrine.

13. And what were the fruits of this other goſpel? Juſt ſuch as might be expected. Wherever the doctrine of Abſolute Decrees and Antinomian liberty was preached, it corrupted the moſt corrupt of the people yet more; it made them twofold more the children of hell than before. Nor durſt they *ſtrive* to be any better. For this would be "To counteract the Divine Sovereignty, to under-value the Righteouſneſs of Chriſt, and *climb up into the ſheep-fold* by ſome other way."

LETTERS.

LETTERS.

LETTER CLXXIX.

[From Miſs B. to the Rev. Mr. Weſley.]

May 1, 1761.

Dear Sir,

MANY here have now experienced the bleſſing of having their minds continually ſtayed on God. And Satan is ſo bruiſed under their feet, that he cannot diſtreſs them at all. But it is not ſo with *me*. My mind is ſtill frequently hurried and diſtreſt. And particularly when any one ſays, "Believe *now*: and you ſhall have the bleſſing." I am always aſſured of the love of God, and know he will with-hold from me no good thing. Yet I am greatly pained for the want of this, and wiſh I could wreſtle for it continually.

I pray from my inmoſt ſoul, that you may be filled with all the fulneſs of your great Lord and Maſter, and changed from glory unto glory, till you "behold without a vail his face!"

I am, yours, &c,

M. B.

LETTER CLXXX.

[From Mrs. Ruth Hall, to the Rev. Mr. Weſley.]

Jan. 10. 1759.

Dear Sir,

THE kind hand of Providence has graciouſly brought us to the beginning of another year. O how precious is Time! How carefully ought we to ſpend the preſent moment!

You are one of the beſt Friends I have in the world: I know you deſire my ſoul's welfare. You would have me without ſpot or wrinkle, or any ſuch thing. I am far from it; but I will never ceaſe to pray, till I am made perfect, and entire, lacking nothing.

With regard to your firſt Queſtion; the witneſs of Sanctification was quite clear, the moment it was given. And I think I may ſay, it is as clear ſtill: though I try myſelf often: particularly when temptation beſets me cloſe, when ſin approaches near. But at all times, I find there is no condemnation to me, but free acceſs to the Throne of Grace. And 2dly, this witneſs does fully teſtify, that I ſhall never periſh, but have everlaſting life.

I do not ſo clearly ſee, whether I ſhall ever offend God, or not. Indeed if by offending you mean, any coming ſhort of the holy Will and Law of God, I offend him too often: but if you mean, committing ſin, in this ſenſe I cannot offend, while he is pleaſed to continue the grace I have. My Deſires, and Affections, are always clear and free as air. It is true, I have felt ſome things, ſince I believed the change was wrought, that I could not account for: but never any thing contrary to it. May the Lord bleſs you with all the riches of his love here, and with eternal glory in the world to come!

I am, dear Sir, your affectionate and loving Siſter,

RUTH HALL.

LETTER CLXXXI.

[*From the ſame.*]

Sept. 9, 1759.

Dear Sir,

I Neither ſend nor receive a letter from you without prayer, that the Lord may bleſs it and ſanctify it. He does wonderfully bleſs yours to *me:* and I know, he can do all things: ſo he

he can make mine, though weak and ſimple, uſeful even to you. But I cannot ſee how it can be, and often wonder at your patience and condeſcenſion.

Our little company had a bleſſed meeting to-day. The Lord was indeed with us, and our hearts were as wax before the fire. A dear child of God from *Leeds* met with us, who has found a perfect change in his heart, and is ſwallowed up in the Love of God. You are the perſon, to whom all things work together for good. The all-wiſe God beſt knows what is truly good for us; and he is pleaſed to exerciſe his deareſt children with what might ſeem to us, ſtrange things. But there muſt be ballaſt in the ſhip, or it cannot ſail.

I will now tell you the ſtate of my own ſoul, according to the beſt of my knowledge. I feel no Sin, no Pride, no Anger, no Self-will, nothing contrary to pure Love. The ever-bleſſed Spirit makes his continual, and I believe, his everlaſting abode in me. I feel both the Witneſs, and the happy effects, of my ſoul's being all renewed. When I look moſt narrowly into my ſoul, (as I do on many particular occaſions) I cannot find any thing contrary thereto, but all within me is of a piece. I find more and more purity of heart: the work ſinks deeper and deeper. I feel a ſenſible growth in grace, and am farther ſeparate from ſin and temptation. I find much more cheerfulneſs in my temper, with continual peace and joy in believing. But I ſeldom ſpeak theſe things, leſt it ſhould diſcourage ſome ſincere, weak ſoul. To him that hath loved me, and waſhed me from my ſins in his own blood, be honour and praiſe for ever! Yet this treaſure we have in earthen veſſels, clothed with fleſh and blood, and ſurrounded with a thouſand infirmities.

May the Lord Almighty bleſs you with the fulneſs of his Love! I hope I ſhall never forget *you*, and may you never forget, before the throne of grace,

Your affectionate and ever loving Siſter,

RUTH HALL.

LETTER CLXXXII.

[From the ſame.]

October 12, 1759.

Dear Sir,

WHAT reaſon have I to rejoice, that I am ſtill favoured with your kind Letters, and that the Providence of God is over them all? You can ſcarcely ſuppoſe, how preſent in ſpirit you have been with me, for ſome weeks laſt paſt! Who can account for theſe things? Are you ſtill able to travel, though the ſeaſon of the year is ſo far advanced? You have indeed ſtrength according to your day. Go on, thou bleſſed of the Lord, nothing doubting, but in due time thou ſhalt reap: though I believe, the Lord is nothing in your debt; for his Reward is with him. He dwelleth already in every believing, humble, loving heart.

You may ſee, how eaſily Love hopeth all things. However, we will rejoice in what God *has* done for you. And we cannot ceaſe to pray for you, ſo long as you have any complaint. But let me venture to remind you, when you find the power of God ſo ſenſibly upon you again, be ſure, that prayer has opened heaven: aſk for all that God can give, and ſee that you do not let him go, until he bleſs you indeed.

You ſhall always have plainneſs, truth, and love from *me*: but then you muſt forgive my ignorance, and many other faults.

With regard to the ſtate of my own ſoul, I am not only preſerved, but ſtrengthened daily. I find no hurry upon my ſpirits, nor any thing that darkens my ſoul. I find more light, and am very ſenſible of more love. I will tell you freely, with reſpect to the particular you mention. In years paſt, when I looked upon an agreeable perſon, it affected me much.

much. But now I find not the leaſt ſhadow of this, no more than a little child. I only deſire to love and pleaſe God; ſo far I am redeemed from the Fall, that my deſire is not even to my H—, and yet I love him with an endeared affection. I was not quite ſo clear in this when I firſt found the bleſſing. Yet if we conſider the Scripture, we muſt allow, Marriage is lawful and honourable even to perſons full of Faith and Love. And when I remember the firſt Command which God gave to man while in innocence, with the many Precepts and Examples in holy Writ, and conſider the human frame, I incline to think, that two ſuch perſons might have children, if the Lord ſhould pleaſe. But if there is any uneaſy deſire, if we have not learnt in whatever ſtate we are to be content, and that in the fulleſt ſenſe, it is plain, there is want of grace, want of purity of heart.

May the Lord teach you his perfect Truth! This is the prayer of

Your unworthy Friend and Servant.

RUTH HALL.

LETTER CLXXXIII.

[From Mrs. D. King, to the Rev. Mr. Weſley.]

May 11, 1762.

Dear Sir,

ON Sunday morning laſt I wreſtled much with God, for a Witneſs of the work he had wrought in me, till theſe words were deeply impreſt upon me, "Thou art all fair, my Love." But ſtill I could not believe, though it followed me all day, "Thou art all fair; there is no ſpot in thee." But in the evening, under the word, the bar of unbelief was removed. Immediately my heart expanded before God, as the opening

opening flower before the ſun, and I ſenſibly found my Lord enter by his Spirit, to take full poſſeſſion of it. O may he for ever reign, the Lord of every motion there! For theſe two days I have been in the fire, but glory be to God, the flames have not hurt my ſoul, which looks to him every moment. I am like a helpleſs infant, more afraid than ever, of the leaſt appearance of evil; none of which I find within; yet ſtill I keep a jealous eye over my heart.

I remain, dear Sir, yours, &c.

D. K——.

LETTER CLXXXIV.

[From the ſame.]

June 4, 1762.

Dear Sir,

I Am ready to cry out, What is my Father's Houſe? What am I, the vileſt? Yet O! What ſhowers of bleſſings are daily beſtowed on ſuch a worthleſs worm! My God delights in the happineſs of his children, of whom I ſee myſelf the leaſt. But the Witneſs abides: yea, I cannot but believe, even for the work's ſake. In the midſt of buſineſs I find my ſoul looking and leaning on my God. My inbred foes are all gone, and I walk in liberty unſpeakable, in the unclouded blaze of day. Yet for the moſt part, my joy is ſolid, not tranſporting; being mixt with deep humility. I have lately had a fever. During the violence of this, my thoughts were ſometimes unſettled. But in my greateſt pain I found no will, for eaſe or health, life or death.

I remain, dear Sir, yours, &c.

D. K——.

LETTER

LETTER CLXXXV.

[*From the ſame.*]

June 15, 1762.

Dear Sir,

I Dare not call in queſtion the work wrought in my ſoul, leſt I ſhould grieve the Spirit of God, who now bears teſtimony in my heart, that I am ſaved from my inbred ſin. Indeed, a few days ago I was accuſed, that a word I ſpoke proceeded from pride. I pleaded with my Lord, to ſearch, try, and prove the ground of my heart. Soon after, I found my ſoul abundantly ſtrengthened, and at the ſame time humbled to the duſt. And while I walked in awful reverence before him, theſe words were ſpoke to my heart, "A garden encloſed, a fountain ſealed is my beloved."

I am not ſenſible of loſing ſight of God for a moment, unleſs it may be called ſo, that now and then a thought paſſes through my mind, which I ſeem for a moment to look at. Sometime ſince, I found ſtrong attacks, on falling aſleep. Immediately I reſiſted in agony of prayer, and I always came off conqueror. Since I was brought into light, my dreams have always been pure, and ſometimes heavenly. Sometimes I have a clear intercourſe with the unſeen world. I do not recollect many of my ſleeping thoughts. Only I remember twice, I found myſelf ſenſible, that God had delivered my ſoul.

I remain, dear Sir, yours, &c.

D. K——.

LETTER

LETTER CLXXXVI.

[*From the ſame.*]

July 5, 1762.

Dear Sir,

HOW ſhall I expreſs my gratitude for your concern for ſo unworthy a creature? I cannot; but may my Lord repay it a thouſand fold.

My ſoul ſinks in the deepeſt abaſement before God. I am leſs than nothing, a cumberer of the ground. I am pained at my unprofitableneſs. O teach me how I ſhall glorify my God, who has done ſo great things for me!

As yet, glory be to my great Deliverer! I feel no riſings of ſin. And the more I cry to God, to ſearch and prove me, the clearer the witneſs grows. But O! methinks I am like a grave, in which the mercies of my God are buried!

Short wanderings ſometimes dart through my mind, but nothing intercepts my ſight of God. Sometimes, when I am in much buſineſs, I find but little happineſs, till I can retire, in which I find a heaven indeed. But at other times, in the midſt of buſineſs my joy is great. I earneſtly deſire an intereſt in your prayers.

I remain, dear Sir, yours, &c.

D. K——.

N. B. She is the ſame now, as ſhe was then: only more rooted and grounded in love.

POETRY.

POETRY.

The BEGGAR *and the* DIVINE.

[*By Dr. Byron.*]

IN ſome good Books one reads of a Divine,
Whoſe memorable caſe deſerves a line;
Who, to ſerve God the beſt and ſhorteſt way,
Prayèd for eight years together every day,
That in the midſt of Doctrines and of Rules
However taught, and practiſèd by the Schools,
He would be pleaſèd to bring him to a man
Preparèd to teach him the compendious plan.

He was himſelf a *Doctor*, and well read
In all the Points to which Divines were bred;
Nevertheleſs he thought, that what concernèd
The moſt illiterate, as well as learnèd,
To know and practiſe muſt be ſomething ſtill
More independent on ſuch kind of ſkill:
True Chriſtian Worſhip had, within its root,
Some ſimpler Secret, clear of all diſpute;
Which, by a living proof that he might know,
He prayèd for ſome Practitioner to ſhow.

One day, poſſeſſèd with an intenſe concern
About the leſſon which he ſought to learn,
He heard a voice that ſounded in his ears——
"Thou haſt been praying for a man eight years;
Go to the porch of yonder Church, and find
A man preparèd according to thy mind."

Away he went to the appointed ground;
When, at the entrance of the Church, he found
A poor old Beggar, with his feet full ſore,
And not worth two-pence all the clothes he wore.
Surpriſed to ſee an object ſo forlorn——
My friend ſaid he, I wiſh thee a good morn,——
"Thank thee, replied the beggar, but a bad
I don't remember that I ever had."——

Sure he miſtakes, the Doctor thought, the phraſe——
A fortune good, befal thee all thy days!
"Me, ſaid the Beggar, many days befal,
But none of them unfortunate at all."——
God bleſs thee! anſwer plainly I requeſt——
"Why plainly, then I never was unbleſt,"——
Never? Thou ſpeakeſt in a myſtic ſtrain,
Which more at large I wiſh thee to explain.——

"With all my heart.—Thou firſt didſt condeſcend
To wiſh me kindly a good morning, Friend;
And I replied, that I remembered not
A bad one ever to have been my lot:
For, let the morning turn out how it will,
I praiſe my God for every new one ſtill.
If I am pinched with hunger or with cold,
It does not make me to let go my hold;
Still God I praiſe——Hail, rain, or ſnow, I take
This bleſſed cordial, which has power to make
The fouleſt morning, to my thinking, fair;
For cold and hunger yield to praiſe and prayer.
Men pity me as wretched, or deſpiſe;
But whilſt I hold this noble exerciſe,
It cheers my heart, to ſuch a due degree,
That every morning ſtill is good to me.

"Thou

" Thou didſt, moreover, wiſh me lucky days,
And I by reaſon of continual praiſe,
Said that I had none elſe; for come what would
On any day, I knew it muſt be good,
Becauſe God ſent it; ſweet, or bitter, joy,
Or grief, by this angelical employ,
Of praiſing him, my heart was at its reſt,
And took whatever happened for the beſt;
So that by ſweet Experience I can ſay
I never knew of an unlucky day."

" Then didſt thou pray—God bleſs thee!—and I ſaid,
I never was unbleſt; for being led,
By the good Spirit of imparted Grace,
To praiſe his Name, and ever to embrace
His righteous Will, regarding that alone,
With total reſignation of my own,
I never could, in ſuch a ſtate as this,
Complain for want of happineſs or bliſs;
Reſolved in all things, that the Will divine,
The Source of all true bleſſing, ſhould be mine."

The Doctor, learning from the Beggar's caſe,
So great an inſtance of the power of Grace,
Propoſed a Queſtion, with intent to try
The happy Mendicant's direct reply——
" What wouldſt thou ſay, ſaid he, ſhould God think fit
To caſt thee down to the infernal pit?

" He caſt me down! He ſend me into hell!
No —— He loves me, and I love him too well:
But put the caſe he ſhould, I have two arms
That will defend me from all helliſh harms;
The one Humility, the other Love;
Theſe I would throw below him, and above.

One under his *Humanity* I'd place,
His *Deity* the other ſhould embrace;
With both together I would hold ſo faſt,
That he ſhould *go* wherever he would *caſt*.
And then whatever thou ſhalt call the ſphere,
Hell if thou wilt, is heaven if He be there."

Thus was a great Divine, (whom ſome have thought
To be the juſtly fameḋ *Taulerus*) taught
The holy art, for which he uſeḋ to pray,
That to ſerve God the moſt compendious way,
Was to hold faſt a loving, humble mind,
Still praiſing Him, and to his Will reſigneḋ.

From the OLNEY COLLECTION.

The Believer's ſafety. Pſal. xci.

INCARNATE God! the ſoul that knows
Thy Name's myſterious power;
Shall dwell in undiſturbeḋ repoſe,
Nor fear the trying hour.

Thy wiſdom, faithfulneſs and love,
To feeble, helpleſs worms,
A buckler and a refuge prove,
From enemies and ſtorms.

In vain the fowler ſpreads his net,
To draw them from thy care;
Thy timely call inſtructs their feet,
To ſhun the artful ſnare.

When like a baneful peſtilence,
Sin mows its thouſands down
On every ſide, without defence,
Thy grace ſecures thine own.

No

No midnight terrors haunt their bed,
No arrow wounds by day;
Unhurt on ſerpents they ſhall tread,
If found in duty's way.

Angels, unſeen, attend the ſaints,
And bear them in their arms;
To cheer the ſpirit when it faints,
And guard the life from harms.

The angels' Lord, himſelf is nigh,
To them that love his Name;
Ready to ſave them when they cry,
And put their foes to ſhame.

Croſſes and changes are their lot,
Long as they ſojourn here;
But ſince their Saviour changes not,
What have the ſaints to fear?

The SWALLOWS: *written in September*, 1748.

ERE yellow Autumn from our plains retirèd,
And gave to wintry ſtorms the varièd year,
The Swallow-race, with foreſight clear inſpirèd,
To ſouthern climes preparèd their courſe to ſteer.

On *Damon's* roof a grave aſſembly ſat;
His roof a refuge to the featherèd kind;
With ſerious look he markèd the nice debate,
And to his *Delia* thus addreſſèd his mind.

Obſerve yon twittering Flock, my gentle Maid,
Obſerve, and read the wondèrous ways of heavèn!
With us, through ſummer's genial reign they ſtayèd,
And food and lodging to their wants were givèn.

But

But now through ſacred preſcience well they know
The near approach of elemental ſtrife;
The bluſtry Tempeſt and the chilling ſnow,
With every want, and ſcourge of tender life!

Thus taught, they meditate a ſpeedy flight;
For this, even now they prune their vigorous wing;
For this, conſult, adviſe, prepare, excite,
And prove their ſtrength in many an airy ring.

No ſorrow loads their breaſt, or ſwells their eye,
To quit their friendly haunts, or native home;
Nor fear they launching on the boundleſs ſky,
In ſearch of future ſettlements to roam.

They feel a Power, an Impulſe all divine!
That warns them hence; they feel it, and obey:
To Thy direction all their cares reſign,
Unknown their deſtined ſtage, unmarked their way!

Well fare your flight! ye mild domeſtic Race!
O! for your wings to travel with the ſun!
Health brace your nerves, and Zephyrs aid your pace,
Till your long voyage happily be done!

See *Delia*, on my roof thy gueſts to-day;
To-morrow on my roof thy gueſts no more!
Ere yet 'tis night, with haſte they wing away;
To-morrow lands them on ſome ſafer ſhore.

How juſt the Moral in this ſcene conveyed!
And what without a moral would we read?
Then mark what *Damon* tells his gentle Maid,
And with his leſſon regiſter the deed.

'Tis

'Tis thus life's cheerful ſeaſons roll away;
Thus threats the winter of inclement age;
Our time of action, but a ſummer's day;
And earth's frail orb the ſadly varied ſtage!

And does no power its friendly aid diſpenſe?
Or give us tidings of ſome happier clime?
Find we no Guide in gracious Providence,
Beyond the ſtroke of Death, the verge of Time?

Yes, yes, the ſacred Oracles we hear,
That point the path to Realms of endleſs day:
That bid our Hearts nor Death nor Anguiſh fear,
This future Tranſport, *that* to Life the Way.

Then let us timely for our flight prepare,
And form the Soul for her divine abode;
Obey the call, and truſt the Leader's care
To bring us ſafe through Virtue's Path to God.

Let no fond love for earth exact a ſigh,
No doubts divert our ſteady ſteps aſide;
Nor let us long to live, nor dread to die;
Heaven is our hope, and Providence our Guide.

On OLD AGE.

[*Even to hoar hairs I will bear, and I will carry, and I will deliver you.* Iſaiah.]

BELIEVING, I my ſeal ſet to,
That God is merciful and true;
Who took out of my mother's womb,
He leads me ſoftly to the tomb.

From infancy to hoary hairs,
He all my griefs and burthens bears;

Supports

Supports me in his arms of love,
And hides my ranſomèd life above.

Still, O my gracious God and juſt,
I in thy faithful mercies truſt:
And who on thee alone depend,
Thou wilt deliver to the end:

Thou wilt in death my weakneſs bear,
And raiſèd out of the ſepulchre,
Carry me up thy face to ſee,
And ſave through all eternity.

SHORT HYMNS.

1 Cor. xv. 42. *It is ſown in corruption, it is raiſed in incorruption.*

O Bleſſed Hope of life to come,
Life which beyond the grave I ſee!
This body tottèring o'er a tomb,
Committed to the ground ſhall be:
'Tis ſown a corruptible ſeed,
A lump of putrifying clay;
'Tis raiſèd immortal from the dead,
No more to moulder or decay.

---

1 Cor. xv. 43. *It is ſown in diſhonour, it is raiſed in glory.*

SOON as I render up the ghoſt,
The worm on this vile body preys,
Shocking to thoſe who lovèd it moſt
'Tis ſown in ruinous diſgrace,
Loathſome, removèd from human ſight,
It heavènly dignity receives,
And clothèd with robes of pureſt light,
And glorious as its Maker lives.


JOHANNES UITENBOGAERT.

THE Arminian Magazine, For OCTOBER 1781.

Of ELECTION; tranſlated from SEBASTIAN CASTELLIO'S *Dialogues, between* Lewis *and* Frederic.

DIALOGUE II.

[*Continued from page* 463.]

Fred. WHEN St. Paul ſays, (Rom. xi. 28,) *As concerning the goſpel, they are enemies for your ſakes; but as touching the Election, they are beloved for the Father's ſake;* do you not ſee that Election belongs alſo to thoſe Iſraelites who are enemies, and reject the Goſpel? And what does St. *Paul* mean when he ſays, that they were cut off, and we were ingrafted in their ſtead? Does he not clearly ſhew that *we* were received and placed in lieu of *them*, not by any original, hereditary, or natural right, but by ingrafting or adoption,

(which certainly is not from eternity,) as *Jacob* ſucceeded to *Eſau*, *Samuel* to *Eli*, and *David* to *Saul*? *Lewis.* You ſay right, Frederic; nor do I object any thing againſt what you advance. I would only aſk how all this can agree with what St. Paul ſays, (Rom. xi. 29,) *The gifts and calling of God are without repentance?* For if *Saul* was called unto the kingdom for ever, and nevertheleſs was rejected, it ſeems as if that calling and gift was not without repentance. *Fred.* Even in St. Matthew (xviii. 32, 33.) the forgiving of the debt was ſo called. *O thou wicked ſervant, I forgave thee all that debt, becauſe thou deſiredſt me: ſhouldſt not thou alſo have had compaſſion on thy fellow-ſervant?* God's gifts are indeed without repentance, in themſelves; but the acceptance of the gifts is ſometimes changed. Chriſt's promiſe, that his twelve Apoſtles ſhould ſit on twelve thrones, is irrevocable: and it muſt needs happen that there be twelve Apoſtles ſitting on as many thrones. Should heaven and earth be deſtroyed, this cannot fail. But it is by no means neceſſary that either *Peter* or *Judas*, or any other particular perſon ſhould ſit on them. Therefore, when *Judas* had fallen from his office, *Matthias* was ſubſtituted in his room, leſt the number ſhould not be compleat. If *Peter* had fallen likewiſe, another would have ſupplied his place. And therefore this ſaying of Chriſt's, *Ye that followed me ſhall ſit*, &c. will always hold good. But *Judas* will not ſit, for he did not follow him unto the end: ſuch a promiſe, therefore, has a tacit condition annexed to it; which condition is expreſſed in many places. As in John xiii. 8, *If I waſh thee not, thou haſt no part with me.* Again, in Matt. v. 20; *Except your righteouſneſs ſhall exceed the righteouſneſs of the Scribes and Phariſees.* Again, John iii. 3, *Except a man be born again; except a man forſakes father and mother*, &c. &c. From all which conditions, it evidently appears, that the gift itſelf is certainly without repentance; but that the acceptance of it is uncertain. And that the gift is transferred to another, if he to whom it is offered does not

accept

accept of it. *Lewis.* What you ſay, ſeems to me very true; but our Teachers oppoſe to theſe arguments, ſome promiſes, ſuch as the following. (John vi. 37) *All that the Father giveth me, ſhall come unto me; and him that cometh to me, I will in no wiſe caſt out.* Again, (Ver. 39,) *This is the Father's will which hath ſent me, that of all which he hath given me, I ſhall loſe nothing, but ſhall raiſe it up again at the laſt day.* Again, (John x. 27, 28.) *My ſheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me. And I give unto them eternal life, and they ſhall never periſh, neither ſhall any pluck them out of my hand.* Again, *Rejoice that your names are written in heaven.* They infer from theſe ſayings, that we may truſt we ſhall be ſaved for ever, becauſe we were once choſen unto ſalvation. *Fred.* But what will you ſay, if to theſe Promiſes we oppoſe Threatenings; which are not leſs true than promiſes? As (1 Cor. x. 12,) *Let him that ſtandeth take heed leſt he fall.* Again, *Thou art grafted in among the people of God. Be not high minded but fear; for God is able to cut thee off again and graft others.* Again, (1 Cor. ix. 27,) *I keep under my body, and bring it into ſubjection: leſt that by any Means when I have preached to others, I myſelf ſhould be a caſt-away.* *Lewis.* To this they anſwer, that St. *Paul* does not warn the Chriſtians againſt ſecurity itſelf, but againſt a ſupine and careleſs ſecurity, which carries with it pride, arrogance, and contempt of others. *Fred.* This would be my very anſwer, Lewis, as it makes ſo much againſt them. For if ſecurity is to be dreaded, becauſe it carries all theſe evils with it, it is to be dreaded leſt we be cut off. Certain it is, that thoſe in whom the foregoing evils abide, cannot be ſaved. To maintain their Point, they muſt deny that it is to be feared leſt any one that believes in Chriſt ſhould be cut off. But this is evidently St. Paul's opinion. *Behold,* ſays he, (Rom. xi. 22, 23,) *The goodneſs and ſeverity of God: on them which fell, ſeverity; but towards thee, goodneſs, if thou continue in his goodneſs: otherwiſe thou alſo ſhalt be cut off. And they alſo, if they abide not ſtill in unbelief, ſhall*

be grafted in. What anſwer do they make, Lewis? St. *Paul* expreſsly ſays, *If thou continue not in goodneſs, thou ſhalt be cut off.* They will anſwer perhaps, that he cannot but continue in goodneſs. Why then does St. *Paul* teach, that this is to be feared, if it cannot poſſibly happen? Or why does he ſay that the Jews were cut off, if no one that is once grafted in can be cut off? *Lewis.* But what reply will you give to the promiſes I juſt now mentioned? *Fred.* That which I have already hinted; that we muſt not miſtruſt the goodneſs of God, or his will to ſave us; but we muſt by all means miſtruſt ourſelves, leſt we render void God's deſign towards us, (as St. *Luke* writes to have been the caſe of the Lawyers, vii. 30,) and the Kingdom of God be transferred from us unto others. This opinion is not contradicted by the promiſes you refer to; *All that the Father giveth me, ſhall come to me: and him that cometh unto me, I will not caſt out!* For our Saviour cannot be ſaid to caſt out thoſe that willingly forſake him, as bad ſervants do their Maſter. And, this is *the Father's will which hath ſent me, that of all which he hath given me, I ſhould loſe nothing.* I believe it. We do not aſk, whether it be the Father's will that they ſhould be ſaved, for he deſireth not the death of the wicked, much leſs of the righteous; but whether he that will not be ſaved, can periſh? and whether God ever ſaves any perſon againſt his will; ſince Chriſt ſays, *Will ye alſo go away? My ſheep hear my voice and they follow me.* Who denies it? But this is likewiſe true, *Whoſoever ſhall do the will of my Father which is in heaven, the ſame is my brother, and ſiſter and mother,* Matt. xii. 50. You here ſee who are Chriſt's ſheep. But what is all this to the purpoſe? For ſhould they diſcontinue to hear his voice, they would no longer be his ſheep. And this is the very thing, I ſay, which we have to dread. But Chriſt moreover ſays, *They ſhall never periſh, neither ſhall any pluck them out of my hand.* I believe it: for the ſheep that periſhes is not Chriſt's; for it has ceaſed to be ſo, if it was ſo before.

before. Neither is it plucked out of Chriſt's hand but it ran away freely. Whoſoever abideth in Chriſt, is *written in the book of life*, and has cauſe to rejoice. He cannot periſh, ſince he is under the protection of the Father, who is greateſt of all. But, at the ſame time, as there is no ſalvation out of Chriſt, whoſoever goeth from Chriſt; that is, whoſoever is ſelf-ſufficient, deſpiſing others, overthrowing humility, and the reverence due to God, and forgets the grace received, is ſure to periſh; and that this may be the caſe, appears from many paſſages: particularly from Luke xi. 24. There our Saviour ſpeaks of the unclean ſpirit, which, after having walked through dry places, returns to the houſe from whence he had been caſt out. Therefore, an unclean ſpirit that is caſt out, may return. That is to ſay, he that has put on Chriſt, may grieve the Holy Ghoſt, and return again like the dog to his vomit, (2. Peter. ii. 22,) and conſequently, be himſelf the cauſe that his name is blotted out of the Book of Life. The Iſraelites were undoubtedly God's people; nor could any one pluck them out of his hands. But after they had willingly forſaken God, he forſook them; not as being plucked away, but as run-aways.

Lewis. Indeed all this appears to be very true; but I could wiſh that you would explain to me what St. *Paul* writes unto the *Romans*, concerning Election, that I may have no doubt remaining in my mind. I acknowledge that St. *Paul's* reaſoning has puzzled me for a long while. He appears to me to be ſo very intricate on this ſubject, that I have not yet been able to diſentangle my thoughts from the difficulties that preſent themſelves. I am of opinion that this place is one of thoſe, concerning which St. *Peter* ſpeaks in his 2d Epiſt. iii. 16, where he ſaith, there are in St. *Paul's* Epiſtles ſome things hard to be underſtood, and which unlearned and unſtable men wreſt, as they do the other ſcriptures, unto their own deſtruction.

Fred. You do not judge amiſs, Lewis. But how ſhall we know who they are that wreſt them unto their own deſtruction?

tion? For that ſome do wreſt them is moſt certain; ſince they explain them in contrary ways; one of which muſt needs be falſe. *Lewis.* Indeed I do not know. *Fred.* But I will inform you, (God willing) if you will be attentive. You make no doubt, I truſt, but that the way unto ſalvation is ſtrait? *Lewis.* Moſt aſſuredly. *Fred.* Conſequently whoſoever explains the holy ſcriptures, which ſhew us the way unto ſalvation, in ſuch a manner as to lead men into a broad way, does undoubtedly wreſt them to his own deſtruction. We find an inſtance of it in the falſe prophets among the Jews. They were always flattering the people, by telling them that they were the choſen people of God, and that they would not be led away captives to Babylon. And afterwards, when this event happened, they promiſed them that they ſhould ſoon ſhake off the yoke of *Nebuchadnezzar*, and return. Hence thoſe arrogant ſayings, *The temple of the Lord. The temple of the Lord. We have Abraham for our father.* The true prophets, on the contrary, always taught a narrow way. *Though Coniah were the ſignet upon my right-hand, yet would I pluck thee thence*; thus ſpeaks Jeremiah, (xxii. 24,) And you ſee from it how averſe he is, that even thoſe who are moſt intimate with God (for what can be nearer to a man than the ring he wears on his right-hand,) ſhould be confident, unleſs they be obedient. How ſevere is John the Baptiſt? *Think not to ſay within yourſelves, we have Abraham for our father; for God is able of theſe ſtones to raiſe children to Abraham.* (Matt. iii. 9.) What does Chriſt himſelf ſay? *The children of the kingdom ſhall be caſt out into outer darkneſs. The kingdom ſhall be taken away from you, and given to a nation that will bring forth fruit in due ſeaſon.* Theſe and many ſimilar paſſages, clearly ſhew that we muſt not confide in Election, unleſs we perſevere in the ſame. And agreeable to this, St. Peter writes, (2 Peter. i. 10,) *Give all diligence to make your Calling and Election ſure.* Let us now come to the Teachers of our own times, and we ſhall find the ſame. Some pretend

that

that thoſe who are choſen, and believe in Chriſt, cannot periſh. I leave you to judge, my dear Lewis, what benefit can accrue from this Doctrine. There has lately been a diſpute between two Miniſters of your perſuaſion, one of whom taught, that men were *neceſſitated*, (that is the word he makes uſe of,) by God to ſin. The other oppoſed that Doctrine. Now tell me, my dear Lewis, how were the people then affected? *Lewis.* I ſcarcely dare ſpeak it, yet I muſt acknowledge, that I never ſaw any thing ſo deplorable. The people were raving mad: and had attained to that pitch of licentiouſneſs, that nothing was heard among them but, "Let us ſin, ſince God chuſes ſin, and has ſubjected us to the neceſſity of ſinning." And had not the Magiſtrates put a ſtop to the evil by an Edict, the greateſt part of them would in a ſhort time have ran headlong into enormous licentiouſneſs. *Fred.* And theſe are the ſure effects of ſuch a Doctrine. Believe me, Lewis, the people are ſo tenacious of licentious Tenets, that this wound will not be ſo eaſily healed as it was given. Now examine the other Doctrine, which teaches that God does *not* delight in Unrighteouſneſs; and you will readily perceive that the fruits of it are the fear of God, which is the beginning of wiſdom. Whereas, on the contrary, that ſecurity they teach, is the beginning of folly. The troubles which were the conſequences of it, ought to make a doctrine, productive of ſuch effects, ſuſpected even by the ignorant. For ſuch as are the fruits, ſuch is the tree. Weigh things well, and you will find that moſt men who admit of that doctrine, become the worſe for it:

"Happy are thoſe whom others' harms make wiſe."

[*To be continued.*]

SERMON

SERMON V.

On GALATIANS iv. 18.

[*Concluded from page* 469.]

III. IT remains only, to draw ſome practical Inferences from the preceding Obſervations.

1. And firſt, if Zeal, true, Chriſtian Zeal, be nothing but the Flame of Love, then *Hatred*, in every kind and degree, then every ſort of *Bitterneſs* toward them that oppoſe us, is ſo far from deſerving the name of Zeal, that it is directly oppoſite to it. If Zeal be only fervent Love, then it ſtands at the utmoſt diſtance from *Prejudice*, Jealouſy, Evil-ſurmiſing; ſeeing *Love thinketh no evil*. Then *Bigotry* of every ſort, and above all the ſpirit of *Perſecution*, are totally inconſiſtent with it. Let not, therefore, any of theſe unholy Tempers ſcreen themſelves under that ſacred Name. As all theſe are the works of the Devil, let them appear in their own ſhape, and no longer, under that ſpecious diſguiſe, deceive the unwary children of God.

2. Secondly. If Lowlineſs be a property of Zeal, then Pride is inconſiſtent with it. It is true, ſome degree of Pride may remain, after the Love of God is ſhed abroad in the heart: as this is one of the laſt evils that is rooted out, when God creates all things new. But it cannot reign, nor retain any conſiderable power, where fervent Love is found. Yea, were we to give way to it but a little, it would damp that holy fervor; and if we did not immediately fly back to Chriſt, would utterly quench the Spirit.

3. Thirdly. If Meekneſs be an inſeparable property of Zeal, what ſhall we ſay of thoſe, who call their Anger by that name? Why,

Why, that they miſtake the truth totally; that they in the fulleſt ſenſe, put darkneſs for light, and light for darkneſs. We cannot be too watchful againſt this deluſion, becauſe it ſpreads over the whole Chriſtian world. Almoſt in all places, Zeal and Anger paſs for equivolent terms: and exceeding few perſons are convinced, that there is any difference between them. How commonly do we hear it ſaid, "See how zealous the man is!" Nay, he cannot be zealous: that is impoſſible; for he is in a paſſion. And Paſſion is as inconſiſtent with Zeal, as Light with Darkneſs, or Heaven with Hell.

It were well that this point were thoroughly underſtood. Let us conſider it a little farther. We frequently obſerve one that bears the character of a religious man, vehemently angry at his neighbour. Perhaps he calls his brother *Raca*, or *thou fool:* he brings a railing accuſation againſt him. You mildly admoniſh him of his warmth. He anſwers, it is my Zeal! No, it is your ſin; and unleſs you repent of it, will ſink you lower than the grave. There is much ſuch Zeal as this in the bottomleſs pit. Thence all Zeal of this kind comes. And thither it will go, and you with it, unleſs you are ſaved from it, before you go hence.

4. Fourthly, If Patience, Contentedneſs, and Reſignation, are the properties of Zeal, then Murmuring, Fretfulneſs, Diſcontent, Impatience, are wholly inconſiſtent with it. And yet how ignorant are mankind of this? How often do we ſee men fretting at the ungodly, or telling you, They are "out of patience" with ſuch or ſuch things, and terming all this their Zeal! O ſpare no pains to undeceive them? If it be poſſible, ſhew them what Zeal is: and convince them that all murmuring, or fretting at ſin, is a ſpecies of ſin, and has no reſemblance of, or connexion with, the true Zeal of the Goſpel.

5. Fifthly, If the object of Zeal be *that which is good*, then fervour for any *evil thing*, is not Chriſtian Zeal. I inſtance in *Idolatry*, worſhiping of Angels, Saints, Images, the Croſs.

Although therefore a man were ſo earneſtly attached to any kind of idolatrous worſhip, that he would even *give his body to be burned*, rather than refrain from it, call this bigotry or ſuperſtition if you pleaſe, but call it not Zeal: that is quite another thing.

From the ſame premiſes it follows, that fervour for *indifferent things*, is not Chriſtian Zeal. But how exceedingly common is this miſtake too? Indeed one would think, that men of underſtanding could not be capable of ſuch weakneſs. But alas, the Hiſtory of all Ages proves the contrary. Who were men of ſtronger underſtandings, than Biſhop *Ridley*, and Biſhop *Hooper*? And how warmly did theſe, and other great men of that age, diſpute about the *Sacerdotal Veſtments?* How eager was the contention for almoſt a hundred years, for and againſt wearing a *Surplice?* O ſhame to man! I would as ſoon have diſputed about a ſtraw, or a barley-corn! And this, indeed, ſhall be called Zeal! And why was it not rather called Wiſdom, or Holineſs?

6. It follows alſo from the ſame premiſes, That fervour for *Opinions* is not Chriſtian Zeal. But how few are ſenſible of this? And how innumerable are the miſchiefs, which even this ſpecies of falſe Zeal has occaſioned in the Chriſtian world? How many thouſand lives have been caſt away, by thoſe who were zealous for the Romiſh Opinions? How many of the excellent ones of the earth have been cut off, by zealots for the ſenſeleſs opinion of Tranſubſtantiation? But does not every unprejudiced perſon ſee, that this Zeal is *earthly, ſenſual, deviliſh?* And that it ſtands at the utmoſt contrariety to that Zeal, which is here recommended by the Apoſtle?

What an exceſs of Charity is it then which our great Poet expreſſes, in his Poem on the Laſt Day? Where he talks of meeting in heaven,

> "Thoſe who by mutual wounds expiréd,
> By *Zeal* for their diſtinct perſuaſions fired?"

Zeal

Zeal indeed! What manner of zeal was this, which led them to cut one anothers throats? Thoſe who were *fired* with this ſpirit, and died therein, will undoubtedly have their portion not in heaven: (only love is there:) but in *the fire that never ſhall be quenched.*

7. Laſtly, If true Zeal be always proportioned, to the degree of Goodneſs which is in its object, then ſhould it riſe higher and higher according to the ſcale mentioned above; according to the comparative value of the ſeveral parts of Religion. For inſtance; all that truly fear God, ſhould be zealous for the *Church:* both for the Catholic or Univerſal Church, and for that part of it whereof they are members. This is not the appointment of men, but of God. He ſaw, it was *not good for men to be alone,* even in this ſenſe, but that the whole body of his children ſhould be *knit together, and ſtrengthened, by that which every joint ſupplieth.* At the ſame time they ſhould be more zealous for the *Ordinances* of God; for public and private Prayer, for hearing and reading the word of God, and for Faſting, and the Lord's Supper. But they ſhould be more zealous for *works* of Mercy, than even for works of Piety. Yet ought they to be more zealous ſtill, for *holy Tempers,* Lowlineſs, Meekneſs, Reſignation: but moſt zealous of all, for that which is the ſum and the perfection of Religion, the *Love* of God and Man.

8. It remains only, to make a cloſe and honeſt Application of theſe things to our own ſouls. We all know the general Truth, That *it is good to be always zealouſly affected in a good thing.* Let us now, every one of us, apply it to his own ſoul in particular.

9. Thoſe indeed who are ſtill dead in treſpaſſes and ſins, have neither part nor lot in this matter: nor thoſe that live in any open ſin, ſuch as Drunkenneſs, Sabbath-breaking, or profane Swearing. Theſe have nothing to do with Zeal; they have no buſineſs at all even to take the word in their mouth. It is utter folly and impertinence for any one to talk of

Some Account of Mr. DUNCAN WRIGHT.

[Wrote by himſelf.]

[*Concluded from page* 476.]

BEFORE I conclude, I muſt not forget to mention one circumſtance in order to encourage others, and to juſtify the obſervation, "That we hardly know what we are capable of, till we are put to the trial."

When I was in *Scotland*, I remarked that many of the Clergy were men of ſenſe and piety, and took real pains in their work. And yet there was in many places, a want of care and zeal, for the ſpiritual welfare of the poor Highlanders. Many of theſe coming for employment to the larger towns, were deſtitute of all help for their ſouls; as they did not underſtand Engliſh. In *Edinburgh* and *Glaſgow* there have been places of worſhip built for them, within theſe few years, and well ſupplied; but in *Aberdeen*, *Perth*, and *Greenock*, they ſtill had none to help. When Mr. *M'Nab* went to *Scotland*, in 1769, he began to preach to them as well as he could, and wanted me to come to his help. Mr. *Weſley* accordingly appointed me for *Scotland* at the enſuing Conference, and deſired me to try to recover my Erſe: but of this I had no hope; as I could not read a verſe of it, and never ſpoke two minutes in it on religious ſubjects in my life.

However, when I came to *Perth*, and ſaw their forlorn condition, ſeveral motives induced me to make a trial. I therefore bought a New Teſtament in the modern *Galic*, and got one of the ſociety who could read it, to give me ſome inſtructions. By Chriſtmas I had made ſuch a progreſs, that my Teacher was poſitive I could preach in it, and would needs

invite

invite the Highlanders, to come and hear me. But I knew my deficiency better than he did; however, I was prevailed upon to let him invite them. He gave out the pſalm and ſung it for me. When I began to pray in Erſe, I ſhould have been ſet faſt, had I not learned the Lord's prayer before-hand. When I began to ſpeak, I was often obliged to break off, and addreſs the people in Engliſh. But by the grace of God, in leſs than four years, I could officiate in that language two hours together, without a word of Engliſh. While we were thus employed, the Miniſters in *Perth*, and in ſeveral other places, wiſhed us good luck in the Name of the Lord.

This was by far the moſt delightful work I ever had. But it was often hard enough, as I commonly preached at *Greenock*, in Engliſh, at ſeven in the morning: then ſpent two hours from ten to twelve, with the Highlanders: walked to *Port-Glaſgow*, and preached in the ſtreets at four; then walked back to *Greenock*, and preached at ſix o'clock, and then met the Society. Although by this means I had many an aching head, and pained breaſt, yet it was delightful to ſee hundreds attending to my blundering preaching, with ſtreaming eyes, and attention ſtill as night: or to hear them, in their ſimple way, ſinging the praiſes of God in their own tongue. If ever God ſaid to my heart, "*Go, and I will be with thee*," it was then, when with much trembling, and deep ſighs, I have gone to preach to them, hardly knowing what to ſay. I extol the Name of my adorable Maſter, that my labours were not in vain. How gladly would I have ſpent my life with theſe dear ſouls! but my health would not permit it; ſo I was obliged to leave them.

To conclude: how graciouſly did my heavenly Father ſtrive with me by his ſpirit, even from my infant days! and when I was an outcaſt, and loſt as to any thing of religion, he reclaimed the wanderer, and brought me to his fold; then led me into the wilderneſs to ſhew me my heart! Healed my backſlidings,

backſlidings, comforted and fortified me for ſufferings; and knowing my feebleneſs, led me gradually on to preach to thoſe who moſt needed my aſſiſtance.

And, when he ſaw a little affliction needful, he ſent it. And a profitable time it proved to me; all thanks to the Sender! I have ſince ſeen ſuch beauty in holineſs, and in the imitation of Chriſt, and have had ſuch diſcoveries of the boundleſs love of God! as I never had before. O for an eternity to praiſe him in!

If ever man could ſay the following lines, ſurely I may:

Pardoned for all that I have done,
My mouth as in the duſt I hide,
And glory give to *God alone*,
My God for ever pacified!

Stockton, March 1781.

Some Account of the DEATH of Mr. CHARLES PERRONET.

[*Even this imperfect Account of the Death of ſo good a Man, will be acceptable, at leaſt, to all that knew him.*]

Canterbury, Aug. 23, 1776.

I Arrived here juſt time enough, to attend the funeral of our dear Friend, Mr. *Charles Perronet*, who died on Monday, Auguſt 12th, about ſeven o'clock in the morning.

It may afford matter of joy to many, to give a little account of his Experience, ſome time before his departure. It is well known that he had been long ſubject to great affliction; but his affliction increaſed with his years. In April laſt, God laid his hand ſorely upon him, and cauſed him to paſs through the fire of a burning Fever. This left him very little uſe of his limbs, and in a very weak ſtate of body. But the ſtrength and vigour of his ſoul, were ſuch as I never ſaw before.

before. All his expreſſions were thoſe of a ſoul loſt and ſwallowed up in God. Oft have I ſat with pleaſure and aſtoniſhment, to hear him repeat what God had done for his ſoul. He often told me, "This affliction is the beſt I ever had. God has revealed to me his power, his love, and excellence, in ſo great a meaſure, that no tongue is able to expreſs it." He then broke out into ſuch glorious deſcriptions of the worth, the merit, the precioufneſs of Chriſt, as I never heard before. He frequently repeated, "I have uninterrupted fellowſhip with God; and Chriſt is all and in all to me." A variety of equally ſtrong expreſſions were *continually* dropping from his lips. He was a *living* and *dying* Witneſs of the bleſſed Doctrine he always defended, I mean *Entire Sanctification*. About a week before he died, he told ſeveral friends, (and among the reſt his brother Mr. *Edward Perronet*) that God had given him an entire new nature: that he felt nothing contrary to the Will of God, nothing contrary to Holineſs. "God (ſaid he,) has purged me from *all* my droſs, —all is done away: I am all *Love*."

A particular friend aſked him, "How was this work wrought in you? Was it done *gradually* or inſtantaneouſly?" He replied, "You know God has long been at work in me in a peculiar way, but the work I am now ſpeaking of, was wrought in one *moment*. I was pouring out my ſoul to God that he would give me a full *meetneſs* for himſelf. He anſwered my requeſt, and gave, what I deſired." From *that moment* he lived, he ſpoke, he appeared as in Eternity. And it was remarkable that though he ſuffered much in life, he ſuffered nothing in death. As he was eaſy the day before he died, ſo he was the morning he departed. He changed in a moment, and had juſt time to ſay, with the greateſt compoſure, "I am dying: into thy hands, Lord, I commend my ſpirit."

CHARLES BOON.

An Account of Mr. JULIUS PALMER.

[*Continued from page* 484.]

HIS mother underſtanding his errand, (by his brother whom he had ſent before to intreat for him) as ſoon as ſhe beheld him on his knees, aſking her bleſſing, as he had been accuſtomed to do: Thou ſhalt, ſaid ſhe, have Chriſt's curſe and mine, whereſoever thou goeſt. He pauſing a little, as one amazed, at length ſaid, O mother! your own curſe you may give me, which God knoweth, I never deſerved; but God's curſe you cannot give me; for he hath already bleſſed me. Nay, ſaid ſhe, thou didſt go from God's bleſſing, when thou waſt baniſhed for a heretic out of that worſhipful houſe at *Oxford:* and now for the like knavery, art thou driven out of *Reading* too. Alas, mother, ſaid he, you have been miſinformed. I was not expelled, but freely reſigned of mine own accord. A heretic I am not, for I ſtand not ſtubbornly againſt any true doctrine, but defend it to the beſt of my power. And you may be ſure, they uſe not to expel nor baniſh, but to burn heretics (as they term them.) Well, quoth ſhe, I am ſure thou doſt not believe as thy father and I, and all our fathers have done: but as we were taught by the new law in king *Edward's* time, which is damnable hereſy. Indeed I confeſs, ſaid he, that I believe that doctrine which was taught in king *Edward's* days, which is not hereſy, but truth; neither is it new, but as old as Chriſt and his Apoſtles. If thou art at that point, ſaid ſhe, I require thee to depart from my houſe, and out of my ſight, and never take me more for thy mother. As for money and goods I have none of thine; thy father bequeathed nothing for heretics. Faggots I have to burn thee; more thou getteſt not at my hands. Mother, ſaid he, whereas you have curſed me,

I again

I again pray to God to bleſs you, and proſper you all your life-long; and with ſuch like ſoft words, and abundance of tears trickling down his cheeks, he departed from her; wherewith he ſo mollified her hard heart, that ſhe hurled an old angel after him, and ſaid, Take that to keep thee a true man. Thus being deſtitute of worldly friendſhip, he knew not which way to turn his face. Soon after, it came to his mind, to return ſecretly to Magdalen-College, upon the aſſured truſt, that he had a ſecret friend or two in that houſe. At which time, by the ſuit of one *Alane Cope*, then Fellow of the houſe, he obtained letters commendatory from Mr. *Cole*, for his preferment to a School in *Glouceſterſhire*. So he went away, committed by his friends to God's protection, of whom ſome accompanied him as far as *Enſan-Ferry*, and ſome to *Burford*. Afterwards, as he went alone, muſing, it came into his head to return privately to *Reading*, truſting, by the help of friends there, to receive a quarter's ſtipend, and convey his goods to the cuſtody of ſome truſty perſon. To *Reading* he came, yet not ſo cloſely, but that this viperous generation had knowledge thereof. Wherefore without delay they laid their heads together, and conſulted what way they might moſt ſafely proceed againſt him. And ſoon it was concluded, that one Mr. *Hampton* ſhould reſort to him under the pretence of friendſhip, to fiſh out the cauſe of his repair to *Reading*. *Palmer*, as he was a ſimple man, and without all deceit, opened to him his whole intent. But *Hampton* earneſtly perſuaded him to the contrary, and at laſt flung away in a fury, and ſaid, As he had fiſhed, ſo ſhould he fowl for him. *Palmer* not ſuſpecting miſchief againſt him, called for his ſupper, and went quietly to bed. But in a ſhort ſpace, the officers and their retinue came ruſhing in with lanthorns and bills, requiring him in the King and Queen's name, to make himſelf ready, and depart with them: and led him away to ward, whom the keeper brought down into a vile, ſtinking dungeon, prepared for thieves and murderers, and there left

him, hanging by the hands and feet in a pair of ſtocks, ſo high, that well nigh no part of his body touched the ground. In this dungeon he remained about ten days under the tyranny of this unmerciful keeper. After this, he was brought before the Mayor of *Reading*, and by the procurement of certain falſe brethren, divers enormous crimes were laid to his charge; ſuch as Treaſon, Sedition, Murder, and Adultery. To whom *Palmer* anſwered, that if ſuch crimes might be proved againſt him, he would patiently ſubmit to all kind of torments. All this while no mention was made of hereſy or heretical writings. Their proofs againſt him were theſe: *firſt*, That *Palmer* ſaid, the Queen's ſword was not put in her hand to execute tyranny, and to murder the true ſervants of God. *Item*, That her ſword was too blunt toward the Papiſts, but toward the true Chriſtians too ſharp. *Item*, That certain ſervants of Sir *Francis Knolles*, reſorting to his lectures, had fallen out among themſelves, and were like to have committed murder. *Item*, That his hoſteſs had written a letter unto him, (which they had intercepted) wherein ſhe required him to return to *Reading*, and ſent him her commendations, by the token that the knife lay hid under the beam; whereby they gathered, that ſhe had conſpired with him to murder her huſband. *Item*, That they found him alone with his hoſteſs by the fire-ſide in the hall.

When the evidence was given up, the Mayor diſmiſſed them and went to dinner, commanding *Palmer* to the Cage, to make him an open ſpectacle of ignominy: it being given out, that he was ſo puniſhed for his evil life. In the afternoon, *Palmer* came to his anſwer, and did clearly face their evidence, and defend his own innocency, proving alſo that the ſaid letters were forged by themſelves, ſo that the Mayor himſelf was much aſhamed that he had given ſuch credit to them; ſo that he ſought means how they might convey him out of the country privily. When they ſaw the matter frame ſo ill-favouredly, fearing that if he ſhould eſcape, their doing would

would tend to their ſhame and diſhoneſty, they deviſed a new policy to bring to paſs their malice againſt him; namely to accuſe him of hereſy. So he was again called out of priſon to appear before the Mayor, the Official, and two other Juſtices, to render an account of his faith. And when they had gathered of his own mouth, ſufficient matter, they deviſed a certificate againſt him, directed to Doctor *Jeffrey*, who had determined to hold his viſitation the next Tueſday at *Newbery*, the 16th of July. And it was concluded that he ſhould be ſent over to *Newbery*. Mr. *Rider*, of *Reading*, a faithful witneſs of God's truth, hearing how cruelly *Palmer* had been dealt with in the priſon, that he pined away for lack of neceſſaries, ſent his ſervant the night before his departure to *Newbery*, with ſome money, requiring to know if he lacked neceſſaries, he might provide for him. *Palmer* anſwered, The Lord reward your Maſter for his benevolence, but tell him, that (God be praiſed) I lack nothing. He came to *Newbery* on Monday night, and forthwith he was committed to priſon. In the morning, ſeats were prepared in the choir of the pariſh-church, for the Viſitors; Dr. *Jeffrey*, for the Biſhop of *Sarum*; Sir *Richard Abridges*, knight, high Sheriff of the county; Sir *William Ramsford*, *John Winchcomb*, eſquire, and the Parſon of *Ingleſield*.

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

A ſhort Account of Mr. THOMAS CLARK.

I Was born near *Ripley*, *Yorkſhire*, in April 1724, and had ſtrong deſires to ſerve God ever ſince I was twelve years old. I was ſadly afraid of Hell, and ran from one Church to another, ſeeking ſomething which I could not find. About eighteen, I was confirmed by the Biſhop, and found a great bleſſing

bleſſing therein. I continued earneſtly to ſerve God, to the beſt of my knowledge, and was always kept from outward ſin, and felt much of the love of God. About twenty-five, I married. Then the cares and deſires of the world deadened me much for above two years. But in every trouble I ſtill called upon God, and he delivered me. Two years ſince, I found a deſire to go to the preaching, which ſoon convinced me that I was under the wrath of God. I uſed all the Means, particularly Prayer, in the midſt of many ſore temptations. But not long after, about Whitſuntide, 1759, God freed me from them by a ſenſe of his Love. A month or two after, I felt my inward ſins ſuch a burden, that I could not eat, or work, or ſleep. And my ſenſes were almoſt gone, for about a fortnight. I was then happy again for two or three months, and then unhappy again through a ſenſe of inbred ſin, till the firſt Saturday in Auguſt laſt. I was then at my work, when I was filled with ſuch love and power, that I could work no longer. My ſoul was melted with love, the tears ran down my cheeks; and ſoon after, theſe words came, "I have cleanſed thee from all filthineſs of fleſh and ſpirit," which followed me for a fortnight wherever I went. I thought however, I would tell no body of it: but I could not refrain. I never found any doubt ſince, having the Witneſs in myſelf continually. I feel no will, but the Will of God. Even my body ſeemed renewed as well as my ſoul. I have a wife and five ſmall children; but I have no care about them. I work every day among the wicked; but I am not hurt or hindered by them. I am always happy in God, full of love and peace, and feel no deadneſs or heavineſs, but a continual increaſe of loving faith, ſpringing up into everlaſting life.

Feb. 1758.

An Account of a REMARKABLE DELIVERANCE.

1. BEFORE I was ten years old, I believe God was ſtriving with me by his holy Spirit. I ſpent many hours in ſecret, weeping, and praying to the Lord, to take me to himſelf. I was ſo much afraid of pride, that I could hardly be perſuaded to put on any new clothes, leſt they ſhould make me think better of myſelf; and I had a continual fear of doing or ſaying any thing to offend God: ſo that my relations often uſed to ſay, "The child is not for this world."

2. But when I was between fourteen and fifteen, I began to keep company with girls of my own age. By this means, I ſoon grew like them: I was leſs and leſs ſerious, till all the good impreſſions I had once, were entirely vaniſhed away.

3. When I was near ſeventeen, God was pleaſed to ſtop me in my courſe, by ſending me a ſevere fit of ſickneſs. I kept my bed for two months; and never thoroughly recovered, till the latter end of December, 1771. I loſt the uſe of my left ſide. I had all the advice that could be procured, and tried abundance of remedies; but without any effect at all: till at length it was reſolved to try, what the Phyſicians of *Dublin* could do. Here I had the advice of thoſe that were thought the beſt Phyſicians, and tried whatever they recommended. But I was no better at all: ſo I thought it well to return from whence I came.

4. On October 29th, I went on board a ſmall veſſel, at St. *George's-Key*. We had in the veſſel four mariners, and ſix women, with one man, and a little child, paſſengers. We ſailed down the Bay, about nine o'clock, in a fair, calm evening. But before nine in the morning, we had a violent ſtorm from the South-Weſt, which roſe higher and higher, till before twelve, there was nothing left upon deck, our ſails being

being torn to pieces, and the maſt carried away. They had ſhut up all the paſſengers in the cabin, and could not tell which way they went, as the Compaſs was waſhed overboard, ſo that we were left to the winds and waves. About four, one of the men came down to ſtrike a light; but he could not; for all the tinder was wet. We aſked him, "Where we were?" He ſaid, "He could not tell; neither where we were going." Only we all expected every moment, that we ſhould go to the bottom. About nine, it being exceeding dark, the veſſel ſtruck upon a rock and ſtuck faſt. Afterwards we knew, it was not very far from the *Calf of Man*, but above a mile from the Iſle. The water flowing in apace, three of the men let down the boat: the fourth aſked, "Where are you going?" They ſaid, "To ſave ourſelves, if we can." He aſked, "And what will you do with the poor Women on board?" They ſaid, "We muſt leave them to the mercy of God." Nay, ſaid the man, "Whatever becomes of *them*, ſhall become of *me*." As he ſpoke, a wave waſhed the ſhip off the rock, but with a large hole in the bottom. They fell to pumping with their might, while the wind drove us toward the ſhore, till we were driven in between two rocks, and ſtuck quite faſt. The mariners then opened the hatches, to let the paſſengers out: after which, they got down upon the rocks, and helped the women after them. Having no heart to ſtir, I lay *ſtill* where I was, till they were all gone. Finding I was all alone, I would fain have got out; but I could not. For the boom was fallen acroſs the cabin-door, and quite blocked it up. I then cried with all my might. A man, who was come back for his clothes, hearing the cry, came to the cabin-door, lifted away the boom, and pulled me out. As ſoon as we were out of the veſſel, I ſuppoſe not knowing what he did, he laid me down in the water. I immediately ſunk. He catched hold of my clothes and ſwam with me to the rocks, on which he left me half dead. When I was a little revived, I made toward the land, creeping on my hands

and

and knees, over the craggy rocks, though I was ſadly torn, and bruiſed all over. But before I got to the land, there were two rocks that ran acroſs, with a deep cleft between them, filled up with water. I knew nothing of this, till I dropt in headlong. There I muſt have periſhed inevitably, had not a man who thought of ſaving ſomething out of the veſſel, come juſt at the inſtant, who pulled me out, and would not leave me, till I was on firm land.

5. About twelve o'clock I got to *Caſtletown*, far leſs hurt than might have been expected. And for a few days, I was thankful to God, for ſo wonderful a Deliverance. But I ſoon gave way to diſcontent, becauſe of my lameneſs, till my life was miſerable. Yet ſtill the goodneſs of God was ſtriving with me: and often when I was alone, I had earneſt deſires to give myſelf wholly to God; but I knew not how. One time, as I was walking and muſing by myſelf, I thought I heard a loud voice, ſaying, "If thou ſeek the Lord, thou ſhalt be happy." I replied aloud, "If the Lord had made me like other perſons, I *would* ſerve him; but as I am, I am fit for nothing."

6. In March, 1775, Mr. *Crook* came to the Iſland. The two firſt times I heard him preach, it made no impreſſion upon me. The third time I went, he preached on thoſe words, "Eſcape to the mountain, leſt thou be conſumed." I thought, he ſpoke to none but *me*. I trembled all over. I felt myſelf a guilty ſinner, and all my other trouble was ſwallowed up in this. I continued to hear, and the more I heard, the more my trouble increaſed, till at laſt, I was afraid to ſleep, leſt I ſhould awake in hell. Many times I walked all night in my room, praying and crying bitterly. Yet many times I felt a ſtrange joy, but it did not ſtay long. And thus, having none to ſpeak to, that underſtood my caſe, I ſtruggled on for ſeveral months.

7. One Friday night in September, I went to the preaching, with all my load of ſin. Something in me anſwered every

word that was ſpoken. From eight o'clock that night, till three the next day, I believe no woman in her labour-pains was ever in a greater agony. But *as the lightning ſhineth from the Eaſt to the Weſt*, ſo was the coming of the Lord to my diſtreſſed ſoul. I fell with my face to the ground, and wept for half an hour. I was filled with joy unſpeakable. As ſoon as I could riſe, I went to the Preacher, and told him what the Lord had done for my poor ſoul. My eyes were full of tears, my mouth full of praiſe, and my heart full of love. My Lord had given me *beauty for aſhes, and the oil of joy for mourning*. For two years after, I felt nothing but love; no trial, no temptation, did the adorable Jeſus ſuffer to diſturb me, but all were made eaſy.

8. I was then convinced, that I wanted ſomething ſtill, namely, full Sanctification. And I fought it with all my might, crying day and night, that God would ſanctify me wholly. I bleſs God, that he gave me this too in a moment, purifying me from all ſin, and enabling me to preſent my whole ſoul and body, a living ſacrifice to him. Thus far he hath brought an unworthy worm, and I truſt he will be with me to the end.

CATHERINE CORBETT,
Of Caſtletown, in the Iſle of Man.

An Extract from A SURVEY *of the* WISDOM *of* GOD *in the* CREATION.

On DEATH.

[*Continued from page* 486.]

THE animal machine is like a clock: the wheels whereof may be in ever ſo good order, the mechaniſm compleat in every part, and wound up to the full pitch; yet without ſome impulſe communicated to the pendulum, the whole continues motionleſs.

Thus

Thus in theſe accidents, the Solids are whole and elaſtic, and the juices no otherwiſe vitiated, than by a ſhort ſtagnation, from the quieſcence of that moving *Something*, which enables matter in animated bodies, to overcome the reſiſtance of the medium it acts in. Inflating the lungs, and thus communicating motion to the heart, like giving the firſt vibration to a pendulum, enables this Something to reſume the government of the fabric, and actuate its organs afreſh. —— It has been ſuggeſted, that "a pair of bellows might be applied, better than a man's mouth." But, 1. Bellows may not be at hand: 2. The lungs of one man may ſafely bear as great a force, as the lungs of another can exert, which by the bellows cannot always be determined; 3. The warmth and moiſture of the breath may likewiſe be of uſe.

But what is properly a *natural Death?* From the very birth, every veſſel in the human body grows ſtiffer and ſtiffer, by the adheſion of more and more earthly particles to its inner ſurface. Not only ſolid food ſupplies it with theſe, but every fluid that circulates through it. Hereby more and more of the ſmall veſſels are ſo filled up, as to be no longer pervious. In proportion, the coats of the larger veſſels grow harder, and their cavities narrower. Hence the dryneſs and ſtiffneſs of all the parts, which are obſervable in old age. By this means, more and more of the veſſels are deſtroyed, the finer fluids ſecerned in leſs quantity, the concoctions weakened, and the reparation of the decayed and injured parts prevented. So that only the coarſer juices continue to run ſlowly through the larger veſſels. Soon theſe alſo not only become narrow, but ſtiff, bony, and unelaſtic, till even the great artery having loſt its ſpring, can propel the blood no longer. And then follows death by old age, which is a purely *natural* death. But this is a very rare caſe; it is ſeldom life is ſo long protracted, the lamp of life being eaſily blown out, when it burns with ſo feeble a flame. So that the age of man ſeldom exceeds three-ſcore years and ten, before duſt returns to duſt.

The term of life can be prolonged but a very little time, by any art we can uſe. A few only have lived beyond the ordinary duration of human exiſtence; ſuch as *Parre*, and *Jenkins*: yet theſe men uſed no peculiar arts to prolong life; on the contrary, they were peaſants, accuſtomed to the greateſt fatigues, and who had no ſettled rules. Indeed, if we conſider that the *European*, the *Negroe*, the *Chineſe*, and the *American*, the civilized man, and the *Savage*, the rich and the poor, the inhabitant of the city, and of the country, though all ſo different in other reſpects, are yet entirely ſimilar in the period allotted them for living; if we conſider that neither the difference of race, of climate, of nouriſhment, of convenience, or of ſoil, makes any difference in the term of life; if we conſider that thoſe men, who live upon raw fleſh, or dried fiſhes, upon ſage or rice, upon caſſava, or upon roots, nevertheleſs live as long as thoſe who are fed upon bread and meat; we ſhall readily acknowledge, that the duration of life depends neither upon habit, cuſtoms, nor the quantity of food, and that nothing can change the laws of that mechaniſm, which regulates the number of our years.

If there be any difference in the different periods of man's exiſtence, it ought principally to be aſcribed to the quality of the air. It has been obſerved, that in elevated ſituations there have been found more old people than in thoſe that were low. The mountains of *Scotland*, *Wales*, *Auvergne*, and *Switzerland*, have furniſhed more inſtances of extreme old age, than the plains of *Holland*, *Flanders*, *Germany*, or *Poland*. But, in general, the duration of life is nearly the ſame in moſt countries. Man, if not cut off by accidental diſeaſes, is generally found to live ninety or a hundred years. Our anceſtors did not live beyond that date; and, ſince the times of *David*, this term has made but little alteration.

If we be aſked how, in the beginning, men lived ſo much longer than at preſent, and by what means their lives were extended to nine hundred and thirty, or even nine hundred

and

and ſixty years, it may be anſwered, that the productions of the earth, upon which they fed, might be of a different nature at that time, from what they are at preſent. But perhaps it is better to ſay, that the term was abridged by divine command, in order to keep the earth from being over-ſtocked with human inhabitants; ſince, if every perſon were now to live and generate for nine hundred years, mankind would be increaſed to ſuch a degree, that there would be no room for ſubſiſtence: ſo that the plan of Providence would be altered; which is ſeen not to produce life, without providing a proper ſupply!

But to whatever extent life may be prolonged, or however ſome may have delayed the effects of age, death is the certain goal to which all are haſtening. All the cauſes of decay, which have been mentioned, contribute to bring on this dreaded diſſolution. However, nature approaches to this awful period, by ſlow and imperceptible degrees, life is conſuming day after day, and ſome one of our faculties, or vital principles, is every hour dying before the reſt; ſo that death is only the laſt ſhade in the picture: and it is propable, that man ſuffers a greater change in going from youth to age, than from age into the grave. When we firſt begin to live, our lives may ſcarcely be ſaid to be our own; as the child grows, life increaſes in the ſame proportion, and is at its height in the prime of manhood. But as ſoon as the body begins to decreaſe, life decreaſes alſo; for, as the human frame diminiſhes, and its juices circulate in ſmaller quantity, life diminiſhes and circulates with leſs vigour: ſo that as we begin to live by degrees, we begin to die in the ſame manner.

Why then ſhould we fear *Death*, if our lives have been ſuch as not to make *Eternity* dreadful? Why ſhould we fear that moment which is prepared by a thouſand other moments of the ſame kind, the firſt pangs of ſickneſs being probably greater than the laſt ſtruggles of departure. Death, in moſt perſons, is as calmly endured, as the diſorder that brings it on.

If

If we enquire from thoſe, whoſe buſineſs it is to attend the ſick and the dying, we ſhall find, that, except in a very few accute caſes, where the patient dies in agonies, the greateſt number die quietly, and ſeemingly without pain. And even the agonies of the former rather terrify the ſpectators, than torment the patient; for how many have we not ſeen, who have been accidentally relieved from this extremity, and yet had no memory of what they then endured? In fact, they had ceaſed to live, during that time when they ceaſed to have ſenſation: and their pains were only thoſe of which they had an idea.

[*To be continued.*]

REFLECTIONS *on the* SABBATH-DAY: *extracted from a Book, wrote a hundred and ſeventy Years ago.*

TO ſanctify the Sabbath, or the Seventh Day, is not (as ſome warmly imagine) a ceremonial Law abrogated; but the moral and perpetual Law of God perfected. So that the ſame perpetual commandments which bound the Jews to keep the ſabbath, as a memorial of the World's Creation, binds Chriſtians to ſolemnize the Sabbath, in memorial of the World's Redemption. For the fourth Commandment, being a moral law, requireth a ſeventh day to be kept holy for ever. That this Commandment is moral and perpetual, may appear by theſe reaſons.

1. Becauſe all the reaſons of this Commandment are moral and perpetual. And God hath bound us to obey this Commandment, with more forcible reaſons than to any of the reſt; firſt, becauſe he foreſaw, that irreligious men would either more careleſsly neglect, or more boldly break this Commandment than any other: ſecondly, becauſe with the practice of this, the keeping of all the others is ſo cloſely connected.

And

And it is certain, he who makes no conſcience of breaking the Sabbath, will make no conſcience of breaking any of the Commandments. Therefore God places this Commandment in the midſt of the two tables; becauſe the keeping it is the beſt help to the keeping of all the reſt. The conſcientious keeping of the Sabbath, is the mother of all Religion. Take away the Sabbath, and let every man ſerve God when he liſteth, and what will ſhortly become of Religion? He is not far from true Piety, who maketh conſcience of keeping the ſabbath-day. But he who can diſpenſe with keeping the Sabbath, either for profit or pleaſure, his heart never felt, what either the fear of God, or true Religion meaneth. Since then God has fenced this Commandment with ſo many moral reaſons, it is evident the Commandment itſelf is Moral.

2. Becauſe it was given of God to Adam in innocence: while (holding his happineſs, not by Faith in Chriſt's merits, but by Obedience to God's Law) he needed no Ceremony, ſhadowing the Redemption of Chriſt. The Sabbath therefore, cannot be ſimply a Ceremony, but an eſſential part of God's worſhip. And if it was neceſſary for our firſt Parents to have a ſabbath-day, to ſerve God in their perfection, much more need have their poſterity to keep the ſabbath in the ſtate of their corruption.

3. Becauſe it is one of the Commandments which God wrote in tables of ſtone, to ſignify their authority and perpetuity. All that God wrote were moral and perpetual Commandments: the ceremonial, which were to be abrogated, were all written by *Moſes*, Deut. iv. 2. But this of the Sabbath, with the other Nine, written by God himſelf, were put into the Ark, (where no ceremonial Law was put) to ſhew they ſhould be the perpetual Rules of the Church.

4. Becauſe Chriſt profeſſes, that he *came not to deſtroy the* (moral) *law:* and that *whoſoever breaketh one of the leaſt of theſe commandments, ſhall be the leaſt in the kingdom of heaven*; that is, ſhall not enter therein. Now this law commands one

day

day in ſeven to be kept as a holy ſabbath. And Chriſt expreſsly mentions the keeping of a Sabbath among Chriſtians, at the deſtruction of Jeruſalem; by which time all the Moſaic Ceremonies were aboliſhed, by a public decree of all the Apoſtles. *Pray ye*, ſaid he, *that your flight be not in the winter, nor on the ſabbath-day. Not in the winter*; becauſe it would be more painful and troubleſome; *not on the ſabbath*; becauſe it would be grievous to them, to ſpend that day in toiling to ſave their lives, which ſhould be ſpent in holy exerciſes to comfort their ſouls.

5. Becauſe all the ceremonial Laws were enjoined to the Jews only, not the Gentiles. But this Commandment was inſtituted, when there was but one ſtate of all men, and therefore enjoined to Gentiles as well as Jews. All the Ceremonies were a partition-wall, to ſeparate Jews from Gentiles. But ſeeing the Gentiles were bound to keep this commandment as well as the Jews, it is evident that it is no Jewiſh Ceremony.

6. Becauſe as God by a perpetual Decree made the Sun, the Moon, and other lights in the firmament of Heaven, not only *to divide the day from the night*, but alſo *to be for ſigns and for ſeaſons, and for years*: ſo he ordained in the Church on earth, the Sabbath to be not only the appointed ſeaſon for his ſolemn worſhip, but alſo the perpetual Rule and Meaſure of time. So that as ſeven days make a week, ſeven years make *a ſabbath of years*; ſeven *ſabbath of years*, the grand ſabbatic year, or year of Jubilee.

7. Becauſe the whole Church, by an univerſal conſent, ever ſince the time of the Apoſtles, have held the Commandment of the ſabbath to be the moral and perpetual law of God; and the keeping of the ſabbath on the firſt day of the week, to be the inſtitution of our Lord. Indeed hereby he only brought back the Sabbath-day to its original inſtitution. For whoever carefully conſiders the 16th chapter of *Exodus*, will eaſily diſcern, that the day on which the Sabbath had been obſerved

obſerved ever ſince the beginning of the world, namely, the ſeventh from the Creation was then altered, in memory of the deliverance of the Iſraelites out of the Egyptian-bondage. But when the Jewiſh Diſpenſation was at an end, it was brought back to the true Seventh-day, in memory, as of the Creation, ſo of a far greater deliverance than that of Iſrael out of the land of Eygpt.

8. Becauſe the Lord himſelf expounds the end of the Sabbath to be, *a ſign for ever, betwixt him and his people, that he is Jehovah, by whom they are ſanctified*, Exod. xxxi. 13. Ezek. xx. 12. But this end is moral and perpetual. And what God hath ſanctified, let no man preſume to make common. Upon this ground it is, that the commandment terms this day, *the ſabbath of the Lord thy God.* And God calls it *my holy-day.* And upon the ſame ground, the Old Teſtament conſecrated all their ſabbath and holy days to the worſhip of God alone.

9. Perhaps one might add, The Examples of God's judgments on notorious Sabbath-breakers, ſufficiently ſhew, how highly God is diſpleaſed at wilful profaners of the Lord's-day.

To wave other inſtances. *Stratford upon Avon* was long famous for eminent profanation of the Lord's-day. And twice on the ſame day twelvemonth (being the Lord's-day) it was almoſt conſumed by fire.

Tiverton, in *Devonſhire*, was often admoniſhed, That God would bring ſome heavy judgment upon that town, for their notorious profanation of the Sabbath; (occaſioned, chiefly by their keeping the market on the day following.) On the third of April, 1598, God, in leſs than half an hour, conſumed with a ſudden and fearful fire, the whole town, except only the Church, the Court-houſe, the Alms-houſes, and a few poor cottages. And now again, on the fifth of Auguſt laſt, 1612, it was all conſumed, except the Alms-houſes, the School-houſe, and thirty little houſes.

Thus have we proved, that the commandment of obſerving the Sabbath-day, is not Ceremonial, but Moral; and conſequently is not abrogated with the Ceremonial Law, but of perpetual obligation.

But it is objected, 1. St. Paul ſays to the *Galatians*, Ye obſerve days, and months, and times, and years. I anſwer, the Apoſtle does not here condemn the obſervation of the Chriſtian-Sabbath-day: but ſpeaks of the Jewiſh days, and times, and years, which he terms *ſhadows of things to come*, Col. ii. 17; and which, ſince Chriſt, the ſubſtance is come, are now totally aboliſhed.

2. It is objected, ſecondly, that St. *Paul* ſays to the *Coloſſians*, *Let no man condemn you in meet, or drink, or in reſpect of a holy day, or of the new moon, or of the ſabbath-days.* We anſwer, Here alſo the Apoſtle means the Jewiſh Ceremonial Sabbath, not the Chriſtian-Lord's-day.

3. But the ſame Apoſtle ſays to the Romans, *This man eſteemeth one day above another; another counteth every day alike.* The queſtion is here merely between the *ſtronger* and *weaker* Chriſtians. The weaker, ſcrupled laying aſide the Jewiſh Ceremonies, and therefore ſtill obſerved the Jewiſh New Moons and other Feſtivals. The ſtronger Chriſtians knew that theſe were aboliſhed, and therefore regarded them only as common days. But this has no reference to the Sabbath, which was inſtituted before the Ceremonial Law was in being.

THOUGHTS *on the propriety of the Methodiſts attending divine Service in the Church of England. By the late Mr.* SAMUEL WELLS.

MY intention is to exhort thoſe who are already Members of the Church of *England*, to continue in the uſe of her Public Worſhip. This I ſhall attempt,

First,

Firſt, By enquiring into the principal intentions of Public Worſhip: and ſecondly, By anſwering the Objections that are uſually made by ſuch Methodiſts as incline to renounce her Service and Communion.

1. What are the principal intentions of Public Worſhip?

God has ordained it, to impreſs on the minds of mankind, a general idea of our duty to Him. If we were not to aſſemble together, and pay Him ſome kind of worſhip, it is certain the greater part of mankind, would become as inſenſible of Him and his Attributes, as the wildeſt Indians.

By this means alſo, people are led to conſider themſelves accountable for their actions, in a future ſtate, to think of the immortality of the ſoul, and the certainty of eternal rewards and puniſhments.

Now, God has, by his wiſe and gracious Providence, given us, in the Church-Service, the truth of the everlaſting Goſpel: both as the Scriptures are read in the vulgar tongue, and as the Common-prayer contains the doctrine delivered by our Lord and his Apoſtles. The advantage of a Form of Prayer, in this reſpect, is of great uſe: for men of corrupt minds, who may at any time officiate as Miniſters, have it not in their power to deprive the people of the pure Word of Go .

By Public Worſhip likewiſe, God intended to impreſs the minds of men with a regard for the Sabbath, which, were it not for this, would, by the greater part, be totally diſregarded: by this means alſo, thouſands of young people are reſtained from evil company, who would otherwiſe devote the day to idleneſs and vice.

Public Worſhip is intended for the conviction and converſion of ſinners. And an attendance on this, as well as a receiving the Sacrament of the Body and Blood of Chriſt, is intended as a principal means of building up Saints in their moſt holy Faith.

Now, theſe intentions cannot be anſwered ſo well, by any other method, as by our attending the public Worſhip.

I will now endeavour to anſwer the uſual objections, that are raiſed, to juſtify our neglect of it.

It is objected, I. "The worſhip of the church of *England* promotes ſuperſtition, rather than Religion: the people think to ſave themſelves by going to Church; ſaying their Prayers; and receiving the Sacrament."

I anſwer: in ſome, it does; but that is not its natural conſequence. *You* need not be ſuperſtitious: *you* need have no wrong idea of God, by going to Church. Indeed you will not, or any one elſe, if you pay a proper regard to the words of the Common-Prayer; for the very vitals of pure and undefiled Religion are therein contained. The Abuſe of the thing, is no reaſon for rejecting the Uſe of it. But indeed it is better even to worſhip God ſuperſtitiouſly, than not worſhip him at all.

Objection II. "But what ſenſe of God, do the general part of Church-worſhippers diſcover? Do they not appear as unconſcious of God, even at Church, as if there were no God?"

Indeed it is lamentable to ſee how much truth there is in this Objection. Certainly ſuch worſhippers, (if we may call them worſhippers,) are very common; but yet all are not ſuch; nor need you to be ſuch. You may go and ſet them a better pattern; perhaps your behaviour may ſo affect ſome of them, that they may be brought to repentance. I wiſh every one would well conſider this circumſtance. Is it not an important one? If you really have the love of God and your neighbour, one would think it ſhould induce you, to do all you can, with a good conſcience, to forward your neighbour's ſalvation; but if you renounce all religious connexion with him, you will loſe almoſt all means and opportunities of doing him good.

Objection III. "But by going to Church, do you expect a ſenſe of the ſoul's immortality, and of a future ſtate of rewards

and

and punishments will be promoted? Are not the Ministers of the Church shamefully negligent in endeavouring to promote the knowledge of these things?"

However careless about the matter many may be, yet certainly, if there was no public, national worship, the minds of men would be far less sensible of these things. We should, if it were not for these, and such like advantages, be mere Heathens.

Objection IV. "But how shall going to Church, instruct or confirm any one in the truths of the Gospel? Are they not as often denied, as preached there?"

If any Minister deny, in his preaching, the sacred truth of God's word, we can appeal to the Bible, and the Common-prayer, which he cannot alter, or deprive us of. And if sometimes a point of doctrine is denied, or improperly defended, yet there are few Sermons wherein something instructive, is not contained.

Objection V. "But who profane the Sabbath more than Church-people?"

Though many go to Church, and as soon as the service is over, profane the Lord's-day, you may do otherwise; you may bring up your family to worship God in the house of prayer, and sanctify every hour of the day to the service of his Name.

[*To be continued.*]

THOUGHTS *on* PERFECTION.

[*By Mr. J. B.*]

I Have long thought of offering a few Remarks on a certain subject; but from a conviction of my ignorance, and want of experience in such deep things of God, I have deferred my design till now: and I should probably have deferred

deferred it longer, had not the many inſtances of miſconduct in the Profeſſors of Chriſtian-Perfection convinced me, that it was highly neceſſary ſome farther ſteps ſhould be taken, to prevent ſuch abuſes of one of the moſt precious doctrines of the Goſpel.

2. How theſe abuſes might gradually prevail, even in perſons who had experienced a high degree of grace, is eaſy to conceive. The Enemy might firſt tempt them to look at their great attainments: and this, not with a view to lay them low, under a ſenſe of their great unworthineſs, and inflame their gratitude to Him who had done ſo much for them; but to excite ſelf-compalcency in them. They might then yield to the temptation, and grieve the holy Spirit of God. If they did, his light would be obſcured, and his comforts withdrawn. Now this ſhould have alarmed them: but being confident that all ſin was rooted out of their hearts, they were not alarmed; but rather ſunk into a lukewarm and indolent ſtate. Hence *falſe peace*, and its inſeparable attendant, *unwatchfulneſs*. The Spirit of God being now more grieved than before, withdrew his ſacred influences. Thus being ſtript of their ſtrength, they became weak as other men, and open to every temptation. They were then led captive by the Devil at his will, and fell into outward ſin.

3. Now, if it was in ſome ſuch way, that ſeveral, for whom God had done ſuch great things, have fallen; if they gave way, firſt to Pride, next to Unwatchfulneſs, and then to Lukewarmneſs and Indolence, till, being again forſaken of God, they were capable of committing Uncleanneſs with greedineſs; it will not be difficult to point out what ſteps ought to be taken, in order to prevent this deplorable evil.

4. And firſt, granting, as we certainly muſt, if we believe the Bible, that the Lord Jeſus was manifeſted to *take away our ſins, all our ſins*, and to *deſtroy the works of the devil*; and allowing *Chriſtian-Perfection* to imply an *extirpation* of all ſin; it is neceſſary, in order to prevent thoſe who experience

rience it from being puffed up, to inform them in what ſenſe ſin is, and in what ſenſe it is not rooted out. To inform them, that though they are now freed from every ſinful temper, word and work; from every deſire and purſuit contrary to the love of God; yet, firſt, their thoughts and affections, diſpoſitions, and actions cannot bear to be examined by the ſtrict juſtice of God. Secondly, That being ſtill in the body, the ſeat of various animal appetites and paſſions, which we cannot lay aſide till death, they have ſtill their animal nature, (as well as the devil and the world) to guard againſt. And that therefore, thirdly, The whole of that deliverance from ſin, depends on the conſtant indwelling of the Holy Ghoſt; who if they grieve, ſo that he withdraw from them, their animal nature, (to ſay nothing of the devil and the world) will again prevail; and they will find all their corruptions, re-enter.

5. Now as the firſt of theſe obſervations lays a deep foundation for Humility, ſo do the two following for Watchfulneſs; for as He has great reaſon to be *humble*, who is every day coming ſhort of the glory of God, even of his glorious likeneſs, and perfect will; ſo has He great need to *watch* continually, who is not only ſurrounded with enemies from *without*, but has an animal nature *within*; whoſe appetites and paſſions have been, and, when not reſtrained by grace, will ever be ſources of much ſin and miſery in the world. And if I miſtake not, the following particulars will ſtrike at the root of Lukewarmneſs and Indolence, ſo incident to thoſe who think they have attained, and will lay a foundation equally firm for fervency of ſpirit and diligence in action; for hungering and thirſting after Righteouſneſs, and for labouring for the meat that endureth to eternal life, as though we had hitherto attained nothing.

6. Granting, ſecondly, As we certainly muſt, that the Lord hath promiſed to *circumciſe our heart*, ſo *that we ſhall love him with*

with all our heart: ought not thoſe who experience it, to be continually taught, That *no bounds* can be ſet to the love of God; but that thoſe who love him with *all their heart*, may have their veſſel ſtill enlarged, ſo as to contain *more love*; and that thoſe who love Him *perfectly*, may love him *more perfectly* ſtill? Thus will the flame of holy Deſire be kept alive in their ſoul; and, notwithſtanding all they have received, they will ſtill be able to ſay,

> "A point my good, a drop my ſtore,
> Eager I aſk, and pant for more."

7. Again, thirdly, Granting it is the will of God that we ſhould be *perfect* Chriſtians, having in us all the mind of Chriſt, and walking as he alſo walked; ought not thoſe who profeſs this Perfection, to be put in mind, that God hath predeſtinated them to be conformed, *entirely conformed*, to the image of his Son; ſo as to be *perfect images* of Jeſus Chriſt, even as He is the *perfect* and *expreſs image* of his Father; to repreſent the Lord Jeſus to the world, even as He repreſents the Father to the Church? That as all the Perfections of the indwelling Godhead ſhine forth with effulgent brightneſs through the man Chriſt Jeſus, ſo all the graces that adorned his humanity may appear conſpicuouſly in their temper and conduct: diſcovering to all, that they have not only *Chriſt in them* the hope of glory, but are arrived at the meaſure of the ſtature of his fulneſs, being *perfect men* in Him? And ought they not therefore to be aſſured that they have ſtill need to adopt the Apoſtle's words, "Not as though I had already attained, or were already perfected," inaſmuch as they have not attained as great a degree of humility, meekneſs, love, &c. as dwelt in the Son of God, and are not yet as *compleat in the whole will of God*, and *as perfect*, and *entire, lacking nothing*, as he was; much leſs are they *entirely holy, as he that hath called them is holy*; and *perfect as their Father*

Father in heaven is perfect: and that therefore having not yet arrived at the mark ſet before them, they have as much need as ever to forget the things behind, and preſs on to the things before, till being matured in grace, they are fit to receive the prize of their high calling?

8. Once more: Allowing, what (I think) neither Reaſon nor ſcripture forbids us to allow, that God *may*, and that he often *does*, *inſtantaneouſly* ſo baptize a ſoul with the Holy Ghoſt and with fire, as to purify it from all droſs, and refine it like gold, ſo that it is *renewed in love*, in *pure* and *perfect* love, as it never was before; yet ought not thoſe who have experienced this, to be repeatedly told, 1. That there is a further, and ſtill further renewal to be experienced *day by day*, 2 Cor. iv. 16. As long as we are in the body, even a gradual growing up into Chriſt our living Head in all things, till we are filled with the fulneſs of God: and 2. That they have got *in them* this power from on high, that they may fulfil the will of God in *all good works*: that they are filled with this ſap of grace, in order to this grand end, that they may bring forth *outward fruit*; and therefore, 3. That they ought chiefly to judge of their ſtate by their fruitfulneſs, by their obedience to the whole will of God, by their improvement of their time and talents for God, by doing, as they have opportunity, all poſſible good unto all men, unto their bodies and ſouls, and by thruſting as many good works into every hour as they poſſibly can. And if this outward holineſs, as well as the internal love from whence it ſprings, is to be included (as it certainly is) in the notion of Chriſtian Perfection, who dares ſay he has fully attained? Who, in the evening, upon a review of the whole day, will not ſee he might have filled up his time better in one reſpect or another? might have managed *this* converſation, done *this* work, employed *this* hour to greater purpoſe; and above all, that he might have been more full of *zeal for the glory of God* and *the good of mankind:* and might have laboured ſtill more for the advancement of the one and the other?

LETTERS.

LETTER CLXXXVII.

[From Miſs B. to the Rev. Mr. Weſley.]

May 5, 1761.

Dear Sir,

IF one who has ſo much more grace than me was deceived, how can I ſtand againſt all the ſnares thrown in my way? I have no ſecurity but this: I am all weakneſs: Chriſt is all ſtrength. I dare not look forward in any thing: I only judge for this moment. O pray for me, that the Lord may teach me in all things! The ways of God are paſt finding out: may his dear Will be done!

In order to obtain the bleſſed *fruit* of love, your ſureſt way is, firſt to get the *Root*. It is the Will of God, you ſhould *now* receive it; and then all the reſt will follow. O let us look to Jeſus! He knows our inmoſt ſoul, and he will heal our every wound. Do *you* fear you have not begun to be a Chriſtian? O how dreadfully did I fear this, the laſt quarter of an hour before the Lord gave me the great bleſſing! Continually was Satan darting that at me, "Thou art not juſtified!" For a time it much diſcouraged me. But I found the readieſt way was, to go immediately to Jeſus, and ſay, (whether I could *feel* it or not, "I caſt me afreſh on thy atoning blood, I *will* truſt in it; and if I periſh, I will periſh at thy feet! I *will* believe; for I am thine." I held to this, whatever Satan could ſay. And this going continually to Chriſt, is all we want in every ſtate. Were you ever ſo polluted, waſh in the all-cleanſing blood, and you ſhall be white as ſnow. O fly every moment

moment to your Ark! I know the Lord is nigh to bleſs you. Caſt yourſelf, again and again, on that precious blood that flowed ſo freely for you! Claim *your* Saviour! He is all your own: he hath given himſelf for *you*! Yea, his very life he did not with-hold, but bought *your holineſs* with blood divine.

I am, yours, &c.

M. B.

LETTER CLXXXVIII.

[From Mrs. Ruth Hall, to the Rev. Mr. Weſley.]

Feb. 26, 1760.

Dear Sir,

IN compliance with your requeſt, I endeavour to anſwer your Queſtions, though theſe are things better felt than expreſt. I do ſee God continually by the eye of Faith, though not as a human perſon: but I have at times an evidence of the glorious perſon of our ever-bleſſed Saviour. What I conceive of God is inexpreſſibly great: all the praiſe my tongue can give is nothing. I love and adore God for his Holineſs: though not for that only. No clouds ever ariſe, to obſcure my ſight of God. When I am ever ſo cloſely beſet, either with inward or outward enemies, I know as well where and how I am, as when I am moſt at reſt. Yet I then find need of more immediate watchfulneſs, from a ſenſe of Satan's ſtrength and my weakneſs. I never found the eye of my ſoul grow dim, ſince the Lord gave me a ſingle eye. I ſee him as clearly as I ſee the ſun at noon-day: I ſee him in the ſun, in the firmament, in all the Creation. I truſt, I have learnt the happy leſſon, to ſee God in all things, and all things in God.

I am as well aſſured of inviſible, and eternal things, ſuch as are revealed in the written word, as I am of any viſible thing,

of any thing I now ſee with my eyes. I do not underſtand the terms, "Walking in Eternity:" but I know, I have no connexion with this world. And yet I know, I am in the place where the Lord would have me to be, as much as thoſe happier ſpirits are, who continually behold his glory. I am ſenſible, there is but one general church of the firſt-born, one innumerable company, of which I humbly truſt I am one. Bleſſed be his Name, I can truſt him, and that abſolutely with my ſoul and my body! Glory be to God for his unſpeakable Gift!

I am, dear Sir, your affectionate and loving Siſter,

RUTH HALL.

LETTER CLXXXIX.

[From the ſame.]

April 18, 1760.

Dear Sir,

I Hope this will find you ſafe arrived in ——, and doing the will of him that ſent you. I had not an opportunity of writing to you before; but truſt it may be as acceptable now. I can very freely tell you all that is in my heart, without fear or reſerve. Surely it is the gift of God, over-ruling the cloſeneſs of my natural temper. He has given to ſeveral of his dear children, that they can have an entire confidence in *me*. And if he who is infinite in wiſdom, ſees it will anſwer a good end, he will beſtow the ſame more abundantly upon *you*. I can truly ſay, I always ſpeak and write in the ſimplicity of my heart. I care not if there was a window in my breaſt, that all might ſee the motives of my every action. But there are thouſands of things which muſt be left, till the judgment of the Great Day.

There

There are many that meet you daily at the Throne of Grace, where the oftener you go, the more welcome you are. God ſhall deliver you from every ſnare, and preſerve you to his heavenly kingdom. I have many a time proved, that all things works together for good to them that love God: whether ſickneſs, or pain, or loſs of friends, or whatever elſe he permits to befal us. I do, by grace, caſt all my care upon him: and ſometimes I find particular anſwers to Prayer. But I ſee, all I enjoy, both ſpiritual and temporal, is for Chriſt's ſake alone.

I feel a hope full of immortality, and a meaſure of holineſs. But I know, I muſt be abundantly more holy, before I am fully meet to mingle with juſt men made perfect, in the regions of bliſs and glory. I do not ſo long for it, as to have one wiſh, one deſire to be there now. I rejoice to do and ſuffer the will of God on earth, ſo long as he pleaſes.

Dear Sir, Let the many ſnares that are laid for your feet, ſtir you up to more abundant watchfulneſs and prayer: that you may riſe ſuperior to your every foe, and God may be glorified in your body and in your ſpirit.

I am, dear Sir, your affectionate and loving Siſter,

RUTH HALL.

LETTER CXC.

[*From the ſame.*]

May 30, 1760.

Dear Sir,

I Hope your love will pardon my ſeeming neglect, in not anſwering you ſooner. I was much affected with the trial you mention; but it is difficult to write, unleſs I knew the particulars. And even then I ſhould be utterly inſufficient for the taſk. But this I know, if temptations increaſe, God will give a proportionable increaſe of ſtrength.

You

You are ſet as a Mark for the devil and his children to ſhoot at, and that in every kind. You may expect it. And who would not be willing, yea, more than willing, to bear all that men and devils can lay upon them, to have ſuch fruit of their miniſtry, as God is pleaſed to bleſs you with? I truſt, nothing will be able to induce you to ſhrink in any meaſure from the work that God hath ſet before you. My continual prayer to God is, that you may be, not only preſerved, but bleſſed and ſtrengthened, and made more than conqueror. O that ſimpathy of ſpirit! O that bearing one anothers burdens! Who can conceive it but they that feel it? I pray God to fulfil in me the prayer and deſire of your ſoul. I truſt he will ſtill keep me a little child, and yet make me a Father in Chriſt. I cannot find, upon the cloſeſt examination, any decay in my love to God, or that I love him leſs at one time than another. I am now, and always, happy in God. Love him leſs! No, I cannot. Every repeated inſtance of his goodneſs, creates in me ſtronger returns of thankfulneſs and adoration, till I am many times loſt in wonder, love and praiſe.

Time ſeems to me to fly exceeding ſwift. I ſee, we are on the brink of eternity: and therefore long to make the very beſt uſe of the preſent moment. I find ſometimes a kind of heavineſs through temptations, but no fainting in my mind. Yet I have ſometimes found, as if my mind would have cleaved too much to thoſe that excel in virtue. But the Lord, by ſome bleſſed means or other, prevents it; ſo that in ſome ſenſe, I ſtand alone, as though there were only God and myſelf in the world.

O pray for me, that he may fulfil in me all the good pleaſure of his will, and make me juſt what he would have me to be!

I am, dear Sir, your affectionate and loving Siſter,

RUTH HALL.

LETTER

LETTER CXCI.

[From Mrs. S. C——, to the Rev. Mr. Wefley.]

May 14, 1757.

Honoured Sir,

I Do not forget you, but bear you ever on my heart before the Lord. I often find communion with you, though abſent in body. O the length of the love of Chriſt! It reaches through earth's remoteſt bounds, uniting the children of God in one, and joining earth to heaven. I find no deſire to ſpeak any thing of myſelf: but becauſe I believe it my duty, therefore I do it. Yet properly, it is not of myſelf, but of God: for I am nothing; God is all in all! And ſuch he is to me: he is all my deſire, all my hope, joy, love, delight. Yea, the Three-One God, is my heaven on earth, and will be ſo for ever.

The entire reſignation I feel, is that from which my greateſt happineſs flows. But this does not at all hinder my enjoying God, firſt in his children, then in the leaſt of his mercies. The conſtant aim of my ſoul is, to give glory to God in the higheſt, and to eſtabliſh peace and good-will among men: yet am I fully willing, that all I ſay or do ſhould be ſet at nought, and forgotten by God and man.

From the relation I ſtand in to my heavenly Father, I beſt conceive the relation I am in to you: and therefore cannot but long, that you may increaſe, though I ſhould decreaſe. And O! permit me, from the fulneſs of my heart to ſpeak: I know the Lord Jeſus loves you, and that you are a choſen Veſſel unto him, ſeparated to plant and eſtabliſh his Goſpel. And viewing you in this character, I am not worthy to unloſe the latchet of your ſhoes. But if I may take the liberty to ſpeak, as to a Chriſtian Friend, I may aſk, Do you love the Lord Jeſus more than any perſon or thing? Do you find more happineſs

happineſs in thinking or ſpeaking of him, than in thinking or ſpeaking of any creature? Does your ſoul delight in him? This is what my ſoul deſires for you: and I pray, that whatever is a hinderance to it, may be removed; and that you may be kept reſtleſs, till the full image of God be ſtampt upon your heart! I ſhall acknowledge it a favour, to have a Line from you: I deſire you will continue to inſtruct, exhort, reprove, and pray for your affectionate, though unworthy Daughter in Chriſt,

S. C——.

LETTER CXCII.

[From the ſame.]

June 18, 1751.

Honoured Sir,

MY ſoul muſt ceaſe to love God, before I ceaſe to pray for you. There are heights and depths in the Lord Jeſus, that I cannot comprehend. Neither have I apprehended That for which I am apprehended of Chriſt Jeſus: but this one thing I do; forgetting the things behind, I reach forth to thoſe before, and am ſtill determined, nothing leſs than All ſhall ſatisfy my ſoul. I find my love riſes higher, and ſinks deeper into him, in whom dwells all the fulneſs of the Godhead bodily. O I long to be

"Plungéd in the Godhead's deepeſt ſea,
And loſt in his immenſity!"

The Lord has lately given me a larger manifeſtation of himſelf, from which I find a fuller union with him. O who can explain the myſtery? The more I have, the leſs I ſeem to have: the ſtronger I am, the more deeply ſenſible am I of my own

own weakneſs. The more I know of God, the more I ſee, that I know nothing of him in compariſon. Yet does my ſoul centre in him, and reſt in him continually. And yet I cannot reſt; for I ſeem but juſt beginning to be a Chriſtian. Let not me, who have juſt put on the harneſs, boaſt like them who are putting it off.

I am fully employed for my Lord; but do daily get time for meditation and prayer. I am more perſuaded than ever, that nothing ſhall, for one moment, hinder the Lord Jeſus from loving me, or my ſoul from loving him, in time or eternity.

I am, dear Sir, your affectionate Child,

S. C.——

POETRY.

A DYING SPEECH.

[*By Dr. Byron.*]

IN this unhappily divided ſtate,
That Chriſtian-churches have been in of late,
One muſt, however catholic the heart,
Join and conform to ſome divided part.
The *Church of England* is the part that I,
Have always livèd in, and now chooſe to die;
Truſting, that if I worſhip God with her,
In ſpirit and in truth, I ſhall not err,
But as acceptable to him be found
As if in times for one pure Church renownèd,
Born, I had alſo livèd in heart and ſoul,
A faithful Member of thè unbroken Whole.

As I am now, by God's good-will to go
From this diſorderèd ſtate of things below;
Into his hands as I am now to fall,
Who is the great Creator of us all;
God of all Churches that implore his aid,
Lover of all the ſouls that he hath made;
Whoſe kingdom, that of univerſal Love,
Muſt have its bleſt inhabitants above,
From every claſs of men, from all the good,
Howe'er deſcended from one human blood;
So in this loving ſpirit I deſire,
As in the midſt of all their ſacred quire,
With rites preſcribèd, and with a Chriſtian-view,
Of all the world to take my laſt adieu;
Willing in heart and ſpirit to unite
With every Church in what is juſt and right,
Holy and good, and worthy, in its kind,
Of God's acceptance from an honeſt mind:
Praying, that every Church may have its Saints,
And riſe to that perfection which it wants.

Father! *thy kingdom come!* thy ſacred will
May all the Tribes of earth with joy fulfil:
Thy Name be praiſèd by every living breath,
Author of Life, and Vanquiſher of Death.

From the OLNEY COLLECTION.

The Believer's ſafety. Pſal. xcii.

THAT man no guard or weapon needs,
Whoſe heart the blood of Jeſus knows;
But ſafe may paſs, if duty leads,
Through burning ſands or mountain-ſnows.

Releaſèd

Releaſèd from guilt he feels no fear,
Redemption is his ſhield and towèr;
He ſees his Saviour always near
To help, in evèry trying hour.

Though I am weak, and Satan ſtrong,
And often to aſſault me tries;
When Jeſus is my ſhield and ſong,
Abaſhèd the wolf before me flies.

His love poſſeſſing I am bleſt,
Secure whatever change may come;
Whether I go to Eaſt or Weſt,
With him I ſtill ſhall be at home.

If placèd beneath the northern pole,
Though winter reigns with rigor there;
His gracious beams would cheer my ſoul,
And make a ſpring throughout the year.

Or if the deſart's ſun-burnt ſoil,
My lonely dwelling ere ſhould prove;
His preſence would ſupport my toil,
Whoſe ſmile is life, whoſe voice is love.

An ELEGY *on* EVENING.

HAIL! ſober Eve, whoſe robe of duſky gray,
Each blooming verdant landſcape doth inveſt,
Huſhèd is the rude tumultuous glare of day;
And vailèd thoſe flowèry ſcenes that charmèd my breaſt.

Where now the Shepherd, who at eaſe reclinèd
On ſome green turf, beſide yon tinkling rills?
Where now the breeze, raiſèd by the Weſtern-wind?
Where now the cattle on a thouſand hills?

A ſolemn ſhade eclipſes Nature's Face;
The tuneful tribes in artful neſts are laid;
Each ſhepherd with his cattle finds a place,
Where toil, by balmy ſleep is well repaid:

Sweet ſleep! inſpiring dreams of harmleſs kind,
Where no ambitious, fretful care annoys,
Nor ſcene luxurious cloys the fated mind,
Which Nature's pureſt genuine bliſs deſtroys.

For ſeldom does the luckleſs Monarch taſte,
Such pure, untainted bliſs within his breaſt,
As doth the virtuous Shepherd on the waſte,
When noon-day heats lull all his frame to reſt.

Vain then, the keen purſuit of Fortune's plume!
And vain the glittering honours earth beſtows,
Unleſs they to the owner's breaſt become
A true perennial ſource of calm repoſe.

But, ah! 'tis ſeldom Honours can impart,
Such true celeſtial comforts to the breaſt;
Can whiſper ſweet contentment to the heart,
Or lull diſcordant Paſſions into reſt.

Then let this ſolemn truth invade your ear,
Ye gaudy tribes that graſp at power and fame,
That puſh with boldneſs to bring up the rear,
Of thoſe that toil to gain a mighty name:

That earth-born trifles ne'er can bleſs the mind;
Like viſionary ſhadows quick they paſs;
By ſuch the ſoul is often hurt, we find,
As breathing dims the luſtre of the glaſs.

For

For what, alas! is all the powèr, the wealth,
That earth can yield? How empty is the whole,
Joinèd to illuſtrious Parentage and Health,
When put in ballance with thè immortal ſoul!

For theſe ſhall moulder, periſh, and decay;
And ruin o'er creation's face ſhall come:
But when the ſun and ſtars ſhall fade away,
The ſoul ſhall boaſt an uncorrupted bloom.

Alas! how empty then our hopes and fears,
For fanciéd ills, which ſeldom do moleſt!
Why wiſh for Tranſport in this vale of Tears,
Or let its abſence diſcompoſe our breaſt?

What though the bluſtèring Storms of Life ariſe,
And grief uſurp fair Joy's alluring place!
A milder ſcene awaits us in the ſkies,
Where ſin dare never ſhow its odious face.

The ſoul that keeps this glorious prize in view,
Superior mounts above each trifling aim,
The Hydra-forms of vice ſtrives to ſubdue,
And onward moves towards heavèn, from whence it came.

Hail Night! thou gentle, emblematic ſhade,
Of that tremendous Period fixèd by God,
When drear Forgetfulneſs ſhall vail the dead,
And Fame be loſt beneath the verdant ſod.

This ends the Race of feeble Man below:
Nor Powèr, nor Honour, Fame, nor youthful Bloom,
Can gain a reſpite from the dreadful blow,
'Tis Virtue only triumphs o'er the Tomb.

An

An ODE *to* SPRING.

[By Miſs F.]

HAIL, genial goddeſs, blooming Spring!
Thy bleſt return, O let me ſing,
And aid my languid lays;
Let me not ſink in ſloth ſupine,
While all Creation, at thy ſhrine,
Its annual tribute pays.

Eſcapéd from Winter's freezing powèrs,
Each bloſſom greets thee, and each flowèr;
But foremoſt of the train,
By Nature, (artleſs hand-maid!) dreſt,
The ſnow-drop comes in lilléd veſt,
Phrophetic of thy reign.

The Lark now ſtrains his warbling throat,
While evéry loud and ſprightly note
Calls Echo from her cell.
Be warnéd ye fair that liſten round,
A beauteous Maid became a ſound,
A Maid who lovéd too well.

The bright-hairéd Sun with warmth benign,
Bids Tree, and Shrub, and ſwelling Vine,
Their infant-buds diſplay:
Again the ſtreams refreſh the plains,
Which Winter bound in icy chains
And ſparkling bleſs his ray.

Life-giving Zephyrs breathe around,
And inſtant glows thé enamellèd ground,

With

With Nature's varied hues:
Not ſo returns our youth decayed,
Alas! nor air, nor ſun, nor ſhade,
The ſpring of life renews.

The Sun's too quick revolving beam
Will ſoon diſcloſe the human Dream,
And bring the appointed hour:
Too late we catch the parting ray,
And mourn the idly-waſted day,
No longer in our power.

Then happieſt he whoſe lengthened ſight
Purſues, by Virtue's conſtant light,
A Hope beyond the ſkies;
Where frowning Winter ne'er ſhall come,
But roſy Spring for ever bloom,
And Suns eternal riſe.

For LOVE.

O Love, thou ſovereign Good unknown!
Anxious I wait for thee alone,
Before I take my flight;
Before I *can* depart in peace,
Or hope for endleſs happineſs,
In a new world of light.

Joyful I fly this moment hence,
Meet for my rich inheritance,
If thou thyſelf impart:
Salvation ſure in thee is given;
My perfect peace, my preſent heaven,
My God himſelf thou art!

O Love,

O Love, O God, thyſelf reveal!
My pardon in thy blood to ſeal,
My ſpirit to reſtore;
Then, let me then a lot obtain,
Where grief, infirmity, and pain,
And death ſhall be no more.

Canſt thou deny thyſelf to me,
A thirſty ſoul who gaſp for thee,
Incapable of reſt;
Till I thy loving nature ſhare,
Till thou the myſtery declare,
And take me to thy breaſt.

Now, O thou Love eſſential come!
And lo! I ſink into the tomb,
With Jeſus in my heart;
Secure at that great day to riſe,
And mount above the flaming ſkies,
And ſee thee as thou art.

A SHORT HYMN.

1 Cor. xv. 43. *It is ſown in weakneſs, it is raiſed in power.*

THIS fleſh at the laſt gaſp reſtores,
The feeble ſtrength it once enjoyéd,
Deprivéd of all its active force,
It lies, of ſenſe and motion void;
But raiſéd in powèr to reach the ſkies,
Inſpiréd with vigorous life unknown,
With lightning wingéd, it mounts, it flies,
It ſtands before the Saviour's throne!


SIMON EPISCOPIUS.

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DIALOGUE II.

[*Continued from page* 519.]

Fred. LET us return to St. *Paul.* He treats profeſſedly, of Election, you know, in the ninth chapter to the *Romans.* And as Rejection is connected with Election, he mentions Rejection alſo. But, becauſe the paſſage is rather difficult, I ſhall firſt ſay ſomething in general on the ſubject; which will lead the way to a right underſtanding of the words. You allow, that thoſe who are choſen, are choſen through God's gratuitous mercy; and that thoſe who are rejected, are rejected on account of their own ſins? For it is thus written concerning the Iſraelites and the Canaanites, (Deut. ix. 5.) *Not for thy righteouſneſs, or for the uprightneſs of thy heart doſt thou go to poſſeſs their land: but for the wickedneſs of theſe*

nations, the Lord thy God doth drive them out from before thee, and that he may perform the word which the Lord ſwore unto thy fathers. And a little after (Deut. x. 15.) *The Lord had a delight in thy fathers to love them, and he choſe their ſeed after them above all people:* that is, he has preferred you to all other nations. From hence you ſee that the Iſraelites, that is, the Righteous, are elected by God's gratuitous love, without any merit on their ſide; and the Canaanites are rejected for their ſins. *Lewis.* I ſee it. *Fred.* And likewiſe that *Reuben* was deprived of his birth-right; *Saul*, of his kingdom; *Eli*, of his Prieſthood; and *Judas* of his Apoſtleſhip, on account of their ſins: and that *Juda*, *David*, *Samuel*, and *Matthias* did ſucceed them, not for their own merit, but by the mere love and gratuitous mercy of God. *Lewis.* I acknowledge it. *Fred.* From this we may eſtabliſh, as a general and invariable rule, what is ſaid by the prophet *Hoſea*, (xiii. 9.) *O Iſrael, thou haſt deſtroyed thyſelf: but in me is thy help.* And I ſhall add, that all thoſe who are ſaved, are ſaved gratuitouſly; whilſt all thoſe who periſh, periſh through their own faults. *Lewis.* I admit all this. *Fred.* But ſuppoſe ſomebody ſhould ſay the contrary? *Lewis.* I will not allow it. *Fred.* But ſuppoſe St. *Paul* ſhould ſay the contrary? *Lewis.* He never will. *Fred* But what if he does? *Lewis.* We muſt then either diſbelieve him, (which we can by no means do,) or explain his ſaying by the foregoing rule: for Truth cannot be contrary to Truth. *Fred.* Well, let us proceed, and examine St. *Paul's* words. He ſays, (Rom. ix. 10—13.) *And not only this, but when Rebecca alſo had conceived by one, even by our father Iſaac, (for the children being not yet born, neither having done any good or evil, that the purpoſe of God, according to Election might ſtand, not of works, but of him that calleth.) It was ſaid unto her, The elder ſhall ſerve the younger. As it is written, Jacob have I loved; but Eſau have I hated.* Now, my dear Lewis, does that ſaying of Moſes, *The elder ſhall ſerve the younger*, relate to two men or two people? *Lewis.* To two people;

for

for thus does God ſpeak to *Rebecca*, (Gen. xxv. 23.) *Two nations are in thy womb, and two manner of people ſhall be ſeparated from thy bowels: and the one people ſhall be ſtronger than the other people; and the elder ſhall ſerve the younger.* He does not ſay two men, but two nations. *Fred.* And what then means this ſaying of Malachi, *I have loved Jacob, but Eſau have I hated? Lewis.* This alſo, I apprehend, to be ſaid not of two men, but of two nations: for thus ſpeaks the Lord, (Mal. i. 2——4.) *Jacob have I loved, and Eſau have I hated, and laid his mountain and his heritage waſte, for the dragons of the wilderneſs. Whereas Edom ſaith, we are impoveriſhed, but we will return and build the deſolate places: thus ſaith the Lord of Hoſts, they ſhall build, but I will throw down; and they ſhall call them, The Border of Wickedneſs, and the people againſt whom the Lord hath indignation for ever.* The Prophet clearly ſpeaks here of nations, and not of individuals; and of a thing that is paſt, and not of a thing to come. *Fred.* And what does St. *Paul* ſay? How does he quote theſe paſſages? *Lewis.* That is the very thing which puzzles me; as St. *Paul* in his quotation ſeems to ſpeak of two men, and of a thing to come; whereas it is clear that they both ſpeak of two nations, and *Malachi* of a thing paſt. *Fred.* How ſhall we reconcile this, my dear Lewis? Shall we wreſt the clear hiſtory into St. *Paul's* difficult words, or ſhall we rather explain St. *Paul's* difficult words by the clear hiſtory? *Lewis.* As the hiſtory comes firſt, and is the moſt clear, it cannot be wreſted; it is better therefore to unfold St. *Paul's* meaning by it. *Fred.* You are right: for difficult things muſt be explained, and not thoſe that are clear, rendered difficult. Conceive then the thing to be thus: St. *Paul* cannot quote theſe paſſages as relating particularly to *Jacob* and *Eſau*, ſince they were ſpoken concerning nations, and not of men: however, as theſe men were the fathers of the nations, and their fate and condition was the ſame as that of the nations afterwards was, theſe paſſages may be quoted without abſurdity, as re-

lating to the men themſelves. *Lewis.* But *Eſau* did not ſerve *Jacob.* On the contrary, he had dominion over him. *Fred.* He did not ſerve him at firſt, but he did at laſt. For he went out of Canaan that he might be the farther off from *Jacob*; and ſettled on Mount-Seir, a place much inferior to Canaan. Theſe are by no means, tokens of dominion, but of yielding to a ſuperior. It ſeems therefore, that as *Eſau* was the firſt-born, but *Jacob* afterwards obtained that bleſſing from *Iſaac*, ſo he at laſt obtained the real dominion, after he had ſerved him for a time. *Lewis.* But how will that word agree with this, *Eſau have I hated?* for this was not ſaid before they were born. *Fred.* Neither does St. *Paul* quote it as if it was. For he ſays, Rom. ix. 13, *As it is written, Jacob have I loved, but Eſau have I hated.* As if he had ſaid, What is foretold by *Moſes* as about to come to paſs, is recited by *Malachi* as already paſt; that it might appear that God had accompliſhed it. For we cannot ſuppoſe that God hated *Eſau* before he had done any thing wrong, ſince God hated nothing but evil. Therefore the meaning of theſe words, *Eſau have I hated*, is, I have loved him leſs than *Jacob.* You find the ſame kind of expreſſion in Deuteronomy; where *Moſes* ſpeaks of him who had two wives, the one of which he hate, whilſt he love the other. *Hate*, means here, no more than *a leſs degree of love.* This is alſo the meaning of Chriſt's ſaying, *Unleſs a man hateth his father and mother, he is not worthy of me.*

But ſome argue thus: If veſſels of mercy are loved before they have done any thing good, ſo likewiſe veſſels of wrath are hated before they have done any thing evil. We anſwer, this is to aboliſh God's nature, and to render his ſeverity equal to his mercy; contrary to experience and the teſtimony of holy Writ. As to his nature; we ourſelves love our own children before they have done any thing good; but we do not hate them before they have done any evil. And if we that are evil, have in this reſpect, more mercy than ſeverity, how much more has God, who is Goodneſs itſelf? And

what

what do the ſcriptures ſay concerning God's mercy? *He is ſlow to anger and plenteous in mercy*, Pſal. ciii. 8. So that his mercy extends unto a thouſand generations, whilſt his anger reaches only to three or four; and is confined ſolely to thoſe who hate him. You ſee, God's hatred relates only to thoſe who firſt hated him; ſo far is he from hating thoſe who have done no evil. Therefore, though God loves and ſaves gratuitouſly, yet he does not hate and deſtroy gratuitouſly.

Lewis. There ſeems however, to be a reſemblance in this; that God declares he will be merciful unto thoſe that love him and keep his commandments, and puniſh thoſe who hate him and do not keep his commandments. On both ſides, the cauſe appears to be in man; namely, Diſobedience, the cauſe of puniſhment; and Obedience, the cauſe of mercy.

Fred. So it is, my dear Lewis; but obſerve, that there are two cauſes of mercy, and but one of puniſhment. The firſt cauſe of mercy is God's gratuitous Goodneſs; by which he loves man, and deſtines him to happineſs, even before he had done any thing good; in the ſame manner as you loved your ſon, and appointed him your heir, before he had obeyed you. The other cauſe of mercy is man's Obedience; on which account God increaſes, confirms, and ratifies his mercy, ſaying, *Well done, good and faithful ſervant; thou haſt been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.* Now, if a man, invited forth by that firſt mercy, does not ſhew himſelf faithful, he is rejected, and deprived of the talent he had received from God's gratuitous goodneſs: not indeed gratuitouſly, but on account of his own wickedneſs and ſloth. Juſt as you would love your ſon better and better, if he was obedient. On the contrary, ſhould he prove diſobedient and profligate, you would diſinherit him: even that ſon whom you had before conſtituted your heir; not on account of his obedience, (for he had not yet obeyed,) but gratuitouſly, through fatherly love. Thus your ſon did not gain the inheritance by his obedience;

for

for he was heir before he obeyed; but he may loſe it through diſobedience. So there is but one cauſe of hatred; to wit, Diſobedience; becauſe God, like a good father, hates no man but for his diſobedience. And this is what I have already told you: hatred and love differ in this; love is gratuitous, but hatred is not ſo. For God is a God of love and mercy, not of hatred and anger. But if God hated any man without his deſerving or meriting his hatred, as he loves him without merit or deſert; he might as juſtly be called a God of hatred and wrath, as a God of mercy and love. Which it would be blaſphemous to imagine.

[*To be continued.*]

SERMON VI.

On 1 CORINTHIANS xiv. 20.

Brethren, be not children in underſtanding; in wickedneſs be ye children; but in underſtanding be ye men.

1. IT is the true remark of an eminent man, who had made many obſervations on human nature, "If Reaſon be againſt a man, a man will always be againſt Reaſon." This has been confirmed by the experience of all ages. Very many have been the inſtances of it in the chriſtian, as well as the heathen-world; yea, and that in the earlieſt times. Even then there were not wanting well-meaning men, who not having much Reaſon themſelves, imagined that Reaſon was of no uſe in Religion: yea, rather, that it was a hinderance to it. And there has not been wanting a ſucceſſion of men, who have believed and aſſerted the ſame thing. But never was there a greater number of theſe in the Chriſtian Church, at leaſt in *Britain*, than at this day.

2. Among

2. Among them that deſpiſe and vilify Reaſon, you may always expect to find thoſe Enthuſiaſts, who ſuppoſe the dreams of their own Imagination, to be Revelations from God. We cannot expect, that men of this turn will pay much regard to Reaſon. Having an infallible Guide, they are very little moved by the reaſonings of fallible men. In the foremoſt of theſe we commonly find the whole herd of Antinomians; all that, however they may differ in other reſpects, agree in *making void the law through faith.* If you oppoſe Reaſon to theſe, when they are aſſerting propoſitions ever ſo full of abſurdity and blaſphemy, they will probably think it a ſufficient anſwer to ſay, "O, this is your Reaſon!" Or your carnal Reaſon. So that all arguments are loſt upon them: they regard them no more than ſtubble or rotten wood.

3. How natural is it for thoſe who obſerve this extreme, to run into the contrary? While they are ſtrangely impreſſed with the abſurdity of under-valuing Reaſon, how apt are they to over-value it? So much eaſier it is, to run from Eaſt to Weſt, than to ſtop at the middle point! Accordingly we are ſurrounded with thoſe, (we find them on every ſide,) who lay it down as an undoubted principle, that Reaſon is the higheſt gift of God. They paint it in the faireſt colours: they extol it to the ſkies. They are fond of expatiating in its praiſe: they make it little leſs than divine. They are wont to deſcribe it, as very near, if not quite infallible. They look upon it as the all-ſufficient Direction of all the children of men; able by its native light to guide them into all Truth, and lead them into all Virtue.

4. They that are prejudiced againſt the Chriſtian-Revelation, who do not receive the Scriptures as the Oracles of God, almoſt univerſally run into this extreme. I have ſcarce known any exception: ſo do all, by whatever name they are called, who deny the Godhead of Chriſt. (Indeed ſome of theſe ſay, they do not deny his Godhead; but only his Supreme Godhead. Nay, this is the ſame thing: for in denying him to be the

the Supreme God, they deny him to be any God at all: unleſs they will aſſert that there are two Gods, a great one and a little one!) All theſe are vehement applauders of Reaſon, as the great unerring Guide. To theſe over-valuers of Reaſon we may generally add, men of eminently ſtrong underſtanding; who, becauſe they do know more than moſt other men, ſuppoſe they can know all things. But we may likewiſe add many who are in the other extreme, men of eminently weak underſtanding: men in whom Pride (a very common caſe) ſupplies the void of ſenſe: who do not ſuſpect themſelves to be blind, becauſe they were always ſo.

5. Is there then no medium between theſe extremes, undervaluing and over-valuing Reaſon? Certainly there is. But who is there to point it out? To mark down the middle way? That great Maſter of Reaſon, Mr. *Locke*, has done ſomething of the kind, ſomething applicable to it, in one chapter of his Eſſay concerning Human Underſtanding. But it is only remotely applicable to this: he does not come home to the point. The good and great Dr. *Watts* has wrote admirably well, both concerning Reaſon and Faith. But neither does any thing he has written point out the medium between valuing it too little and too much.

6. I would gladly endeavour in ſome degree to ſupply this grand defect: to point out, firſt, to the under-valuers of it, what Reaſon can do: and then to the over-valuers of it, what Reaſon cannot do.

But before either one or the other can be done, it is abſolutely neceſſary to define the term, to fix the preciſe meaning of the word in queſtion. Unleſs this is done, men may diſpute to the end of the world, without coming to any good concluſion. This is one great cauſe of the numberleſs altercations which have been on the ſubject. Very few of the diſputants thought of this; of defining the word they were diſputing about. The natural conſequence was, they were juſt as far from an agreement at the end, as at the beginning.

I. 1. Firſt

I. 1. Firſt then, *Reaſon* is ſometimes taken for *Argument*. So, "Give me a *reaſon* for your aſſertion." So in Iſaiah, *Bring forth your ſtrong reaſons*; that is, your ſtrong *arguments*. We uſe the word in nearly the ſame ſenſe when we ſay, "He has good *reaſons* for what he does." It ſeems here to mean, He has ſufficient *Motives*, ſuch as ought to influence a wiſe man. But how is the word to be underſtood, in the celebrated queſtion concerning the *reaſons of things?* Particularly when it is aſked, *An Rationes rerum ſint æternæ?* Whether the reaſons of things are eternal? Do not the *reaſons of things* here mean, The *relations* of things to each other? But what are the *eternal relations* of *temporal* things? Of things which did not exiſt till yeſterday? Could the relations of theſe things exiſt, before the things themſelves had any exiſtence? Is not then the talking of ſuch relations a flat contradiction? Yea, as palpable a one as can be put into words.

2. In another acceptation of the word, Reaſon is much the ſame with *Underſtanding:* it means a faculty of the human ſoul: that faculty which exerts itſelf, in three ways, by Simple Apprehenſion, by Judgment, and by Diſcourſe. *Simple Apprehenſion* is barely conceiving a thing in the mind, the firſt and moſt ſimple act of the Underſtanding. *Judgment* is, the determining that the things before conceived either agree with, or differ from each other. *Diſcourſe* (ſtrictly ſpeaking) is the motion or progreſs of the mind, from one judgment to another. The faculty of the ſoul which includes theſe three operations, I here mean by the term *Reaſon*.

3. Taking the word in this ſenſe, let us now impartially conſider, firſt, What it is that Reaſon can do? And who can deny that it can do much, very much in the affairs of common life? To begin at the loweſt point, it can direct ſervants how to perform the various works wherein they are employed; to diſcharge their duty either in the meaneſt offices, or in any of a higher nature. It can direct the huſbandman at what time, and in what manner to cultivate his ground; to plow,

to ſow, to reap, to bring in his corn, to breed and manage his cattle, and to act with prudence and propriety in every part of his employment. It can direct Artificers how to prepare the various ſorts of apparel, and the thouſand neceſſaries and conveniences of life, not only for themſelves and their houſehold, but for their neighbours, whether nigh or afar off. It can direct thoſe of higher abilities, to plan and execute works of a more elegant kind. It can direct the Painter, the Statuary, the Muſician, to excel in the ſtation wherein Providence has placed them. It can direct the Mariner to ſteer his courſe over the boſom of the great deep. It enables thoſe who ſtudy the Laws of their Country, to defend the property of their fellow-ſubjects: and thoſe who ſtudy the Art of Healing, to cure moſt of the maladies, to which we are expoſed in our preſent ſtate.

4. To aſcend higher ſtill; it is certain, Reaſon can aſſiſt us in going through the whole circle of Arts and Sciences: of Grammar, Rhetoric, Logic, Natural and Moral Philoſophy, Mathematics, Algebra, Metaphyſics. It can teach whatever the ſkill or induſtry of man has invented for ſome thouſand years. It is abſolutely neceſſary for the due diſcharge of the moſt important offices: ſuch as are thoſe of Magiſtrates, whether of an inferior or ſuperior rank: and thoſe of ſubordinate or ſupreme Governors, whether of States, Provinces or Kingdoms.

5. All this, few men in their ſenſes will deny. No thinking man can doubt, but Reaſon is of conſiderable ſervice, in things relating to the preſent world. But ſuppoſe we ſpeak of higher things, the things of another world: what can Reaſon do here? Is it a help or a hinderance of Religion? It may do much in the affairs of men. But what can it do in the things of God?

6. This is a point that deſerves to be deeply conſidered. If you aſk, What can Reaſon do in Religion? I anſwer, It can do exceeding much, both with regard to the foundation of it, and the ſuperſtructure.

The

The foundation of true Religion ſtands upon the oracles of God. It is built upon the Prophets and Apoſtles, Jeſus Chriſt himſelf being the chief Corner-ſtone. Now of what excellent uſe is Reaſon, if we would either underſtand ourſelves, or explain to others, thoſe living Oracles? And how is it poſſible without it to underſtand the eſſential truths contained therein? A beautiful ſummary of which we have, in that which is called the Apoſtles Creed. Is it not Reaſon (aſſiſted by the Holy Ghoſt) which enables us to underſtand, what the holy Scriptures declare, concerning the Being and Attributes of God? concerning his Eternity and Immenſity, his Power, Wiſdom and Holineſs? It is by Reaſon that God enables us, in ſome meaſure to comprehend his method of dealing with the children of men; the nature of his various Diſpenſations, of the Old and New Covenant, of the Law and the Goſpel. It is by this we underſtand (his Spirit ſtill opening and enlightening the eyes of our Underſtanding) what that Repentance is, not to be repented of; what is that Faith whereby we are ſaved; what is the nature and the condition of Juſtification; what are the immediate, and what the ſubſequent fruits of it. By Reaſon we learn what is that New-Birth, without which we cannot enter into the kingdom of Heaven, and what that Holineſs is, without which no man ſhall ſee the Lord. By the due uſe of Reaſon we come to know, what are the Tempers implied in Inward Holineſs: and what it is to be outwardly holy; holy in all manner of converſation: in other words, What is the mind that was in Chriſt, and what it is to walk as Chriſt walked.

7. Many particular caſes will occur, with reſpect to ſeveral of the foregoing articles, in which we ſhall have occaſion for all our underſtanding, if we would keep a conſcience word of offence. Many caſes of conſcience are not to be ſolved, without the utmoſt exerciſe of our Reaſon. The ſame is requiſite in order to underſtand, and to diſcharge our ordi-

nary relative duties; the duties of Parents and Children, of Huſbands and Wives, and (to name no more) of Maſters and Servants. In all theſe reſpects, and in all the duties of common life, God has given us our Reaſon for a guide. And it is only by acting up to the dictates of it, by uſing all the underſtanding which God hath given us, that we can have a conſcience void of offence, towards God and towards man.

8. Here then there is a large field indeed, wherein Reaſon may expatiate and exerciſe all its powers. And if Reaſon can do all this, both in Civil and Religious things, what is it that it cannot do?

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

Some Account of the Life of Mr. THOMAS PAYNE: *in a Letter to the Rev. Mr.* WESLEY.

Waterford, March 16, 1781.

Rev. Sir,

1. AT your requeſt I undertake a work, of which, God knows, I am aſhamed. For, when I look back on my paſt tempers, words, and actions, I am really amazed that I am yet alive: for ſurely I have deſerved the loweſt place in hell. I was created to be happy; but I choſe the means of miſery: and firmly believe myſelf the moſt unworthy of all that body of Preachers with whom I am connected.

2. I was born at *Nailsworth*, near *Stroud*, in *Glouceſterſhire*, in the year 1741, of very pious and upright parents. They were by profeſſion, *Particular Anabaptiſts:* and they lived in the fear and love of God. My Father laboured to train up his children in the ſame, ſeconding his precepts by his examples and prayers. He kept up family devotion twice a day, reading a chapter or pſalm firſt. And twice a day, early and late, he ſpent a conſiderable time with God in ſecret. Thus

Thus he walked with God himſelf, and incited his children to follow him. He never ſpoiled the child by ſparing the rod; but always remonſtrated, and then corrected. And his well-timed corrections ſeldom failed to leave ſome good impreſſions upon us.

3. On his death-bed he gave me his dying-charge, with a prayer, which I believe God ſealed in heaven. As my Mother was weeping, and wiſhing that God would ſpare him a little longer, he ſaid, "Would you wiſh me ſo much evil, as to be any longer detained from the joys of Heaven? Poor *Tom* (meaning me,) will loſe a good friend to-morrow, about two o'clock." The next day, about that time he cried out, "Lord, how long are thy chariot wheels a coming?" And within a few moments after, ſweetly fell aſleep.

4. I heartily thank God for a pious education, which laid a foundation for a future reformation. From the earlieſt period of recollection, I found the ſtrivings of God's Spirit. I formed many good reſolutions, from time to time; but quickly broke through them all; although when I was ten years old, I prayed much, and deſired to be truly religious. I was left under the care of a Currier and Leather-dreſſer, who carried on the Shoe-making buſineſs. But being under little reſtraint, and continually expoſed to bad company, I gave way to youthful follies, till I left my place, without aſking leave; and till my friends ſent me to *London*. Being now among religious people who belonged to Mr. *Whitfield*, my good deſires revived, and produced a conſiderable amendment, in the whole tenor of my actions.

5. But I did not at all know myſelf. And having an inclination to ſee the world, I enliſted in the year 1759, in General *Burgoyne's* light regiment of dragoons. But, upon examination, I was found not quite tall enough, and ſo was diſcharged from them. Being aſhamed to return to my friends, I enliſted in the ſervice of the *Eaſt-India* Company: and was ſoon ſent out in the *Triton* ſtore-ſhip, for the Iſland of St. *Helena*,

St. *Helena*, on the South of *Africk*. I ſaw the Iſland in a dream juſt before I enliſted. We ſailed from *Graveſend* in December 1759. under convoy of the *Rippon* man of war, and in company with the *Anſlow* Eaſt-India-man, who afterward parted from us in a gale of wind. A French frigate bore down upon us in the Bay of *Biſcay*, doubtleſs taking us for merchant-men. When we were preparing to engage, I was troubled at firſt, knowing I was not fit to die: but I ſoon comforted myſelf with the unchangeable Decree. After firing a few ſhot, the frigate bore away. The *Rippon* chaſed and took her. But we ſaw our Convoy no more, till ſome time after ſhe came to St. *Helena*.

6. We had now a week's calm. It then blew a hurricane for three weeks without intermiſſion. All our maſts were looſened, and ſeveral ſet of ſails torn in a thouſand pieces. Both our chain and hand pumps were kept going for a month, without any intermiſſion. During this time one poor man fell over-board, and cried out "a boat for God's ſake," and ſunk. A ſecond fell down from the maſt on the quarter-deck, and daſhed out his brains. A third going up to furl the main-ſail, muſt have ſhared the ſame fate, but that as he was falling, he catched and hung by his hands and feet, to the clue-garling of the ſail. But he did not give God the glory. Afterwards as we were ſailing near the Equator, on a calm ſea, he was ſcraping the ſhip-ſide, ſtanding on one of the half-parts, and as uſual, damning his own eyes and limbs. The Captain hearing him, ſaid, "You ſhould not curſe and ſwear in that manner. The half-part may turn with you, and you may be drowned with an oath in your mouth." But he ſwore on. In leſs than five minutes the half-part did turn. He fell and roſe no more. The Captain inſtantly put the ſhip about: but it was all in vain! This alarmed me a little: but then I thought, "It was decreed," and was eaſy again.

7. The day we arrived at St. *Helena*, I had another ſhock. Two men were ſwimming near our ſhip. A very large Shark (which

(which I verily believe had followed our ſhip four hundred miles,) bit at one of them and miſſed him. He cried out, "A Shark!" but too late; for his comrade was immediately bit in two. Indeed we had men killed continually. Some getting drunk, rolled down precipices; others fell into the ſea. And I verily think, half of the army, and half of the other inhabitants of the Iſland, did not live out half their days. Which often gave me very ſerious thoughts of the uncertainty of human life.

8. My ſerioufneſs was increaſed by an extraordinary occurrence, which I ſimply relate juſt as it was. One night, as I was ſtanding ſentinel at Mr. *M*——'s door, I heard a dreadful rattling, as if the houſe was all ſhaken to pieces, and tumbling down about my ears. Looking towards it, I ſaw an appearance, about the ſize of a ſix-week's calf, lying at the door. It roſe, came towards me, looked me in the face, paſſed by, returned again, and went to the door. The houſe ſhook as before, and it diſappeared. A few days after, our head Inn-keeper, Mr. *M*—, told the Officer of the guard, That the ſame night Mrs. *M*— died, he, with eight perſons more ſitting up, obſerved the houſe ſhake exceedingly: that they were greatly ſurprized, and carefully ſearched every room: but to no purpoſe: that not long after, there was a ſecond ſhaking, as violent as the former. That a while after, the houſe ſhook a third time; and juſt then Mrs. *M*—*e* died.

9. I now really deſired to ſerve God. But I had none to help me forward. I longed for ſome religious acquaintance: and every year, when the ſtore-ſhip came from *England*, I diligently enquired, whether any good men came in it? At length one arrived who had been educated at the Foundery-ſchool in *London*. And he was once ſerious, but had turned again to folly. However he was now deſirous to return to God. I found likewiſe another young man, who had an earneſt deſire to ſave his ſoul: and we three agreed to ſerve God together. I now faſted, and prayed, and having a little larger

larger income, endeavoured to help my neighbours. But this quickly puffed me up with pride, till I was ſuffered to fall into outward ſin. This humbled me indeed: I abhorred myſelf, and ſaw the neceſſity of a deeper work, in order to my being happy, either in this world or in the world to come.

10. My companions and I were greatly ſtrengthened, by an uncommon trial that befel us ſoon after. We frequently went out at night, to pray by the ſide of a mountain. One night, as we were walking together, and talking of the things of God, I heard a noiſe, and ſaw ſomething in the form of a large bear purſuing me cloſely. My hair ſtood on end, and as we were walking arm in arm, I ſuddenly pulled both my companions round with me. They both ſaw him, and one of them fainted away. It then reared itſelf upon its hind legs into the air. I ſaid, "Satan we are come hither to ſerve God: and *we will* do it, in ſpite of thee, and all the devils in hell." Inſtantly it ſunk into the earth: we then prayed upon the very ſpot: and ſoon found ourſelves ſtrong in the Lord, and in the power of his might.

11. In about a week after, I *ſpoke unadviſedly with my lips*. It cut me to the heart, I went to a quarry at the foot of the mountain, fell proſtrate on the earth, and cried out "O wretched man that I am, who ſhall deliver me from the guilt and power of ſin?" But I was a ſtrong Calviniſt, and that kept me from the bleſſing a long time, waiting for the irreſiſtible call, and thinking it horrid preſumption to venture upon Chriſt, till God compelled me by his almighty arm. Thus I waited, till I met with a German Author, who convinced me of the abſolute neceſſity, of *ſtriving to enter in at the ſtrait gate*; of *taking the kingdom of heaven by violence*, of *laying hold of God's ſtrength*, in order to make peace with him: of venturing my ſpirit, ſoul, and body, with all my ſins, ſorrows, cares, and all my wants on the abſolute mercy of God in Chriſt Jeſus.

12. With

12. With a full purpoſe of doing this, I called my companions to the old ſpot to prayer. And while I was praying, and wreſtling for Chriſtian-liberty,

" Panting for everlaſting reſt,
And ſtruggling into God!"

I cried out, with an uncommon extaſy of joy and aſtoniſhment, " *O God, my* heart is fixed, my heart is fixed: I will ſing and give praiſe!" Being divinely aſſiſted, *I believed with my heart unto righteouſneſs:* on which, God *ſhed abroad his love* therein, and gave me *the Spirit of Adoption, crying; Abba, Father*; which Spirit witneſſed with my ſpirit that I was a child of God. I then could not refrain from declaring what God had done for my ſoul. I cried out to thoſe about me, " Why cannot you praiſe God *with* me and *for* me? I am ſo filled with the love of God, methinks, I am juſt ready to fly up to heaven, with my very body."

13. But I had a Calvinian library, which I often read. And hence I imbibed that miſerable notion, That it was abſolutely neceſſary, every Believer ſhould come down from the mount. Hence I was perſuaded that I muſt loſe my firſt love; that I muſt *doubt* of my Juſtification, which thoſe wretched Caſuiſts lay down, as one great mark of ſincerity. For want of knowing better, I liſtened to theſe, till I loſt the witneſs of the Spirit. I then fell into doubts concerning my Juſtification; nay, and concerning the being of a God. I ſunk deeper and deeper, till I got to my old German Author again. I then found that I muſt ſtrive, not only to gain, but to hold faſt, the witneſs of the Spirit, and the hope of the Goſpel: yea, that I muſt diſpute every inch of ground, with the world, the fleſh, and the devil. Thus convinced, I went with renewed repentance, to the throne of grace. And I found the fountain open. At two ſeveral times, it pleaſed God to give me ſo ſtrong a diſcovery of his love to my ſoul, that it was then impoſſible to admit the leaſt ſhadow of a doubt.

14. I now thought I could never be moved; God had made my hill ſo ſtrong. I hired a little dwelling. I got a large library of books. I gathered more and more of the ſoldiers to join with me, in faſting, praying, reading, ſinging, and every other means whereby we might edify each other. I began to exhort, and many were convinced of ſin; ſome were juſtified, ſome Engliſh backſliders were reſtored, who died happy in God. But ſoon after I was preferred to a higher rank which was a means of my forſaking God. To pleaſe man, I did violence to my conſcience, and grieved the holy Spirit of God. But I found no peace herein. Conviction returned, and I was on the brink of deſpair. Many times in a day I threw myſelf on the bed, in unſpeakable anguiſh of mind, ſeeing no door of hope, but taking it for granted, I ſhould breathe my laſt in horrible fear. For about a year, I could not believe even the being of a God. I thought, if there was ſuch a God as the ſcripture ſpeaks of, he would either have ſaved or damned me before now. I do not know that I ſlept one whole night, for thirteen months together: nor indeed one whole hour, without ſome dreadful dream preſaging the wrath to come. To compleat my diſtreſs, and make me perfectly miſerable, the ungodly who denied, and the phariſees who deſpiſed all heart religion, were continually laughing me to ſcorn: crying, "Ha! ha! So would we have it. Where is our Reprover now?"

15. One man on the parade (to provoke *me*) called upon the devil to d—n his Maker. Immediately a horror fell upon him, and from that hour he had no reſt, day or night, till he made an open confeſſion to a Magiſtrate, That ſeven years before he had murdered a ſoldier, whoſe apparition followed him wherever he was. Upon this confeſſion judicially repeated, he was condemned to die. When under ſentence, he ſent for me, and begged I would converſe and pray with him, which (with the leave both of the Governor and the Chaplain) I did, till the day of his execution. He then declared, "This

is

is the beſt day I ever ſaw. This is my wedding-day. I am married to Chriſt, and I am going to heaven, to praiſe him to all eternity."

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

A SUPPLEMENT *to the* LIFE *of Mr.* THOMAS TAYLOR.

IN the ſhort Account of myſelf, publiſhed laſt year in the *Arminian Magazine*, page 367 and 420, I omitted one circumſtance of importance; namely, *The Great Salvation from Sin.* This omiſſion neither proceeded from any diſlike to the doctrine, nor from any reproach it might draw upon me: for bleſſed be God, I am not aſhamed of the Goſpel of Chriſt; ſeeing it is the power of God unto *full* Salvation, to all who believe. My ſole reaſon for being ſilent on this head is, *I have not already attained.* At times, I have felt nothing but love in my heart, and that for a conſiderable ſpace. But I did not readily believe this great truth; my firſt religious ſentiments, as well as acquaintance, being wholly contrary to it. Perhaps I might have received it ſooner, but for two things, which I wiſh all our brethren would attend to. The one was, the ſtrange manner in which it has been ſpoken of by many, whoſe hearts were better than their heads. A truth ſo offenſive to nature, ſhould be guarded at all points, or it will not be received. For not only all the powers of darkneſs, but all the powers of fallen man will riſe up againſt a doctrine, which aims at bringing about ſo entire a revolution in the ſoul of man. The other obſtruction was, the conduct of ſeveral who profeſſed to have attained it; who ſaid their hearts were purified, and their wills wholly given up to God, but were ſtill cenſorious. This was contrary to the Love which thinketh no evil. Beſides, they would bear no contradiction,

and were not well pleaſed, if every thing which they ſaid of themſelves was not believed. This was contrary to the love which beareth all things. Nay, ſome whoſe moral conduct was irregular, ſtill held faſt their profeſſion. What allowances are to be made for ignorance I know not. But I know that ſuch things clog the wheels of this bleſſed work, more than all outward oppoſition can do. I know not if my own prayer was not the firſt thing which ſtruck me with a deſire of Perfection. I prayed *that the will of God might be done in me as it is done in heaven; that God would create in my ſoul his whole image, and root out every root of bitterneſs; and that my ſpirit, ſoul, and body, might be preſerved blameleſs, unto the coming of our Lord Jeſus Chriſt.* Thus my Creed and my Prayers, quite diſagreed. The next thing was, the Life of Mr. *Brainerd.* I had the greater regard to this, becauſe of its being publiſhed by a Preſbyterian Miniſter, and a man of deep underſtanding, and piety. I ſaw that the agony of that dear man was for the whole image of God. I then read the "Plain Account of Chriſtian Perfection," and the "Thoughts on Chriſtian Perfection." Then I conſidered what God's Word ſays upon the point. Here I obſerved the neceſſity of it, ſeeing *No unclean thing can enter into heaven*, and that *without holineſs no man can ſee the Lord.* Here I ſaw the efficacy of Jeſu's blood, as *cleanſing from all ſin.* Here I ſaw the great promiſes made in the Old Teſtament; among which were Deut. xxx. 6. Ezek. xxxvi. 25——29. Here I ſaw it was a goſpel command to *love God with all my heart.* Thus I ſaw in God's Book, that Jehovah commanded it; Jeſus bled for it; the Apoſtles preached it, and prayed for it; and the Spirit of God promiſed it. All this made me cry out, Lord, enable me to believe it! This is ſtill my prayer; nor ſhall my ſoul ever reſt, till it feels that abiding reſt which remains for the people of God.

But perhaps ſome will ſay, What do you mean by that high-ſounding word, *Perfection?* And ſome will ſearch

Lexicons

Lexicons and Dictionaries to find the true meaning of it. I have done the ſame, and to very little purpoſe. By this term, I do not mean the perfection of God. He is poſſeſſed of ſuch power, wiſdom, goodneſs, purity, and love, as none of his creatures can poſſibly be poſſeſſed of. Nor do I mean the perfection of Angels. Indeed I cannot form a proper idea what their perfection is! Nor do I mean the perfection of juſt men made perfect: I cannot attain to that here below. Nor do I mean the perfection of *Adam* in Paradiſe; for his body had ſuch a perfection as ours cannot have till raiſed again. Nor do I mean ſuch a perfection as exempts from all miſtakes; nor ſuch as excludes all growth in grace. This is ſo far from being the caſe in time, that I am fully perſuaded the ſaints will be growing for ever. Nor do I mean ſuch a perfection as exempts from temptation; no, for our Saviour himſelf was not exempt from it. What I mean, I ſhall expreſs in a ſingle text, Phil. iii. 3, *For we are the circumciſion, which worſhip God in the ſpirit, and rejoice in Chriſt Jeſus, and have no confidence in the fleſh.* Let the three circumſtances in this important text concur, and ſuch a one is, in the language of Scripture, a perfect man. I might refer to ſeveral declarations of St. *Paul*, ſuch as Gal. ii. 20. c. vi. 14. Phil. iii. 8. c. xv. 20. All which imply the ſame thing. Now all theſe texts ſpeak of a ſtate which I have not attained; but I follow on towards it. And I have no doubt but he will make a full end of ſin, and bring in everlaſting righteouſneſs. Neither have I any doubt but he can ſpeak a leperous ſoul, aswell as a leperous body, clean in a moment. I am equally certain that preaching this doctrine is of the greateſt utility, not only to the ſtirring up of drowſy believers; but even to the awakening of ſtupid, dead ſinners. Hence I have obſerved that God has made ſome of very ſmall gifts, who were conſtantly and ſtrongly ſetting forth this doctrine, to my great aſtoniſhment, highly uſeful; it has been as if the gates of hell trembled before them, and Satan has fallen like lightning from heaven.

I do

I do not wonder that a doctrine ſo repugnant to all the corrupt tempers of human nature, ſhould have ſo many enemies; but for either Miniſters or Members of the Church of *England* to oppoſe it, argues either a very dull head or a very perverſe heart.

I hope in life, and in death to proclaim, that the precious blood of Jeſus, by which God is reconciled to the world, does really purge the conſcience from dead works, to ſerve the living God.

T. TAYLOR.

An Account of Mr. JULIUS PALMER.

[*Concluded from page* 533.]

AFTER the priſoner was preſented, and the commiſſion read; Dr. *Jeffrey* ſaid, Art thou that jolly writer of three-halfpenny books that we hear of? *Palmer.* I know not what you mean. *Jeffrey.* Have you taught Latin ſo long, that now you underſtand not Engliſh? To this, he anſwered nothing. Then Dr. *Jeffrey*, ſtanding up, ſaid, We have received certain articles againſt you; whereby we underſtand, that you are convicted of certain hereſies. Firſt, That you deny the ſupremacy of the Pope's holineſs. Secondly, That there are but two ſacraments. Thirdly, That the Prieſt ſheweth an idol at Maſs. Fourthly, That there is no purgatory. Laſt of all, That you are a ſower of ſedition. *Sheriff.* You had beſt ſee firſt what he will ſay to his own handy-work. *Jeffrey.* You ſay truth. Tell me, *Palmer*, Art thou he that wrote this fair volume? Look upon it. *Palmer.* I wrote it indeed, and gathered it out of the ſcripture. *Jeffrey.* Is this doggiſh rhime your's alſo? Look. *Palmer.* I wrote this; I deny it not. *Jeffrey.* And what ſay you to theſe Latin verſes, are they your's too? *Palmer.* Yea, Sir. *Jeffrey.* Art thou not

not aſhamed to affirm it? Thou didſt both rail at the dead, and ſlander a learned and catholic man yet alive. *Palmer.* If it be a ſlander, he hath ſlandered himſelf: for I do but report his own writing. And I reckon it no railing to inveigh againſt *Annas* and *Caiaphas*, being dead. *Jeffrey.* Sayeſt thou ſo? I will make thee recant it, and write Peccavi out of thy lying lips. *Palmer.* Although of myſelf I am able to do nothing, yet if you, and all mine enemies, do their worſt, you ſhall not bring that to paſs, neither ſhall you prevail againſt God's mighty Spirit. *Jeffrey.* Are you inſpired with the Holy Ghoſt? *Palmer.* Sir, no man can believe, but by the inſpiration of the Holy Ghoſt. Therefore if I am not inſpired with God's Holy Spirit, I am not a true chriſtian. He that hath not the Spirit of Chriſt is none of his. *Jeffrey.* I perceive you lack no words. *Palmer.* Chriſt hath promiſed, not only to give us words neceſſary, but with them, ſuch force of matter, as the gates of hell ſhall not be able to prevail againſt. *Jeffrey.* Chriſt made ſuch a promiſe to his Apoſtles. I hope you do not compare yourſelf with them. *Palmer.* With the holy Apoſtles I may not compare; neither have I any affiance in mine own wit or learning, which I know is but ſmall: yet this promiſe I am certain pertaineth to all ſuch as are appointed to defend God's truth, in the time of their perſecution for the ſame. *Jeffrey.* Then it pertaineth not to thee. *Palmer.* Yes, I am well aſſured that through his grace it appertaineth at this preſent, to me, as it will (I doubt not) appear, if you give me leave to diſpute with you before this audience, in defence of all that I have there written. *Jeffrey.* Thou art a beardleſs boy, and dareſt thou preſume to offer diſputation, or to encounter with a doctor! *Palmer.* Remember Mr. Doctor, "The Spirit breathes where it pleaſeth him, &c." And again, "Out of the mouth of babes haſt thou ordained ſtrength." And in another place, "Thou haſt hid theſe things from the wiſe and prudent, and haſt revealed them unto babes." God is not tied to time, wit,

wit, learning, place nor perſon. And although your wit and learning is greater than mine; yet your belief in the truth, and zeal to defend the ſame, is not greater than mine. *Jeffrey.* Well, I have it not in commiſſion to diſpute with you. But the cauſe why you are now called hither is, that you may be examined upon ſuch articles as are adminiſtered againſt you, and ſuch matter as is here contained in your hand-writing, that it may be ſeen whether you will ſtand to it, or not. How ſay you to this? *Palmer.* If you prove any ſentence therein comprized, not to ſtand with God's word, I will preſently recant it. *Jeffrey.* Thou impudent fellow, have I not told thee, that I came not to diſpute with thee, but to examine thee? Here the Parſon of *Ingleſield*, pointing to the Pyx, ſaid, What ſeeſt thou yonder? *Palmer.* A canopy of ſilk, broidered with gold. *Parſon.* Yea, but what is within it? *Palmer.* A piece of bread, I ſuppoſe. *Parſon.* Thou art as froward a heretic as ever I talked with. Doſt thou not believe that they which receive the holy Sacrament of the Altar, do truly eat Chriſt's natural body? *Palmer.* If the ſacrament of the Lord's-Supper be adminiſtered as Chriſt did ordain it, the faithful receivers do indeed ſpiritually eat and drink in it, Chriſt's body and blood. *Parſon.* The faithful receivers? Ye cannot blear our eyes with ſuch ſophiſtry. Do not all manner of receivers, good and bad, faithful and unfaithful, receive the very natural body in form of bread? *Palmer.* No, Sir. *Parſon.* How prove you that? *Palmer.* By this place, "He that eateth me, ſhall live by me." *Parſon.* See that fond fellow, whilſt he taketh himſelf to be a Doctor, you ſhall ſee me prove him to be a ſtark fooliſh daw. Mark how St. *Paul* anſwereth you. He ſaith that "The wicked do eat the true body to their condemnation. The Parſon crying ſtill, what ſayeſt thou to St. Paul? *Palmer.* I ſay that St. Paul hath no ſuch words. *Parſon.* See, the impudent fellow denieth the plain text: "He that eateth and drinketh the body of the Lord unworthily, is guilty of judgment." *Palmer.* I beſeech you

you, lend me your book. *Parſon.* Not ſo. *The Sheriff.* I pray you lend him your book. So the book was given over to him. *Palmer.* Your own book hath, "He that eateth this bread." *Parſon.* But St. *Jerome's* tranſlation hath (Corpus) body. *Palmer.* Not ſo, Mr. Parſon, and God be praiſed, that I have in the mean ſeaſon, ſhut up your lips with your own book. *Jeffrey.* It is no matter whether ye write bread or body, for we are able to prove that he meant the body. And whereas you ſay, they eat it ſpiritually, that is but a blind ſhift. *Palmer.* What ſhould I ſay elſe? *Jeffrey.* As the holy church ſaith, really, carnally, ſubſtantially. But is Chriſt preſent in the ſacrament or no? *Palmer.* He is preſent, *Jeffrey.* How is he preſent? *Palmer.* The doctors ſay, *(Modo ineffabili)* in a manner not to be expreſſed: Therefore why do ye aſk me? Would God ye had a mind ready to believe it, or I a tongue able to expreſs it unto you. Sir *Richard Abridges*, the ſame day, after dinner, ſent for him to his lodging, and exhorted him to revoke his opinion, to ſpare his young years, wit and learning. If thou wilt be conformable, in good faith, ſaid he, I promiſe thee before this company, I will give thee meat and drink, and books, and ten pounds yearly, ſo long as thou will dwell with me. And if thou wilt ſet thy mind to marriage, I will procure thee a wife, and a farm, and help to furniſh and fit thy farm for thee. How ſayeſt thou? *Palmer* thanked him very courteouſly, and made him further anſwer concerning his religion ſomewhat at large, but very modeſtly and reverently; concluding, that as he had already, in two places, renounced his living for Chriſt's ſake, ſo he would with God's grace be ready to yield up his life for the ſame. When Sir *Richard* perceived that he would by no means relent; he ſaid, Well *Palmer*, then I perceive one of us twain ſhall be damned. For we be of two faiths, and there is but one faith that leadeth to ſalvation. *Palmer.* O Sir, I hope that we both ſhall be ſaved. Sir *Richard.* How may that be? *Palmer.* Right well, Sir. For as it hath

pleaſed our merciful Saviour, to call me at the third hour of the day, even at the age of four and twenty, ſo I truſt he hath called, and will call you at the eleventh hour, in your old age, and give you everlaſting life for your portion. Sir *Richard.* Sayeſt thou ſo? Well *Palmer*, well, I would I might have thee but one month in my houſe, I doubt not but I ſhould convert thee, or elſe thou wouldſt convert me. Then ſaid Mr. *Winchcomb*, take pity on thy golden years, and flower of youth, before it be too late. *Palmer.* Sir, I long for thoſe living flowers, that ſhall never fade away. Then he was commanded again to the Blind-houſe. Afterwards he was required to ſubſcribe to certain articles, which they had drawn out, touching the cauſe of his condemnation: in the front whereof, were heaped together many heinous terms, as heretical, and deviliſh, and execrable doctrine. To theſe words *Palmer* refuſed to ſubſcribe, affirming that this doctrine was not that which he profeſſed. *Jeffrey.* Ye may ſee, good people, what ſhifts theſe heretics ſeek, when they ſee juſtice adminiſtered unto them. But I tell thee, this ſtile is agreeable to the law, and therefore I cannot alter it. *Palmer.* Then I cannot ſubſcribe to it. *Jeffrey.* Wilt thou then crave mercy, and revoke thy hereſy? *Palmer.* I forſake the Pope, with all popiſh hereſy. *Jeffrey.* Then ſubſcribe to the articles. *Palmer.* Alter the epithets, and I will ſubſcribe. *Jeffrey.* Subſcribe, and qualify the matter with thine own pen. So he ſubſcribed. Yet Dr. *Jeffrey* proceeded to read the ſentence, and ſo was he delivered to the ſecular power. Within one hour before they went to the place of execution, *Palmer*, comforted his companions with theſe words: Brethren, be of good chear in the Lord, and faint not. Remember the words of our Saviour Chriſt, where he ſaith, "Happy are you, when men revile you, and perſecute you for righteouſneſs ſake. Rejoice and be glad, for great is your reward in heaven. Fear not them that kill the body, and are not able to touch the ſoul. God is faithful, and will not ſuffer us to be tempted further

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than we ſhall be able to bear it. We ſhall not end our lives in the fire, but make a change for a better life. Yea, for coals, we ſhall receive pearls. For God's holy Spirit certifieth our ſpirit that he hath even now prepared for us a ſweet ſupper in heaven, for his ſake, who ſuffered firſt for us." With theſe and ſuch like words, he did not only comfort the hearts of his weak brethren, but alſo wreſted plentiful tears from the eyes of many that heard him. And as they were ſinging a pſalm, came Sir *Richard Abridges*, the Sheriff, and the Bailiffs of the town, with a great company of armed men, to conduct them to the fire. When they were come to the place, they all three fell to the ground, and Palmer, with an audible voice pronounced the 31ſt. pſalm; but the other two made their prayers ſecretly. As he began to ariſe, there came two popiſh prieſts, exhorting him yet to recant and ſave his ſoul. *Palmer* anſwered, Away! away! tempt me no longer. Away, I ſay, from me, all ye that work iniquity; for the Lord hath heard the voice of my tears. And ſo forthwith they put off their raiment, and went to the ſtake and kiſſed it. And when they were bound to the poſt. *Palmer* ſaid, Good people pray for us, that we may perſevere to the end. And for Chriſt's ſake, beware of popiſh Teachers, for they deceive you. As he ſpake this, a ſervant of one of the Bailiffs threw a faggot in his face, ſo that the blood guſhed out in divers places. At which the Sheriff was very angry, and with his walking-ſtaff broke his head, ſo that the blood likewiſe ran down his ears. When the fire was kindled, and began to take hold upon their bodies, they lifted up their hands, towards heaven, and quietly and chearfully, as though they had felt no ſmart, cried, Lord Jeſus ſtrengthen us! Lord Jeſus, aſſiſt us! Lord Jeſus receive our ſouls! And ſo they continued without any ſtruggling, holding up their hands, and calling upon Jeſus, until they had ended their mortal lives. It was very remarkable, that when the ſpectators thought they were all dead, *Palmer*, as a man awaked out of ſleep, moved his tongue and jaws,

and was heard to pronounce this word, JESUS. So being diſſolved into aſhes, he yielded to God as joyful a ſoul as any that ever was called to ſuffer for his bleſſed Name. God grant us all to be moved with the like ſpirit, working in our hearts conſtantly to ſtand in defence and confeſſion of Chriſt's holy goſpel to the end! Amen.

An Extract from A SURVEY *of the* WISDOM *of* GOD *in the* CREATION.

On DEATH.

[*Continued from page* 542.]

THE greateſt number of mankind die without ſenſation; and of thoſe few that ſtill preſerve their faculties to the laſt moment, there is ſcarce one that does not alſo preſerve the hopes of ſtill out-living his diſorder. Nature, for the happineſs of man, has rendered this ſentiment ſtronger than his reaſon. A perſon dying of an incurable diſorder, which he muſt know to be ſo, by frequent examples of his caſe; which he perceives to be ſo, by the inquietude of all around him, by the tears of his friends, and the departure, or the face of the phyſician, is, nevertheleſs, ſtill in hopes of getting over it. His intereſt is ſo great, that he only attends to his own repreſentations; the judgment of others is conſidered as an haſty concluſion; and while death every moment makes new inroads upon his conſtitution, and deſtroys life in ſome part, hope ſtill ſeems to eſcape the univerſal ruin, and is the laſt that ſubmits to the blow.

Death, therefore, is not the terrible thing which we ſuppoſe it to be. It is a ſpectre which frights us at a diſtance, but which diſappears when we come to approach it more cloſely. Our

Our ideas of its terrors are conceived in prejudice, and dreſſed up by fancy; we regard it not only as the greateſt misfortune, but alſo as an evil accompanied with the moſt excruciating tortures: we have even encreaſed our apprehenſions, by reaſoning on the extent of our ſufferings. It muſt be dreadful, ſay ſome, ſince it is ſufficient to ſeparate the ſoul from the body; it muſt be long, ſince our ſufferings are proportioned to the ſucceſſion of our ideas; and theſe being painful, muſt ſucceed each other with extreme rapidity. In this manner falſe philoſophy labours to augment the miſeries of our nature, and to aggravate that period, which Nature has kindly covered with inſenſibility. Neither the mind, nor the body, can ſuffer theſe calamities; the mind is, at that time, moſtly without ideas, and the body too much enfeebled, to be capable of perceiving its pain. A very acute pain produces either death, or fainting, which is a ſtate ſimilar to death: the body can ſuffer but to a certain degree; if the torture becomes exceſſive, it deſtroys itſelf; and the mind ceaſes to perceive, when the body can no longer endure.

In this manner, exceſſive pain admits of no reflection; and wherever there are any ſigns of it, we may be ſure, that the ſufferings of the patient are no greater than what we ourſelves may have remembered to endure.

But, in the article of death, we have many inſtances in which the dying perſon has ſhewn, that every reflection that pre-ſuppoſes an abſence of great pain, and, conſequently, that pang which ends life, cannot even be ſo great as thoſe which have preceded. Thus, when *Charles* XII. was ſhot at the ſiege of *Frederickſhall*, he was ſeen to clap his hand on the hilt of his ſword; and although the blow was great enough to terminate one of the boldeſt and braveſt lives in the world, yet it was not painful enough to deſtroy reflection. He perceived himſelf attacked, he reflected that he ought to defend himſelf, and his body obeyed the impulſe of his mind, even in the laſt extremity. Thus it is that the prejudice of perſons

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in health, and not the body in pain, that makes us ſuffer from the approach of death: we have, all our lives, contracted a habit of making out exceſſive pleaſures and pains; and nothing but repeated experience ſhews us, how ſeldom the one can be ſuffered, or the other enjoyed to the utmoſt.

If there be any thing neceſſary to confirm what we have ſaid, concerning the gradual ceſſation of life, or the inſenſible approaches of our end, nothing can more effectually prove it, than the uncertainty of the ſigns of death. If we conſult what *Winſlow* or *Bruhier* have ſaid upon this ſubject, we ſhall be convinced, that between life and death, the ſhade is ſo very undiſtinguiſhable, that even all the powers of art can ſcarcely determine where the one ends, and the other begins. The colour of the viſage, the warmth of the body, the ſuppleneſs of the joints, are but uncertain ſigns of life ſtill ſubſiſting; while on the contrary, the paleneſs of the complexion, the coldneſs of the body, the ſtiffneſs of the extremities, the ceſſation of all motion, and the total inſenſibility of the parts, are but uncertain marks of death begun. In the ſame manner alſo, with regard to the pulſe, and the breathing: theſe motions are often ſo kept under, that it is impoſſible to perceive them. By approaching a looking-glaſs to the mouth of the perſon ſuppoſed to be dead, people often expect to find whether he breathes or not. But this is a very uncertain experiment. The glaſs is frequently ſullied by the vapour of the dead man's body; and often the perſon is ſtill alive, although the glaſs is no way tarniſhed. In the ſame manner, neither burning, nor ſcarifying, neither hoiſes in the ears, nor pungent ſpirits applied to the noſtrils, give certain ſigns of the diſcontinuance of life; and there are many inſtances of perſons who have endured them all, and afterwards recovered without any external aſſiſtance, to the aſtoniſhment of the ſpectators. How careful, therefore, ſhould we be, before we commit thoſe who are deareſt to us to the grave, to be well aſſured of their departure. Experience, juſtice, humanity, all perſuade

perſuade us not to haſten the funerals of our friends, but to keep their bodies unburied, until we have certain ſigns of their real deceaſe.

Indeed, ſoon after the creation, when the earth was to be peopled by one man and one woman, the wiſe Providence of God prolonged the life of man to above 900 years. After the Flood, when there were three men to people the earth, their age was cut ſhorter. And none of theſe patriarchs, except *Shem*, attained to five hundred years. In the next century none reached 240. In the third, none but *Terah* lived 200: men being then ſo increaſed, that they built cities, and divided into different nations. As their number increaſed, the length of their lives diminiſhed, till about the time of *Moſes* it was reduced to 70 or 80 years, where it ſtands at this day. This is a good medium, ſo that the earth is neither over-ſtocked, nor kept too thin of inhabitants. If men were now to live to *Methuſelah's* age, of 969 years, or only to *Abraham's* of 175, the earth would be over-peopled. If on the contrary, the age of man was limited like that of divers other animals) to 10, 20, or 30 years, it would not be peopled enough. But at the preſent rate, the balance is nearly even, and life and death keep on an equal pace.

This is highly remarkable, that wherever any account has been taken, there is a certain rate and proportion in the propagation of mankind. Such a number marry, and ſo many are born, in proportion to the number of perſons in every town or nation. And as to births, two things are very obſervable: one, the proportion of males and females, fourteen males to thirteen females, which is exactly agreeable to all the bills of mortality. And this ſurpluſage of males allows one man to one woman, notwithſtanding the caſualties to which men are expoſed above women. The other is, that a few more are born, than appear to die in any place. This is an admirable proviſion for extraordinary emergencies, to ſupply unhealthy places, to make up the ravages of epidemic diſtempers,

pers, and the depredations of war; and to afford a ſufficient number for colonies, in the yet unpeopled parts of the earth. On the other hand, thoſe extraordinary expences, are not only a juſt puniſhment of ſin, but alſo a wiſe means, to keep the balance of mankind even. So one would be ready to conclude, by conſidering the *Aſiatic*, and other more fertile countries, where prodigious multitudes are ſwept away by wars and plagues; and ſtill they remain full of people.

As to the length of life, it has been an antient opinion, that men lived longer in cold countries than in hot. But the reverſe is true. The inhabitants of the *Caribbee* Iſlands, uſually live a hundred and fifty years. In the *Molucca* Iſlands, the ordinary life of the natives is a hundred and thirty years. In *Sumatra*, *Java*, and the neighbouring iſlands, the life of the inhabitants commonly extends to a hundred and forty years: in the realm of *Caſſuby*, to 150. The *Braſilians* frequently live 160 years, and many in *Florida* and *Jucatan* ſtill longer.

Nor is this at all improbable. For there being no ſuch inequality of weather in thoſe climates as in ours, the body is not ſhocked by ſudden changes, but kept in a more equal temper. And ſickly perſons with us, when fixt to their beds, and kept in an equal degree of heat, are often found to hold out many years, who would otherwiſe ſcarce have ſurvived one.

Before concluding this head, we may obſerve one more eminent inſtance of the divine Wiſdom, in the great *variety*, throughout the world, of men's faces, voices, and hand-writings. Had men's faces been caſt in the ſame mould, had their organs of ſpeech given the ſame ſound; and had the ſame ſtructure of muſcles and nerves given the hand the ſame direction in writing; what confuſion, what numberleſs inconveniencies muſt we have been expoſed to? No ſecurity could have been to our perſons, nor certainty of our poſſeſſions. Our courts of juſtice abundantly teſtify the effects of miſtaking men's faces or hand-writing. But this the wiſe

Creator

Creator has taken care to prevent from being a general caſe. A man's face diſtinguiſhes him in the light, as his voice does in the dark: and his hand-writing can ſpeak for him when abſent, and ſecure his contracts to future generations.

Laſtly, How admirably has God ſecured the execution of his original ſentence, upon every child of man, *Duſt thou art, and unto duſt ſhalt thou return?*—From the moment we live, we prepare for death, by the adheſion of duſt, mixt with all our aliments, to our native duſt; ſo that whatever we eat or drink, to prolong life, muſt ſap the foundation of it. Thus, in ſpite of all the wiſdom of man, and all the precautions which can be uſed, every morſel we take, poiſons while it feeds, and brings us nearer to the duſt from whence we came.

THOUGHTS *on the propriety of the Methodiſts attending divine Service in the Church of England. By the late Mr.* SAMUEL WELLS.

[*Continued from page* 549.]

Object. VI. "BUT what company is worſe than thoſe who frequent the Church? Do you wiſh to introduce youth into the company of curſing, ſwearing, drunken Churchmen? Would this be training them up for heaven?"

No one who fears God would wiſh you to introduce your children to the company of drunkards, curſers, and ſwearers of any denomination. But though going to Church, and taking your family there, will not do this; a neglect of public Worſhip, will be the ready way to do it. At public Worſhip they may be under your eye, and return with you home, there to be exerciſed in ſuch things as are ſuitable to the day, and are likely to profit their ſouls.

Objection VII. "I can see no reason for contending for the worship of the Church of *England*, rather than any other! Why may I not as well go where my inclination leads me, to a Dissenting Congregation?

If Inclination and not a sense of Duty leads you elsewhere, you rather go to please yourself than God, and then your going is sinful.

If you are a Dissenter in principle, you have an undoubted right to go to a Meeting. Worship God in the way that is most suitable to your conscience. But I am not persuading such as these, but those who belong to the Church of *England*. Let not these forsake her worship and communion.

Objection VIII. "Indeed I should always go to Church, if we had a converted Minister; but as it is, it is better to go and hear a Dissenter, where I shall get some food for my soul."

Suppose your Minister is unconverted (which is not always the case) you do not go to worship him, but God. As to food for your soul, you are sure to meet with it in the Prayers and Lessons, and perhaps in the Sermon, if you have a spiritual appetite. And as to its being better to go and hear a Dissenter, it is frequently far worse. Are you sure of meeting with food there? If you are, is there no poison mixed with the food? You had better go and hear the moral discourses of *Plato* or *Seneca*, than the poisonous doctrines of Absolute Predestination, and Final Perseverance. You had better hear the Truth opposed, where there is no danger of your Faith being overturned, than hear that preaching which has so insensible, and yet effectual tendency to subvert it, and lead into carnal security.

Objection IX. "But I can hear with profit, taking what is good, and leaving the bad."

If you really can separate the chaff from the wheat, it is strange that you should chuse to hear that preaching, which usually abounds with such sentiments as are dangerously opposite to your own? At Church, the whole service, at least till

till the ſermon, is pure goſpel; and even the ſermon has frequently ſomething profitable in it, without any mixture of dangerous error.

Objection X. "But the Miniſter I hear is a moderate Calviniſt; he ſays very little about Principles."

I have known ſome ſuch, whom I have occaſionally heard with pleaſure. And yet they would, at times, ſay much about their own Principles: which were interwoven in all their diſcourſes; and were ſo much the more dangerous, as they were leſs diſcernible. Barefaced Calviniſm would ſeldom hurt any one; it would only ſhock and diſguſt, but mixed with Arminianiſm it goes ſmoothly down, till the poiſon ſteals into the ſoul, as oil into the bones.

Objection XI. "But I cannot hear our Miniſter, his life and converſation are ſo bad."

I am ſorry if it be ſo. But ſtill your chief buſineſs is not to hear him, but to worſhip God. Now can you not worſhip God, becauſe you have not a godly Miniſter? What hinders? Nothing but your own heart.

It is true, many have been led to forſake the national worſhip, becauſe of the ungodlineſs of Miniſters, but this is not always a ſufficient reaſon. It is a ſufficient reaſon, when idolatry or falſe worſhip is introduced; but this is not the preſent caſe. *Eli's* ſons (1 Sam. ii. 12——17.) were ſons of Belial; and their ſins were great before the Lord, ſo that men abhorred the offering of the Lord, but it was nevertheleſs the offering of the Lord, and the people were ſtill required not to neglect national worſhip. So our Lord ſaid of the Jewiſh Teachers, *The Scribes and Phariſees ſit in Moſes's ſeat, all therefore that they bid you obſerve, that obſerve and do, but do ye not after their works.* Here was a plain command to hear them; but why? Not becauſe they were good men, but becauſe they were the legal, authoriſed Teachers of the Jewiſh Church: they ſat in *Moſes's* ſeat. If they had not done this, and read the law, I ſuppoſe our Lord would never have given his diſciples this command: and it is

certain that (as long as the Temple-worſhip continued) they went to the Temple to worſhip, notwithſtanding they knew that the Jewiſh worſhip would ſoon be aboliſhed. For national worſhip was a matter of ſuch conſequence to the reſt of mankind, that they choſe not to ſeem to pour contempt on that which had God's authority for its inſtitution, till God himſelf ſhould aboliſh it.

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

Of the right METHOD *of meeting* CLASSES *and* BANDS, *in the Methodiſt-Societies.*

[*By the late Mr. Charles Perronet.*]

IN general, the method proper for meeting the one is proper for meeting the other.

The particular deſign of the *Claſſes* is,

To know who continue Members of the Society;

To inſpect their Outward Walking,

To enquire into their inward State;

To learn, what are their Trials? And how they fall by, or conquer them?

To inſtruct the ignorant in the firſt Principles of Religion: if need be, to repeat, explain, or enforce, what has been ſaid in public Preaching.

To ſtir them up to believe, love, obey; and to check the firſt ſpark of Offence or Diſcord.

The particular deſign of the *Bands* is,

To enquire, whether they *now* believe? Now enjoy the life of God? Whether they grow herein, or decay? If they decay, what is the cauſe! And what the cure?

Whether they aim at being *wholly devoted* to God; or would keep ſomething back?

Whether

Whether they ſee God's hand in all that befals them? And how they bear what he lays upon them?

Whether they take up their croſs daily? Reſiſt the bent of Nature? Oppoſe Self-love in all its hidden forms, and diſcover it, through all its diſguiſes?

Whether they humble themſelves in every thing? Are willing to be blamed and deſpiſed for well-doing? Account it the greateſt honour, that Chriſt appoints them to walk with himſelf, in the paths that are peculiarly *his own?* To examine cloſely, whether they are willing to drink of *his cup*, and to be baptized with *his baptiſm?*

Whether they can cordially love thoſe that deſpitefully uſe them! Juſtify the ways of God in thus dealing with them? And in all they ſuffer, ſeek the deſtruction of inward Idolatry, of Pride, Self-will and Impatience?

How they conquer Self-will, in its ſpiritual forms? See through all its diſguiſes, ſeeking itſelf, when it pretends to ſeek nothing but the glory of God?

Whether they are ſimple, open, free, and without reſerve in ſpeaking? And ſee it their duty and privilege ſo to be?

To enquire concerning Prayer, the Anſwers to Prayer, Faith in Chriſt, Diſtruſt of themſelves, Conſciouſneſs of their own vileneſs and nothingneſs:

How they improve their talents? What zeal they have for doing good, in all they do, or ſuffer, or receive from God? Whether they live *above* it, making Chriſt their All, and offering up to God nothing for acceptance, but his Life and Death?

Whether they have a clear, full, abiding conviction, that without inward, compleat, univerſal Holineſs, no man ſhall ſee the Lord? That Chriſt was ſacrificed for us, that we might be a whole burnt-ſacrifice to God; and that the having received the Lord Jeſus Chriſt will profit us nothing, unleſs we ſteadily and uniformly walk in him?

C. P.

I earneſtly exhort all Leaders of Claſſes and Bands, ſeriouſly to conſider the preceding Obſervations, and to put them in execution

execution with all the Underſtanding and Courage that God has given them.

J. W.

NECESSITY *conſidered as influencing* PRACTICE: *extracted from Biſhop* Butler's *Analogy of Religion.*

ALlowing that the notion of Neceſſity does not deſtroy the proof, that there is an intelligent Author of Nature, and natural Governor of the world; the preſent queſtion is this: whether the Opinion of Neceſſity, ſuppoſed conſiſtent with poſſibility, with the conſtitution of the world, and the natural government which we experience to be exerciſed over it; deſtroys all reaſonable ground of belief, that we are in a ſtate of Religion: or whether that Opinion be reconcileable with Religion; with the ſyſtem, and the proof of it.

Suppoſe then a Fataliſt to educate any one, from his youth up, in his own principles; that the Child ſhould reaſon upon them, and conclude, that ſince he cannot poſſibly behave otherwiſe than he does, he is not a ſubject of blame or commendation, nor can deſerve to be rewarded or puniſhed: imagine him to eradicate the very perceptions of blame and commendation, out of his mind, by means of this ſyſtem; to form his temper, and character, and behaviour to it; and from it to judge of the treatment he was to expect, even from reaſonable men, upon his coming abroad into the world: as the Fataliſt judges from this ſyſtem, what he is to expect from the Author of Nature, and with regard to a future ſtate. I cannot forbear ſtopping here to aſk, whether any one of common ſenſe would think fit, that a Child ſhould be put upon theſe ſpeculations, and be left to apply them to practice. And a man has little pretence to Reaſon, who is not ſenſible, that we are all children in ſpeculations of this kind. However, the Child would doubtleſs be highly delighted to find himſelf freed from the reſtraints of fear and ſhame, with which his playfellows were fettered and embarraſſed; and highly conceited

in

in his ſuperior knowledge, ſo far beyond his years. But conceit and vanity would be the leaſt bad part of the influence, which theſe principles muſt have, when thus reaſoned and acted upon, during the courſe of his education. He muſt either be allowed to go on and be the plague of all about him, and himſelf too, even to his own deſtruction: or elſe correction muſt be continually made uſe of, to ſupply the want of thoſe natural perceptions of blame and commendation, which we have ſuppoſed to be removed; and to give him a practical impreſſion, of what he had reaſoned himſelf out of the belief of, that he was in fact an accountable Child, and to be puniſhed for doing what he was forbid. It is therefore in reality impoſſible, but that the correction which he muſt meet with, in the courſe of his education, muſt convince him, that if the ſcheme he was inſtructed in was not falſe; yet that he reaſoned inconcluſively upon it, and ſome how or other miſapplied it to Practice and common life: as what the Fataliſt experiences of the conduct of Providence at preſent, ought in all reaſon to convince him, that this ſcheme is miſapplied, when applied to the ſubject of Religion. But ſuppoſing the Child's temper could remain ſtill formed to the ſyſtem, and his expectation of the the treatment he was to have in the world be regulated by it; ſo as to expect that no reaſonable man would blame or puniſh him, for any thing which he ſhould do, becauſe he could not help doing it; upon this ſuppoſition, it is manifeſt he would, upon his coming abroad into the world, be inſupportable to ſociety, and the treatment which he would receive from it, would render it ſo to him: and he could not fail of doing ſomewhat, very ſoon, for which he would be delivered over into the hands of civil juſtice. And thus in the end, he would be convinced of the obligations he was under to his wiſe inſtructor. Or ſuppoſe this ſcheme of Fatality, in any other way, applied to Practice, ſuch practical application of it, will be found equally abſurd; equally fallacious in a practical ſenſe: for inſtance, that if a man be

deſtined

deſtined to live ſuch a time, he ſhall live to it, though he take no care of his own preſervation; or if he be deſtined to die before that time, no care can prevent it; therefore all care about preſerving one's life is to be neglected: which is the Fallacy inſtanced in by the Ancients. But now on the contrary, none of theſe practical abſurdities can be drawn, from reaſoning upon the ſuppoſition, that we are free; but all ſuch reaſoning with regard to the common affairs of life, is juſtified by experience. And therefore, though it were admitted that this Opinion of Neceſſity were ſpeculatively true; yet, with regard to Practice, it is as if it were falſe, ſo far as our experience reaches; that is, to the whole of our preſent life. For, the conſtitution of the preſent world, and the condition in which we are actually placed, is, as if we were free. And it may perhaps juſtly be concluded, that ſince the whole Proceſs of Action, through every ſtep of it, ſuſpence, deliberation, inclining one way, determining, and at laſt doing as we determine, is as if we were free, therefore we are ſo. But the thing here inſiſted upon is, that under the preſent natural goverment of the world, we find we are treated and dealt with, as if we were free, prior to all conſideration whether we are or not. Were this Opinion therefore of Neceſſity admitted to be ever ſo true; yet ſuch is in fact our condition and the natural courſe of things, that whenever we apply it to Life and Practice, this application of it, always miſleads us, and cannot but miſlead us, in a moſt dreadful manner, with regard to our preſent intereſt. And how can people think themſelves ſo very ſecure then, that the ſame application of the ſame Opinion may not miſlead them alſo, in ſome analogous manner, with reſpect to a future, a more general, and more important intereſt? For, Religion being a practical ſubject; and the Analogy of Nature ſhewing us, that we have not faculties to apply this Opinion, were it a true one, to practical ſubjects; whenever we do apply it to the ſubject of Religion, and thence conclude that we are free, from

from its obligations, it is plain, this concluſion cannot be depended upon. There will ſtill remain juſt reaſon to think, whatever Appearances are, that we deceive ourſelves; in ſomewhat of a like manner, as when people fancy they can draw contradictory Concluſions from the Idea of Infinity.

[*To be continued.*]

LETTERS.

LETTER CXCIII.

[From Miſs B, to the Rev. Mr. Weſley.]

May 16, 1762.

Dear Sir,

SINCE your departure, many have been brought into the glorious liberty. And ſuch a ſpirit of prayer has been poured out upon ſeveral, as was never known among us before. To this prayer there is a conſtant anſwer: ſo that almoſt at every meeting, we hear of ſome, either juſtified or ſanctified, in anſwer to the prayer of Faith. One inſtance of this is old Mr. *Watkins*, who is now rejoicing with joy unſpeakable.

S. Ryan brings good accounts from *Briſtol*. *A. K.* was long prejudiced againſt her. But for ſome weeks ſhe has been quite broken down, yea, roaring for the diſquietneſs of her heart. The night before *S. Ryan* came away, a few of them who had received the bleſſing met with *A. Sh.* and Miſs *Furly*. When *S. R.* came in, ſhe ſaid, "It is much on my mind, if we are true witneſſes, God will give *you* the bleſſing." Before they parted, *Ann Sh.* was in a grievous agony, ſcreaming in a

dreadful manner. *S. R.* prayed, "Lord, give her a promiſe." She cried out, "Not a promiſe: I want the God of promiſe." When Miſs *F.* and ſhe roſe up they were in amaze, feeling a change, but not knowing what it was. *Nancy S.* has ſince received a clear witneſs of what was then wrought in her. Many are greatly ſtirred up, and thoſe who uſed to oppoſe, now wonder and are ſilent.

Some time ago, *James Th.* had ſo clear a ſight of his ſinful nature, as almoſt ſunk him into deſpair. He went to the Chapel, and thought as he entered, "My heart is ſo deſperately wicked, I ſhall ſoon fall into ſome grievous, outward ſin. Under the ſermon, a cry for deliverance was deeply fixt in his ſoul. About a fortnight ago, *Benjamin Biggs* and brother *Calvert* called at his houſe. While they were at prayer, God ſo ſhewed him his unbelieving heart, that he almoſt thought, I cannot be delivered. But preſently after, as he was muſing in himſelf, God broke in upon his ſoul. Unbelief vaniſhed away: and from that time, God has confirmed him more and more.[a]

I am, yours, &c.

M. B.

LETTER CXCIV.

[From Mrs. Ruth Hall, to the Rev. Mr. Weſley.]

Aug. 4, 1761.

Dear Sir,

YOU aſk, Whether I pray, "Forgive me my treſpaſſes, as I forgive them that treſpaſs againſt me." I ſcarce find that any do treſpaſs againſt *me*: but I continually ſay, "Lord, I know nothing by myſelf; but do thou forgive whatever thy pure eye ſeeth amiſs." And I hope, I do grow in the knowledge and love of God; though not ſo ſenſibly as I deſire.

[a] But what is he *now*?

You

You enquire concerning my Dreams. Bleſſed be God, they are ſanctified. I do not always dream. But when I do, I feel much the ſame as when I am awake. I am ſtill thinking, or ſaying, or doing ſomething for God and Eternity. And I often find the real teaching of God's Spirit in dreams. Sometimes the devil would put a cheat upon me. But I fly to the Law and the Teſtimony.

I will gladly embrace every opportunity of writing, as long as I have breath, by the grace of God.

I am, dear Sir, your affectionate Siſter,

RUTH HALL.

LETTER CXCV.

[*From the ſame.*]

Sept. 20. 1760.

Dear Sir,

THE kind hand of the Moſt High ſurrounded me in my going out and coming in, I have great deſires, entirely to get the better of my natural Temper. And I do gain ground upon it. What cannot the power of grace do? Mr. *H.* did indeed do me hurt, by reaſoning me out of the Promiſe that God had given. Yet I find the effect of that Promiſe abide with me ever ſince. My ſoul is ſtayed upon God, the Rock of Ages. His promiſes are to me as large as my wiſhes, and as laſting as my ſoul. Yes, I am as happy as ever, as much bleſt with divine love in my ſoul. I feel lowlineſs of heart. I find nothing like anger at any time. I know not whether I find abſolute need of ſelf-examination or not. I always ſee the ſtate of my ſoul at one view: yet I continually examine and meaſure myſelf by Sermons and by the Word of God. I try whether I have the ſame meaſure

of ſuch and ſuch Graces, and whether I exerciſe them on the like occaſions, in the manner our Lord deſcribes and commands; and as the Chriſtians did of old. And glory be to God, in many of theſe things he has dealt very bountifully with me. Wherein I have not been tried, I can truſt him who has promiſed ſtrength according to our day.

The Lord leads me continually to croſs my own will, and I find unſpeakable bleſſings in ſo doing. I rejoice in his will at all times, however contrary to my own. Thus have I endeavoured to tell you freely the preſent ſtate of my ſoul. I deſire to be inſtructed and helped by you, that I may be perfect and entire, lacking nothing. May the ſame bleſſings reſt on your happy ſoul, that both he that ſoweth and they that reap may rejoice together.

I am, dear Sir, your affectionate Siſter,

RUTH HALL.

LETTER CXCVI.

[*From the ſame.*]

Dec. 30, 1760.

Dear Sir,

I Have often told you what I find, both of the Witneſs and the Fruit of the Spirit. But I prefer, before all other, that Evidence which ariſes from the very nature of the change. I have known the time when I could not eaſily diſtinguiſh between ſin and temptation. But of late I am enabled to ſee it clearer in the light of the Lord. I doubt not but there may be a witneſs of the ſoul's never falling. But I think the moſt excellent way is to live the preſent moment, and leave all futurity to God. You aſk, if I ever had a perſuaſion that I ſhould never offend God more? I can ſay no more (and I deſire no more) than this, I have the comfort to know that I do not offend him.

I am, dear Sir, your affectionate Siſter,

RUTH HALL.

LETTER

LETTER CXCVII.

[From Mrs. S. C——, to the Rev. Mr. Wesley.)

London, Dec. 31, 1757.

Honoured Sir,

WHAT a wonderful depth is there in the Providence of God! We may well say with the Apostle, How unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out! But what we know not now, we shall know hereafter. And this we know even now, All things shall work together for good to them that love God.

I am not insensible of my present trial. It is the heaviest and closest I have ever met with: and had not the eternal God been my refuge, I should have sunk under it from the beginning. But he is faithful, and as my day is, so he maketh my strength to be. I have no room to complain. I am not *yet* "forsaken of all men, and dying in a cottage." Neither am I as they who wandered in sheep-skins and goat-skins, and lodged in dens and caves of the earth. But I am ready. My spirit is resolutely fixt, "To suffer all his righteous will."

I know nothing by myself, yet am I not hereby justified: but he that judgeth me is the Lord. And surely he hath said, "I have created in thee a clean heart, and renewed a right spirit within thee." O the depth of Love Divine! I can say no more. My thought is too big for utterance.

I have no desire to give up my friends, but bless God for the good I receive through them. Yet if God himself cuts off the stream, he will lead me to the fountain. Therefore I am free from every creature; for God is all-sufficient. But I do not believe it is the design of God to separate us; only to purge away the dross of nature, that there may be a more firm and spiritual union, than hath ever been yet.

Indeed I grieve and joy on *your* account. I grieve for the trial you have had, as well as the many others which you

you muſt have. May the Lord bear you above them all! But I joy in this, that I believe the one deſire of your ſoul is, to be wholly given up to God. And I pray God, that thoſe who ſpeak evil of you may be aſhamed, while they behold your good converſation in Chriſt. O that you may go on, through evil report and good report, denying yourſelf, in the minuteſt circumſtance, wherein you are liable to get hurt, and continually watching the motions of your heart, till all that is in you is "Holineſs to the Lord."

Whatever is amiſs in this, you will forgive: and continue to inſtruct, reprove, and pray for your ever affectionate Child,

S. C——.

LETTER CXCVIII.

[From the ſame.]

London, March 14, 1758.

Very dear and honoured Sir,

I Still experience the goodneſs of God, and am thankful for all things. He hath delivered; he doth deliver: and I know he will deliver to the end. Many times I wiſh myſelf unknown to all. Yet at others, I cannot help ſaying, (in effect) "Come, all ye that fear the Lord: and I will tell you what he hath done for my ſoul." I ſhall endeavour ſimply to deſcribe to you my preſent ſtate, that you may reprove or inſtruct, as the caſe requires.

I find a Reſt in the centre of my ſoul, which nothing doth, or can interrupt. I feel no Pride, no Anger, no Unbelief, no deſire of any thing evil. I have but one deſire, which nothing can ſatisfy, but the full fruition of God. And what kind of reſt this gives, they only that find it know. The light of Faith ſhines clear: the Love of God does melt and meeken my

my ſoul, and reduces me to nothing: ſo that I live not, but Chriſt liveth in me. I know not that I need any thing more, but to increaſe herein. But my ideas are beyond any expreſſions I can find. I ſee a fulneſs in him, which Angels cannot fathom.

Knowing my own demerits, I cannot think hard of any trial I meet with. And I find, as Faith makes all things poſſible, ſo Love makes all things eaſy. I feel my preſent trial: but Almighty ſtrength is perfected in my weakneſs.

May the Lord bleſs you with all ſpiritual bleſſings in heavenly places in Chriſt Jeſus! May he more than ſupply all your wants, and give you length of days, and life for evermore! I ſtill ſay, May I ſee you again, if we may magnify the Lord together. Till then, dear Sir, ceaſe not to inſtruct, adviſe, or reprove, your affectionate Child,

S. C——.

LETTER CXCIX.

[*From the ſame.*]

March 30, 1758.

Very dear and honoured Sir,

MAY all the bleſſings of the New Covenant reſt upon you! O that the high praiſes of God, may for ever be in our heart and mouth. The time is loſt that is not ſpent in prayer or praiſe.

My heart is enlarged in love to all. I know not a ſoul for whom I would not part with any thing, but the favour of God, to do them any real ſervice. But how much more for my Father whom I ſtill love as my own ſoul, and whoſe ſalvation as nearly concerns me as my own?

I cannot reſt ſatisfied with what I have. Indeed I have the greateſt encouragement to preſs forward, well knowing that there is room to grow, in time, and in eternity. What a bleſſing

bleſſing it is, that we are taught of God, not to plead for *the remains of ſin*, in order to our growing in grace: nor yet to think that all the work is done, when we are ſaved from ſin, but ſtill to look for farther growth in the knowledge and love of God?

My ſoul is happy in his love, but ſtill graſping after all, though unworthy of any thing. By this window you may look into my breaſt. You know my ſtrength, and you know my weakneſs. And I truſt you will give all the help you can, to increaſe the one, and leſſen the other.

Ceaſe not to pray for *me*, that my prayers may be the more effectual for *you*. This union the world knows not of, nor many of the children of God. May the choiceſt of his bleſſings reſt upon you, and as your day is, ſo may your ſtrength be! So prays your very affectionate Child,

S. C——.

POETRY.

On TRINITY SUNDAY.

[*By Dr. Byron.*]

CO-EQUAL *Trinity* was always taught,
By the Divines moſt famèd for pious thought;
The men of learning fillèd, indeed, the page,
With diſſonant diſputes from age to age:
But with themſelves, ſo far as we can read,
About their ſchems they never were agreed,
When they oppoſèd, by Reaſon or by Wrath,
This grand Foundation of the Chriſtian-Faith.

For

For what more fundamental point, or grand,
Than our aſcending Saviour's own command?
"Go, and baptize all nations in the Name"——
Of whom, or what? (For thence the ſureſt aim
Of Chriſtian-doctrine muſt appear the moſt)
The Name of Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt.
Our Lord's interpretation here we ſee,
Of—"Thou ſhalt have no other gods but me."

For can the phraſe, ſo highly ſacred, ſhow
The Name of God to be omitted? No;
By its eſſential Trinity expreſt,
It ſhowed what Faith *Chriſt* willed to be profeſt,
One God the *Jews* had owned, and one ſupreme,
With others lower, was the *Pagan* theme;
How one was three, and how ſupreme profaned,
Our Lord's *baptiſmal* Ordinance explained.

The one Divinity of Father, Son
And Spirit, teaches Chriſtian-Thought to ſhun
Both *Pagan* and *Rabbinical* miſtake,
And underſtand what holy Prophets ſpake;
Or in the ancient writings, or the new,
To which this doctrine is the ſacred clue;
That ſo conducts us to the ſaving plan,
Of true Religion, as no other can.

For, were the Son's Divinity denied,
The Father's muſt of courſe be ſet aſide;
Or be a dark one——How can it be bright,
But by its own eternal, inborn light?
The glory of the Father, is the Son,
Of all his powers begotten, or begun,
From all eternity: take Son away,
And what the Father can delight in, ſay.

The Love paternally divine, implies
Its proper object, whence it muſt ariſe;
That is, the Son; and ſo the filial too
Implies paternal Origin in view;
And hence the third, diſtinctly glorious tie
Of Love, which both are animated by:
All is one God, but He contains divine,
Living relations, evidently *Trine*.

So far from hurting *Unity*, that hence
The fulneſs riſes of its perfect ſenſe;
And every barren, ſpiritleſs diſpute,
Againſt its truth, is plucked up by the root:
The Faith is ſolid to repoſe upon,
Father, Word, Spirit, undivided One;
By whom mankind, of three-fold life poſſeſt,
Can live, and move, and have its being bleſt.

Not by *Three* Gods; or One ſupremely great,
With two *Inferiors*; or the wild conceit,
God, *Michael*, *Gabriel*; or aught elſe deviſed,
For we are in no *Creature's* name baptized;
But of the whole, inſeparably Three,
Whoſe fertile oneneſs cauſes all to be;
And makes a heaven through nature's ample round,
By its paternal, filial, ſpirit crowned.

From the OLNEY COLLECTION.

Vanity of Life. Eccleſiaſtes i. 2.

THE evils that beſet our path
Who can prevent or cure?
We ſtand upon the brink of death
When moſt we ſeem ſecure.

If we to-day ſweet peace poſſeſs,
It ſoon may be withdrawn;
Some change may plunge us in diſtreſs,
Before to-morrow's dawn.

Diſeaſe and pain invade our health,
And find an eaſy prey;
And oft, when leaſt expected, wealth
Takes wings and flies away.

A fever or a blow can ſhake
Our wiſdom's boaſted rule;
And of the brighteſt genius make
A madman or a fool.

The gourds, from which we look for fruit,
Produce us only pain;
A worm unſeen attacks the root,
And all our hopes are vain.

I pity thoſe who ſeek no more,
Than ſuch a world can give;
Wretched they are, and blind, and poor,
And dying while they live.

Since ſin has filled the earth with woe,
And creatures fade and die;
Lord, wean our hearts from things below,
And fix our hopes on high.

On FRIENDSHIP.

[*By Miſs J.*]

THE greateſt bleſſing we can know,
The richeſt gift heaven can beſtow,
(Next to that celeſtial Ray,
Which guides us to the realms of day,)

Is Friendſhip's pure and ſteady flame,
For ever ſacred be the Name!
Let no unhallowed lips pretend
To vilify the name of Friend!
The holy ſparks from heaven were ſent
To favoured mortals, only lent;
And they ſhall never, never die,
But ripen in Eternity.

Altered from a celebrated SONG.

THE ſmiling Morn, the breathing Spring,
Invite the tuneful birds to ſing;
And while they warble from each ſpray,
'Tis Gratitude inſpires the lay;
Let us *Eliza*, timely wiſe,
Like them improve the hour that flies,
In pious works employ the day,
And join at night, to praiſe and pray.

For ſoon the winter of the year,
And age, life's winter, will appear;
At this, thy vivid ſenſe will fade,
As that will ſtrip the verdant ſhade;
Improving time will then be o'er,
Youth's vigour then will aid no more;
Seize, ſeize the moments as they fly,
And gain a bleſt Eternity.

To a FRIEND.

WHEN here *Eliza*, firſt I came,
Where Uſk rolls on his ſilver ſtream,
What different thoughts uſurped my breaſt,
From theſe which now enſure my reſt;
Religion, with her radiant train,
Peace, joy, and love, does now maintain
Her rightful empire in my heart,
Since I have choſe the better part.

'Tis

'Tis now I live a happy life;
My paſſions now have ceaſèd their ſtrife:
Their current turnèd from earthly things,
They centre in the King of kings:
Where, bliſs alone is to be found,
Which only lives on hallowèd ground.

O! may thy friendly boſom prove,
The ſacred force of heavènly love;
Then wilt thou ſoon be taught to know
The vanity of all below;
Then will thy happy ſoul aſpire,
And ſweetly catch ſeraphic fire;
With burning Cherubim confeſs,
In God alone is happineſs.

An Epitaph on Mr. PETER JACO.

FISHER of men,* ordainèd by Chriſt alone,
Immortal ſouls he for his Saviour won;
With loving faith, and calmly fervent zeal,
Performèd, and ſufferèd the Redeemer's will;
Unmovèd, in all the ſtorms of life remainèd,
And in the good old Ship the haven gainèd.

A SHORT HYMN.

1 Cor. xv. 44. *It is ſown a natural body, it is raiſed a ſpiritual body.*

A Body natural, by food
And ſleep ſuſtainèd, to death I give,
A body ſpiritual, enduèd
With nobler qualities, receive,

* In the ſhort Account of Mr. *Jaco's* Life, he ſays he was brought up to the Fiſhing-Buſineſs. Here then we have another *Peter* the Fiſher-man, forſaking his Nets, following Chriſt, and becoming a fiſher of Men.

A permanent,

A permanent, etherial frame,
From all material dregs refined,
Compoſed of pure, angelic flame,
And meet for my eternal mind.

An Extract from the MINUTES *of a* CONFERENCE,

Held at LEEDS, in AUGUST 1781,

Between the Rev. Mr. John Weſley, *and Others.*

QUEST. 1. WHAT Preachers are *admitted* this Year?
ANSWER. J. Booth, Z. Yewdal, D. M'Allum, W. Simpſon, J. Coſins, W. Green, S. Hodgſon, J. Kighley, J. Brown, G. Gibbon, A. Inglis, N. Ward, T. Shaw, and T. Longley.

Q. 2. Who *remain on Trial?*

A. E. Price, R. Briggs, A. Suter, H. Moore, G. Brown, A. Blair, W. Myles, Hen. Moore, T. Barber, S. Mitchell, J. Cricket, J. Cole, J. Liverman, and H. Foſter.

Q. 3. Who are *admitted on Trial*?

A. T. Ellis, C. Atmore, T. Cooper, J. Wray, P. Hardcaſtle, J. Ingham, W. Graham, T. Tatterſhall, and C. Peacock.

Q. 4. Who *deſiſt* from Travelling?

A. M. Rodda, W. Tunney.

Q. 5. What Preachers have *died* this Year?

A. *G. Wawne*, a young Man, zealous for God, and of an unblameable Behaviour: and *R. Wilkinſon*, an Iſraelite indeed; a Man of Faith and Prayer, who having been a pattern of all good Works, died in the full Triumph of Faith.

Q. 6. Are there any Objections to any of our Preachers?

A. Let them be examined one by one.

Q. 7. How are the Preachers ſtationed this Year?

A. As follows.

1 *London*, J. Weſley, C. Weſley, J. Fletcher, T. Coke, J. Atlay, J. Bradford, Supern.

2 *Suſſex*,

2	*Suſſex*,	W. Aſhman, T. Cooper.
3	*Kent*,	T. Rankin, J. Hindmarſh.
4	*Colcheſter*,	T. Carlill, J. Ingham.
5	*Norwich*,	J. Wood, W. Horner, J. Accut, R. Hopkins.
6	*Lynn*,	J. Prickard, G. Button.
7	*Bedford*,	T. Vaſey, R. Swan.
8	*Northampton*,	R. Whatcoat, M. Moorhouſe.
9	*Oxfordſhire*,	R. Rodda, T. Warwick.
10	*Glouceſter*,	G. Story, J. Cole, J. Walker.
11	*Sarum*,	F. Wrigley, T. Shaw, J. Coſins, J. Poole.
12	*Bradford*,	J. Maſon, J. Perfect, G. Gibbon, W. Green.
13	*Briſtol*,	J. Pawſon, J. Murlin, W. Moore.
14	*Taunton*,	J. Pritchard, C. Boone.
15	*Tiverton*,	J. Moon, A. Suter.
16	*Cornwall Eaſt*,	T. Payne, J. Wittam, W. Saunders, G. Wadſworth.
17	——— *Weſt*,	C. Watkins, N. Manners, F. Wolf, S. Day.
18	*Glamorgan*,	S. Proctor, W. Church.
19	*Pembroke*.	S. Randal, T. Tennant, J. Hall.
20	*Brecon*,	H. Robins, N. Ward.
21	*Staffordſhire*,	J. Broadbent, J. Goodwin, T. Handby.
22	*Macclesfield*,	R. Roberts, J. Hampſon, Jun. J. Leech, R. Seed, Supernumerary.
23	*Manchester*,	J. Valton, J. Allen, A. M'Nab.
24	*Cheſter*,	W. Boothby, Supernumerary, J. Hern, W. Simpſon.
25	*Liverpool*,	J. Eaſton, J. Brettel, W. Eels.
26	*Leiceſter*,	J. Harper, R. Coſterdine, D. Evans, J. Furz, Supernumerary.
27	*Nottingham*,	J. Hampſon, Sen. J. Brettel, J. Skinner,
28	*Sheffield*,	J. Rogers, W. Percival, J. Taylor.
29	*Grimſby*,	G. Shadford, T. Corbet, J. Peſcod, C. Atmore.

30 *Gainſborough*,

30	*Gainſborough,*	J. Robertſhaw, W. Warrener, P. Hardcaſtle.
31	*Epworth,*	J. Barry, J. Norris, T. Tatterſhall.
32	*Leeds,*	A. Mather, C. Hopper, J. Benſon.
33	*Birſtal,*	T. Briſco, J. Shaw, T. Longley.
34	*Huddersfield,*	G. Snowden. T. Lee.
35	*Bradforth,*	S. Bradburn, J. Floyd, J. Oliver.
36	*Kighley,*	I. Brown, R. Hayward.
37	*Coln,*	T. Hanſon, T. Readſhaw, P. Greenwood.
38	*Whitehaven,*	T. Dixon, J. Booth.
39	*Iſle of Man,*	D. Jackſon, J. Brown.
40	*York,*	T. Taylor, T. Johnſon, J. Kighley.
41	*Hull,*	L. Harriſon, W. Duſton, S. Hodgſon.
42	*Scarborough,*	J. Fenwick, J. Peacock, C. Peacock.
43	*Thirſk,*	J. Thompſon, J. Beanland, J. Ray.
44	*Yarm,*	W. Collins, J. Watſon, B. Rhodes.
45	*The Dales,*	W. Thom, J. Morgan, J. Robinſon.
46	*Newcaſtle,*	D. Wright, W. Hunter, E. Jackſon, T. Ellis.
47	*Edinburgh,*	W. Thompſon, J. Sanderſon, D. M'Allum.
48	*Dundee,*	B. Thomas.
49	*Aberdeen,*	P. Mill, S. Bardſley, A. Inglis.
50	*Dublin,*	J. Pillmoor, J. Crook.
51	*Waterford,*	R. Lindſay, Z. Yewdal.
52	*Corke,*	R. Watkinſon, N. Price.
53	*Limerick,*	J. Cricket, R. Boardman.
54	*Caſtlebar,*	T. Barber, R. Naylor.
55	*Athlone,*	J. Price, G. Mowat, J. Watſon, Senior.
56	*Sligo,*	A. Blair, T. Davis: J. Mealy, J. Miler, G. Dice: change once in three months.
57	*Clones.*	S. Mitchell, R. Blake, E. Evans.
58	*Inniſkilling,*	J. Livermore, R. Armſtrong, R. Briggs.
59	*Charlemount,*	H. Foſter, W. M'Cormuck, R. Davis.
60	*Liſleen,*	G. Brown, J. Jordan, W. Graham.
61	*Londonderry,*	H. Moor, W. Weſt.
62	*Belfaſt,*	W. Myles, J. Watſon, Jun.
63	*Liſburn,*	T. Rutherford, H. Moore.

THE Arminian Magazine, For DECEMBER 1781.

Of ELECTION; tranſlated from SEBASTIAN CASTELLIO's *Dialogues, between* Lewis *and* Frederic.

DIALOGUE II.

[*Continued from page 574.*]

Lewis. WHAT does St. *Paul* mean, when he ſays, (Rom. ix. 14. 16.) *What ſhall we ſay then? Is there unrighteouſneſs with God? God forbid.* For he ſaith to Moſes, *I will have mercy on whom I will have mercy, and I will have compaſſion on whom I will have compaſſion. So then it is not of him that willeth nor of him that runneth, but of God that ſheweth mercy. Fred.* Does he ſay this concerning Election, or concerning Rejection? *Lewis.* Concerning Election. *Fred.* Concerning Election, we grant the whole; namely, that it is gratuitous and founded ſolely and entirely on God's mercy and goodneſs. But we have

already proved that the cauſe of Rejection is different. *Lewis.* But they affirm, there can be no Election, unleſs there be Rejection upon the ſame principle. *Fred.* Not ſo. One may chuſe and love gratuitouſly, but we may not reject and hate gratuitouſly. Accordingly, God loved and was kind to the *Iſraelites*, gratuitouſly, and puniſhed the *Canaanites* not gratuitouſly, but for their crimes. And it is written, that the good were loved and choſen before they exiſted; but it is no where written that the wicked were rejected and hated before they were in being. Add to this, that Election may be without Rejection, as love without hatred, and a firſt-born without an after-born. Thus *Adam*, though he was alone, was elected; and had no one ſinned, all would have been elected. In like manner, you have choſen this ſon, and yet you have rejected none of your ſons. And Chriſt is choſen by the Father, though he be the firſt and the laſt; that is to ſay, alone. Conſequently, we cannot aſſert that Election and Rejection ſtand upon the ſame principle.

Lewis. It is ſo indeed. But why does St. *Paul* ſay, "Is there unrighteouſneſs with God?" For who does not know, that there can be no unrighteouſneſs, when one does good to another gratuitouſly? He ſeems to make uſe of the word unrighteouſneſs, to anſwer the following objection: "If God hated *Eſau*, who was not yet born, he appears to be unrighteous." To which St. *Paul* anſwers. God hath the ſame power over man that a potter hath over the clay; and therefore he doth him no injury if he condemns him, though without his deſerving it. And what he writes of Pharaoh's being hardened ſeems to be took the ſame way. *Fred.* If we had no other writings of St. *Paul* extant but that paſſage, I ſhould have nothing to reply: but ſince both the Juſtice of God, and the whole tenor of ſcripture, and other aſſertions of St. *Paul* himſelf prove the contrary, it muſt be that either theſe words have another meaning, or that the Apoſtle contradicts himſelf. He himſelf gives us a beautiful deſcription of God's juſtice,

in

in this very Epiſtle: (chap. ii.) *Deſpiſeſt thou the riches of his goodneſs, and forbearance, and long-ſuffering, not knowing that the goodneſs of God leadeth thee to repentance? But after thy hardneſs and impenitent heart, treaſureſt up unto thyſelf, wrath againſt the day of wrath, and revelation of the righteous judgment of God, who will render to every man according to his works?* Pray, what does he call *the righteous judgment of God? Lewis.* The *rendering to every man according to his works. Fred.* But if he hated *Eſau* before he was born, and from that hatred hardens him, he does not render to *Eſau*, according to his works, ſince *Eſau* was hated before he had a being. The ſame I ſay of Pharaoh. Whence it follows, that ſuch a hardening of Pharaoh does not agree with St. *Paul's* rule of divine juſtice.

Should it be ſaid, whatever God wills is juſt, becauſe of his ſovereignty, we anſwer, Then that rule, concerning the righteous judgment of God, is vain. For if his will is the rule of juſtice, his judgment is no leſs righteous, if he renders to every man quite contrary to his works. *Lewis.* How then ſhall we explain this place? *Fred.* I hope, well; the maſter of the houſe ſaid to that murmurer, *Friend, I do thee no wrong. Is it not lawful for me to do what I will with my own? Is thine eye evil, becauſe I am good?* So God ſays here, Is it not lawful for me to give as much to every man as I pleaſe? And to ſhew mercy to whom I pleaſe? I do no man wrong, if I pleaſe to give more bleſſings to one than to another.

That this is the meaning of the place, appears from thoſe words of God to *Moſes. I will be gracious, to whom I will be gracious.* But if he does not pleaſe to confer a favour, this is no injuſtice. For he is indebted to no man. But there is a difference between giving nothing to a man, and hurting him. If God does not give bleſſings to a man, this is not unjuſt: for he owes him nothing. But if he did hurt to one that had not deſerved it, this would be unjuſt. For it would be contrary to that rule of juſtice, which he has preſcribed to himſelf as well as to man.

Lewis. What then does that hardening of Pharaoh mean? *Fred.* What does that hardneſs mean in the paſſage before cited, *After thy hardneſs and impenitent heart, treaſureſt up wrath?* Can theſe ſentences be reconciled, "The goodneſs of God leadeth men to repentance:" and, "God hardens the heart of man?" Or theſe, "This man by his hardneſs rejects the goodneſs of God leading him to repentance:" and, "God heardens the heart of man?" Are not theſe contradictions? *Lewis.* Undoubtedly. *Fred.* Should we not then explain one of theſe ſentences by the other, the leſs plain by the more plain? *Lewis.* We ſhould; and this concerning hardening, ſeems the plain and unambiguous one. For it is ſaid expreſsly, (Exod. viii. 9.) *The Lord hardened Pharaoh's heart*, and that more than once. It is likewiſe ſaid expreſsly, and more than once, *Pharaoh hardened his own heart.* What then hardened it, ſeeing this is aſcribed to both? *Lewis.* I cannot tell. *Fred.* Let us conſider. You know, unregenerate men have hearts of ſtone. This being the caſe, the hearts of ſuch men cannot be hardened, any more than a ſtone can. But as it cannot be ſoftened, unleſs by God, thoſe whom he does not ſoften, he is ſaid to harden: the ſcripture frequently ſpeaking of God as *doing* thoſe things, which he *permits* to be done. So Solomon, *The Lord will not cauſe the righteous man to hunger*; that is, will not ſuffer it. So in Job, God is ſaid to have *deprived the Oſtrich of wiſdom*, that is, hath not given it wiſdom. Juſt ſo God is ſaid to harden thoſe whom he leaves in their hardneſs. Thus the people complain in *Iſaiah* (c. lxiii. 17.) *O Lord, why haſt thou made us to err from thy ways, and hardened our hearts from thy fear?* How harſh an expreſſion? And how flatly contrary to St. Paul's word, that *the goodneſs of God leads* the hard-hearted *to repentance?* Look at theſe words by themſelves, and you would think the people were actually hardened by God himſelf. But view the whole paſſage, and you will ſee it was quite the contrary: for the prophet had juſt ſaid, *I will mention the loving-kindneſſes of*

of the Lord, and the praiſes of the Lord, according to all that the Lord hath beſtowed upon us, and the great goodneſs towards the houſe of Iſrael, which he hath beſtowed on them, according to his mercies, and according to the multitude of his loving-kindneſſes. For he ſaid, Surely they are my people, children that will not lie; ſo he was their Saviour. In all their afflictions he was afflicted, and the angel of his preſence ſaved them; in his love and in his pity he redeemed them, and he bare and carried them all the days of old. You ſee, God's kindneſs towards his people, his benefits, his mercies, his love wherewith he led them to repentance, are recited in this paſſage, juſt as in that before cited from St. Paul. Obſerve then that their hardneſs came not from God, but from their own perverſeneſs. For thus Iſaiah ſpeaks, *But they rebelled and vexed his Holy Spirit.* Then follows the puniſhment. *Therefore he was turned to be their enemy and fought againſt them.* This is juſt what St. Paul ſays. After thy *hardneſs and impenitent heart*, thou *treaſureſt up unto thyſelf wrath againſt the day of wrath.*

You have here in order, what is hardening and what is the uſe and cauſe of it. Man is hard from his infancy, and prone to all ſin. But God being full of mercy, by his goodneſs, his word and his ſpirit, leads him to repentance. Yet the wicked deſpiſe his goodneſs and grieve his Spirit. And like the deaf-adder, ſtopping their ears, wilfully continue in their perverſeneſs. Thus it was that Pharaoh hardened his heart; thus the Iſraelites hardened theirs: to whom God ſays, *To-day, if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts.* God being offended at man's thus hardening his heart, in deſpite of all his goodneſs, leaves him to himſelf, and does no longer ſtrive with him by his Spirit. Man thus left to himſelf, ruſhes into all ſin. And in this ſenſe only he is hardened of God, that is, left in his hardneſs.

To this head we may refer thoſe texts in which God ſeems to command men to ſin: although it is not properly commanding,

manding, but deſiſting to forbear thoſe whom he ſees hardened in diſobedience. So Chriſt, *Fill up the meaſure of your fathers:* that is, ſince ye will not be reclaimed, ſin on till judgment overtakes you. Yet we cannot ſay, theſe filled up the meaſure of their wickedneſs by the command of Chriſt; as, though a father ſhould ſay to an incorrigible ſon, "Go on in your own way;" yet you could not ſay, he ſinned by the command of his father.

[*To be continued.*]

SERMON VI.

On 1 CORINTHIANS xiv. 20.

[*Concluded from page* 580.]

WE have hitherto endeavoured to lay aſide all prejudice, and to weigh the matter calmly and impartially. The ſame courſe let us take ſtill: let us now coolly conſider, without prepoſeſſion on any ſide, what it is, according to the beſt light we have, that Reaſon cannot do?

II. 1. And, firſt, Reaſon cannot produce Faith. Although it is always conſiſtent with Reaſon, yet Reaſon cannot produce Faith, in the ſcriptural ſenſe of the word. Faith according to ſcripture, is "an evidence or conviction of things not ſeen." It is a divine evidence, bringing a full conviction of an inviſible, eternal world. It is true, there was a kind of ſhadowy perſuaſion of this, even among the wiſer Heathens, (probably from tradition, or from ſome gleams of light, reflected from the Iſraelites.) Hence many hundred years before our Lord was born, the Greek Poet uttered that great truth,

"Millions of ſpiritual creatures walk the earth
Unſeen, whether we wake, or if we ſleep."

But

But this was little more than faint conjecture. It was far from a firm conviction: which Reaſon in its higheſt ſtate of improvement could never produce in any child of man.

2. Many years ago I found the truth of this by ſad experience. After carefully heaping up the ſtrongeſt arguments, which I could find either in antient or modern Authors, for the very being of a God, and (which is nearly connected with it) the exiſtence of an inviſible world; I have wandered up and down, muſing with myſelf: what if all theſe things which I ſee around me, this earth and heaven, this univerſal frame, has exiſted from eternity? What if that melancholy ſuppoſition of the old Poet, be the real caſe?

Ὁιη περ φυλλων γενεη, τοιηδε καὶ ἀνδρων· What if the generation of men be exactly parallel with the generation of leaves? If the earth drops its ſucceſſive inhabitants, juſt as the tree drops its leaves? What if that ſaying of a great man be really true,

Poſt mortem nihil eſt; ipſaque mors nihil?

"Death is nothing, and nothing is after Death?"

How am I ſure that this is not the caſe? That I have not followed cunningly deviſed fables? And I have purſued the thought, till there was no ſpirit in me, and I was ready to chuſe ſtrangling rather than life.

3. But in a point of ſo unſpeakable importance, do not depend on the word of another; but retire for a while from the buſy world, and make the experiment yourſelf. Try whether *your* Reaſon will give you a clear, ſatisfactory evidence of the inviſible world. After the prejudices of education are laid aſide, produce your ſtrong reaſons for the exiſtence of this. Set them all in array; ſilence all objections, and put all your doubts to flight. Alas, you cannot with all your underſtanding. You may perhaps repreſs them for a ſeaſon. But how quickly will they rally again, and attack you with redoubled violence? And what can poor Reaſon do for your deliverance?

deliverance? The more vehemently you ſtruggle, the more deeply you are entangled in the toils. And you find no way to eſcape.

4. How was the caſe with that great admirer of Reaſon, the Author of the Maxim above cited? I mean, the famous Mr. *Hobbes*. None will deny, that he had a ſtrong underſtanding. But did it produce in him a full and ſatisfactory conviction of an inviſible world? Did it open the eyes of his underſtanding, to ſee

"Beyond the bounds of this diurnal Sphere?"

O no! Far from it! His dying words ought never to be forgotten. "Where are you going, Sir," ſaid one of his friends. He anſwered, "I am taking a leap in the dark," and died. Juſt ſuch an evidence of the inviſible world can bare Reaſon give to the wiſeſt of men!

5. Secondly, Reaſon alone cannot produce Hope in any child of man: I mean Scriptural Hope, whereby we *rejoice in hope of the glory of God:* that Hope which St. *Paul* in one place terms, *taſting of the powers of the world to come*; in another, the *ſitting in heavenly places with Chriſt Jeſus*. That which enables us to ſay, *Bleſſed be the God and Father of our Lord Jeſus Chriſt, who hath begotten us again unto a lively hope —To an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away, which is reſerved in heaven for us*. This Hope can only ſpring from Chriſtian Faith: therefore where there is not Faith, there is not Hope. Conſequently Reaſon being unable to produce Faith, muſt be equally unable to produce Hope. Experience confirms this likewiſe. How often have I laboured, and that with my might, to beget this Hope in myſelf? But it was loſt labour: I could no more acquire this hope of heaven, than I could touch heaven with my hand. And whoever of you makes the ſame attempt, will find it attended with the ſame ſucceſs. I do not deny, that a ſelf-deceiving Enthuſiaſt may work himſelf a kind of hope. He may work himſelf

himſelf up a lively imagination, into a ſort of pleaſing dream. He may *compaſs himſelf about*, as the prophet ſpeaks, *with ſparks of his own kindling*. But this cannot be of long continuance, in a little while the bubble will ſurely break. And what will follow? *This ſhall ye have at my hand, ſaith the Lord, ye ſhall lie down in ſorrow.*

6. If Reaſon could have produced a hope full of immortality in any child of man, it might have produced it in that great man, whom *Juſtin Martyr* ſcruples not to call, "a Chriſtian before Chriſt." For who that was not favoured with the written word of God, ever excelled, yea, or equalled *Socrates?* In what other heathen can we find ſo ſtrong an Underſtanding, joined with ſo conſummate Virtue? But had he really this Hope? Let him anſwer for himſelf. What is the concluſion of that noble apology, which he made before his unrighteous Judges? "And now, O judges, ye are going hence, to live: and I am going hence, to die. Which of theſe is beſt, the gods know: but I ſuppoſe, no man does." No man knows! How far is this from the language of the little Benjamite? *I deſire to depart and to be with Chriſt: for it is far better.* And how many thouſands are there at this day, even in our own nation, young men and maidens, old men and children, who are able to witneſs the ſame good confeſſion?

7. But who is able to do this, by the force of his Reaſon, be it ever ſo highly improved? One of the moſt ſenſible and moſt amiable men that have lived ſince our Lord died, even tho' he governed the greateſt Empire in the world, was the Emperor *Adrian*. It is his well-known ſaying, "A Prince ought to reſemble the Sun; he ought to ſhine on every part of his dominion, and to diffuſe his ſalutary rays, in every place where he comes." And his life was a comment upon his word; wherever he went, he was executing Juſtice and ſhewing Mercy. Was not he then at the cloſe of a long life, full of immortal Hope? We are able to anſwer this from unqueſtionable authority, from his own dying words. How inimitably pathetic!

Adriani morientis ad animam ſuam.

Dying *Adrian* to his ſoul:

Animula, vagula, blandula,
Hoſpes, comeſque corporis,
Quæ nunc abibis in loca,
Pallidula, rigida, nudula,
Nec, ut ſoles, dabis joca!

Which the Engliſh Reader may ſee, tranſlated into our own language, with all the ſpirit of the original.

"Poor, little, pretty, fluttering thing,
Muſt we no longer live together?
And doſt thou prune thy trembling wing,
To take thy flight thou knowèſt not whither?

Thy pleaſing vein, thy humorous folly,
Lies all neglected, all forgot!
And penſive, wavering melancholy,
Thou hopèſt, and fearèſt, thou knowèſt not what."

8. Thirdly, Reaſon however cultivated and improved, cannot produce the Love of God; which is plain from hence: it cannot produce either Faith or Hope, from which alone this love can flow. It is then only, when we *behold* by Faith, *what manner of love the Father hath beſtowed upon us*, in giving his only Son, that we might not periſh but have everlaſting life, that *the love of God is ſhed abroad in our heart, by the Holy Ghoſt which is given unto us.* It is only then, when we *rejoice in hope of the glory of God*, that *we love him, becauſe he firſt loved us.* But what can cold Reaſon do in this matter? It may preſent us with fair ideas: it can draw a fine picture of love: but this is only a painted fire! And farther than this, Reaſon cannot go. I made the trial for many years.

years. I collected the finest Hymns, Prayers and Meditations, which I could find in any language: and I said, sung or read them over and over, with all possible seriousness and attention. But still I was like the bones in Ezekiel's vision: *the skin covered them above; but there was no breath in them.*

9. And as Reason cannot produce the Love of God, so neither can it produce the Love of our Neighbour, a calm, generous disinterested Benevolence to every child of man. This earnest, steady Good-will to our fellow-creatures, never flowed from any fountain but Gratitude to our Creator. And if this be (as a very ingenious man supposes) the very essence of Virtue, it follows that Virtue can have no being, unless it spring from the Love of God. Therefore as Reason cannot produce this Love, so neither can it produce Virtue.

10. And as it cannot give either Faith, Hope, Love or Virtue, so it cannot give Happiness, since separate from these, there can be no Happiness for any intelligent Creature. It is true, those who are void of all Virtue, may have Pleasures, such as they are: but Happiness they have not, cannot have. No:

> " Their joy is all sadness,
> Their mirth is all vain:
> Their laughter is madness;
> Their pleasure is pain?

Pleasures? Shadows? Dreams? fleeting as the wind; unsubstantial as the rainbow? As unsatisfying to the poor, gasping soul,

> " As the gay Colours of an Eastern cloud."

None of these will stand the test of Reflection: if thought comes, the bubble breaks.

Suffer me now to add a few, plain words, first to you who undervalue Reason. Never more declaim in that wild, loose, ranting manner, against this precious gift of God. Ac-

knowledge *the candle of the Lord*, which he hath fixed in our ſouls for excellent purpoſes. You ſee how many admirable ends it anſwers, were it only in the things of this life: of what unſpeakable uſe is even a moderate ſhare of Reaſon, in all our worldly employments, from the loweſt and meaneſt offices of life, through all the intermediate branches of buſineſs, till we aſcend to thoſe that are of the higheſt importance and the greateſt difficulty. When therefore you deſpiſe or depreciate Reaſon, you muſt not imagine you are doing God ſervice; leaſt of all, are you promoting the cauſe of God, when you are endeavouring to exclude Reaſon out of Religion. Unleſs you wilfully ſhut your eyes, you cannot but ſee, of what ſervice it is, both in laying the foundation of true Religion, under the guidance of the Spirit of God, and in raiſing the whole ſuper-ſtructure. You ſee, it directs us in every point, both of Faith and Practice: it guides us with regard to every branch both of inward and outward Holineſs. Do we not glory in this that the whole of our Religion it a *reaſonable ſervice?* Yea, and that every part of it, when it is duly performed, is the higheſt exerciſe of our Underſtanding.

Permit me to add a few words to you likewiſe, who over-value Reaſon. Why ſhould you run from one extreme into the other? Is not the middle way beſt? Let Reaſon do all that Reaſon can: employ it as far as it will go. But at the ſame time, acknowledge it is utterly incapable, of giving either Faith, or Hope, or Love: and conſequently, of producing either real Virtue, or ſubſtantial Happineſs. Expect theſe from a higher ſource, even from the Father of the ſpirits of all fleſh. Seek and receive them, not as your own acquiſition, but as the gift of God. Lift up your hearts to him who giveth to all men liberally and upbraideth not. He alone can give that Faith which is the evidence and *conviction of things not ſeen.* He alone can *beget you unto a lively hope* of an inheritance eternal in the heavens. And he alone can

ſhed

ſhed abroad his love in your heart, by the Holy Ghoſt given unto you. Aſk therefore, and it ſhall be given you: cry unto him, and you ſhall not cry in vain. How can you doubt? *If ye being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more ſhall your Father who is in heaven, give the Holy Ghoſt unto them that aſk him?* So ſhall you be living witneſſes that Wiſdom, Holineſs, and Happineſs are one, are inſeparably united: and are indeed the beginning of that *eternal life, which God hath given us in his Son.*

Langham-Row, July 6, 1781.

Some Account of the Life of Mr. THOMAS PAYNE: *in a Letter to the Rev. Mr.* WESLEY.

[*Concluded from page* 587.]

16. I Was now promoted again. I had five different offices, and a large revenue therefrom. But as buſineſs increaſed, Religion wore off; till (to avoid running into more ſin) I married. My Wife's mother was one of the moſt pious women in the Iſland. But my Wife's Religion conſiſted in going to Church, and then running a continual round of Pleaſure, of eating and drinking, dreſſing, playing, dancing, ſinging. Indeed we both ſwam down the ſtream together; for I was afraid to think; I did not dare to meet my own Conſcience: and endeavoured to ſtifle my own convictions, with buſineſs, and with frantic mirth. Yet ſometimes I could not help thinking. And my convictions were then ſo keen, that I was many times under ſtrong temptation to put an end to my own life. Perhaps I ſhould have done it, but for a dream which I had a little before. I thought I ſaw myſelf ſtanding on the ſummit of a frightful Precipice: whence I

was

was ſuddenly hurled down head-long through the air, expecting every moment to be daſhed in pieces; when I was turned into a white Dove, and flew up again.

17. About this time I ſaw, at a friend's houſe, two volumes extracted from Mr. *Law's* Works, and a volume of your Sermons. Hence my Convictions returned ſtronger than ever. I ſincerely and deeply lamented my grievous fall: my heart was broken in pieces, for my repeated and aggravated ſins againſt ſo good a God. And I ſincerely prayed, that he would ſend me any kind of affliction, which would bring me back to himſelf. I ſaw, Proſperity had ruined me, and cared not what I ſuffered, ſo I might once again love and ſerve God. And I referred it wholly to him, to uſe whatever means he ſaw fit, in his adorable Providence. At the ſame time I had a vehement deſire, to hear once more, the genuine Goſpel of Chriſt.

18. One night I ſtarted in my ſleep, and waked my wife, ſaying, "*Peggy*, I ſhall be obliged to leave you, and to go to *England*." She ſaid "It is only a fooliſh dream: go to ſleep again." I endeavoured ſo to do, but could not, this being ſo ſtrongly impreſt on my mind. Not long after, I diſobliged ſome of my ſuperiors, by the juſt diſcharge of my duty. In conſequence of this, I received orders to return to *England*: the man I ſaw in my dream puſhing me off the precipice, being the very man who bore falſe witneſs againſt me, out of fear of the Governor, who curſed, and drove away thoſe that came to give evidence in my favour. I ſaw the hand of God herein, and acquieſced in his providence.

19. I came to *England*, and preferred a petition to the honourable Eaſt-India Company. But they did not anſwer it; as indeed I had not with me the proper evidences to ſupport it. I left my wife and child behind, and ſhe was breeding with another. She did not deſire to come with me: nor did I then deſire that ſhe ſhould. I remained in *London*, waiting for the arrival of ſome of my evidences, till I had ſpent almoſt all my money, having only a few ſhillings left. I could not now

now tell what to do, as I had not one friend in *London*; till hearing of you, Sir, I found a deſire to have ſome converſation with you. I went to the Foundery, but inſtead of you, met with Mr. *Jaco*. I told him my ſituation and circumſtances. He ſaid, "I can do nothing for you." I aſked, if he knew of any under-clerk's place, that I could get till Providence cleared my way? He ſaid, no. I left him; but was not humbled enough yet, for God to lift me up.

20. I ſaid to myſelf, I have been a ſoldier, and I will be ſo again. I could not murmur nor repine; having a deep ſenſe of my backſliding from God, and being fully convinced that although his ways are often paſt finding out, yet he does all things well, and for our profit, that we may be partakers of his holineſs. I inliſted in the fifteenth Regiment of foot, and was immediately made Clerk of the Regiment. I ſhould have been farther preferred; but I was too religious: I was not like other men. Indeed I do not know, that we had three men in the whole Regiment, who pretended to any religion at all. I had now again a few opportunities of calling ſinners to repentance. I went home to *Nailſworth* upon a furlow, and began exhorting the people to turn to God. I did the ſame at *Stroud*; then at *Cirenceſter*, and afterwards at other places. Here my former ſentiments were ſhaken, and I began to halt between two opinions. At length the gracious Providence of God brought me to *Leeds*, in *Yorkſhire*. Here I found ſuch a large body of affectionate people as I never ſaw before. And ſome of them deſired me to preach; but my Officers threatened me, that if I did, I ſhould be tried by a Court-martial. And I ſtill doubted my Call to preach. So I determined to take this method, Never to preach unleſs invited to it: and then to obſerve, Whether there was any fruit?

21. Soon after, one of our ſoldier's told Mrs. *Walſh*, that they had a Preacher in their Regiment. She ſent for me, and deſired me to give an Exhortation. I did ſo, and contrary

to

to my expectation, my Officers were ſo far from puniſhing me, that they gave me all the liberty I could deſire. And it pleaſed God to employ me as an inſtrument of awakening and converting ſeveral ſouls. I preached many times in the ſtreets of *Leeds*. Mr. *Mitchell* then ſent for me and aſked me, "For whom do you preach?" I ſaid, "For Chriſt, in order to convert ſinners to him." He invited me to preach in your Preaching-houſe, which I did many times. And I frequently went into the Circuit for him, and for Mr. *Robert Roberts*, who were glad to have ſinners converted to God, whatever inſtruments he was pleaſed to make uſe of. And it was here, that by reading and conſidering your's, Mr. *Fletcher's*, and Mr. *Sellon's* Works, I was entirely delivered from the whole Hypotheſis of Abſolute Predeſtination. And ſo, I am firmly perſuaded, will every ſenſible man be, who has a real deſire to know the whole truth of God, and then gives them a fair reading, with frequent and fervent prayer.

22. It was now, that the thought of my wife and children lay upon my mind. And I ſaw no way, either for me to eſcape from the Army, or them from St. *Helena*. But nothing is too hard for God. He firſt made a way for *me*. My Colonel demanding thirty guineas for my diſcharge, it was ſoon raiſed and paid. Being now once more a free man, I deſired to join with the people called *Methodiſts*. I ſaw (to begin with ſmaller things) that wherever they came, they promoted, 1. Cleanlineſs, Induſtry, Frugality and Œconomy: 2. Loyalty, conſcientious ſubjection to the King, and all that are in authority: and 3. Real, vital Religion, which was well nigh baniſhed from the earth.

23. I was received upon trial at the *Leeds* Conference, in the year 1772. Thence I was ſent to *London*, where the ſenſible Methodiſts were ſo kind as to bear with my weakneſſes, and they were not a few. I bleſs God that I was ſtationed here for my improvement. And even here, it pleaſed God, that my labour was not in vain. You was then pleaſed

pleaſed to ſend me to *Ireland*, to take off my rough military edge, and to break me thoroughly to the work, on the rough Mountains of the North. The damp, dirty, ſmoaky cabins of *Ulſter*, were a good trial for me for the preſent. But what makes double amends for all theſe inconveniences, to any Preacher who loves the work of God, is, that our people here are in general the moſt zealous, lively, affectionate Chriſtians we have in the kingdom.

24. When I had been a little above a year in *Ireland*, my wife, who was before unwilling to leave home, as well as afraid of a ſea-voyage, and of venturing into the Northern climate; wrote me word that her father and mother were dead, and that ſhe was willing to leave St. *Helena*, and not afraid, either of a ſea-voyage, or of a cold climate. I informed you of this: and you was pleaſed to make application to the Eaſt-India Company, who generouſly ordered my family to be brought to *England*, with every needful accommodation, at their own charge. By the bleſſing of God, they arrived ſafe. You was pleaſed to ſend my little boy to *Kingſwood* School, and my little girl to *Publow*, and to ſend me word, not to take any thought or care about them. After a while you ſent over my wife to me. This has proved an unſpeakable bleſſing to her. She has been convinced of ſin, converted to God, and I truſt, made pure in heart.

25. As to myſelf, I have been many times ſo unfaithful to the Grace and Gifts wherewith God has entruſted me, that I abhor myſelf in duſt and aſhes, as an unprofitable ſervant. Yet this I can ſay from the ground of my heart, I am not at all careful, where or how long I live in this world, ſo I may anſwer the end of my being; ſo I may have the teſtimony of my conſcience, that I do all to the glory of God. For I know, that to me to live is Chriſt, and to die is gain. I fear God, and uniformly endeavour to work righteouſneſs. I believe that God is both able and willing to cleanſe me from all unrighteouſneſs: and I lie before him as clay in the hands of the

potter, to be juſt what he would have me to be: as holy and as happy, as my nature and ſtate can bear. I am not afraid of being too holy; but I believe it is my privilege to be all-holy, in the very complexion of my ſoul, in all my tempers, thoughts, words and actions. I am convinced that Grace is ſtronger than Sin, and that Chriſt is ſtronger than the Devil: and that Goſpel-liberty implies a deliverance from the guilt, power, and nature of ſin; into peace, life, love and holineſs. I can ſay farther, that though I do not yet fully enjoy theſe ineſtimable bleſſings, yet God is pleaſed to own my weak labours, ſo that more and more ſinners are converted to God, every time I go my Circuit.

26. And now, what ſhall I render to the Lord, for all the benefits that he has done unto me? I can only praiſe him as long as I live, and be telling of all his wonderous works. Praiſe the Lord, then, O my ſoul! and let all within me praiſe his holy Name!

Dear Sir, blot out or keep in juſt what you pleaſe of this Narrative. And in ſo doing you will oblige

Your Son in the Goſpel,

THOMAS PAYNE.

An Account of Mr. THOMAS EDEN.

[*By the Rev. Mr. B——.*]

ON Tueſday, April 27, 1781, after a week's illneſs, died *Thomas Eden*, aged about ſixty. He was by trade a Bricklayer, and all that knew him, acknowledged his ſingular ſkill and eminence in every thing relating to that profeſſion. His Wife being dead, and leaving him no family, he had retired from his buſineſs many years ago; yet he exerciſed it occaſionally: for though he declined following it with lucrative views, he was always, to the

the end of his life, ready to give his judgment, his time, and his labour for the ſervice of others; whether to repair the cottage of poverty, or to raiſe ſtructures for the worſhip of God.

Contented with an eſtate of not quite forty pounds per annum, this honeſt and benevolent man lived in a ſmall houſe, in *Tabernacle-Walk, Moorfields*. He uſed ſometimes in ſummer, to make little excurſions into the country, to preach to poor people, and was frequently uſeful among them. He likewiſe ſometimes wrote verſes: but it muſt be owned that his talents either as a Preacher or a Poet, were not very conſpicuous. His moſt frequent and beloved employment was viſiting the ſick, often relieving their temporal wants, always praying with them, and ſoothing their ſorrowful hours with the conſolations of Religion.

His Foibles were ſuch as are moſt excuſable; his Virtues ſuch as are moſt rare among mortals. Indeed his chief Foible was, if truly conſidered, one of the higheſt Virtues to which humanity can attain: I mean, his neglect of money. He was one of thoſe few great ſouls who can ſet bounds to the craving paſſion, who reſolve to be contented with a little, and reject opportunities of being richer.

Singularly abſtemious in his diet; frugal and even penurious in what concerned himſelf, he was, towards the needy and diſtreſſed, liberal to an extreme. He often ſtraitened himſelf greatly, by giving before his rents were due.

For the exceſs and apparent imprudence of his charities, the Writer of this Account has often found fault with him; but now retracts the cenſure. Reader, he was in reality one of the only true œconomiſts. He knew a way of placing his property at far higher intereſt than the uſurer, and on far better ſecurity. He ſent moſt of his money before him to that country, to which his ſoul aſpired, and in which he now reſts from his cares and labours.

Let us copy ſuch diſintereſtedneſs and devotedneſs to God, in our own lives: and not be content, (as is too frequent) with only admiring it in others.

A ſhort Account of the Death of ELIZABETH MARSH, *and two others.*

Sept. 6, 1744.

I Committed to the duſt the remains of *Elizabeth Marſh*, a young woman who had received a ſenſe of the pardoning love of God about four years before her death, and had never left her firſt love. She had ſcarce known health or eaſe from that hour. But ſhe never murmured or repined at any thing. I ſaw her many times after ſhe was confined to her bed; and found her always quiet and calm, always chearful, praiſing God in the fires; though longing to depart and to be with Chriſt. I could not learn that her mind was ever clouded, no, not a moment, from the beginning of her illneſs. But a few days before ſhe died, ſhe told me, "I am concerned: I ſpoke a haſty word to-day. One told me, You ſhall recover within ten days. And I ſaid, "I do not want to recover." A little before her ſpeech failed, ſhe beckoned one to her, and ſaid, "Go, and tell *Molly Brown* from me, ſhe muſt come back to Mr. *Weſley*. I have not breath to ſpeak to her myſelf: but do *you* tell her, ſhe *muſt* come back." She had loſt her voice when I prayed with her the laſt time, and commended her ſoul to God. But

> "Her eye dropt ſenſe, diſtinct and clear,
> As any muſe's tongue could ſpeak."

A little after, ſhe recovered her ſpeech and ſaid, "To me, to die is gain. I walk through the valley of the ſhadow of death, and fear no evil."

I could only ſpeak a few words at her grave. But when I returned to the *Foundery*, God made his word as a flame of fire. I ſpoke from that paſſage in the Revelations, *And one*

of

of the elders ſaid unto me, What are theſe who are arrayed in white robes; and whence came they? And I ſaid, Sir, thou knoweſt. And he ſaid unto me, Theſe are they which came out of great tribulation, and they have waſhed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.

A young man, ſervant to Mrs. *Clark*, of *Newington*, went home deeply affected. The next day he was taken ill, and every day grew worſe; ſo that when I came to the houſe on Monday the 10th, (though I knew nothing of him, or of his illneſs before) he was juſt gaſping for breath. It was a melancholy ſight. Both his words and his eyes "witneſſed huge affliction and diſmay." Death ſtared him in the face. And he knew not God. He could but juſt ſay, "For God's ſake pray for me."

John Nelſon coming in, we aſked life for our brother, in full confidence of the promiſe. All this day as his illneſs, ſo his terrors increaſed. But the next day God gave him life from the dead. He told me, "Now I am not afraid to die: for I know that God loves me. I did not uſe to love you or your people: but now I love you as my own ſoul. I love you all: I know you are the people of God; and I am juſt going to him." He continued praiſing God as long as he could ſpeak, and when he could not, his eyes were fixed upwards. Between one and two on Wedneſday morning he cried out, "I have loſt my God! Where is he? I cannot ſee him." But he ſoon recovered himſelf and ſaid, "Now I have found him: and I ſhall loſe him no more." About ſeven I prayed with him, and praiſed God on his behalf; and not long after, he fell aſleep.

Friday 14. I performed the laſt office (according to his deſire) over his body, which was interred in the preſence of a vaſt multitude of people, at a ſmall diſtance from that of *Elizabeth Marſh*.

Sunday 16. I buried near the ſame place, one who had ſoon finiſhed her courſe, going to God in the full aſſurance of

of faith, when ſhe was little more than four years old. In her laſt ſickneſs (having been deeply ſerious in her behaviour for ſeveral months before) ſhe ſpent all the intervals of her convulſions, in ſpeaking of, or to God. And when ſhe perceived her ſtrength to be near exhauſted, ſhe deſired all the family to come near, and prayed for them all, one by one; then for her Miniſters, for the Church, and for all the world. A ſhort time after, recovering from a fit, ſhe lifted up her eyes, ſaid, "Thy kingdom come," and died.

J. W.

An Extract from A SURVEY *of the* WISDOM *of* GOD *in the* CREATION.

On the EYES.

THE ſituation, number, and conformation of the *eyes* in various animals, is wonderfully adapted to their various circumſtances. In ſeveral, the eye looks chiefly forward, but ſo as to take in nearly the hemiſphere before it. In others, the eyes are ſo placed, as to take in nearly a whole ſphere. In ſome, they are ſo fixt as to look chiefly behind, ſo that they ſee their enemy following them. So in Rabbits and Hares: whereas in Dogs they are more forward, to look after their prey.

Generally the *head* is moveable for the ſake of the eyes, and the eyes themſelves moveable every way. Where it is not ſo, other expedients are found, to anſwer the ſame end. Thus in ſome creatures, the eyes are ſet at a diſtance from the head, to be moved this way or that: as in Snails, whoſe eyes are fixed to the end of their horns, or rather of the optic nerves which are ſheathed therein. In other creatures, whoſe head and eyes are immoveable, this is made up by the number of eyes. So Spiders, which cannot move their head, have

have four, ſix, or eight eyes, all placed in the front of the head, (which is round) like a locket of diamonds.

Many animals have muſcles to move the eye, and obvert it to the object. Fiſhes have none; but for amends, they have many little protuberances finely ranged on their large, bulging eyes; by which numberleſs rays of light are deflected from objects above, beneath, and on either ſide. Yea, ſome hundreds of theſe protuberances are curiouſly ranged on the convex eye of a fleſh-fly.

Scorpions have a hundred eyes; an Ephemeron-fly full two thouſand.

In other creatures, which have only two eyes, the want of motion therein is ſupplied, by their eyes protuberating into hemiſpheres, each being a vaſt number of ſegments of a ſphere.

The eyes of a Cameleon reſemble a convex glaſs ſet in a round ſocket, which he turns backward and forward without ſtirring the head, and commonly, one a contrary way to the other.

Laſtly, Moles living under ground, have not ſo much need of eyes as other creatures. Yet they have eyes, but exceeding ſmall, far in the head, and covered with ſtrong hair. When they are above ground they can put them forth beyond the ſkin, and draw them back at pleaſure.

Another circumſtance, relative to the Eye is highly remarkable. As we uſe various apertures to our optic glaſſes, ſo Nature has made a far more compleat proviſion, to admit enough, and not too much light, into the eyes of animals, by the dilatation and contraction of the pupil. And this in divers animals of divers forms, is according to their peculiar occaſions. In ſome it is round, particularly in Man, that being the moſt proper figure, for the poſition of our eyes, and the uſe we make of them, both by day and night. In ſome animals it is of a longiſh form, in ſome tranſverſe, with its aperture large, (an admirable proviſion for their ſeeing ſideways, and thereby avoiding many inconveniences, as well as

a help for gathering their food on the ground, whether by day or night. In others, that aperture is erect, and alſo capable of opening wide and ſhutting cloſe. The latter ſerves to exclude the bright light of the day, the former to take in the faint rays of the night; thereby enabling them to ſee and catch their prey, when there is no light diſcernible to us.

Thus Cats can ſo cloſe their pupil, as to admit but a ſingle ray of light. And again, by throwing all open, they can take in all the faineſt rays: which is an incomparable proviſion for creatures that have occaſion to watch their prey both by day and night.

But beſide this, in Cats and other nocturnal animals, there is a ſort of carpet at the bottom of the eye, which gives a kind of radiation on the pupil, thereby enabling them to ſee in the dark.

To preſerve this tender organ, many creatures have a membrane, which is not commonly perceived, wherewith they can at pleaſure cover the eye, without too much hindering the ſight, being both tranſparent and ſtrong, ſo that it is a kind of moveable cornea.

Providence is conſpicuous in furniſhing *Frogs* with this. For as they live in watry places, which generally abound with plants that have ſharp edges or points; and as the Frog goes on, not by walking, but by leaping, if he were not ſo furniſhed, he muſt either ſhut his eyes, and ſo leap blindfold, or run many riſques by leaving them open. But this membrane guards the eyes, without blinding him. And as ſoon as the occaſion for it is over, he draws it back into a little cell.—Many Birds alſo, as they muſt fly between trees and buſhes, are provided with the ſame membrane. And ſo is the *Rein-Deer*.

NECESSITY *conſidered as influencing* PRACTICE: *extracted from Biſhop* Butler's *Analogy of Religion.*

[*Concluded from page* 609.]

FROM theſe things together,[a] the attentive Reader will ſee it follows, that if upon ſuppoſition of Freedom, the evidence of Religion be concluſive, it remains ſo, upon ſuppoſition of Neceſſity; becauſe the notion of Neceſſity is not applicable to practical ſubjects: i. e. with reſpect to them, is as if it were not true. Nor does this contain any reflection upon Reaſon; but only upon what is unreaſonable. For to pretend to act upon Reaſon, in oppoſition to practical principles, which the Author of our Nature gave us to act upon; and to pretend to apply our Reaſon to ſubjects, with regard to which, our own ſhort views, and even our experience, will ſhew us, it cannot be depended upon; and ſuch, at beſt, the ſubject of Neceſſity muſt be; this is Vanity, Conceit, and Unreaſonableneſs.

But this is not all. For we find within ourſelves a Will, and are conſcious of a Character. Now if this in us, be reconcileable with Fate, it is reconcileable with it in the Author of Nature. And beſides, natural government and final cauſes, imply a Character and a Will in the Governor and Deſigner; a Will concerning the creatures whom he governs. The Author of Nature then being certainly by ſome character or other, notwithſtanding Neceſſity; it is evident this Neceſſity is as reconcileable with the particular character of Benevolence, Veracity, and Juſtice in him, which Attributes are the foundation of Religion, as with any other Character: ſince we find this Neceſſity no more hinders *men* from being benevolent, than cruel; true, than faithleſs; juſt, than unjuſt; or if the Fataliſt pleaſes, what *we call* unjuſt. For it is ſaid indeed, that what, upon ſuppoſition of Freedom, would be juſt

[a] See the preceding Number.

puniſhment; upon ſuppoſition of Neceſſity, becomes manifeſtly unjuſt: becauſe it is puniſhment inflicted for doing that, which perſons could not avoid doing. As if the Neceſſity, which is ſuppoſed to deſtroy the Injuſtice of Murder, for inſtance, would not alſo deſtroy the Injuſtice of puniſhing it. However, as little to the purpoſe as this Objection is in itſelf, it is very much to the purpoſe to obſerve from it, how the notions of Juſtice and Injuſtice remain, even whilſt we endeavour to ſuppoſe them removed; how they force themſelves upon the mind, even whilſt we are making ſuppoſitions deſtructive of them: for there is not, perhaps, a man in the world, but would be ready to make this objection at firſt thought.

But though it is moſt evident, that univerſal Neceſſity, if it be reconcileable with any thing, is reconcileable with that character in the Author of Nature, which is the foundation of Religion; "Yet, does it not plainly deſtroy the proof, that he is of that Character, and conſequently the proof of Religion?" By no means. For we find, that Happineſs and Miſery are not our fate, in any ſuch ſenſe as not to be the conſequences of our behaviour; but they are the conſequences of it. We find God exerciſes the ſame kind of government over us, with that, which a Father exerciſes over his Children, and a civil Magiſtrate over his Subjects. Now, whatever becomes of abſtract Queſtions concerning Liberty and Neceſſity, it evidently appears to us, that Veracity and Juſtice muſt be the natural rule and meaſure of exerciſing this authority or government, to a Being, who can have no competitions, or interfering of intereſts, with his creatures and his ſubjects.

But as the doctrine of Liberty, though we experience its truth, may be perplexed with difficulties, which run up into the moſt abſtruſe of all ſpeculations; and as the opinion of Neceſſity ſeems to be the very baſis, upon which Infidelity grounds itſelf; it may be of ſome uſe to offer a more particular proof of the obligations of Religion, which may diſtinctly be ſhewn not to be deſtroyed by this Opinion.

The

The proof from final Cauſes of an intelligent Author of Nature, is not affected by the opinion of Neceſſity; ſuppoſing Neceſſity a thing poſſible in itſelf, and reconcileable with the conſtitution of things. And it is a matter of fact, independent on this or any other ſpeculation, that he governs the world by the method of Rewards and Puniſhments: and alſo that he hath given us a moral faculty, by which we diſtinguiſh between actions, and approve ſome as virtuous and of good-deſert, and diſapprove others as vicious and of ill-deſert. Now this moral diſcernment implies, in the notion of it, a rule of action, and a rule of a very peculiar kind; for it carries in it authority and a right of direction; authority in ſuch a ſenſe, as that we cannot depart from it without being ſelf-condemned. And that the dictates of this moral faculty, which are by Nature a rule to us, are moreover the Laws of God, laws in a ſenſe including ſanctions; may be thus proved. Conſciouſneſs of a rule or guide of action, in creatures who are capable of conſidering it as given them by their Maker, not only raiſes immediately a ſenſe of duty, but alſo a ſenſe of ſecurity in following it, and of danger in deviating from it. A direction of the Author of Nature, given to creatures capable of looking upon it as ſuch, is plainly a command from him: and a command from him, neceſſarily includes in it, at leaſt, an implicit promiſe in caſe of obedience, or threatening in caſe of diſobedience. But then the ſenſe or perception of good and ill deſert, which is contained in the moral diſcernment, renders the ſanction explicit, and makes it appear, as one may ſay, expreſſed. For ſince his method of government is to reward and puniſh actions, his having annexed to ſome actions an inſeparable ſenſe of good deſert, and to others of ill, this ſurely amounts to a declaration upon whom his Puniſhments ſhall be inflicted, and his Rewards be beſtowed. For he muſt have given us this diſcernment and ſenſe of things, as a pre-ſentiment of what is to be hereafter: that is, by way of information before-hand, what we are finally to

expect in his world. There is then moſt evident ground to think, that the Government of God, upon the whole, will be found to correſpond to the Nature which he has given us: and that in the upſhot and iſſue of things, Happineſs and Miſery ſhall, in fact and event, be made to follow Virtue and Vice reſpectively; as he has already, in ſo peculiar a manner, aſſociated the ideas of them in our minds. And from hence might eaſily be deduced the obligations of religious worſhip, were it only to be conſidered as a means of preſerving upon our minds a ſenſe of this moral Government of God, and ſecuring our Obedience to it: which yet is an extremely imperfect View of that moſt important Duty.

THOUGHTS *on the propriety of the Methodiſts attending divine Service in the Church of England. By the late Mr.* SAMUEL WELLS.

[*Concluded from page* 604.]

Objection XII. "I Would go to Church conſtantly, but our Miniſter makes it his buſineſs to rail at us, and I cannot bear it."

It is certainly hard to bear ſuch a trial as this; and yet it may be borne. It ſeems this is a device of the enemy to *drive* you away. But will you give place to the devil? Be not overcome with evil, but overcome evil with good. Endure the contradiction of a ſinner againſt yourſelf, not returning evil for evil, but bleſſing for curſing.

If your Miniſter could drive you from Church, and keep your neighbours from hearing the Methodiſts, nothing would pleaſe him better. But if you calmly endure, ſtill attending on public Worſhip, your neighbours will not be prejudiced againſt you; but in the end, for you: and your Miniſter's

Miniſter's railing will excite more to come and hear, and hear with candour too. It has been frequently found that a ſteady attendance on public Worſhip, notwithſtanding the abuſe we ſometimes meet with there, greatly conduces to carry on the work of God. It is in the eyes of the world, a kind of implicit expreſſion of our innocence, when we go conſtantly to Church and Sacrament, notwithſtanding the violent oppoſition made to us by the Clergyman. But if you fly, you implicitly acknowledge your guilt. I would therefore if it were only in ſelf-defence, hear ſuch a Clergyman. He ſhould be ſooner tired of railing, than I of hearing him.

Objection XIII. "But would you adviſe me to go to the Sacrament too, with a man who hates the Methodiſts? I can ſee his heart riſes againſt me, whenever he goes to the Lord's Table."

If he hates the Methodiſts, *he* is not fit to receive the Sacrament with you or any one. But what is that to you? truly nothing, unleſs you hate *him*. If you can forgive your enemies, perſecutors and ſlanderers, and pray to God to change their hearts; if your heart does not riſe againſt *him*, *you* are fit to receive it. And if *he* receives unworthily, the harm is to himſelf. There is but one thing will fairly diſcharge you; that is, his repelling you from the Communion; but there are few that will do this.

Objection XIV. "I go no where but to the Methodiſts, and I make no doubt but the doctrine I hear among them, is ſufficient to ſave my ſoul, without going any where elſe."

Doubtleſs the doctrine we preach is ſufficient to ſave your ſoul, if you experience and practiſe it; but a part of its Practice is public Worſhip. Now our's is not, properly ſpeaking, ſuch. Our hours of aſſembling to hear the word of Exhortation, are not the uſual hours of going to Church, on purpoſe that all may attend her ſervice; ſo that you are quite inexcuſeable if you do not go. Better go to the Diſſenters or any where, than ſtay at home, and lounge away ſo great

great a part of the day. Beſides, have you a family? And what will you do with your children and ſervants? May they go any where, or no where on the Lord's-day, if they pleaſe? Can you reſtrain theſe from miſpending the ſabbath, if you do not take them with you to Church? You would wiſh them rather to go, than be guilty of idleneſs and vice. And yet, this they are almoſt ſure to learn, and more effectually too, if you take them not to Church.

What! is there no worſhip holy enough for you to join in, but the Methodiſt's? Did we ever teach you ſo? This is a downright device of the devil, to lead you and your family into irreligion. You ſay perhaps, I can ſpend an hour or two at home more profitably, in reading the bible, or any other good book. If you really could, do you? Do you apply yourſelf to reading and ſecret prayer, with that true devotion you might feel, if you were at public Worſhip? I doubt God will not help you; you have no buſineſs in your cloſet now. You are out of God's way; ſo you lazily read a chapter or two, and drop aſleep, while your family, are following the devices of their own heart; or you ſit down with two or three of your acquaintance, like-minded with yourſelf, and enjoy a comfortable hour, of uſeleſs converſation, perhaps *about* religion. Ariſe man, and ſhake thyſelf from the duſt! Up and be doing! This is no day for idle converſation. This is not an hour for retirement, and private devotion. Thou and thy family like David, *Go to the houſe of God, with the multitude, with the voice of joy and praiſe, with a multitude, who keep holy day*, Pſal. xlii 4. *Go thou to the altar of God, unto God, thy exceeding joy*, Pſal. xliii. 4. *Enter into his gates, with thankſgiving, and into his courts with praiſe. Be thankful unto him, and bleſs his Name*, Pſal. c. 4. Regard not ſo much who is alive to God, Miniſter or people, as thine own ſoul. Do thou worſhip him, in the beauty of holineſs, and thou ſhalt not loſe thy reward.

Indeed

Indeed brethren, how can we honeſtly give you any other advice, or ſet before you any other example? Did we not tell you, when firſt we came to preach Repentance towards God, and Faith in our Lord Jeſus Chriſt, that we did not mean to turn any man from the worſhip or doctrine of the Church of *England?* We only wanted to perſuade you to turn from your ſins, to have the true Church of *England*-Faith, a ſure truſt and confidence that through the merits of Chriſt, your ſins are forgiven, and you are reconciled to God, whereof doth follow a loving heart, to keep the commandments of God. And now God hath called you to that Repentance, and given you that Faith, will you renounce the worſhip of that Church, whoſe doctrine you ought ſo dearly to love, ſince you feel it is the power of God to your own ſalvation? Or will you implicitly ſay, by forſaking her worſhip and communion, that the Methodiſts hold another doctrine than that of the Church of *England?* God forbid! Nay, my brethren, do not lay a ſtumbling-block in the way of your neighbour. What regard will they pay to us, or our preaching, if they think that our's is another doctrine, and that we ſeparate from the Church? Have a more ſincere regard for your own profit, for your family's welfare, and the ſalvation of your neighbour. So ſhall you abundantly manifeſt, that it is not a narrow ſpirit of bigotry that leads you; but duty to God, and benevolence to men. And you ſhall in that day receive a more abundant reward, when the Lord ſhall ſay to you, *Well done, good and faithful ſervants, enter ye into the joy of your Lord.*

CAPTAIN SPENCER'S *Account of the taking and re-taking of his Ship.*

ON Friday, June 15, 1781, Captain *G. Spencer's* ſhip was taken by a ſmall privateer. Himſelf and a boy were left in the veſſel, accompanied by four of the privateer's crew; one of whom, an *American*, was Prize-Maſter, two

Swedes

Swedes or *Danes*, and one boy. They were off *Whitby*, and intended carrying his ſhip into *Dunkirk*. When he found there was no help, he was enabled joyfully to acquieſce in the Lord's will, and to believe it would work for good. He found all care reſpecting himſelf, wife, friends, property, or impriſonment quite removed; and employed his time in reading the Scriptures, and ſome Hymns he had on board. He found the Promiſes very precious, and thought, that if he had been tried, he could with *Paul* and *Silas* have ſung, had his feet been thruſt in the ſtocks.

As the privateer's crew could not work the ſhip without his aſſiſtance, they had frequent occaſion to call him from the cabin. When the Prize-Maſter was with him on one of theſe occaſions, he took the liberty of ſpeaking to him on the folly of ſeeking happineſs in ſuch a courſe of life as he was now in. Happening to open the Bible on that paſſage in Habbakuk, *Although the fig-tree ſhall not bloſſom*, &c. ſee, ſaid he, the comfort thoſe have that fear God, amidſt the darkeſt ſcenes of Providence. I am now an inſtance of it; you ſee me unruffled, although I am ſtripped of all my property, myſelf in your hands, and nothing before me but the proſpect of a tedious impriſonment in an enemy's country. Yet I can truſt the Lord, and thank him for all. *Your* hearts are bent only upon getting to harbour, unloading your ſhip, and ſecuring your plunder; then you flatter yourſelf with ſome ſatisfaction. Yet you know not that ever you may come there. You have to die; you have to go into another world, *and what peace will theſe things then afford you?* The Prize-Maſter took it kindly, and ſaid, it is very true. The Captain likewiſe reproved ſome of the others for ſwearing, and they ſubmitted to his reproof. When it drew near the evening, he prevailed on them to let the ſhip ſail nearer the ſhore; by which means they fell in with an *Engliſh* veſſel, and when he was near enough he hailed her, and notwithſtanding all the oppoſition the four men could make, he laid her to, till the other

other ſhip ſent ſome of their crew on board, by whoſe aſſiſtance he was again put in poſſeſſion of his own veſſel. Upon this the Prize-Maſter ſaid, "Now Captain, we are all *your* priſoners; I ſee God Almighty will take care of his own." The privateer's men having ſome fire-arms on board, they attempted to ſhoot him while he was hailing the ſhip, but the piſtol only flaſhed in the pan. When he had an opportunity of ſpeaking to the Captain that aſſiſted him, he ſaid he ſhould be glad to know what return he might make him? The Captain replied, "I wiſh for none: you may give the men ſomething, if you pleaſe." Mr. *Spencer* ſaid, "Captain, I heartily thank you, and hope the Lord will reward you." The other replied, "The Lord rewards all that truſt in him." And Mr. *Spencer* looked upon this as an additional proof of the Lord's care, in ſending him deliverance by one that feared him.

There were three of the ſhip's crew put on board the privateer, on whoſe account Captain *Spencer* was now much concerned, eſpecially for the Mate, and a boy who was a relation of his; but to his great ſurpriſe, when he arrived at *Sunderland*, he found they had got there almoſt as ſoon as him. Their releaſe was occaſioned by the following circumſtance. Soon after the privateer ſeparated from the ſhip, they chaſed another ſloop; but wanting all the aſſiſtance they could get to work the veſſel, they requeſted the priſoners to help them: to which they readily conſented, on condition that if the ſloop was taken, they ſhould be ſet at liberty. Upon capturing the ſloop, the Captain put them on board her, and they arrived ſoon after, at *Hartlepool*.[a] From thence they came to *Sunderland*, where to their mutual joy they met their Maſter. One of the men (who had been remarkably wicked) was detained on board the privateer, which was afterwards taken and ſent into *Shields*. Capt. *Spencer* ſays while he was in the enemy's hands, they treated him with great reſpect.

[a] I ſuppoſe the Sloop was ranſomed.

On WAR.

THAT Vice is more profitable and pleafurable than Virtue, was the devil's firſt preachment to our parents in paradiſe, "The day ye eat thereof (and *diſobey* your kind Creator) ye ſhall be as gods!" wiſe, great, and happy. Thus mankind's grand Deceiver tempts us ſtill, and ruins all the *credulous* like them. The doctrine preached laſt week by *Tacitus*[a] was ſimiliar to this: "Can Peace procure a ſcene comparable to ſympathetic feelings,—fired by War?"

To anſwer this enquiry, riſe ye butchered multitudes! and whiſper what your "ſympathetic feelings" were, while bleeding! dying! agonizing bodies graced the fields of battle! Languiſhing heaps of men breathing their laſt! Embrace with "ſympathetic feelings" their expiring friends! Loud inſtruments of muſic labouring hard, to ſilence ſighs! and drown their dying groans! Laſt, whole and wounded victors ſhouting over the numbers ſlain! (the more the better!) Then burying breathleſs enemies, (dear fellow-mortals!) fifties, hundreds, thouſands[b] in one doleful grave! What "ſympathetic feelings" theſe! How "moving is this ſcene!" Horrid to hear of! much more ſo to ſee, and ſhare! What ſeas of blood and ſympathizing tears, has War (infernal monſter!) ſhed on earth in ſeven and fifty centuries! What wounds, woes, deaths procured! Say, ye immortals ſlain by fire and ſword! Have you forgot your violent paſſage to eternity? Can Seraphs count your numbers!—ſpeak your ſorrows!—calculate your pains? Can he who "weighs the mountains," weigh the worlds of grief! ſuſtained by myriads maſſacred in War?

[a] A Writer in the *Sherborne* Journal.

[b] 1 Kings xx. 29.

"Silence

"Silence in heavèn there was!"—and needs muſt be;
Such queries ſolvèd not by Infinity!

Shall Chriſtians then aſſiſt the prince of hell, who "was a murtherer from the beginning," by telling the world "the *beneſit* of War?" Shall Proteſtant publications proclaim to the nations, that "War is a *bleſſing* of Providence? Shall "ſons of peace" turn advocates for *offenſive* hoſtilities, by aſſerting that "WAR is preferable to PEACE?" *Tell it not in Gath! publiſh it not in the ſtreets of Aſkelon! leſt uncircumciſed heathens blaſpheme* "the Prince of peace," becauſe of the contraſt in his *peaceleſs* profeſſors. O ceaſe ye Reformed! to contradict by your conduct a CHRISTIAN CHARACTER. Let Papiſt *aggreſſors* have the honour and glory of pleading for, and practiſing men-killing Cruſades!

O cruel War! O cruel Sin! O cruel Crowned Heads! who ſlaughter their ſubjects by thouſands for inanimate duſt! When ONE Immortal far outweighs in value, worlds of tranſitory wealth! Surely, *mighty men*, ſays king Solomon, *ſhall be mightily tormented!*

Sour *pride* and *av'rice* reign in graceleſs kings!
Scattèring their ſcourges ſad on War-born wings!
Sin's devaſtations drown the realms around!
Satan's creations curſe the crimſonèd ground!
Sinners in ſinners ſheath the murdèring blade!
So ſacrificing man whom God hath made!

Supreme of heavèn! Sovèreign of (warring) earth!
Showèr floods of peace! to bring forth "ſecond birth!"
Sayèſt thou, "What could I more than I have done?
Since I the *world* have ranſomèd by my Son?
Since I my Spirit ſend to *l ghten all?*
Since I Salvation ſhowèr on *all that call?*

Since Angels' origin bids *duſt* "draw near!"
Since a Redeemer's *love* forbids our *fear:*

Since Grace inſtructs the "*lowly* what to ſay:"
Suffer a worm to ſpeak, to plead, to pray!
See! matchleſs Majeſty! thy beſt beſtow!
See *men* by millions loſt!—Compaſſion ſhow!
See! mighty Maker! ſee a ruinéd race!
Sinking to hell! for want of—*promis'd Grace!*
See! fondeſt Father! ſee thy ſons, and ſave!
Snatch "heavén's dear offspring" from a fiery grave!—
Saith the Moſt High, "What more ſhall Godhead do?
"Say, how *muſt* Deity the earth renew?"——
Scripture fulfil, my Lord![c] "ſprinkle thy blood!"
So ſhall "glad nations haſten home to God!"
Scatter the *means prepar'd*—from pole to pole!
Soon then "the Balm of *Gilead* makes us whole!"
Speak but the word,[d]—The Univerſe ſhall riſe!
Shouting thy praiſes through the lofty ſkies!
So ſhall Creation ſing, "The grace is givén!
"Thy will is done on earth as 'tis in heavén!"
So ſhall bright Revelation largely ſhine!
Thy Promiſes ſhall all be *prov'd* divine!
So ſhall we "*know* the truth" of *Gabriel's* words,
"The world's wide kingdoms are become our Lord's!"

July 19, 1781.

LETTERS.

LETTER CC.

[From Miſs B. to a Friend.]

Dear Friend, May 25, 1762.

MY Deſire and Faith for you are greatly increaſed. There is no danger of my being wearied out. He that has laid the burden upon me, will bear it for me; though

[c] Iſa. lii. 1. 15. Pſal. lxxxvi. 9, 10. Rev. xi. 15.
[d] Pſal. xlvi. 6. Joel xxi. 11. 28.

I believe,

I believe, I feel it heavier than you do yourſelf. You cannot conceive what a weight it is to my ſoul: but I always find a bleſſing in praying for you.

My ſoul does exceedingly plead with the Lord, that he would ſhew you whatever hinders. Does not his Spirit point out ſomething, which it would be more excellent to do or to leave undone? Before he clearly ſhewed me my way, I had at times many ſecret warnings. Several little ſatisfactions I was, as it were, invited to ſacrifice to Jeſus. If I was faithful (but I ſeldom was) then more light broke in: but if not, the Spirit of Conviction was quenched, and it was ſome time before I found it again. I found alſo, that the ſins I had long ſince committed, might ſtill be viſited, till I was deeply convinced of the guilt of them, and carried them to the atoning blood. I likewiſe ſaw, that I needed much ſearching, and earneſtly cried to God, to diſcover to me thoſe little foxes that ſtill ſpoiled the vines. For by little things, eſpecially if they touch the Affections, we are often kept low.

Suffer not ſuch a thought to approach, as if the moſt excellent way was now ſhut up from you. I know Satan would gladly perſuade you to think ſo; but regard him not. If you now deſire to walk in the narroweſt part of the narrow way, what ſhould hinder you? Nothing is wanting on your Saviour's part. "Witneſs yon ſtreaming blood!"

I exceedingly feel for you. I know what a *cleaving* temper is: and a grievous taſk it is to ſubdue it. But fear not! The greater the conflict, the more glorious ſhall your conqueſt be. True it is, nothing but a ſtroke of Omnipotence can do you any good. But this you ſurely ſhall experience, when once you earneſtly wreſtle with the Angel of the Covenant. O cry to the ſtrong for ſtrength! Redouble your cries! You have need of Jeſus! No power in earth or heaven but his, can do you any good; all other help his vain!

Bear with me a little further. While you are thus crying to Jeſus, put away, *with all your might*, every thing that can

in

in the leaſt degree draw you to any creature. Even what is good for one in health, may be poiſon in a dangerous fit of ſickneſs: and what may be lawful to another, to your temper is abſolutely unlawful. I feel for you in this: it is indeed tearing out a right eye, and cutting off a right hand. But ſhrink not, neither be afraid. Stand

"Firm as a beaten Anvil to the ſtroke!"

Give up all for him who gave up all for you: and while you are reſiſting with your might, in one moment, Jeſus, your Almighty Captain, will take out of your Affections every thing diſpleaſing to his pure eyes, and make you holy as he is holy.

God has a peculiar favour for you, and calls you to reſt wholly on himſelf. Let not therefore Satan paint to your mind any other happineſs.

"Suffice for this the ſeaſon paſt!"

Now let you and I renounce from the ground of our heart, and keep at the utmoſt diſtance from the very appearance of Idolatry.

The Lord guide and keep you!

I am, dear Friend, your real Well-wiſher,

M. B.

LETTER CCI.

[From Mrs. Ruth Hall, to the Rev. Mr. Weſley.]

Feb. 1, 1762.

Dear Sir,

BE not afraid, that either men or devils ſhould have been able to hurt my ſoul. The mighty power of God is over all things for good. I have the happineſs to inform you, it

it is well with me. I have gained a good deal of ground over my natural temper, and great comfort redounds to me thereby. The zeal of God's houſe does as it were, eat me up. I am always fully employed. Time ſeems to be too ſhort for me to do the great work that lies before me. God's commandments are exceeding broad, his holy law very extenſive. And yet ſuch is his goodneſs, that to us it is no larger than the preſent capacity of the ſoul. O the length, and breadth, and depth, and height of the love of God in Chriſt Jeſus! How few there are that live up to the light? Yet bleſſed be God, ſome do. And they know what it is, to ſuffer with Chriſt, as well as for Chriſt. There are they that being purified and tried, ſhall ſhine as the brightneſs of the firmament for ever.

For ſome time I have had an earneſt deſire to have ſuch a Teſtimony as *Enoch* had. But I do not ſee, whether God has promiſed ſuch a *particular* Teſtimony as extends to every thought, and word, and action. I ſhall be glad of your help, in this and whatever you ſee I need.

I am, dear Sir, your affectionate Siſter,

RUTH HALL.

LETTER CCII.

[*From the ſame.*]

May 12, 1762.

Dear Sir,

THE bleſſing I lately received, was given as the Miniſter was pronouncing thoſe words, "The blood of our Lord Jeſus Chriſt which was ſhed for *thee*, preſerve thy body and ſoul to everlaſting life." I then found an uncommon degree of Aſſurance, that I ſhould ſee eternal life. This was increaſed by the ſtrong application of that Scripture to my heart in the night

night ſeaſon, *After ye believed, ye were ſealed with that holy Spirit of promiſe.* At our Love-feaſt on the Sunday following, I was confirmed ſtill more, and could ſay, "Now, I believe. I do now feel the full Aſſurance of Hope.

"Now, my Lord, I claim a ſhare,
In thy never-failing Prayer."

I am now happy in the love of God: I ſee more and more into the depth of God's mercy in Chriſt Jeſus. And yet I know nothing in compariſon of what is to be learnt in the School of Chriſt.

I have much exerciſe at times among our people. Well did Mr. *C. W.* obſerve, "He who prays for the mind of Chriſt, prays for all that men and devils can inflict upon him." But it is enough that the Servant be as his Lord. Hold out Faith and Patience a little longer, and we ſhall appear before our God in Sion!

I am, dear Sir, your affectionate Siſter,

RUTH HALL.

LETTER CCIII.

[*From the ſame.*]

June 22, 1762.

Dear Sir,

INDEED, I do not intend to be ſhy or reſerved. I ſpeak quite freely to you at all times. But how is it, that this does not appear ſo to you? Unleſs it be that our language is confounded, or that ſome preternatural power is endeavouring to hinder what might be of the greateſt uſe to us or others. With regard to evil Reports, I have not been troubled with them, ſince I ſaw you.

Jeſus

Jeſus is very precious to me. He keeps my ſimple heart. I find ſtrength ſufficient for the day, and the day enough for all the grace I have. I truſt, my eye is always ſingle; yet I am in a ſtrait as to your next queſtion. I often find pleaſure in what I ſpeak and do; yet I hope it is not ſinful. For inſtance: I eat pleaſant food, and am thankful, when coarſer might ſuſtain the body. If I am a ſinner in this, convince me of it. I find as much zeal as ever I did, and think I do exert all the power and ſtrength I have to do all poſſible good to all men; nor am I conſcious of many omiſſions. May you abound in every good word and work! And when time is no more, may you ſhine as the Sun in the kingdom of our Father!

I am, dear Sir, your affectionate Siſter,

RUTH HALL.

LETTER CCIV.

[*From the ſame.*]

July 7, 1762.

Dear Sir,

YOU know, among the ſimple children of God, out of the abundance of the heart the mouth ſpeaketh. So I find it. The language of my heart is, O Lord, how good thou art! My adorable Jeſus is the Reſt of my ſoul: it is always quiet, always ſtill. Nothing drives me from my centre: and nothing draws me from it. My ſoul is dead; but it is alive alſo: bleſſed death that leads to eternal life below! My tears now tell my ſins forgiven, and heaven even now flows into my heart.

Yea, they are freely, abundantly forgiven. (To you I may ſpeak freely.) I can find no traces remaining of what I once

was. I am changed indeed: I am become a new creature: my ſoul is ſtrongly drawn heaven-ward, and waits to receive from his fulneſs, till my laſt, great change ſhall come.

O what a refreſhment is it to me, to talk thus ſimply to you! There are but few to whom I can thus ſpeak. They would call it Pride, and ſetting myſelf up. But this I ſhould not mind, did it not imply, that they were hurt by it, rather than helped. O my Jeſus! Thou art the life of my delights. When ſhall I ſee thee without a vail between?

I believe, I have a *ſingle eye* in all things. I do not know, that I do any thing, ſmall or great, to *pleaſe myſelf*, but becauſe I think it right ſo to do. I do generally *reprove* all that ſin in my ſight, directly or indirectly. I *would* be *zealous* of all good works, but it is ſo little I do, that I am aſhamed to ſay I *am ſo*. I am ready to hide myſelf, becauſe of my unprofitableneſs. I am out of conceit with all I do, and cannot bear to look at any thing but Jeſus. My works are not perfect before God: but *his* works are perfect. And I feel, I am intereſted in all he *did*, all he *ſuffered*, and all he *has*. I want to forget that I have a being, and to know no exiſtence but his. I think, I do uſe the little ſtrength I have, in inſtructing the ignorant, reclaiming the wicked, and relieving the pains of thoſe who ſuffer in body or mind. I am generally ſome way employed herein. I am not conſcious of any *wilful omiſſions*. Unleſs my not ſpeaking among the Bands may be ſtiled omiſſions: however, I have broke through, and have been bleſt in ſpeaking.

I am, dear Sir, your affectionate Siſter,

RUTH HALL.

LETTER

LETTER CCV.

[From Mrs. S. C——, to the Rev. Mr. Wesley.)

April 25, 1758.

Very dear and honoured Sir,

I CAN excuse *you*, but shall never forgive myself, for speaking to any what I thought amiss in you. After all, I still bless God for the trial on my own account, and have learned thus much at least, to pray for a right head, as well as a right heart.

The greatest means of increasing Christian Affection, is close conversation concerning the work of God on our own souls: speaking without reserve our trials, temptations, comforts, and accordingly pleading with God for each other. But this means I have not had with *you*; which makes me wonder at the nearness I have always found to you. But why should we remain on the surface of things, and not come close to the heart?

I am still "free from design, or selfish aim:" I do nothing, small or great, to please myself, in opposition to God or man. Nor does that self remain in me, that could be pleased by so doing. Yet in a sound sense, I please myself in all I do; for when God accepts, I am pleased. And I have always a *general* Witness from God, that my person and works are approved: at most times, a *particular* Witness, that all I feel and do pleases God. All I speak is not unreproveable; yet he condemns me not, but applies the sprinkled Blood. I often speak foolishly (though never wickedly.) But as I have forgiven every one that trespasses against *me*, so God has forgiven my trespasses against him, and he doth not lay folly to my charge. O my God, let not *my* perfection consist in those little particularities for which many are so strenuous, while

they have that lion-like ſpirit, which was not in the Lamb of God! But let my "Love, with ſofter Pity joined, endure all things:" and at length,

"Stand before the hoſt of heaven confeſt,
For ever bleſſing, and for ever bleſt."

By all my reſearches I cannot find, that either Pleaſure or Pain deadens my intercourſe with God. But I have always found Contention to have this effect, and am now pretty well cured of it. I can and will be trampled under foot of all, rather than contend.

I believe you will return in ſafety. However,

May we each hour improve,
To mourn for errors paſt!
And live this ſhort revolving day,
As if it were our laſt!

And permit even *me* to intreat you, by all that is ſacred, Give your whole heart to God. You well know, private Prayer, and frequent Meditation on the greatneſs of eternal things, and the inſignificancy of all earthly enjoyments, are the greateſt helps thereto. O how I long for your full ſalvation! I can hardly be happy alone. Excuſe whatever is amiſs, and believe me to be

Your Child with much affection,

S. C——.

LETTER CCVI.

[*From the ſame.*]

May 17, 1758.

Very dear and much honoured Sir,

YOUR propoſitions concerning Chriſtian Perfection, are exactly agreeable to the ſentiments of my heart. Ever ſince God has wrought this work in me, I have daily prayed for

for pardon. I dare not deny the work of God in my ſoul. But O how thankful ſhould I be (provided it were his will) that every one ſhould forget I had ever ſaid or thought ſuch a thing! that I might henceforward only love and ſerve his bleſſed will, till I ſilently breathed my ſoul into his hands! O pray for me, that I may be "without any part *weak*, *earthly*, or *human!*" I many times fear to ſpeak what I feel, becauſe there is ſo little diſcerned in me by others. My life is indeed hid with Chriſt in God. O that I may grow up in all things into him who is my head! I find it impoſſible to be diſpleaſed with any one for not believing me: and could I help it, I would not believe myſelf.

For ſome years paſt God has been ſhewing me clearer and clearer, how ſmall the difference is, between us and ſome of thoſe who deny the attainableneſs of Perfection. And it is becauſe I have endeavoured to explain this to others, that many have counted me a Predeſtinarian. Indeed thoſe Predeſtinarians who are alive to God, do not deſire more than you have attained.

A few days ago, while by Faith I entered into the Holieſt through the blood of Jeſus, and while in his light I ſaw light, how was I humbled before him that liveth for ever and ever! But (all glory be unto his unmerited mercy!) I found Innocence and a ſpark of real Holineſs. Will you not pray him to increaſe them? With tears of love I aſk this favour of you. I acknowledge indeed, I am unworthy. And O that I was more deeply conſcious of it! O how did my ſoul then fear and tremble at the thought of being known or eſteemed by men! I was conſtrained to ſay, O that I was clad with ſackcloth and aſhes, and hid in a den or cave of the earth! But thy will be done! This keeps my ſoul at reſt in the midſt of hurry.

I am, with all reſpect, dear Sir,

Your affectionate Child and Servant,

S. C——.

LETTER

LETTER CCVII.

[From the Rev. Mr. Wesley, to the Rev. Mr. F——.]

St. Ives, Sept. 15, 1762.

Dear Sir,

Spectatum satis, ac donatum jam rude quæris
Mecænas, iterum antiquo me includere ludo?
Non eadem est ætas, non mens.———

I Have entirely lost my taste for Controversy. I have lost my readiness in disputing. And I take this to be a providential discharge from it. All I can now do, with a clear Conscience is (not to enter into a formal Controversy about the New-Birth, or Justification by Faith, any more than Christian Perfection, but) simply to *declare* my judgment; and to *explain* myself as clearly as I can, upon any difficulty that may arise concerning it.

So far I can go with *you*, but no farther. I still say (and without any self-contradiction) I know no persons living, who are so deeply conscious of their needing Christ both as Prophet, Priest, and King, as those who believe themselves, and whom I believe, to be cleansed from all sin: I mean, from all Pride, Anger, Evil Desire, Idolatry, and Unbelief. These very persons feel more than ever, their own ignorance, littleness of grace, coming short of the full mind that was in Christ, and walking less accurately than they might have done after their divine Pattern; are more convinced of the insufficiency of all they are, have, or do, to bear the eye of God, without a Mediator: are more penetrated with the sense of the want of him, than ever they were before.

If Mr. *M*—— or you say, "That *coming short* is sin:" be it so; I contend not. But still I say, "These are they whom I believe to be scripturally perfect. And yet these never felt their

their want of Chriſt, ſo deeply and ſtrongly as they do now." If in ſaying this, I have "fully given up the point, what would you have more?" Is it not enough that I leave you to "boaſt your ſuperior power, againſt the little, weak ſhifts of baffled Error?" Canſt not thou be content, as the Quaker ſaid, "To lay *J. W.* on his back, but thou muſt tread his guts out?"

Here are perſons, exceeding holy and happy; rejoicing evermore, praying always, and in every thing giving thanks: feeling the Love of God and man every moment; feeling no Pride, or other evil Temper. If theſe are not *perfect*, that ſcriptural word has no meaning. Stop! you muſt not cavil at that word. You are not wiſer than the Holy Ghoſt. But if you are not, ſee that you teach *Perfection* too. "But are they not ſinners?" Explain the term one way, and I ſay, "Yes." Another, and I ſay, "No." Are they cleanſed from *all ſin?*" I believe they are, meaning from all ſinful Tempers. "But have they then need of Chriſt?" I believe they have, in the ſenſe, and for the reaſons above mentioned. Now, be this true or falſe, it is no contradiction: it is conſiſtent with itſelf: and, I think, conſiſtent with right Reaſon, and the whole Oracles of God.

O let you and I go on to Perfection! God grant we may ſo run as to attain!

I am your affectionate Friend and Brother,

J. WESLEY.

POETRY.

On CHURCH-COMMUNION.

[*By Dr. Byron.*]

RELIGION, Church-Communion, or the way
Of public Worſhip that we ought to pay;
As it regards the Body, and the Mind,
Is of external, and internal kind;

The

The one conſiſting in the outward ſign,
The other in the inward Truth divine.

This inward Truth intended to be ſhown,
So far as outward ſigns can make it known,
Is that which gives external Modes a worth,
Juſt in proportion as they ſhew it forth;
Juſt as they help in any outward part,
The real, true Religion of the heart.

Now, what this is, excluſive of all ſtrife,
Chriſtians will own to be an inward life;
Spirit and powér, a birth to ſay the whole
Of Chriſt himſelf brought forth within the ſoul;
By this all true ſalvation is begun
And carried on, however it be done.

Chriſt'anity that has not Chriſt within,
Can by no means whatever ſave from ſin;
Can bear no Evidence of Him—the End,
On which the value of all Means depend:
Chriſtian Religion, ſignifies no doubt,
Like mind within, like ſhow of it without.

The will of God, the ſaving of mankind,
Was all that Chriſt had in his inward mind:
All that produced his outward action too,
In Church-Communion while he was a Jew;
Like moſt of his diſciples, till they came
At *Antioch*, to have a Chriſtian Name.

If Chriſt has put an end to Rites of old,
If now recal, what was but then foretold,
The one true Church, the real heavénly ground,
Wherein alone ſalvation can be found;

Is

Is ſtill the ſame, and to its Saviour's praiſe,
His inward Tempers outwardly diſplays.

By hearty Love, and correſpondent Rites
Ordainèd, each Member to the Head unites;
And to each other—in all ſtated ſcenes,
The Life of Chriſt is what a Chriſtian means;
Though change of circumſtance may alter thoſe,
In this he pleaſes, and enjoys repoſe.

Church-Unity is held, and Faith's increaſe,
By Jeſu's Spirit in the Bond of Peace,
And Righteouſneſs of life: without this tie
Forms are in vain preſcribèd to worſhip by,
Or Temples modelléd; hearts as well as hands,
A holy Church, and catholic demands.

From the OLNEY COLLECTION.

The Name of Jeſus. Solomon's Song i. 3.

HOW ſweet the name of Jeſus ſounds
In a believer's ear?
It ſooths his ſorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

It makes the wounded ſpirit whole,
And calms the troubléd breaſt;
'Tis Manna to the hungry ſoul,
And to the weary reſt.

Dear Name! the Rock on which I build,
My ſhield and hiding place;
My never-failing treas'ry fillèd
With boundleſs ſtores of grace.

By thee my prayers acceptance gain,
Although with ſin defiled;
Satan accuſes me in vain,
And I am owned a child.

Jeſus! my Shepherd, Huſband, Friend,
My Prophet, Prieſt, and King;
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praiſe I bring.

Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmeſt thought;
But when I ſee thee as thou art,
I'll praiſe thee as I ought.

Till then I would thy love proclaim,
With every fleeting breath:
And may the muſic of thy Name
Refreſh my ſoul in death.

A PRAYER,

Written at the Time of the Inſurrection, in June, 1780.

THOU moſt compaſſionate High-Prieſt,
In anſwer to our joint requeſt
United to thine own,
With pity's ſofteſt eye behold
The ſheep which are not of this fold,
The Church in Babylon.

The ignorant who miſs their way,
Not wilfully, but weakly ſtray,

O let

O let thy bowels move
To theſe, by furious hate purſued,
And from the frantic multitude,
Conceal their lives above.

As ſheep appointed to be ſlain,
By cruel, perſecuting men,
By fierce, fanatic zeal;
By Chriſtian-Wolves, *reform'd* in name,
Whom their atrocious deeds proclaim
The ſynagogue of hell.

Thy help to the diſtreſt afford,
The men that tremble at thy word,
The quiet in the land;
Thy worſhippers, though blind, ſincere,
Who honour thy Vicegerent here,
And bleſs his mild command.

And O! beneath thy mercy's wings,
Hide and preſerve the beſt of Kings;
(Our King by right divine)
His Conſort in thy boſom bear,
His Children make thy darling care,
And ſeal them ever thine.

The Father of his people bleſs,
With outward and with inward peace,
And when his work is done,
Our hoary Patriot-King receive,
Redeemed from earth, with Thee to live,
And wear a heavenly crown.

On the DEATH *of a* CHILD, *five years of Age.*

[*By Phillis Wheatly, a Negro.*]

FROM dark abodes, to fair etherial light,
The enraptured innocent has winged her flight;
On the kind bosom of eternal love
She finds unknown beatitude above.
This know, ye parents, nor her loss deplore,
She feels the iron hand of pain no more;
The dispensations of unerring grace,
Should turn your sorrows into grateful praise;
Let then no tears for her henceforward flow,
No more distressed in our dark vale below.

Her morning sun, which rose divinely bright,
Was quickly mantled with the gloom of night;
But hear in heaven's blest bowers your *Nancy* fair,
And learn to imitate her language there.

"Thou, Lord, whom I behold with glory crowned,
By what sweet name, and in what tuneful sound
Wilt thou be praised? Seraphic powers are faint
Infinite Love and Majesty to paint.
To thee let all their grateful voices raise,
And Saints and Angels join their songs of praise."

On the DEATH *of a young* GENTLEMAN.

WHO taught thee conflict with the powers of night,
To vanquish Satan in the fields of fight?
Who strung thy feeble arms with might unknown,
How great thy conquest, and how bright thy crown!
War with each princedom, throne, and power is o'er,
The scene is ended to return no more.

O could

O could my Muſe thy ſeat on high behold,
How deckt with laurel! how enrichèd with gold!
O could ſhe hear what praiſe thy harp employs,
How ſweet thy anthems, how divine thy joys!
What heavènly grandeur ſhould exalt her ſtrain!
What holy raptures in her numbers reign!

To ſooth the troubles of the mind to peace,
To ſtill the tumult of life's loſing ſeas,
To eaſe the anguiſh of the parents' heart,
What ſhall my ſympathizing verſe impart?
Where is the balm to heal ſo deep a wound?
Where ſhall a ſovèreign remedy be found?

Look, gracious ſpirit, from thy heavènly bowèr,
And thy full joys into their boſoms pour;
The raging tempeſt of their grief control,
And ſpread the dawn of glory through their ſoul;
To eye the path, the ſaint departed trod,
And trace him to the boſom of his God.

THOUGHTS *on the* WORKS *of* PROVIDENCE.

ARISE, my ſoul, on wings enrapturèd riſe,
To praiſe the Monarch of the earth and ſkies,
Whoſe goodneſs and beneficence appear,
As round its centre moves the rolling year,
Or when the Morning glows with roſy charms,
Or the Sun ſlumbers in old Ocean's arms;
Of light divine be a rich portion lent,
To guide my ſoul, and favour my intent.
Celeſtial Muſe, my arduous flight ſuſtain,
And raiſe my mind to a ſeraphic ſtrain!

Adorèd for ever be the God unſeen,
Who round the ſun revolves this vaſt machine,

Though

Though to his eye its maſs a point appears:
Adorèd the God who whirls ſurrounding ſpheres,
Who firſt ordainèd that mighty Sol ſhould reign,
The peerleſs monarch of thè etherial train:
Of miles twice forty millions is his height,
And yet his radiance dazzles mortal ſight.
So far beneath—from him thè extended earth
Vigour derives, and evèry flowèr its birth:
Vaſt through her orb ſhe moves with eaſy grace,
Around her Phœbus in unbounded ſpace;
True to her courſe, thè impetuous ſtorm derides,
Triumphant o'er the Winds, and ſurging Tides.

O'er beings infinite his love extends,
His wiſdom rules them, and his powèr defends.
When taſks diurnal tire the human frame,
The ſpirits faint, and dim the vital flame,
Then too, that ever active bounty ſhines,
Which not infinity of Space confines.
The ſable vail, that night in ſilence draws,
Conceals effects, but ſhews thè Almighty Cauſe;
Night ſeals in ſleep the wide creation fair,
And all is peaceful but the brow of care.
Again, gay Phœbus, as the day before,
Wakes evèry eye, but what ſhall wake no more,
Again the face of nature is renewèd,
Which ſtill appears harmonious, fair, and good.
My grateful ſtrains ſalute the ſmiling morn,
Before its beams the eaſtern hills adorn!

Shall day to day, and night to night conſpire
To ſhew the goodneſs of thè Almighty Sire?
This mental voice, ſhall men regardleſs hear,
And never, never raiſe the filial prayèr?
To-day, O hearken, nor your folly mourn
For time miſpent, that never will return.

Almighty!

Almighty! in theſe wondèrous works of thine,
What powèr! what wiſdom! and what goodneſs ſhine?
And are thy wonders, Lord, by men explorèd,
And yet creating glory unadorèd!

Creation ſmiles in various beauty gay,
While day to night, and night ſucceeds to day:
That wiſdom, which attends Jehovah's ways,
Shines moſt conſpicuous in the ſolar rays:
Without them, deſtitute of heat and light,
This world would be the reign of endleſs night,
In their exceſs how would our race complain,
Abhorring life! how hate its lengthèned chain!
From air and duſt what numèrous ills would riſe?
What dire contagion taint the burning ſkies?
What peſtilential vapours, fraught with death,
Would riſe, and overſpread the lands beneath?

Hail, ſmiling Morn, that from the orient main
Aſcending, doſt adorn the heavènly plain!
So rich, ſo various are thy beautèous dies,
That ſpread through all the circuit of the ſkies;
That, full of thee, my ſoul in rapture ſoars,
And thy great God, the Cauſe of all adores.

But ſee the ſons of vegetation riſe,
And ſpread their leafy banners to the ſkies.
All-wiſe, Almighty Providence we trace,
In trees, and plants, and all the flowèry race:
As clear as in the nobler frame of man,
All lovely copies of the Maker's plan.
The powèr the ſame that forms a ray of light,
That calléd Creation from eternal night.
"Let there be light!" he ſaid; from its profound
Old Chaos heard, and trembléd at the ſound:
Swift as the word, inſpiréd by powèr divine,
Behold the light around its Maker ſhine,

The firſt fair product of the omnific God,
And now through all his works diffuſed abroad.

As Reaſon's powers by day our God diſcloſe,
So we may trace him in the Night's repoſe:
Say what is Sleep? and dreams how paſſing ſtrange!
When action ceaſes, and ideas range
Licentious and unbounded o'er the plains,
Where Fancy's queen in giddy triumph reigns,
Hear in ſoft ſtrains the dreaming lover ſigh
To a kind fair, or rave in jealouſy;
On pleaſure now, and now on vengeance bent,
The labouring paſſions ſtruggle for a vent.
What power, O man! thy Reaſon then reſtores,
So long ſuſpended in nocturnal hours?

A SHORT HYMN.

Coloſſians iii. 8, 9. *But now you alſo put off all theſe; anger, wrath, malice, blaſphemy, filthy communication out of your mouth. Lie not one to another.*

BUT did the ſaints of God, the dead
With *Chriſt*, the partners of his riſe
The Spirit's ſtrongeſt cautions need
'Gainſt every ſin, and every vice?
O what are men (if God remove)
The beſt, the perfected in love?

The holieſt, who their watch remit,
May ſink into the tempter's ſnare,
Will fall into the helliſh pit,
Unleſs with humble, ceaſeleſs prayer,
They to the laſt themſelves deny,
And conquerors in the harneſs die.

END OF VOL. IV.

CONTENTS

OF

VOLUME IV.

Page

THE Preface —— —— —— iii

Of Predeſtination; tranſlated from Sebaſtian Caſtellio's Dialogues, between Lewis and Frederic. Dialogue I. 7

The ſame, continued —— 65

The ſame, continued —— 121

The ſame, continued —— 177

The ſame, continued —— 233

The ſame, continued —— 289

The ſame, concluded —— 345

Of Election. Dialogue II. —— —— 401

The ſame, continued —— 457

The ſame, continued —— 513

The ſame, continued —— 569

The ſame, continued —— 625

Original Sermons. By the Rev. Mr. Weſley. Sermon I. on 1 Timothy vi. 9. —— —— 15

The ſame, concluded —— 73

Sermon II. on 1 John v. 20. —— —— 129

The ſame, concluded —— 184

Sermon III. on 1 John v. 21. —— —— 242

The ſame, concluded —— 300

Sermon IV. on 1 John iii. 8. —— —— 360

The ſame, concluded —— 408

Sermon

Page

Sermon V. on Galatians iv. 18. —— —— 463
The ſame, concluded —— 520
Sermon VI. on 1 Corinthians xiv. 20 —— 571
The ſame, concluded —— 630
An Account of Mr. Chriſtopher Hopper —— 23
The ſame, continued —— 82
The ſame, concluded —— 136
An Extract from the Diary of Mrs. Bathſheba Hall 35
The ſame, continued —— 91
The ſame, continued —— 148
The ſame, continued —— 195
The ſame, continued —— 256
The ſame continued —— 309
The ſame, concluded —— 372
An Extract from a Survey of the Wiſdom of God in the Creation —— —— —— 41
The ſame, continued —— 98
The ſame, continued —— 155
The ſame, continued —— 201
The ſame, continued —— 263
The ſame, continued —— 316
The ſame, continued —— 377
The ſame, continued —— 425
The ſame, continued —— 484
The ſame, continued —— 538
The ſame, continued —— 596
The ſame, continued —— 646
An Account of Baron Swedenborg —— —— 46
Thoughts on the Power of Muſic —— —— 103
An Account of Mrs. Jane Muncy —— 153
Some Account of Mr. Richard Whatcoat —— 190
An Account of Sarah Whiſkin —— —— 198
Thoughts upon Baron Monteſquieu's Spirit of Laws 206
An Account of the Brothers' Steps —— —— 209
Remarks on the Nature and Deſign of an Oath. By Dr. S. 211
An Addreſs to Priſoners and Captives. By the late Mr. Charles Perronet —— —— —— 213

On

Page

On Popery. A Letter to the Printer of the Public Advertiſer. By the Rev. Mr. Weſley —— —— 239
Some Account of Mr. William Green —— 251
The ſame, concluded —— 304
A ſhort Account of John Woolley —— 259
Thoughts upon Jacob Behmen. By the Rev. Mr. Weſley 268
A Narrative of Capt. Kennedy's Diſtreſs and Deliverance 274
An Expoſition of the three great Articles of the Creed By the late Mr. Charles Perronet —— 275
On Popery. Two Letters to the Editors of the Freeman's Journal. To the Reader —— —— 295
Letter I. —— —— —— 296
Letter II. —— —— —— 352
A ſhort Account of Mrs. Suſannah Weſley: extracted from the Journal of the Rev. Mr. J. Weſley —— 312
A Scheme of Self-Examination, uſed by the firſt Methodiſts in Oxford —— —— —— 319
An Account of Mr. Studley —— —— 323
A true Narrative of a prodigious Storm of Wind, Rain, Thunder and Lightning, that happened at Athlone, the 27th of October 1697. —— —— 327
Righteouſneſs the Path of Peace. Suffering the Means of Purity. By the late Mr. Charles Perronet —— 329
Some Account of Mr. Duncan Wright. Wrote by himſelf 367
The ſame, continued —— 414
The ſame, continued —— 469
The ſame, concluded —— 526
A ſhort Account of Mrs. S——: extracted from the Rev. Mr. Weſley's Journal —— —— 375
An extraordinary Inſtance of divine Providence to Mr. David Anderſon —— —— 379
A plain Account of Kingswood School, near Briſtol 381
The ſame, continued —— 432
The ſame, concluded —— 486
An Arian Antidote —— —— 384
Philanthropy. A Fragment, by the late Mr. C. Perronet 386
A ſhort Account of Mr. Thomas Joyce —— 419
An Account of Mrs. Alice Benden —— —— 428

An

Page
An Account of the ſurpriſing Deliverance of Mr. J. Rogers 429
Philanthropy. Unfiniſhed. By the late Mr. Cha. Perronet 436
The ſame, concluded ——— 494
On the Motto of a Seal—Believe!—Love!—Obey! 439
A ſhort Account of Mrs. Ruth Hall ——— —— 477
An Account of Mr. Julius Palmer ——— —— 481
The ſame, continued ——— 530
The ſame, concluded ——— 590
Some Account of the Death of Mr. Charles Perronet 528
A ſhort Account of Mr. Thomas Clark ——— 533
An Account of a remarkable Deliverance ——— 535
Reflections on the Sabbath-Day ——— —— 542
Thoughts on the propriety of the Methodiſts attending divine Service in the Church of England. By the late Mr. Samuel Wells ——— —— 546
The ſame, continued ——— 601
The ſame, concluded ——— 652
Thoughts on Perfection. By Mr. J. B. ——— 549
Some Account of the Life of Mr. Thomas Payne —— 580
The ſame, concluded ——— 637
A Supplement to the Life of Mr. Thomas Taylor —— 587
Of the right Method of meeting Claſſes and Bands, in the Methodiſt Societies. By the late Mr. Cha. Perronet 604
Neceſſity conſidered as influencing Practice: extracted from Biſhop Butler's Analogy of Religion —— 606
The ſame, concluded ——— 649
An Extract from the Minutes of a Conference, between the Rev. Mr. J. Weſley and Others, 1781 ——— 622
An Account of Mr. Thomas Eden. By the Rev. Mr. B— 642
A ſhort Account of the Death of Elizabeth Marſh, and two others —— —— —— 644
Captain Spencer's Account of the taking and retaking of his Ship ——— ——— —— 655
On War ——— ——— —— 658

LETTERS.

Letter CXLIII. From Miſs B. to the Rev. Mr. Weſley 50
Letter CXLIV. From Mrs. M. W. to the ſame —— 52

Letter

Page

Letter CXLV. From Mrs. M. W. to the Rev. Mr. Wefley 53
Letter CXLVI. From the ſame, to the ſame —— 54
Letter CXLVII. From the ſame, to the ſame —— 55
Letter CXLVIII. From the ſame, to the ſame —— 56
Letter CXLIX. From Miſs B. to the Rev. Mr. Wefley 107
Letter CL. From Mrs. W. to the ſame —— 109
Letter CLI. From Mr. J. C. M. to the ſame —— 110
Letter CLII. From ——, to the ſame —— 112
Letter CLIII. From Mrs. E. S. to the ſame —— 113
Letter CLIV. From Miſs B. to the ſame —— 160
Letter CLV. From ——, to the ſame —— 162
Letter CLVI. From Mrs. H. C——k, to the ſame —— 165
Letter CLVII. From the ſame, to the ſame —— 166
Letter CLVIII. From the Rev. Mr. Wefley to a Friend, concerning a Paſſage in a Monthly Review —— 167
Letter CLIX. From Miſs B. to the Rev. Mr. Wefley 217
Letter CLX. From Mr. Thomas Rankin, to the ſame 218
Letter CLXI. From the Rev. Mr. Wefley, to —— 219
Letter CLXII. From Miſs B. to the Rev. Mr. Wefley 278
Letter CLXIII. From Mr. J. D. to the ſame —— 279
Letter CLXIV. From Mrs. H. H——n, to the ſame — 282
Letter CLXV. From Miſs B. to the ſame —— 333
Letter CLXVI. From Mr. Coughlan, to the ſame —— 336
Letter CLXVII. From the ſame, to the ſame —— 337
Letter CLXVIII. From Mr. Eraſmus Middleton to the ſame 338
Letter CLXIX. From Miſs B. to the ſame —— 388
Letter CLXX. From Mrs. H. H——n, to the ſame — 390
Letter CLXXI. From the ſame, to the ſame —— 391
Letter CLXXII. From the ſame, to the ſame —— 392
Letter CLXXIII. From Mrs. E. M——n, to the ſame 393
Letter CLXXIV. From Miſs B. to the ſame —— 442
Letter CLXXV. From Mrs. E. M——n, to the ſame — 444
Letter CLXXVI. From the ſame, to the ſame —— 446
Letter CLXXVII. From the ſame, to the ſame —— 447
Letter CLXXVIII. From Mrs. Sarah Oddie, to the ſame 449
Letter CLXXIX. From Miſs B. to the ſame —— 497
Letter CLXXX. From Mrs. Ruth Hall, to the ſame — ibid.

Letter

Page

Letter CLXXXI. From Mrs. Ruth Hall to the Rev. Mr. Wefley —— —— —— 498
Letter CLXXXII. From the ſame, to the ſame —— 500
Letter CLXXXIII. From Mrs. D. King, to the ſame 501
Letter CLXXXIV. From the ſame, to the ſame —— 502
Letter CLXXXV. From the ſame, to the ſame —— 503
Letter CLXXXVI. From the ſame, to the ſame —— 504
Letter CLXXXVII. From Miſs B. to the ſame —— 554
Letter CLXXXVIII. From Mrs. Ruth Hall, to the ſame 555
Letter CLXXXIX. From the ſame, to the ſame —— 556
Letter CXC. From the ſame, to the ſame —— 557
Letter CXCI. From Mrs. S. C——, to the ſame —— 559
Letter CXCII. From the ſame, to the ſame —— 560
Letter CXCIII. From Miſs B. to the ſame —— 609
Letter CXCIV. From Mrs. Ruth Hall, to the ſame — 610
Letter CXCV. From the ſame, to the ſame —— 611
Letter CXCVI. From the ſame, to the ſame —— 612
Letter CXCVII. From Mrs. S. C——, to the ſame — 613
Letter CXCVIII. From the ſame, to the ſame —— 614
Letter CXCIX. From the ſame, to the ſame —— 615
Letter CC. From Miſs B. to a Friend —— 660
Letter CCI. From Mrs. Ruth Hall, to the Rev. Mr. Wefley 662
Letter CCII. From the ſame, to the ſame —— 663
Letter CCIII. From the ſame, to the ſame —— 664
Letter CCIV. From the ſame, to the ſame —— 665
Letter CCV. From Mrs. S. C——, to the ſame — 667
Letter CCVI. From the ſame, to the ſame —— 668
Letter CCVII. From the Rev. Mr. Wefley, to the Rev. Mr. F—— —— —— —— 670

POETRY.

Univerſal Good, the Object of the Divine Will; and all Evil, the neceſſary Effect of the Creature's Oppoſition to it 58
A Prayer —— —— —— 59
An Evening Walk from Richmond to Kew. By Miſs E. N. 60
To Sylvia. By Miſs C. —— —— 62

An

Page
An Old Man's Prayer —— —— 63
Short Hymns on Iſaiah xxxii. 2. —— —— 64
A Prayer uſed by Francis the Firſt, when he was at war with the Emperor Charles the Fifth —— 114
On Attention —— —— —— 115
An Elegy on Death —— —— ibid.
A Prayer —— —— —— 117
Short Hymns on Iſaiah xli. 17.—xlii. 3.—xlix. 8. 119, 120
The Italian Biſhop —— —— 168
Religious Diſcourſe —— —— 170
Walking with God. From the Olney Collection — 174
Short Hymns on Iſaiah lvii. 15, 16, 17. —— 176
A Strictura on the Biſhop of Glouceſter's Doctrine of Grace 226
An Old Man's Prayer —— —— 228
For the Church —— —— 229
Verſes taken from the Tomb-Stone of Margaret Scott 230
Aſk what I ſhall give thee. From the Olney Collection 231
Short Hymns on Jeremiah xlix. 11. Matt. v. 13 — ibid. 232
A Meditation for Paſſion Week. By Dr. Byron —— 284
Aſk what I ſhall give thee. From the Olney Collection 285
Ode in praiſe of a Country Life. By J. Seymour, Eſq. 286
A Verſion of the firſt Chapter of St. Paul's Epiſtle to the Hebrews —— —— 287
Wiſe Epicuriſm —— —— 288
Short Hymns on Matt. vii. 25.—x. 30. —— ibid.
No longer Pipe, no longer Dance —— 340
The joy of the Lord is your ſtrength. From the Olney Collection 341
The Potter and his Clay. A Hymn aſcribed to Dr. W. Contraſted by Dr. B. —— —— 342
The Contraſt —— —— 343
An Epitaph on Edward Hearne —— 344
A ſhort Hymn on Mark iii. 5 —— —— ibid.
St. Cecilia's Hymn. By Dr. Byron —— —— 396
Pleading for Mercy. From the Olney Collection — 397
Inſcription near a Sheep-Cot —— —— 398
Short Hymns on John ix. 4.—xviii. 20 —— 400
A penitential Soliloquy. By Dr. Byron —— 452

None

Page
None upon Earth I desire besides thee. From the Olney Collection ——— ——— ——— 453
A Prayer, written at the time of the Insurrection, June 1780 455
On the Messengers of God ——— ——— 456
A short Hymn on Romans xv. 2. ——— ——— ibid.
The Beggar and the Divine. By Dr. Byron ——— 505
The Believer's Safety. From the Olney Collection 508
The Swallows; written in September 1748 ——— 509
On Old Age ——— ——— ——— 511
Short Hymns on 1 Cor. xv. 42, 43. ——— 512
A Dying Speech. By Dr. Byron ——— ——— 561
The Believer's Safety. From the Olney Collection ——— 562
An Elegy on Evening ——— ——— 563
Ode to Spring. By Miss F. ——— ——— 566
For Love ——— ——— ——— 567
A short Hymn on 1 Cor. xv. 43. ——— ——— 568
On Trinity Sunday. By Dr. Byron ——— 616
Vanity of Life. From the Olney Collection ——— 618
On Friendship. By Miss J. ——— ——— 619
Altered from a celebrated Song ——— ——— 620
To a Friend ——— ——— ——— ibid.
An Epitaph on Mr. Peter Jaco ——— ——— 621
A short Hymn on 1 Cor. xv. 44. ——— ——— ibid.
On Church-Communion. By Dr. Byron ——— 671
The Name of Jesus. From the Olney Collection ——— 673
A Prayer, written at the time of the Insurrection, June 1780 674
On the Death of a Child, five Years of Age. By Phillis Wheatley, a Negro ——— ——— 676
On the Death of a young Gentleman ——— ibid.
Thoughts on the Works of Providence ——— 677
A short Hymn on Colossians iii. 8, 9. ——— ——— 680

ERRATA.

P. 19. l. 35. *for* pirit *read* Spirit ---*f.* Letters 153, &c. in the first Number, *r.* 143, &c.---p. 360, l. 27, *r.* 1 John iii.--p. 362, l. 24, *r.* Hæc. ib. *r.* donat et. p. 384, l. 12, *r.* Eutropius. ib. *r.* Lucius. l. 26, *r.* Phædrus'.----p. 431, *dele* To be concluded in our next.