To the READER.

HAVING juſt received the following Letter from a Friend, I think it proper to communicate it to the public.

"Conſidering the Nature of a Magazine, and the variety of perſons through whom This in particular circulates; conſidering how various they are in their capacity, in their judgment, in their taſte, and in their degrees of ſpiritual light and underſtanding: a little reflection may convince us, that in the very nature of things, it is impoſſible to *pleaſe all!* Nay, one might venture to ſay, to pleaſe half, or even one third of our Readers. Perhaps among five thouſand ſubſcribers, not even five would be found to agree in their judgment and taſte with reſpect to *all* the articles of *this*, or any other Magazine.

"I believe we might apply in this inſtance, as well as in many others, the fable of Jupiter and the Countrymen, who petitioned him concerning the weather: When our Subſcribers ſhall all agree, what kind of Magazine they would have, you may promiſe, "They ſhall have it." Some, doubtleſs, would delight in what

what is as dull as Sternhold and Hopkins: others in what is as ſublime as Milton or Young. Yea, however you could combine the *utile* and the *dulce* together, yet you could not pleaſe all.

"Some years ſince it was objected to the Magazines, "that they conſiſted of *too few* Articles," being uſually about twelve. Objections of an oppoſite nature have been made of late years; namely, that each conſiſts of *too many*; perhaps three or four and twenty. In order to avoid both extremes, may not a medium be obſerved; and each Magazine generally conſiſt of about ſixteen or eighteen Articles? You will excuſe, I doubt not, what I have written, as you ſee my intention."

I perfectly agree with this advice, and purpoſe it ſhall be taken for the time to come.

J. W.

Taunton, Aug. 12, 1789.

THE Arminian Magazine,

For JANUARY 1790.

An Illuſtration of Part of the Seventh Chapter of the Epiſtle to the Romans, from verſe 14, to the end of the Chapter.

By JAMES SMITH, *Miniſter in* DUMFERMLINE.

SINCE the days of Auguſtine, down to the preſent age, many have been of opinion, that St. Paul's account of the carnal man, in the ſeventh chapter of his epiſtle to the Romans, is a true account of his condition even after his converſion. Accordingly this paſſage hath become the ſtandard, by which Chriſtians are directed to try their intereſt in Chriſt; and the illuſtration of a good man's character is frequently taken from it. According to that opinion, every part in this paſſage is, at all times, applicable to the moſt eminent in the family of God, and the whole paſſage, from the 14th verſe to the end of the chapter, contains the cleareſt marks of a true Chriſtian. This is the preſent opinion of the generality of Preſbyterians in Scotland.

Though I am perfectly ſatisfied as to the general ſcope of the paſſage; yet, I dare not be ſo confident as to the ſenſe of particular expreſſions; and therefore beg the reader would not haſtily reject the opinion, though ſome parts of the illuſtration be unexceptionable.

Nothing is more difficult than to convince men that any of their religious opinions are erroneous. The more implicitly mankind receive their principles, the more tenaciouſly they generally maintain them; and the leſs they are underſtood, the more are ſuch profeſſors irritated to hear them called in queſtion.

In this attempt, therefore, to illuſtrate a portion of ſcripture contrary to a received opinion, I have reaſon to expect from many violent oppoſition and keen reproach. And nothing but a full conviction of the truth and importance of this opinion, could induce me to ſupport it.

Unconſcious of any other motives than the intereſts of religion, and good of mankind, I only beg to be heard without prejudice, and oppoſed with candour.

As the faults of an individual are more viſible to another than to himſelf; ſo the errors of any religious denomination are better diſcovered by thoſe who differ from them than by themſelves. Were men humble enough to receive inſtruction from their opponents, different opinions might advance the intereſts of truth. But the pride and prejudices of the human mind often prevent men from profiting by the obſervations of opponents: theſe are frequently rejected without examination, or weighed with prejudice. On this account, I am afraid, that my opinion of this paſſage, will be ill received by my Chriſtian brethren; however, the queſtion is not, by whom it is maintained, but is it true?

Different opinions may be embraced with ſafety, if they do not lead to dangerous conſequences; but when the interpretation of any paſſage of ſcripture endangers the intereſts of religion, then ought we to lift up our voice againſt it.

We

We cannot well conceive two opinions more contrary to one another than thoſe which have been maintained by commentators concerning the ſignification of this paſſage. That the ſubject is intereſting, and the right underſtanding of it of vaſt importance, is generally granted: but as the opinion, that St. Paul is here deſcribing his ſtate of grace, hath taken deep root in the preſent generation, and is not likely to be eaſily ſhaken, I earneſtly beſeech my Chriſtian brethren, deliberately to weigh the certain conſequences, if that opinion be ill founded. And,

Such as embrace an opinion ſo contrary to the ſenſe of the text, can have no benefit by this part of revelation: it is to them as if it were blotted out of the book of God. We only profit by the ſcriptures, ſo far as we underſtand them: what we totally miſunderſtand, is as if it were ſealed up from us: this is the leaſt injury we can ſuſtain. That teacher, who, by totally miſrepreſenting this, or any one paſſage of ſcripture, ſo as to hide its real ſignification from the church, is guilty of taking that much of God's word from thoſe whom he thus deceiveth.

1. This tends to blend together two characters eſſentially diſtinct from one another. Thoſe, who interpret the characteriſtic marks of an unregenerate man, as clearly deſcribed by an inſpired apoſtle, to be evidences of an eminent ſaint, do great diſſervice to religion. The injury is not leſs fatal, becauſe done ignorantly.

2. This interpretation of the paſſage goes far to invalidate the apoſtle's teſtimony as a witneſs for Jeſus. The apoſtle's uprightneſs, after he embraced the goſpel of Jeſus, is of great importance to Chriſtianity. But, if we aſcribe to him that temper and conduct which is characteriſtic of the wicked, we thereby invalidate his teſtimony. He urged his own conduct as an example to the churches, and declared, "That he was in nothing behind the very chief apoſtles." If St. Paul had been an impoſtor, ſo were the other apoſtles. No traits could better ſuit the character of an impoſtor, than ſome parts of this

paſſage. We cannot deſcribe his character better, than by ſaying of him, "He is ſold under ſin:" the criminal paſſions, with which he is actuated, war againſt the law of his conſcience, and carry him captive to the law of ſin: his conſcience often ſmites him; he then would do good, but his evil paſſions are ſtill preſent with him and prevail. There is no good dwelling in the man: how to do that which is good he finds not, but practiſeth evil, in oppoſition both to his light and conſcience. Such, however, is the character which many have long given to the apoſtle of the Gentiles, and the followers of Jeſus.

3. This opinion hath become a dreadful ſnare to the ſouls of men: "Go, ſay the teachers of Chriſtianity, to people ever apt to flatter and deceive their own ſouls; go, try your hearts and lives by theſe infallible evidences of ſainthip: if ye are what St. Paul was, your ſalvation is ſure: that ye may not be diſcouraged becauſe of remaining corruption, we aſſure you, though ye be carnal, ſold under ſin; though no good dwell in you; though ye cannot do good; though ye practiſe evil; though your luſts war againſt the inclinations of your mind, and carry you captive to the law of ſin; though ye outwardly with the fleſh ſerve the law of ſin; yet if ye deſire to act otherwiſe, though ye do it not, and with the inward man delight in the law which ye thus tranſgreſs, and conſent to it that it is good; then ye are in a ſituation perfectly the ſame with the chief of ſaints!"

Whoever attends to the principles and practices of profeſſors in general, will find, that there is no paſſage in ſcripture, with which they are better acquainted than this: the greater number can repeat the ſubſtance of this portion of ſcripture; and thoſe, whoſe conduct is very blameable, excuſe themſelves by repeating ſome of the expreſſions here uſed; hence that which was intended by the Spirit of God to become the means of conviction to ſuch, by this miſrepreſentation tends to harden them in vice.

[*To be continued.*]

SERMON

SERMON LV.

On 2 COR. v. 7.

We walk by faith, not by ſight.

1. HOW ſhort is this deſcription of real Chriſtians! And yet how exceeding full! It comprehends, it ſums up the whole experience of thoſe that are truly ſuch, from the time they are born of God, till they remove into *Abraham's* boſom. For, who are the *we* that are here ſpoken of? All that are true Chriſtian believers. I ſay, *Chriſtian*, not *Jewiſh believers*. All that are not only *ſervants* but *children* of God. All that have *the Spirit of adoption, crying in their hearts, Abba, Father*. All that have *the Spirit* of God *witneſſing with their ſpirits, that they are the ſons of God*.

2. All theſe, and theſe alone can ſay, *We walk by faith, and not by ſight*. But before we can poſſibly *walk by faith*, we muſt *live* by faith, and not by ſight. And to all real Chriſtians our Lord ſaith, *Becauſe I live, ye live alſo: ye live a life*, which the world, whether learned or unlearned, *know not of. You that*, like the world, *were dead in treſpaſſes and ſins, hath he quickened, and made alive*; given you new ſenſes, ſpiritual ſenſes: *ſenſes exerciſed to diſcern* ſpiritual *good and evil*.

3. In order throughly to underſtand this important truth, it may be proper to conſider the whole matter. All the children of men that are not born of God, *walk by ſight*, having no higher principle. By *ſight*, that is, by *ſenſe*: a part being put for the whole; the ſight for all the ſenſes: the rather, becauſe it is more noble and more extenſive than any, or all the reſt. There are but few objects which we can diſcern by the three inferior ſenſes of taſte, ſmell, and feeling: and none of theſe can take any cognizance of its object, unleſs it be brought into

into a direct contact with it. Hearing, it is true, has a larger ſphere of action, and gives us ſome knowledge of things that are diſtant. But how ſmall is that diſtance, ſuppoſe it were fifty or a hundred miles, compared to that between the earth and the Sun? And what is even this, in compariſon of the diſtance of the Sun and Moon and the fixt ſtars? Yet the ſight continually takes knowledge of objects even at this amazing diſtance!

4. By ſight, we take knowledge of the viſible world, from the ſurface of the earth, to the region of the fixt ſtars. But what is the world viſible to us, but "a ſpeck of creation," compared to the whole univerſe? To the inviſible world? That part of the creation which we cannot ſee at all, by reaſon of its diſtance? In the place of which, through the imperfection of our ſenſes, we are preſented with an univerſal blank?

5. But beſide theſe innumerable objects, which we cannot ſee by reaſon of their diſtance, have we not ſufficient ground to believe, that there are innumerable others of too delicate a nature to be diſcerned by any of our ſenſes? Do not all men of unprejudiced reaſon allow (the ſmall number of Materialiſts or Atheiſts, the ſame thing, I cannot term *men of reaſon*) that there is an inviſible world, naturally ſuch, as well as a viſible one? But which of our ſenſes is fine enough to take the leaſt knowledge of this? We can no more perceive any part of this, by our ſight, than by our feeling. Should we allow with the antient Poet, that

> "Millions of ſpiritual creatures walk the earth
> Unſeen, both when we wake, and when we ſleep,"

Should we allow, that the great Spirit, the Father of all, filleth both heaven and earth. Yet is the fineſt of our ſenſes utterly incapable of perceiving either Him or them.

6. All our external ſenſes are evidently adapted to this external, viſible world. They are deſigned to ſerve us only while

while we ſojourn here, while we dwell in theſe houſes of clay. They have nothing to do with the inviſible world: they are not adapted to it. And they can take no more cognizance of the eternal, than of the inviſible world. Although we are as fully aſſured of the exiſtence of this, as of any thing in the preſent world. We cannot think death puts a period to our being. The body indeed returns to duſt: but the ſoul, being of a nobler nature, is not affected thereby. There is therefore an eternal world, of what kind ſoever it be. But how ſhall we attain the knowledge of this! What will teach us to draw aſide the veil

"That hangs 'twixt mortal and immortal being?"

We all know

"The vaſt, the unbounded proſpect lies before us,"

But are we not conſtrained to add,

"Yet clouds, alas! and darkneſs reſt upon it."

7. The moſt excellent of our ſenſes, it is undeniably plain, can give us no aſſiſtance herein. And what can our boaſted reaſon do? It is now univerſally allowed, *Nihil eſt in intellectu quod non fuit prius in ſenſu*: Nothing is in the underſtanding, which was not firſt perceived by ſome of the ſenſes. Conſequently the underſtanding having here nothing to work upon, can afford us no help at all. So that in ſpite of all the information we can gain, either from ſenſe or reaſon, both the inviſible and eternal world are unknown to all that *walk by ſight*.

8. But is there no help? Muſt they remain in total darkneſs, concerning the inviſible and the eternal world? We cannot affirm this: even the Heathens did not all remain in total darkneſs concerning them. Some few rays of light have

in

in all ages and nations gleamed through the ſhade. Some light they derived from various fountains, touching the inviſible world. *The heavens declared the glory of God*, though not to their outward ſight: *the firmament ſhewed* to the eyes of their underſtanding the exiſtence of their Maker. From the creation they inferred, the being of a Creator, powerful and wiſe, juſt and merciful. And hence they concluded, there muſt be an eternal world, a future ſtate to commence after the preſent, wherein the juſtice of God in puniſhing wicked men, and his mercy in rewarding the righteous will be openly and undeniably diſplayed in the ſight of all intelligent creatures.

9. We may likewiſe reaſonably ſuppoſe, that ſome traces of knowledge, both with regard to the inviſible and the eternal world, were delivered down from *Noah* and his children, both to their immediate and remote deſcendents. And however theſe were obſcured or diſguiſed by the addition of numberleſs fables, yet ſomething of truth was ſtill mingled with them, and theſe ſtreaks of light prevented utter darkneſs. Add to this, that God never in any age or nation, *left himſelf* quite *without a witneſs* in the hearts of men; but while he *gave them rain and fruitful ſeaſons*, imparted ſome imperfect knowledge of the Giver. *He is the true light that* ſtill, in ſome degree, *enlighteneth every man that cometh into the world.*

10. But all theſe lights put together availed no farther, than to produce a faint twilight. It gave them, even the moſt enlightened of them, no ἔλεγχος, no demonſtration, no demonſtrative conviction, either of the inviſible, or of the eternal world. Our philoſophical Poet juſtly terms *Socrates*

"The wiſeſt of all moral men."

that is, of all that were not favoured with divine revelation. Yet what evidence had he of another world, when he addreſſed thoſe that had condemned him to death.

" And

"And now, O ye Judges, ye are going to live, and I am going to die. Which of theſe is beſt, God knows: but I ſuppoſe, no man does." Alas! What a confeſſion is this? Is this all the evidence that poor, dying *Socrates* had, either of an inviſible, or an eternal world! And yet even this is preferable to the light of the great and good Emperor, *Adrian*. Remember, ye modern heathens, and copy after his pathetic addreſs to his parting ſoul. (For fear I ſhould puzzle you with *Latin*, I give it you in *Prior's* fine tranſlation.)

"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."

11. "Thou knoweſt not what!" True, there was no knowledge of what was to be hoped or feared after death, till *the Sun of Righteouſneſs* aroſe, to diſpel all their vain conjectures; and *brought life and immortality*, that is, immortal life *to light through the goſpel*. Then, (and not till then, unleſs in ſome rare inſtances) God revealed, unveiled the inviſible world. He then revealed himſelf to the children of men. *The Father revealed the Son* in their hearts: *and the Son revealed the Father. He that of old time commanded light to ſhine in their hearts, and enlightened them with the knowledge of the glory of God, in the face of Jeſus Chriſt.*

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

A ſhort Account of Mr. GEORGE SHADFORD.

[Written by Himſelf.]

I Was born at *Scotter* near *Kirton* in *Lindſey*, *Lincolnſhire*, Jan. 19, 1739. When I was very young, I was uncommonly afraid of death. At about eight or nine years of age, being very ill of a ſore throat and like to die, I was awfully afraid of another world; for, I felt my heart very wicked, and my conſcience ſmote me for many things that I had done amiſs.

As I grew up I was very prone to ſpeak bad words, and often to perform wicked actions. We lived by a river ſide, where a part of my cruel ſport was to hurt or kill the poor innocent fowls. One day ſeeing a large flock of ducks ſitting cloſe together, I threw a ſtick with great violence, killed one of them upon the ſpot, and was highly diverted at ſeeing it die, till I ſaw the owner of it come out of his houſe and threaten me ſeverely. I was then ſorely troubled, and knew not where to run. I knew I had ſinned, and was greatly afraid leſt it ſhould come to my father's knowledge, therefore I dare not go home for a long time.

I was very prone to break the ſabbath, and being fond of play, took every opportunity on Sunday to ſteal away from my father. In the forenoon indeed, he always made me go to church with him, and when dinner was over, he made me and my ſiſter read a chapter or two in the Bible, and charged me not to play in the afternoon: but notwithſtanding all he ſaid, if any perſon came in to talk with him, I took that opportunity to ſteal away, and he ſaw me not till evening, when he called me to an account.

I wiſhed

I wiſhed many times that the Rev. Mr. *Smith*, the Miniſter of the pariſh, was dead, becauſe he hindered our ſports on the Lord's day. One Sunday finding me and ſeveral others at football, he purſued me near a quarter of a mile. I ran until I was juſt ready to fall down; but coming to a bank, over which I tumbled, I eſcaped his hands for that time. My conſcience always troubled me for theſe ſins: but having a flow of animal ſpirits, and being tempted of the devil, and drawn by my companions and evil deſires, I was always carried captive by them.

My mother inſiſted on my ſaying my prayers every night and morning at leaſt; and ſent me to be catechized by the miniſter every Sunday. At fourteen years of age my parents ſent me to the Biſhop to be confirmed; and at ſixteen they deſired me to prepare to receive the bleſſed ſacrament: for about a month before it, I retired from all vain company, prayed and read alone; whilſt the Spirit of God ſet home what I read to my heart. I wept much in ſecret, was aſhamed of my paſt life, and thought I would never ſpend my time on Sundays as I had done. When I approached the table of the Lord, it appeared ſo awful to me that I was like to fall down, and as if I was going to the judgment ſeat of Chriſt. However very ſoon my heart was melted down like wax before the fire. Theſe good impreſſions continued about three months. For, I often thought "If I ſin any more, I ſhall have eat and drunk my own damnation, not diſcerning the Lord's body."

I broke off from all my companions, and retired to read on the Lord's day; ſometimes into my chamber, at other times into the field; but very frequently into the church-yard, near which my father lived. I have ſpent, amongſt the graves, two or three hours at a time, ſometimes reading, and ſometimes praying, until my mind ſeemed tranſported, in taſting the powers of the world to come. So that I verily believe, had I been acquainted with the Methodiſts at that time, I ſhould have ſoon found remiſſion of ſins, and peace with God: but I had

not a ſingle companion that feared God; all were light and trifling. Nay, I believe at that time the whole town was covered with darkneſs, and ſat in the ſhadow of death.

Having none to guide or direct me, the devil ſoon perſuaded me to take more liberty; and ſuggeſted that I had repented and reformed enough; that there was no need to be always ſo preciſe; that there were no young people in the town did as I did; and that I might take a walk amongſt them on Sundays in the afternoon without being wicked. I gave way to this fatal device of Satan, and by little and little, loſt all my good deſires and reſolutions, and ſoon became weak as in times paſt.

After this I became intimate with two young men that lived about a mile off, who were very often reading books that were entertaining to youth of a carnal mind; ſuch as Ovid's Metamorphoſes, and his Art of Love, &c. which ſoon had a tendency to corrupt and debauch my mind. Now religious books became taſteleſs and inſipid to me; my corruptions grew ſtronger and ſtronger, and the bleſſed Spirit being grieved, my propenſity to ſin increaſed more than ever.

I was fond of wreſtling, running, leaping, football, dancing, and ſuch like ſports, and I gloried in them: becauſe I could excel moſt in the town and pariſh. At the age of twenty I was ſo active that I ſeemed a compound of life and fire, and had ſuch a flow of animal ſpirits that I was never in my element, but when employed in ſuch kind of ſports.

About this time the Militia Act took place; and I thought I would learn the manual exerciſe; and as we had no expectation of marching from home, it would be pretty employment for me at Eaſter or Whitſuntide. Four perſons were allotted to ſerve in the Militia at the place of my nativity. One of them, a young man, was much afraid to go. I aſked him what he would give me to take his place? He thought at firſt I was only in jeſt; but when he ſaw I was in earneſt, he gave

gave all I aſked, which was ſeven guineas. When my parents heard I was inliſted, they were almoſt diſtracted, eſpecially my father. I was greatly afflicted in my mind, when I ſaw my parents in ſuch trouble on my account. At their deſire, therefore, I went back to undo what I had done; but to no purpoſe: ſo at the time appointed I was ſworn in.

At the end of the year the Militia was called off to *Manchester*, where we lay moſt of the winter. While we lay here I was taken ill of a fever, and found myſelf horribly afraid of death; but when I recovered, my diſtreſs ſoon wore off again. One night about nine o'clock juſt as I was going to bed, I heard the drums beat to arms! We ſoon underſtood that an expreſs was come to town for our company to march immediately to *Liverpool*; and that *Thurot* had landed at *Carrickfergus*, in *Ireland*. We were under arms immediately, marched all night, and arrived at *Warrington* about break of day, and at *Liverpool* the next evening.

My chief concern now was, for fear (if we ſhould have an engagement) that my life and ſoul ſhould be loſt together; for I knew very well I was not prepared for death. The next ſummer we were quartered at *Cheſter* and *Knutsford*; and the winter following we lay at *Gainſborough* in *Lincolnſhire*. This year I was often very miſerable and unhappy. I well remember one day, when being exceedingly provoked by one of my comrades, I ſwore at him two bitter oaths, by the name of God; (a practice I had not been guilty of.) Immediately I was, as it were, ſtabbed to the heart by a ſword. I was ſenſible I had grievouſly ſinned againſt God, and ſtopped directly. I believe I never ſwore another oath afterward.

[*To be continued.*]

An Account of the Death of Mr. WILLIAM M'CORNOCK: *in a Letter to the Rev. Mr.* WESLEY.

Dominica, Aug. 12, 1789.

Rev. Sir,

THOUGH I am not perſonally acquainted with you, I take the liberty of giving you an account of the death of the late Mr. *M'Cornock*, a Miſſionary ſent hither laſt year by your order; and this liberty I take, through the reſpect which I bear to his memory.

Shortly after his arrival in this Iſland, I met him about a mile from where I live, very much embarraſſed with an unruly mule. I made my ſervant to fix on well his ſaddle and bridle; after which Mr. *M'Cornock* mounted. I urged him to go home with me; but, as he had promiſed to preach at Mr. *Charrurier's*, he went there directly.

Some time afterwards he came to ſee me, and he exhorted the ſlaves here, which had great effect, for, they were greatly taken with him. His admonitions were very agreeable. He was as eaſy in a houſe, as a young child. He was a ſenſible and agreeable companion; and one I have reaſon to regret very much. He has frequently ſuffered very great inſults in the town of *Roſſeau*, when doing duty in a houſe he had rented for that purpoſe. They were chiefly ſea-faring people, and when they went away, he was undiſturbed.

He was loved and liked by the better ſort of people; eſpecially thoſe who were inclining to God. He went twice or thrice to *Prince Rupert's Head*, about thirty miles from where I live, and generally went by water; but his laſt jaunt thither proved fatal to him. He bought a horſe, that he might ſtop with, and exhort the inhabitants on the road to *Prince Rupert's Head*. This was a moſt ſevere and fatiguing journey, eſpecially for a gentleman not inured to the climate.

He

He caught a ſevere bilious fever, and after he got to his journey's end, he continued preaching to, and exhorting the people there for about three days. Then he took to bed, and lay two days delirious, when our bleſſed Lord took the dear man to himſelf. I rejoice for him at his happy change; but regret for myſelf. I am too much affected to write as fully as my inclination dictates. I have the honour to be with great reſpect, Rev. Sir,

Your ſincere and very humble Servant,

JOHN CRUMP.

An Account of the Death of MATTHEW LAMPLOUGH.

ABOUT twenty-two years ago he was convinced that he was a loſt ſinner, by the preaching of the Rev. Mr. *J.* From that time he was very zealous for God's cauſe; and uſed his utmoſt power to get the Methodiſt Preachers to *Garton*, where he lived. Mr. *Robertſhaw* was the firſt that came. At this time he was a poor ſhepherd, and lived in a houſe which his maſter had built for him. But no ſooner did he appear zealous for Jeſus Chriſt, and his cauſe, than he threatened to turn him out of it, and ſaid, he would not be ſorry, if his houſe were burnt down, provided the Preacher and all the Methodiſts were burnt in it. Soon after his own dwelling houſe, in the day-time, in a moſt unaccountable manner was ſet on fire and burned down. A gentleman (ſo called) threatened he would take up the next Preacher that came, and have him before a Magiſtrate: but in about a month, it pleaſed God to call him to give an account of himſelf before his awful tribunal.

A cottage being to be ſold for a ſmall ſum, *M. Lamplough* borrowed the money and bought it, got it licenced, and in ſpite of all oppoſers, encouraged the Preachers of the Goſpel therein; though at that time he was very poor, having a wife

and

and four ſmall children, a ſmall houſe and but two mean beds in it. But he made the beſt accommodation he could; and the faithful ſervants of God, who ſought not their own eaſe, but the good of ſouls, put up with it. Many now cried out, "The Methodiſts will ruin him." But when they found the reverſe, they changed their note, and ſaid the Preachers brought him money. He was poor enough indeed; yet for many years he maintained the Goſpel there at his own expence.

About ſeven years after he had ſought the Lord, his ſoul was ſet at liberty. And feeling the love of God, he was bleſſed with a peculiar ſpirit of humble love, which he exerciſed, in encouraging others to come to Jeſus, and continually exhorting thoſe he met, to believe in the Lord. All ſpeak well of him in the Circuit, eſpecially in his own Society, wherein he has been an inſtrument of peace and love for many years.

One, who was at his houſe and converſing with him about the grace of God in the heart, aſked, If he had yet been freed from every ſinful temper and inclination, ſo as to feel nothing but the love of God? He ſaid he could not underſtand how that could be; but being told it was the plain promiſe of the Goſpel, and the whole deſign of God in juſtifying a ſoul to make it holy; and after hearing a ſermon or two on the ſubject, he was delighted with the thoughts of it.

During his laſt illneſs he was full of happineſs, and exhorted thoſe who viſited him to believe in Jeſus, ſaying, he was going to leave them, and telling how good he found the Lord to him; that he felt nothing but love in his heart; and gave glory and praiſe to God! A friend in taking leave, told him, he thought he ſhould ſee him no more in this world: he ſaid, "It may be ſo; but O how does the love of God burn in my heart! Whenever I begin to talk about Jeſus, my heart is all on fire!" It was his general ſaying, as he grew weaker in body, that the love of God was ſpringing up, and flowing

ſlowing in his heart like a river. And to his laſt moment he ſaid his heart was quite free from every temptation.

"Not a thought did ariſe
To darken the ſkies,
Or hide for one moment the Lord from his eyes."

Many viſited him during his ſickneſs, (it being a Conſumption, which laſted ſome months) and as he lived, ſo he died, exhorting and perſuading them to believe and love the Lord Jeſus Chriſt. He died March 31, 1789.

An Account of the Death of Mr. D——.

[Written by one who was often with him during his laſt illneſs]

THE death of Mr. *D*— (an Apothecary) who died at *C*—— in the beginning of April 1789, was remarkable. He had lived a very wicked life; was young and full of ſpirits, and was eaſily drawn into evil; yet he had a wonderful turn for making money, and, in many reſpects, he had great abilities. He had married an elderly woman; but they diſagreed, ſo that he ran into one exceſs after another, though he knew he was wrong, ſeeking happineſs where it could not be found. He had very clear ideas of the plan of ſalvation; yet, (as he often confeſſed) had no reſolution, or ſtrength to reſiſt any temptation.

About four years ago he was dangerouſly ill; and greatly diſtreſſed in mind by reaſon of his ſins which ſtared him in the face; he then made many good reſolutions, but broke them as ſoon as his health returned.

Some time before his death he had a quarrel with another Apothecary, who cut off part of his noſe. This involved him

in a law-ſuit. Shortly after, his cellar was robbed. Theſe things did not ſtop his career; though he ſaw the evil of his ways. He ſaid to me after he had been robbed, "If I had laid up my treaſure in heaven, I ſhould not have been robbed of it."

A ſet of evil-minded and deſigning companions kept cloſe to him, pretending friendſhip for him, whilſt they only ſtudied their own ends. He gave himſelf up intirely to gambling, and drinking ſpirituous liquors. This he did to baniſh vexatious thoughts; and was encouraged therein by his wicked companions. All theſe things together brought on a putrid fever, of which he died in eight days. He was ill two or three days before I ſaw him. When I went to him, he ſaid to me, "I'm taken ſhort." The diſorder was violent, and his pain great; and, indeed, it is hard to conceive what he muſt have ſuffered between the pain of his body, and the feeling ſenſe he had of his ſtate. He knew from the beginning that he would die of that diſorder. When I ſpoke ſomething to him of ſeeking the Lord, he replied, "I can do nothing *now*." When I bade him pray, he ſaid he could not pray, nor dare he look the Almighty in the face, ſeeing he was ſuch a ſinner; and uſed many other expreſſions to the ſame purport. He continued in this way for two days. He ſaw his ſtate clearly; yet could not pray. Once, whilſt I was ſpeaking to him, he got out, with ſome difficulty, theſe words, "Lord have mercy upon me!"

At another time, when I was reaſoning in my mind, and unwilling to give him up; I opened the Bible, and happened on the parable of the loſt ſheep in the 18th of Matthew: by which I was encouraged on his behalf; and the next time I ſaw him, found an amazing change in him. He had been ſpeaking much to his wife about his wickedneſs and manner of life; and, while the bell was ringing for Church, (it being the ſabbath) ſaid, "I ſhall never ſee another ſabbath: many a one have I ſpent in idleneſs!" He ſaid to me in a moſt earneſt

neſt manner, "I ſee I *muſt* go." I aſked him if he was willing? He replied, "Whether willing or not, I *muſt* go; but, if I had an aſſurance of my peace being made with God, I would rather die than live: I would rather know this, than to have the houſe full of gold." I told him he might get it without money, for it was freely beſtowed on all thoſe, who ſaw and felt their need of it, and encouraged him to ſeek it earneſtly. "But, ſaid he, where is the faith? I want to know it *now*." I ſtayed with him all that night, when he could ſcarcely ceaſe talking of theſe things. His temporal affairs lay heavy on his mind, being in an unſettled way, and his money lent and ſcattered through the country. At a time when I was ſtriving to point him to Chriſt; looking at me, whilſt his eyes ſeemed to ſparkle with pleaſure, he ſaid with uncommon earneſtneſs, "I think I *will* believe in Jeſus." And from that time he had a hope that God would not ſend him to hell. All his hope was in Chriſt, for he knew, and ſaid he was the worſt of ſinners; and that many had been hanged who were not ſo bad as he. "I ſee, ſaid he, every tranſaction of my life ſince I was ſix years old; but I have laid them all before the throne: I don't know what God will pleaſe to do with me; but I have an Advocate pleading for me." He ſeemed pretty well aſſured he ſhould gain his ſuit. He deſired me to pray that his reaſon might continue till morning, that he might ſettle his affairs; but he ſaid he ſhould not die for two days longer. His wife often brought me out of the room, fearing this talk would hurt him. I readily complied with her deſire, knowing that God, who had given him theſe deſires, did not want means to bleſs him, and that he would ſurely anſwer them in his own time.

When day-light appeared, he praiſed God for the light. His looks were wonderfully chearful, and he ſeemed to have a pleaſing ſenſation on his mind, which ſeemed to me to be a degree of faith in Him who is the *light of the world*, though he did not ſay ſo. Once he wiſhed he had two or three of

thoſe *ridiculous* people, (meaning the Methodiſts.) I ſaid they could do him little good, and that one word of prayer from himſelf were better than any thing they could do for him. He replied, "Would they not help to ſtrengthen me in ſome degree?" But he reſted ſatisfied.

Few were willing to go near him, the fever was ſo dangerous; however, I ſent word to my brother, who came to him that evening and prayed with him. He begged of the Phyſician who attended him, to ſtrive to prolong his life a day or two till his temporal affairs were ſettled. The night before he died, he grew very ill; his pain exceeded any thing imaginable; yet all this time he cried mightily to God to have mercy upon him. For hours together his cry was, "Jeſus have mercy upon me! O do not take me away till I am prepared to dwell among the bleſſed! O give me a place among the bleſſed!" Many ſuch expreſſions he uſed, and continued ſo till morning. I aſked him if he could believe that God was able and willing to ſave him? He ſaid he could, but wanted a fuller manifeſtation. Next day he ſettled his temporal affairs, which when done, he began again to call aloud for mercy, ſo that he could be plainly heard in the ſtreet, by his companions in ſin, though they would not now come near him. His cries were ſufficient to melt the moſt inſenſible heart. I truſt ſome will remember that ſolemn ſcene. When I enquired now reſpecting his confidence? he replied ſeveral times "in Jeſus." The fear of death was now gone; yet he was not ſatisfied till filled with love; and it was not long till he was fully ſet at liberty. He then ſaid, "I know that my Redeemer is mine, and I am his. I think I ſee him looking down upon me with pleaſure."

It was very remarkable, that about this time his pain was all removed in an inſtant. He turned to me and ſaid, "I am quite well; I ſhall not die; but, (added he) let me die or live, I know I ſhall ſtand at the right-hand of God." He had every appearance of being quite well, except his breathing ſhort;

ſhort; ſo that we were almoſt perſuaded he would recover. From that time till he died, which was ſeven or eight hours, he felt no pain; but ſpoke to every one quite eaſy, and exhorted, in a very ſolemn manner, a friend of his who came to ſee him. He ſaid, "Do you believe you will ever die?" The other replying, "To be ſure I do," he aſked again, "Are you ready to die?" He replied, "I hope in the mercy of God." To whom the ſick man ſaid with earneſtneſs, "Why, I tell you, man, if you do not repent, and get your ſins pardoned here, you will be damned!"

I left him now for ſome time, and when I returned found him crying earneſtly to God that he would cleanſe him from all unrighteouſneſs: which he ſoon obtained, as was evident by the joy which appeared in his countenance. His ſpeech began to fail; but his looks and expreſſions were ſurpriſing. Sometimes he would ſay, "Holy, holy, holy!" At other times, "Glory, glory, glory be to Jeſus."

About two hours before his departure, he began praying for the world in a moſt earneſt manner; though he could not expreſs the words plain. He repeated over and over, "O God of the world, and my God: God of the juſt, and of the unjuſt:" and then added quite loud ſeveral times, "amen." He had wonderful views, and ſeemed to get an anſwer to his prayer; for, he rejoiced in a proſpect of that time when all the world ſhould ſerve God. Whilſt he was thus exerciſed, a Preacher came in and prayed with him. He attended to his prayer; and then went on again praying and rejoicing, nor could he ſtop, except juſt whilſt the Preacher was at prayer. I aſked him was he happy *now?* He replied in a low voice, but ſo as all around the bed could hear, "very happy." His ſenſes continued to the laſt moment. He was going on ſaying ſomething, but we could not underſtand him; his face being full of ſmiles of tranſport; when his breath juſt ſtopt without any ſtruggle or pain; and his happy ſpirit took its flight to behold that Jeſus, whom he ſo lately knew,

knew, and yet had ſo much longed to ſee! Surely this was a brand plucked from the burning! And is another inſtance of the willingneſs of God to receive every returning prodigal; and that Chriſt is able to ſave to the uttermoſt all that come to God through him. To whom be all the glory! Amen!

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

GENERAL REFLECTIONS.

Of Metals, Minerals, and other Foſſils.

[*Continued from* Vol. xii. *page* 644.]

6. QUICKSILVER differs from all metals, in that it is naturally liquid. Its properties are 1. It is the heavieſt of all bodies, but gold and platina. 2. It is the moſt fluid of all. The particles even of water, do not divide ſo eaſily as thoſe of Quickſilver: they have hardly any coheſion. 3. Of all bodies it is diviſible into the minuteſt parts. Being on the fire, it reſolves into almoſt an inviſible vapour. But let it be divided ever ſo much, it ſtill retains its nature. For the vapours of diſtilled Quickſilver, received in water or on moiſt leather, become pure Quickſilver. And if it be mixed with lead or any other bodies, in order to be fixed, it is eaſily by fire ſeparated from them again, and reduced to its ancient form. 4. It is extremely volatile, being convertible into a fume, even in a ſand-heat. 5. Of all fluids it is in equal circumſtances the coldeſt and the hotteſt. This depends on its weight; for the heat and cold of all bodies, is (cæteris paribus) as their weight. 6. It is diſſolvable by almoſt all acids, but vinegar. And hereby we diſcover, if it be ſophiſticated with lead. Rub it in

in a mortar with vinegar. If it be mixed with lead it grows ſweetiſh: if with copper it turns greeniſh or bluiſh. If there be no adulteration, the Quickſilver and vinegar will both remain as before. 7. It is the moſt ſimple of all bodies, but gold and platina. 8. It has no acidity at all, nor does it corrode any body.

But it may be obſerved of Metals in general, there is great uncertainty and inconſtancy in the Metallic and Mineral kingdoms, both as to colour, figure, and ſituation. A Marcaſite, for inſtance, may have the colour of gold and ſilver, and yet afford nothing but a little vitriol and ſulphur: while what is only a pebble in appearance, may contain real gold.

It is common alſo to find the ſame Metal ſhot into many different forms, as well as to find different kinds of Metal of the ſame form. There is the ſame uncertainty as to their place. Sometimes they are found in the perpendicular fiſſures of the ſtrata, ſometimes interſperſed in the ſubſtance of them; and the ſame Metals in ſtrata of very different natures. They are likewiſe frequently intermixed with each other; ſo that we ſeldom find any of them pure and ſimple, but copper and iron, gold and copper, ſilver and lead, tin and lead in one maſs: yea, ſometimes all ſix together.

What diſtinguiſhes them from all other bodies as well as from each other, is their heavineſs: each Metal having its peculiar weight, which no art can imitate.

But who can reckon the various ways, wherein Metals are uſeful to mankind? Without theſe we could have nothing of culture or civility; no tillage or agriculture; no reaping or mowing, no plowing or digging, no pruning or grafting, no mechanic arts or trades, no veſſels or utenſils of houſhold ſtuff, no convenient houſes or edifices, no ſhipping or navigation. What a barbarous and ſordid life, we muſt neceſſarily have lived, the Indians in the northern parts of America are a clear demonſtration.

And

And it is remarkable, that thoſe which are of moſt neceſſary uſe, as iron and lead are the moſt plentiful. Thoſe which may better be ſpared, are more rare. And by this very circumſtance they are qualified to be made the common meaſure and ſtandard of the value of other commodities, and to ſerve for money, to which uſe they have been employed by all civilized nations in all ages.

All metals are liable to ruſt. Gold itſelf ruſts, if expoſed to the fumes of ſea-ſalt. The great inſtrument in producing ruſt is water: air, only by the water it contains. Hence in dry air Metals do not ruſt; neither, if they are well oiled: water not being able to penetrate oil. Ruſt is only the Metal under another form. Accordingly ruſt of copper may be turned into copper again. Iron if not preſerved from the air by paint, will in time turn wholly into ruſt.

7. Mines in general are cavities within the earth, containing ſubſtances of various kinds. Theſe the miners term *loads*: if Metallic, they are ſaid to be *alive*; if not, to be *dead loads*. In Cornwall and Devonſhire the loads always run from Eaſt to Weſt. Mines ſeem to be, or to have been channels of waters within the earth, and have branches opening into them in all directions. Moſt mines have ſtreams running through them: where they have not, probably the water has changed its courſe. The ſprings in theſe parts are always hard, abounding either with ſtony or ſulphureo-ſaline particles. Theſe particles are either of a vitriolic or an arſenical nature. The firſt concretes into white cubes, reſembling ſilver, the ſecond into yellow ones reſembling gold. Both theſe are by the miners termed Mundic.

8. Mundic is variouſly coloured on the outſide with blue, green, purple, gold, ſilver, braſs and copper-colours. But within it is either of the colour of ſilver, of braſs, or gold colour, or brown. The other colours are no more than a thin film or ſediment, which water variouſly impregnated, depoſites upon the ſurface.

There

There are few copper-loads, if any, but have this Semi-metal (which is a kind of wild mock-copper) attending upon them. Therefore, in ſearching for copper, it is reckoned a great encouragement to meet with Mundic. The Mundic does not intimately incorporate itſelf with the ore of copper; for copper in its mineral ſtate, being uſually of a cloſe conſiſtence, repels the Mundic, which is therefore eaſily ſeparated from the ore.

Corniſh waters are infected by Mundic, more or leſs, according to the quantity which they paſs through, and the diſpoſition of the Mundic, either to retain or to communicate the noxious particles of which it conſiſts. Arſenic, ſulphur, vitriol, and mercury are the conſtituents of Mundic, yet theſe pernicious ingredients are ſo bridled and detained by their mutual action and re-action, and by mixing with other minerals, that the water is not poiſonous, (generally ſpeaking) even in the mine where it proceeds directly from the Mundic.

Mundic reſembles plants, animals, mouldings, carvings, and ſundry more varieties, too numerous to inſert. Shall we attribute this to a plaſtic power ſuperintending the congreſs of foſſils, and ſporting itſelf with ſuch repreſentations? Or ſhall we rather ſay, that the great power which contrived and made all things, needing no delegate, artfully throws the flexible liquid materials of the foſſile kingdom into various figures, to draw the attention of mankind to his works, and thence lead them, to the acknowledgment, and adoration of an intelligent being, inexhauſtibly wiſe, good and glorious? Doubtleſs theſe are the works of that ſame lover of ſhape, colour and uniformity that paints the peacock's train, that veins the onyx, that ſtreaks the zebra: it is the ſame hand whoſe traces we may diſcover even among the meaneſt and obſcure foſſils. God loves ſymmetry, gracefulneſs, elegance, and variety, and diſtributes them for his complacency as well as glory, limits them not to plants, and animals, and open day light, but like a great maſter habitually imparts them to all his works, though in the deepeſt ocean, and in the moſt ſecret parts of the earth.

[*To be continued.*]

An extract from a volume entitled, A Review of Dr. PRIESTLEY'S *Doctrine of Philoſophical Neceſſity.*

Whether Liberty be eſſential to practical Virtue; and of moral and practical Neceſſity.

[*Continued from* Vol. XII. *page* 650.]

DR. Prieſtley adds, (pages 84, 85) "If my child A acts wrong, I tell him that I am exceedingly diſpleaſed, becauſe he has ſhown a diſpoſition of mind, on which motives to virtue have no ſufficient influence, that he appears to have ſuch a propenſity, to vicious indulgences, that I am afraid he is irreclaimable, and that his utter ruin will be the conſequence of it. This is the proper language of blame; and upon a mind conſtituted like that of A, may have a good effect, as well as the diſcipline of puniſhment." I confeſs I can ſee no kind of propriety in blaming A, nor can I conceive any good effect that is poſſible to be obtained by puniſhing him. Suppoſe I was A, I would anſwer my father and tutor thus *(if neceſſity would permit me:)* I am extremely ſorry, my dear father, that you are diſpleaſed, and I muſt beg leave to obſerve, that you are to blame for your diſpleaſure againſt me. It is very true, "I have ſhown a diſpoſition of mind, on which motives to virtue have no ſufficient influence," but that diſpoſition of mind which I have ſhown, and which I now have, is an event that could not poſſibly have been otherwiſe: I could neither prevent nor in the leaſt alter it, and therefore why ſhould I be blamed, or why ſhould you be diſpleaſed at me for the ſame? It is likewiſe true, that I have a propenſity to vicious indulgences, but as that alſo is an event which could not poſſibly have been otherwiſe; I am equally blameleſs for that, as for my bad diſpoſition of mind. I alſo, my dear father, "am afraid

afraid that I am irreclaimable, and that the utter ruin will be the conſequence of it." I fear this to be ſure; but what is worſe, if it is to be ſo, it muſt of neceſſity be ſo. If I am to be utterly ruined, it is an event which muſt neceſſarily happen, ſo that neither I nor all the powers in the univerſe can alter or prevent it. And therefore, my dear father, do not blame or puniſh me for what I never could poſſibly avoid, but rather pity me, who am ſo unfortunate, as to be certainly and neceſſarily doomed to have ſuch a bad diſpoſition, and ſuch a vicious propenſity as I fear will utterly undo me. But Dr. Prieſtley ſays, (page 85) "If B has acted the ſame part, that A has done, the language that I addreſſed to A, will not apply to him. It is true, he has done what is wrong, and it muſt have bad conſequences; but it was not from any bad diſpoſition of mind that made him ſubject to be influenced by bad impreſſions. No, his determination had a cauſe of quite another nature. It was a choice directed by no bad motive whatever, but a mere will acting independently of any motive; and which, though it has been on the ſide of vice to-day, may be on the ſide of virtue to-morrow. My blame or reproaches therefore, being ill founded, and incapable of having any effect, it is my wiſdom to with-hold them, and wait the uncertain iſſue with patience."

The language which ought to be addreſſed to B, is not materially different from what was addreſſed by Dr. Prieſtley to A. I would addreſs him thus: "I am exceedingly diſpleaſed, becauſe you had it in your power to chooſe virtue or vice, and you have choſen vice; you therefore appear to me to have a bad diſpoſition, and a propenſity to vicious indulgences, and at the ſame time will not exert your ſelf-determining power, to over-rule that bad diſpoſition, and to reſtrain that propenſity, by acting contrary to what they induce you to do, though you have a power in yourſelf ſo to do. If you continue to act thus, you will be utterly ruined. In order then to reclaim you, I will puniſh you ſeverely for what you have done

amiſs, and I will continue ſo to do every time you do amiſs, until you exert that power which you have of ceaſing to do evil, and learning to do well, for you were not certainly and unavoidably neceſſitated to have done what you have done, as your brother A was. You have a power to chooſe, and therefore I will puniſh you when you chooſe wrong." But Dr. Prieſtley obſerves, that "though B has been on the ſide of vice to-day, he may be on the ſide of virtue to-morrow." Very right; and that is the true reaſon why he ſhould be puniſhed and corrected, becauſe a change may be made from vice to virtue. If no change can be made, but that he muſt neceſſarily be what he is, and cannot poſſibly be changed or made otherwiſe, to what good end or purpoſe can correction or puniſhment be uſed? I can conceive no other end but to produce a change from being vicious to-day to being virtuous to-morrow, or at ſome future time. Upon the whole, I ſolemnly declare, that I can form no idea at preſent of any juſt reaſon for rewards or puniſhments, praiſe or blame, upon any other principles than thoſe of free-agency and ſelf-determination.

[*To be continued.*]

The TWO COVENANTS *of* GOD *with* MANKIND.

[By Thomas Taylor, A. M.]

CHAP. II.

A conſideration concerning the inſcrutability of Divine Providence.

[*Continued from* Vol. XII. *page* 654.]

WHEREAS upon the contract made with Jeſus, for the redemption of the world, Adam and all his ſinful offſpring, were admitted to terms of pardon, and not only ſo,

ſo, but intitled by their now obedience to a greater happineſs than what they forfeited.

But it may be objected, that our nature is rendered weak and impotent, and our virtues difficult by this change. But it ſhould be conſidered whether the fruits we reap by it, will not overbalance theſe diſadvantages. We are weak it is true, and very ſubject to fall, whereas original nature was ſufficient of itſelf to ſtand: but then great was the danger, and unſpeakable the ruin in caſe of its fall: it could fall no more than once; but then it tumbles, like the ſtrength of *Sampſon*, with ſuch a weight upon itſelf, as cruſhes it beyond recovery. Whereas our frequent failings are like thoſe of children; they may bruiſe us at preſent, but it is our own fault, if they prove deſtructive. For provided we riſe again, our Saviour kindly takes us by the hand, and whilſt he chides our negligence, he pities and relieves our misfortunes, and cautions us againſt the like inadvertency for the future: he knows we can do nothing of ourſelves, and therefore is always ready to afford us the ſuccours of his grace, and the aſſiſtance of his Spirit.

Again our virtues we acknowledge are made difficult, by that perpetual conflict, between the law of our members, and our mind; but then it is this difficulty that enhances the price of them: and the diverſity of our combats give occaſion to the variety of our crowns: and we have no reaſon to complain on this account, as long as certain victory attends our firm reſolutions and perſeverance.

But then to anſwer all objections, and to ſilence every murmuring, we are aſſured that our light afflictions, which are but momentary, *work for us an eternal and ſuperlative upon ſuperlative weight of glory.*

If then Jeſus affords eyes to the blind, and feet to the lame; if he ſhews us our duty, and gives us ſtrength to practiſe it: if he preſerves us from dangers and ſupports us under them; if he vanquiſhes our enemies, and reſcues us from temptations; and by an indefatigable watchfulneſs, and providence,

trains

trains us up from one degree of virtue to another; till we arrive to glory; if he *is thus willing, and able to do exceeding abundantly for us above all that we can aſk or think, by that power that worketh in us*; what have we farther to reply againſt God for his proceedings with mankind, in concluding them under ſin and unbelief, that he might have mercy upon all?

Thus we ſee the infinite treaſures of Divine mercy opened in Jeſus Chriſt, whereby we become *heirs of God, and joint heirs with Chriſt*, are enfranchiſed into all the privileges of his kingdom, and made citizens of the New Jeruſalem. Here mercy triumphs over juſtice, and no man has any thing to boaſt of before God. So that the future world ſhall be a world of mercy, and every member of it from the firſt to the laſt ſhall aſcribe his ſalvation to the good pleaſure of God through the alone merits of his Son.

But will it not be objected here, that this mercy is not ſo univerſal as is pretended, and that this ſalvation reaches but to a ſmall part of the world? For does not the ſcripture tell us that *ſtrait is the gate, and narrow is the way, that leads to life, and few there be that find it?* Does not the ſcripture aſſure us, that the number of thoſe that periſh is greater than that of the predeſtinate? How then is this to be reconciled with the infinite mercy of God, and that declared *unwillingneſs that any ſhould periſh, but that all ſhould come to repentance?* How is this conſiſtent with his revealed *will that all ſhould be ſaved and come to the knowledge of the truth?*

Certainly we ſhould be extremely cautious of entertaining ſuch unworthy notions of God as can ſet bounds to his mercy, which the ſcripture exalts to ſo high a degree upon his reconcilement with the world, by the death of his Son: and it ſhould be the moſt convincing evidence that ſhould force us to ſuch concluſions as make the benefits of Chriſt's righteouſneſs leſs extenſive than the damages of Adam's ſin.

Let us affirm then that Chriſt died for all men, even for thoſe who reap no fruits by his death, but *periſh* everlaſtingly: and if his death was of that efficacy, as to have been deſigned even for thoſe that periſh; ſo dreadful an effect cannot be imputed to the will of God, or to any defect in the ſacrifice, but to ſome other cauſe. Let it remain then a fixed and immoveable truth, that it is the will of God to have all men ſaved, that he takes no pleaſure in the death of a ſinner; and yet at the ſame time let us own, that multitudes of ſouls, which Chriſt came to ranſom, are loſt eternally.

Behold here a great difficulty which whilſt ſome have endeavoured to remove, they have fallen into ſuch inextricable mazes and perplexities of error.

Indeed there is nothing ſo fruitful as error; one falſe principle will lead to an hundred falſe concluſions; and when men have once ſet out with a wrong bias, every ſtep they take carries them ſtill farther out of the way. This has been the misfortune in the preſent caſe. From partial views of the nature of God, and too limited notions of his government, men have formed ſuch hypotheſes as undermine his very being; deriving all the torrent of evil, from the very fountain of goodneſs, making the gracious Father of mankind more barbarous than the worſt of tyrants, nay even more ſanguinary and implacable than the Prince of darkneſs. Which would never have been done had they not from miſtaken places of ſcripture, formed to themſelves principles inconſiſtent with the general tenor of the Goſpel, and contradictory to the nature and attributes of the Almighty.

Such is the doctrine of the abſolute decree, which they ſay is gone out from all eternity; while *the children being yet unborn*, and incapable of doing either good or evil, are determined to a ſtate of happineſs, or miſery; no regard being had to any motive in the perſons predeſtinated to ſalvation or damnation. Who ſees not under the notion of ſuch a God as this, the cruelty of a *Saturn* devouring his own children,

dren, not out of any jealouſy of being depoſed, or any other intereſt of his own; but merely to gratify a licentious and arbitrary tyranny; which they impiouſly call the *manifeſting the glory* of his juſtice? Who diſcovers not at the ſame time the inexorable fate of the Stoics, excluding all contingency from nature, all liberty from the ſouls of men, evacuating all the induſtry of mankind, and fruſtrating the exhortations and reproofs of the Goſpel? To ſee men thus bewildered in pernicious errors, whilſt they labour by abſurd diſtinctions to get out of them, confounding the order of Nature, rooting out the providence of God, and cutting off our very notions of good and evil, virtue and vice, creates I know not whether more horror at their doctrine or compaſſion to their weakneſs.

[*To be continued.*]

An extract from a Courſe of SERMONS, *upon Death, Judgment, Heaven, and Hell.*

[By a late Author.]

[*Continued from* Vol. XII. *page* 657.]

THIS is repreſented in ſcripture as "a great white throne." It will be ſuch a ſeat of judgment, no doubt, as was never erected upon earth. The throne of the higheſt Emperors will be as the turf ſeat of a peaſant, in compariſon with it. And it will be, it ſeems, an awful ſtate-chair of light. Light will form the body of it. Light will form the ſeat and the ſteps. And the whole will appear as one dazzling throne of light. It will be "like the fiery flame, and its wheels as burning fire;" and "a fiery ſtream ſhall iſſue and come forth before it."

Mounted on this, will appear the Judge of all the world. And his appearance will be full of majeſty. St. John ſays thus

thus concerning him; "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 no place found for them; and I ſaw the dead, ſmall and great, ſtand before God." No words can more ſtrongly deſcribe the dread and formidable appearance of the God-man, as ſeated on the circle of the ſky, and preparing to judge mankind. The earth and the heaven, it is ſaid, "fled away from his face, and there was found no place for them." In theſe moments of judgment, the whole creation will be covered with darkneſs, except what iſſues from the croſs and throne of light. It will be all trembling, probably to its immediate deſtruction. And it will be ready to drop inſtantly into nothing, as ſoon as the judgment is over. But when nature ſhakes through all her frame at the ſight of his countenance, what muſt be the impreſſion from it upon the ſouls of the ſinners, ſhuddering as they all ſtand before him, having the terrors of his eye directly bent upon them, and having the lightening of his countenance flaſhing immediately at them?

Thus ſeated on "the throne of his glory," and ſeeing "all nations gathered before him," he will open the books of memorial, which have been carefully kept by God, and which contain the tranſactions, the thoughts, and the characters of every the moſt trifling individual among men. Theſe, the ſure and un-erring records of heaven, are now to be ſolemnly opened. And every man is to receive his ſentence, according to what is regiſtered there. "I ſaw," ſays St. John, "the dead, ſmall and great, ſtand before God; the books were opened; and the dead were judged out of thoſe things which were written in the books, according to their works." Such regiſters cannot be neceſſary in themſelves to God. His mind, to which things paſt, preſent, and to come are all equally near; and which remembers the ſlighteſt tranſaction that paſſed a thouſand ages ago, as readily as one that happened

only a minute ſince; this muſt furniſh him with the knowledge of every thing neceſſary to judgment. But God is frequently pleaſed, as in this caſe, not merely to uſe expreſſions that lie moſt level to our underſtandings, and beſt ſerve to explain his awful powers to us; but even to act in ſuch a manner, as ſhall ſtrike moſt upon our minds in the reading, and be moſt affecting to our ſpirits in the ſeeing. Thus he keeps an exact account of all the behaviour of men, and has kept one for all the generations that have riſen and fallen ſince the days of Adam. And thus he will produce theſe wonderful hiſtories at the end of the world, and all mankind "ſhall be judged out of thoſe things which are written in the books, according to their works." A part of theſe hiſtories has been already given us in the Bible, in the relations and characters of the good and bad which we meet with there. The whole will be then read to the attending worlds of men and angels. And every character will ſtand forth in its true colours. The diſguiſes, which ignorance, which partiality, which the ſpirit of the world, are perpetually throwing over the characters of perſons around us, will be all taken away by the certain hand of God. And the man will appear as he really was. The hypocrite will be ſhewn to the world in all his naked uglineſs. And the man who fancied all religion to be hypocriſy, who at leaſt conſidered almoſt every outward appearance of it to be ſo, and who was particularly careful to baniſh it from converſation, and to keep it out of company; ſuch a man as this, the frequent creature of the preſent times, will find himſelf put down in thoſe rolls of truth, either as a blaſphemer againſt the majeſty of religion, and a direct enemy to God and godlineſs, or at leaſt as a poor mean wretch, that was aſhamed of his God, and afraid to acknowledge him.

But let us ſuppoſe, That we ſee the Books opened at this inſtant; That we now hear them read aloud to us, and that we are every moment in dreadful, or in hopeful expectation of coming

coming to the parts which concern ourſelves. The grand archangel, who lifted up his ſingle voice to ſummon the dead from their graves, is perhaps employed in reading them. And, at the cloſe of every character, a kind of preparatory judgment is pronounced by the God-man. Let us alſo ſuppoſe, that we ſee this deſcription of him, given by Daniel, actually preſented to our eyes. "The Ancient of Days did ſit, whoſe garment was white as ſnow, and the hair of his head like pure wool; his throne was like the fiery flame, and its wheels as burning fire; a fiery ſtream iſſued and came forth before him: thouſand thouſands miniſtered unto him, and ten thouſand times ten thouſand ſtood before him: the judgment was ſet, and the books were opened." Theſe books are deſcribed in ſcripture as conſiſting of ſeveral, which contain the tranſactions of all good and of all bad men in life, and of another, which bears only the names of the good recorded in it. "The books were opened," ſays St. John; "and another book was opened, which is the book of life; and the dead were judged out of thoſe things which were written in the books, according to their works; and whoſoever was not found written in the book of life was caſt into the lake of fire." And then ſhall our Saviour "ſeparate them one from another, as a ſhepherd divideth his ſheep from the goats; and he ſhall ſet the ſheep on his right hand, but the goats on the left." Let us ſuppoſe, that we now ſee all this in others, and that we now feel it in ourſelves.

[*To be continued.*]

An Extract from the Succeſs of two DANISH MISSIONARIES *to the* Eaſt-Indies: *in ſeveral Letters to their Correſpondents in* Europe.

LETTER V.

[*Continued from* Vol. XII. *page* 661.]

AFTER I had ſafely arrived here, under the protection of God, with Mr. *Plutſco* my colleague and fellow-labourer; and having now for ſome time converſed with the *Malabar* Heathens, I ſee on one hand a headſtrong difficulty obſtructing the work of their converſion; and on the other, ſome poſſibility for obtaining nevertheleſs the end, for which we are ſent hither by his majeſty the King of *Denmark*. I would not fail then to impart unto you the ſignal mercies of God I have hitherto enjoyed; that you and other well-wiſhers to the deſign may have the greater opportunity for praiſing the Lord on our behalf. It is true that at our arrival here, we were like to be much caſt down, by reaſon of finding every thing vitiated and corrupted among the pagans, by the ſcandalous life of our Chriſtians. Beſides this, we perceived ſoon enough, that our attempt upon the converſion of the Heathens, ſeemed to the greater part of the Chriſtians themſelves a ridiculous piece of work; and ſome did not ſtick to diſcover their utter diſlike of an undertaking of this nature.

But notwithſtanding all this, we continued in daily prayers and ſupplications to God; beſeeching him, that, ſince we had ſo little aid and encouragement to expect from men, he himſelf would open a door unto us, and favour us the more with his wonted mercy and goodneſs, which then commonly begins to act, when things ſeem to be at the worſt.

Hereupon

Hereupon the Lord was pleaſed powerfully to ſupport us by a comfortable inſtance of his providence, aſſuring us thereby that he himſelf would bear witneſs to our miniſtry among the Heathens. As ſoon as we arrived in thoſe parts, a young *Malabarian* coming on board our ſhip, aſked us, whether we would not take him for our ſervant? We looking upon this as the finger of God, readily received him into our ſervice. After he had been eight days with us, and ſeen our life and converſation, he aſked, whether he might not ſtay with us conſtantly, and one time or other attend us to *Europe?* We told him, though this might be eaſily granted; yet that in order hereunto, he ought to engage in the Chriſtian religion, and to apply himſelf to learn our language. We found him very well diſpoſed towards it; though he deſired firſt to be inſtructed in the principles of Chriſtianity. A fuller account you will ſee in ſome letters ſent to *Berlin*, concerning both theſe and ſome other circumſtances, relating to our deſign. We were viſited every day by the *Malabar* pagans, but could then talk but little with them, having been deſtitute, on board the ſhip, of all manner of opportunities to learn any other language beſides the *Daniſh*. For this reaſon, we ſoon after our arrival employed moſt of our time in learning the *Portugueſe*; and we have by this time made ſo conſiderable a progreſs in it, that we are able both to ſpeak, and to take down in writing every thing, that may prove conducive to our deſign. Afterwards we began alſo, to apply ourſelves to the *Malabarick* language, maintaining for this purpoſe a particular ſchool-maſter, together with a little ſchool in our houſe; and we hope, under God's aſſiſtance, to overcome in time all the difficulties that ſurround us as yet. We have compoſed already a ſmall tract containing the *ſubſtance of the Chriſtian principles*, with the *Lord's Prayer*, and a petition for true converſion; being firſt written in *Portugueſe*, and after tranſlated into *Malabarick*, a copy whereof I ſend you here. We have likewiſe met with opportunity enough to declare the order of ſalvation by word of mouth

to

to theſe Heathens; if not for their ſaving converſion, yet for a teſtimony, that God hath been pleaſed to offer them his grace for that purpoſe.

Thus in this ſmall compaſs of time there have been motions both among Chriſtians and Pagans, tending to a conviction of their ſouls: and our work has been ſpread ſo far in the country round about, that our intention cannot be longer a ſecret to King *Tanjour* himſelf; one of his officers having viſited us not long ago, with whom we have ever ſince kept up a correſpondence by letters, and I am juſt now ſending my ſervant *Modaliapa* to him about the diſpatch of a certain affair. A few days ago we delivered a memorial to the Governor here, intreating him, to order all the proteſtant inhabitants of this place, to ſend their ſlaves two hours a day, on purpoſe to be inſtructed in ſound principles of religion, and afterwards initiated by baptiſm into the communion with Jeſus Chriſt. Hereupon the Governor viſited us himſelf, and promiſed to ſend them ſhortly. He knows, that we have orders to write to his Majeſty as an opportunity offers, and to give a conſcientious account of all ſuch things, as either might obſtruct, or faciliate the work we are about.

There are abundance of *Germans* here, who often have deſired us to preach once a week to them; the like being alſo urged at firſt by the Governor himſelf: but the thing has hitherto met with various obſtacles. This has made us reſolve at laſt, by erecting a little church, for the benefit of the Heathens in our own houſe, to ſeek an opportunity, if not perhaps to preach, yet at leaſt to chatechize in the *Portugueſe* tongue. And then we may contrive alſo a way to ſerve our countrymen once or twice a week, as they deſired, endeavouring to declare, both to Chriſtians and Pagans, the truth of the goſpel of Chriſt. And though we ſhould undergo great perſecutions on this account, as in all likelihood we ſhall; yet all this, as it uſually doth, may rather ſpread, than hinder the work of God. We have reſigned ourſelves to the guidance of God, hoping that under

under his gracious influence we ſhall be ready to ſeal the teſtimony of the goſpel with our own blood, if the Lord ſhould be pleaſed to honour us with ſo glorious a character.

I often remember the words you were pleaſed to tell me, when I once expreſſed my readineſs to go to ſome diſtant countries upon a good deſign; but was then hindered by a bodily indiſpoſition. You ſaid then, to my no ſmall comfort: *if we could gain but one ſoul to the Lord among ſuch a multitude of wild Pagans, it would be as much as if we won hundreds in* Europe; theſe being provided with means ſufficient to work out their converſion, which are ſo greatly wanted among the Heathens here. Beſides this, it has oftentimes made a comfortable impreſſion upon my mind, what Mr. *N.* left me for a memorial in my paper book to this effect: "*For this reaſon, we are made Chriſtians, that we ſhould be more bent upon the life to come, than upon the preſent.*" This is my daily memorandum, leſt I ſhould perhaps forget to conſecrate my life and actions entirely to an inviſible eternity, little minding the world, either in its glory and ſmiles, or in its frowns and afflictions.

My dear fellow-labourer is of the ſame mind with me. We daily remind one another of this duty, in order to carry on the work with united hearts and hands, endeavouring to enlarge the kingdom of Chriſt both in ourſelves and among the Heathens. Beſides this, we find a great comfort in the gracious promiſes of God, and in the prayers of many ſouls in *Europe*. As for theſe *Malabar*-Heathens, we muſt ſay, they are a people of great wit and underſtanding, and will not be convinced but with wiſdom and diſcretion. They have an exact analogy and coherence in all the fabulous principles of their faith. As for a future life they have ſtronger impreſſions, than our atheiſtical Chriſtians. They have many books, which they pretend have been delivered to them by their gods, as we believe the ſcriptures to be delivered to us by our God. Their books are ſtuffed with abundance of fables and witty inventions, concerning the lives of their gods. They afford

variety

variety of pretty ſtories, about the world to come. And at this rate, the word of God, which we propoſe, ſeems to them to contain nothing but dry and inſipid notions.

However, in the midſt of theſe deluſions, they lead a very quiet, honeſt and virtuous life, by the meer influence of their natural abilities; infinitely outdoing our falſe Chriſtians, and ſuperficial pretenders to a better ſort of religion. They pay a great deference to their Gods. When lately in the tranſlation of the Chriſtian principles, a paſſage happened, ſhewing how we might become children and friends of God; our ſchool-maſter ſtarted at ſo bold a ſaying, and offered to put in, inſtead of that expreſſion, that God might allow us to kiſs his feet. They own only one divine being; but ſay, that the ſame did branch itſelf out into many other gods both in heaven and earth, for the conſtant ſupport and government of mankind. Yeſterday taking a walk in the country, we came to an idol-temple, wherein *Iſpara's* lady (he being one of their firſt-rate gods) is worſhipped. Her ladyſhip was ſurrounded with abundance of other gods made of *Porcellain*. We, being deeply affected with the ſight of ſuch a ſet of gods, threw ſome down to the ground, and ſtriking off the heads of others, endeavoured to convince this deluded people, that their images were nothing but impotent, ſilly idols, utterly unable to protect themſelves, and much leſs their worſhippers. But one of their *Wathyjan*, or doctors of divinity, happening to be preſent, replied: *they did not hold them to be gods but only God's ſoldiers, or life-guard-men.* At laſt, we convinced him ſo far, that he was forced to own theſe things to be mere fooleries; but ſaid withal, that the deſign of them was *to lead the meaner and duller ſort of people, by looking on theſe images, up to the contemplation of the life to come.*

We have ſeen thouſands of theſe idolatrous images crouded together in one place. We have often convinced them, that the whole of theſe idolets, and all the worſhip grounded thereon, is falſe and rediculous. However, they uſe evaſions, and offer in their defence, many things to upbraid the Chriſtians with,

as

as inconſiſtent with the opinion they have of God. One of the moſt obſtinate prejudices is, the abominable wicked life of the Chriſtians here. This has inſpired the Heathen with an utter deteſtation and abhorrence of all notions, that ſeem to border upon Chriſtianity; ſuppoſing the Chriſtians to be the vileſt and moſt corrupted people under the ſun. This made them frequently aſk us; whether the Chriſtians led as wicked lives in *Europe*, as they did in the *Eaſt-Indies?* To which, if we ſhould anſwer in plain terms, and lay things before them as they are, we ſhould render the work of their converſion the more difficult. They neither eat nor drink with Chriſtians; nay, they do not ſuffer them to come to their houſes. If any one reſolves to enter into our religion, he muſt forthwith quit all his eſtate and relations, and ſuffer himſelf to be inſulted as the vileſt and moſt deſpicable fellow in the world. And truly, all theſe things, muſt greatly obſtruct their converſion. God alone is able to do the work by his power, and make that poſſible, which appears to us altogether impoſſible. The erecting a charity-ſchool, and buying up ſome *Malabar*-children for that purpoſe would prove highly advantageous to the deſign. By theſe means ſome might be made fit in time, to lend a helping hand, if not to us, yet perhaps to thoſe that may come after us, and proſecute the ſame buſineſs we are now engaged in. In order to this, we have ſet up a ſmall ſchool already; and are reſolved to compile a plain and eaſy *ſyſtem of the Chriſtian doctrine* in the *Portugueſe* tongue; and ſee it afterwards tranſlated into the country-language, that it may be diſperſed among the people. And by theſe means we hope to convince them, how earneſtly God deſires their converſion, having no pleaſure to ſee them periſh in their unbelief and ſtupidity.

Yours, &c.

Tranquebar, Oct. 16, 1706.

[*To be continued.*]

THOUGHTS *on the* WORK *of* SANCTIFICATION.

[By Mr. G. C.]

ABOUT the year 1760 and 61, there was a great work of God in *London*, which ſpread through the three kingdoms. Numbers were freely juſtified, and many truly cleanſed from all filthineſs of fleſh and ſpirit, and enabled to love God with all their hearts. They had peace, they had joy, they had love, they had power; they carried the fire of love with them wherever they went; and were aſtoniſhingly uſeful among many. Their joy was unbounded. They ſeemed to have no intermiſſion.

Could theſe pillars fall? We thought not. They thought not. Yea, they ſaid, If any, who had received that grace, ſaid they could loſe it, they had not received the gift they had. Here commenced the work of the devil, who made them believe what they really ſaid; That they were more holy than our firſt parents, and ſtood on a better foundation; and that all their words, and all their works were, in their full extent, ſuch as the law of God required. I do not ſpeak theſe things by hearſay; I was an eye and ear witneſs. They even went farther, profeſſing to have the gifts of healing, and in *London* did really attempt to heal the blind, and raiſe the dead. After this they found fault with their Miniſters; ſaying, they were blind, and not able to teach them. This cauſed a diviſion, which continued till two hundred of theſe ſtrong ones left the weaker to ſhift for themſelves; and took with them a Miniſter whom they choſe, to build them up. Satan then triumphed, for many gave up the good gift of God, becauſe of the reproach theſe brought upon his good work.

But

But will the Lord indeed be overcome of Satan? Will he let him continue to triumph reſpecting this great and good work? No. In mercy he is reviving it a little in *London*. But he takes a method, according to his own infinite wiſdom. A method, whereby he will ſecure his own glory; defeat the deſigns of the adverſary, and effectually ſave his people. He gives them a clear, lively ſenſe of this great ſalvation, which he confirms within them day by day by the power of his Spirit, and eſtabliſhes them in the true knowledge of the nature of the work he has wrought in them; ſo that they are fully ſatisfied he hath cleanſed them from all unrighteouſneſs, and made their ſouls an habitation for himſelf through the ſpirit. But, in order more firmly to ſecure them from the devices of Satan, and deeply root them in his love; he gives them a continual deep experimental ſenſe of their own extreme poverty. And this he does ſometimes by the appearance of his withdrawing, for a little ſeaſon, that ſweet ſenſe they, in general, enjoy of his preſence and love.

Sometimes he lets them feel how very little they are, how very weak and helpleſs. At other times, how very ignorant, how very little they know of thoſe things in which they have been ſo often inſtructed. It is true, that at firſt the ſoul is ſtartled, and thinks it has done ſomething amiſs, becauſe it feels itſelf thus, and ſometimes the enemy gets an advantage of it for a little time. But it is not long before the Lord appears, and gives it wiſdom to diſtinguiſh the devices of Satan from his own work. From this time the ſoul begins to ſee the deſign of the Lord in his work, and ſtrives to get underſtanding, and to ſubmit itſelf to be taught in every thing according to his will; who does not fail to enlighten and to convince it of its utter inability to think, will, or act any thing good without him; but that it muſt in all, and for all things depend on him alone.

He alſo gives the ſoul to look into all its ſpiritual works, and ſhews it how in all theſe it is defective; thus fully to

convince the ſoul that his merits alone are its recommendation to a holy God. This teaching in the general is with ſuch Divine power and ſweetneſs, that the ſoul is conſtrained to give itſelf up to him, being fully perſuaded his will is to make it compleatly happy. At the time it was delivered from inbred ſin, it did not know the defects that ſin had left. But the Lord by degrees makes the ſoul acquainted with it; and this the more firmly to unite it to himſelf, and ſave it from the ſnare of the devil. The ſoul is ſo truly ſenſible of this, that it is ever willing to lay itſelf open before him, hiding none of its infirmities or weakneſſes: rather, it is pleaſed with the free intercourſe it is permitted to have with him in theſe. This begets an inexpreſſible confidence in the ſoul to her Beloved. And Jeſus is truly to her the chief of ten thouſand, and altogether lovely. She hides herſelf in him. She is ſwallowed up in him. And never, never more looks out for any other lover. Here is firm footing. It is all ſolid rock: for here the ſoul hath not only loſt its ſin, but itſelf, and can truly ſay, "I live not, but Chriſt liveth in me, and the life I livein the fleſh is by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me and gave himſelf for me."

I will not ſay it is impoſſible to fall even from this ſtate of grace; but we have reaſon to believe we never ſhall, ſeeing we receive Him as our alpha and omega, the author and finiſher of our faith. Here all boaſting is excluded. And the ſoul is quite willing it ſhould, as it would have no intereſt ſeparate from Jeſus Chriſt: the glory of Jeſus being the glory of the ſoul. The beſt news it can hear upon earth is, that the kingdom of Chriſt increaſes, and, according to its own ſituation and abilities, it does what it can to promote it. Can we conceive any joy on earth to riſe higher than this? And can the ſoul really live thus? It can, when it has, as aforeſaid, loſt itſelf in him. And this it can do, though encompaſſed with a thouſand infirmities, and ſome of theſe real defects of the holy law.

A few

A few ſubjects of this work of grace we have in *London*; yet they make no great ſhow among their brethren; but live inwardly free and united to Jeſus in holy love; and, when called to it, can bear a public teſtimony for their Lord. But we are not to loſe ſight of one great truth; That nature ſeeks ſatisfactions in, and from itſelf. It is not a little thing to give up the heart to the Lord, ſo as to let him cleanſe it and make it a preſence-chamber for himſelf. But nature is not ſo totally loſt even then, as to receive with ſimplicity all the painful ſenſations, which the Lord may ſee fit the ſoul ſhould ſuffer in order to unite it more to himſelf. Therefore the more I look into the manner of his late working, the more I am amazed at his goodneſs; ſo powerfully and yet ſo ſweetly to make the creature willing to loſe itſelf in him.

I am ſatisfied that we are called to ſuffer as followers of a crucified Jeſus; yet we might avoid much of that painful ſenſation we have in our ſufferings, if we could but ſee the end they are to ſerve, viz. To ſubdue our will to the will of God. The reluctance would not be long. A ſubmiſſion would ſoon take place. Then a cheerfulneſs. Then a love of the will of God, though it be under grievous afflictions.

There are ſome, to whom, in a great meaſure, this ſalvation is, or hath been known; but by reaſon the work is not confirmed in them in the manner it was to others, they are in doubt of its reality, and their ſpirits are depreſſed. To theſe it may be peculiarly uſeful to ſpeak of this latter manner of our Lord's work, and if they receive it, the work will go on ſwiftly in them, and they will bleſs God for the conſolation. But in truth it requires perſons of ſome natural talents, and much experience, to deal with ſuch ſouls.

Anecdote

Anecdote of QUEEN ELIZABETH.

NOT long after the death of *Mary* Queen of *Scots*; *Margaret Lambrun*, who had been one of her attendants, became in ſome meaſure deſperate, on account of the loſs of a huſband whom ſhe dearly loved; a loſs, which had been occaſioned by grief for the melancholy fate of that unfortunate Princeſs, to whoſe retinue he alſo had belonged. She formed a reſolution to revenge the death of both upon the perſon of Queen *Elizabeth*; and to accompliſh her purpoſe dreſſed herſelf in the habit of a man; aſſumed the name of *Anthony Spark*, and attended at the Court of *England*, with a pair of piſtols conſtantly concealed about her; one to kill the Queen, when an opportunity ſhould offer, and one to kill herſelf, if her crime ſhould be diſcovered.

One day as ſhe was puſhing through the croud, in order to get near her Majeſty, who was then walking in the garden, ſhe accidentally dropped one of her piſtols. This circumſtance being obſerved by the guards, ſhe was immediately ſeized, in order to be ſent to priſon: the Queen, however, interfered, and deſired to examine the culprit firſt. She, accordingly, demanded her name, her country, and her quality; and *Margaret*, with a reſolution ſtill undaunted, replied, "Madam, though I appear before you in this garb, yet am I a woman. My name is *Margaret Lambrun*: and I was ſeveral years in the ſervice of *Mary*, a Queen, whom you have unjuſtly put to death; and thereby deprived me of the beſt of huſbands, who could not ſurvive the bloody cataſtrophe of his innocent miſtreſs. His memory is hardly more dear to me, than is that of my injured Queen: and regardleſs of conſequences, I determined to revenge their death upon you. Many, but fruitleſs were the efforts to divert me from my purpoſe: I found myſelf conſtrained to prove by experience the truth

truth of the maxim, That neither reaſon nor force can hinder a woman from vengeance, when ſhe is impelled to it by love."

Highly as the Queen had cauſe to reſent this ſpeech, ſhe heard it with calmneſs, and anſwered it with moderation. "You are perſuaded then, ſaid her Majeſty, that in this ſtep you have done nothing but what your duty required: what think you is my duty now to do to *you?*" "Is that queſtion put in the character of a Queen, or of that of a Judge" replied *Margaret*, with the ſame intrepid firmneſs. *Elizabeth* profeſſed to her that it was in that of a Queen. "Then," continued *Margaret*, "it is your Majeſty's duty to grant me a pardon."

"But what ſecurity" demanded the Queen, "can you give me that you will not make the like attempt upon ſome future occaſion?" "A favour ceaſes to be one, Madam," replied *Margaret*, "when it is yielded under ſuch reſtraints. In ſo doing, your Majeſty would act againſt me as a Judge." "I have been thirty years a Queen," cried *Elizabeth*, turning to the Courtiers then preſent, "and never had ſuch a lecture read to me before." And ſo immediately granted the pardon entire and unconditional, as it had been deſired, in oppoſition to the opinion of the preſident of the council, who told her Majeſty that he thought ſhe ought to have puniſhed ſo daring an offender. The fair criminal, however, gave an admirable proof of her prudence, in begging the Queen to extend her generoſity one degree further, by granting her a ſafe conduct out of the kingdom; with which favour alſo *Elizabeth* chearfully complied, and *Margaret Lambrun*, from that period, lived a peaceable life in *France*.

An Extract from Biſhop LATIMER'S *Sermon againſt Corruption.*

THERE was a patron in *England* that had a benefice fallen into his hands; and a good brother of mine came unto him, and brought him thirty apples in a diſh, and gave them

to

to his man to carry to his maſter. It is likely he gave one to his man for his labour, to make up the game, ſo there were thirty-one. The man went to his maſter, and preſented him with the diſh of apples, ſaying, "Sir, ſuch a man hath ſent you a diſh of fruit, and deſireth you to be good unto him for ſuch a benefice." "Tuſh, tuſh, (quoth he) this is no apple-matter; I will have none of his apples; I have as good as theſe in my own orchard." The man came to the prieſt again, and told him what his maſter ſaid. "Then (quoth the prieſt) deſire him to prove one of them for my ſake, he ſhall find them better than they look." He cut one of them, and found ten pieces of gold in it. "Marry (quoth he) this is a good apple." The prieſt, ſtanding not far off, hearing what the gentleman ſaid, cried out and anſwered, "They are all one apple, I aſſure you, Sir; they all grew on one tree, and have all one taſte." "Well, he is a good fellow, let him have it (quoth the patron) and get you a graft of this tree, and I will warrant it will ſtand you in better ſtead than all St. Paul's learning."

LETTERS.

LETTER DXVII.

[From Miſs H. A. R. to the Rev. J. Weſley.]

Dec. 11, 1779.

Rev. and dear Sir,

I Should not have been ſilent thus long had not my deareſt Lord ſeen good to afflict my body. I have lately been confined with, and am juſt recovering from a ſore throat. It was not ulcerated, but attended with a fever. Few in this town, or neighbourhood, have been ill, and ſeveral have died; four in one family within a month. I applied hartſhorn to my throat, and found benefit from it. I am now, I bleſs God, much better. I have reaſon to praiſe him for every afflic-

tion

tion; for all he permits, does work together for my good. I do love my Lord with all my heart.

" All my capacious powers can wiſh,
In him doth richly meet;
Nor to my eyes is light ſo dear,
Or friendſhip half ſo ſweet."

No, no, all that creation can boaſt, is poor and mean compared with him I love. In him I feel a conſtant heaven, and my ſoul truly ſits looſe to all beſides. I have victory, through his grace, over all things inward and outward, that are contrary to his will. I have at times various temptations; but they find no place in me, nor at any time diſtreſs or bring me into bondage. I have, (glory be to God) the inward teſtimony of his ſpirit, that I pleaſe him, and that he dwelleth in me. My body and ſoul are both the Lord's; and I earneſtly deſire that his whole will may be done in me and by me. I am a ſacrifice offered up, through Jeſus my adorable high-prieſt; and am determined, through grace divine, ever to remain ſo. I am a pilgrim in a ſtrange country, and all my treaſure is above.

I am travelling as faſt as the wings of time will bear me forward, to my celeſtial country; though thorns and ſnares, and gins, ſometimes beſet my path; yet, my feet are ſhod, my ſandals on, and I trample on them. Though the arrows of the archer are flying, I have a ſhield that turns aſide the fiery darts. I have a ſhadow from the heat, and a refuge from the ſtorm. I live upon the food of angels, and drink largely of the fountain of the water of life. His ways are ways of pleaſantneſs, and all his paths are perfect peace How great is the love wherewith he hath loved me! O how large his grace to the moſt unworthy! " Bleſs the Lord, O my ſoul and all that is within me bleſs his holy name." I have heard from couſin J— R—, and his ſoul proſpers; bleſſed be God! I hope, dear Sir, you ever do and ever will remember, at the throne of grace, you moſt unworthy but truly affectionate child in a precious Jeſus. H. A. R.

LETTER DXVIII.

[From the Rev. Dr. C. to the Rev. J. Wesley.]

Briſtol, Dec. 15, 1779.

Hon. and dear Sir,

I Was totally ignorant of your Brother's ſpirit till very lately. He appeared to me to be a *proud man*; but I am now ſatisfied that he is a man of *genuine humility*. I thought him an *enemy* to Methodiſm; but I now find him its *real friend*, as far as Methodiſm is a friend to the Church of England; and on *your* plan the Church of England never had ſo great a friend. I looked upon the Concerts, which he allows his ſons to have in his own houſe, to be highly diſhonourable to God; and himſelf to be criminal, by reaſon of his ſituation in the Church of Chriſt: but on mature conſideration of all the circumſtances appertaining to them, I cannot now blame him.

I laboured during part of theſe two laſt years with ſome, who ſaw your Brother in the ſame light as I did; and no doubt, their prejudices ſerved to heighten mine. Whilſt I thus viewed every thing, reſpecting him, with a jaundiced eye, it is no wonder that I interpreted all he ſaid, that would bear a double meaning, in the very worſt ſenſe. This, I apprehend, was the caſe in reſpect to thoſe things, which you mention in your laſt letter to him.

He and I were once converſing about the falſe fire, which ſometimes breaks out in our Band-meetings; particularly the behaviour of *Wildman* and *Platt*; when he obſerved, "I abominate thoſe Band-meetings." Whether he meant the Band-meetings at the Foundery *only*, or the *inſtitution itſelf*, I cannot ſay; (though I believe, he meant the former;) however at that time, I put the worſt conſtruction upon his words, and repeated them afterwards to others. He himſelf will be able, (and you cannot doubt his word) to give you full ſatisfaction reſpecting this matter.

As to the other point, Mr. C. Weſley's words are miſrepreſented: Mr. C. told me, that his wife, when in company one

day

day with your Brother, expreſſed ſome diſinclination to meet in Claſs; and he ſaid to her, "I would not have you meet in Claſs, if you don't like it:" in conſequence of which ſhe never met afterward. What was the full meaning of his heart, when he ſpoke thoſe words, he alone can ſatisfy you. As to myſelf, I have ſuch ſincere and unfeigned attachment to the Methodiſt-Diſcipline, that, highly as I love and reſpect your Brother, I would rather withdraw myſelf from that friendſhip, with which he has lately honoured me, than to ſacrifice or abandon that Diſcipline.

I am endeavouring to bring matters, reſpecting the Bath Chapel, to a concluſion. I find it very difficult to get money: yet, I hope, through the Divine bleſſing, it will be raiſed, and ſettled upon the plan preſcribed in the Minutes. Brother B. ſhall be appointed ſteward, if you do not object to him. He is a man of peace, loves you, loves the Church of England, and is beloved by all the people.

Pardon, dear Sir, the freedom I have taken, in writing thus freely to you; and believe me to be your moſt faithful, and dutiful Son in the Goſpel,

T. C.

LETTER DXIX.

[From Miſs E. R. to the Rev. J. Weſley.]

Dec. 21, 1779.

MANY thanks to my dear and Rev. Father for his laſt kind favour. In ſpirit I am often with you: and a few nights ago I dreamed that I heard you preach a ſweet ſermon from, "O that I had the wings of a dove: then would I fly away and be at reſt." It was food to my ſoul. I thought you firſt ſhewed the reſt, which the true followers of Jeſus enjoy here, in pure love, amidſt all the various trials to which they are expoſed. His will is their conſtant reſt, and a ſenſe of his approbation, their delight; but, when you, in the ſecond

place, deſcribed the glorious reſt, beyond the grave, which remains for the perſevering believer; my ſoul was ready to join with the holy Pſalmiſt, and cry, "O that I had the wings of a dove! then would I fly away and plunge into the full fruition of my God." But, dull mortality ſtill pinioned down my mounting ſpirit; and I awoke with a lively impreſſion of eternal things on my mind. How good is the Lord! my dear Sir, who deals bountifully with me, keeps me night and day, and waters me every moment.

Since I wrote laſt, it has pleaſed the Lord to call me to much exerciſe both of body and mind. My dear mother was ſcarcely raiſed from her illneſs, before my father grew worſe, ſo that we expected his diſſolution every hour. He ſuffered ſo much from conſtant ſickneſs, added to his other infirmities, that though I felt the loſs of a tender parent would affect me more than I have ſometimes, when at a diſtance, thought it would; yet I could not aſk his life; but only cried, "Lord, fully prepare him for thy kingdom, and let thy will be done." It hath pleaſed the Lord to reſtore him a little, and for ſome time he hath not had thoſe ſtrangling fits. I do not remember he had one while ſitting up; and he choſe rather not to lie down at all, than to have an iſſue ſet. He ſleeps moſt of his time: but has not attempted to go to bed for ſome weeks paſt. For this fortnight my dear mother has again been very ill. I am daily called to adminiſter to their wants, and bleſſed be God, though I have not all the time I uſed to have for religious exerciſes; yet I experience "obedience is better than ſacrifice" and my gracious Lord favours me with a conſtant ſenſe of his approbation.

At all times I enjoy a peace, which nothing interrupts, and glory be unto my Jeſus, ſtill freſh ſtreams of living joy deſcend into my happy breaſt; while by faith I behold every attribute of my God conſpires to make me bleſt. I feel He does all things well. His every act, reſpecting me, "Pure bleſſing is, His path unſullied light." And though, at times, dark proſpects of what

lies

lies before me, are preſented to my mind; yet I hope I feel a power immediately to look to the Lord, and he graciouſly keeps my heart in ſuch a ſtate of ſweet reſignation to his will, that I dwell entirely free from all anxious cares of diſtreſſing fears of what lies before me. He hath ſaid, "As thy day is, ſo thy ſtrength ſhall be;" and on his faithful word my ſoul relies; but, O my dear, dear Sir, pray for me, for I am all weakneſs: help me all you can, ſtill with greater confidence, to truſt in Iſrael's God.

About a month ago I had a ſweet letter from dear Miſs —. She has, I think, fully regained all ſhe had loſt; and my ſpirit feels juſt the ſame nearneſs to her which it uſed to do. I have alſo had one truly ſpiritual letter from lady M. She has not anſwered my laſt; but I expect a feaſt when it comes. I ſometimes think of Mr. P. who uſed to talk of writing you a letter of thanks for the many ſpiritual friends you have brought him acquainted with. Sure I have moſt need to do this. May every bleſſing, a thouſand fold, be returned into your own breaſt, that you have been inſtrumental in conferring on, my ever dear and honoured Sir, your unworthy, though affectionate child

E. R.

POETRY.

SHORT HYMNS

[By the late Rev. C. Weſley.]

HYMN IX.

On MATT. iv. ver. 6.—*He ſhall give his angels charge concerning thee, and in their hands they ſhall bear thee up.*

US in their hands the angels bear
In all our lawful ways:
But ſhall we from his precepts err,
And tempt the God of grace?

Ourſelves

Ourſelves as from the ſummit caſt,
Th' appointed means neglect,
And think we hold his promiſe faſt,
Who his commands reject?

In vain the promiſe of our Lord
The diſobedient pleads;
God never contradicts his word,
Or wills what he forbids:
Father, thy whole recorded will
Doth every part explain;
And none, but who the terms fulfil,
The promiſed good ſhall gain.

On TRUTH.

[*Continued from* Vol. XII. *page* 671.]

WHAT ſhall the man deſerve of human kind,
Whoſe happy ſkill and induſtry combined,
Shall prove (what argument could never yet)
The bible an impoſture and a cheat?
The praiſes of the libertine profeſſed,
The worſt of men, and curſes of the beſt.
Where ſhould the living, weeping o'er his woes,
The dying, trembling at their awful cloſe;
Where the betrayed, forſaken, and oppreſſed,
The thouſands, whom the world forbids to reſt;
Where ſhould they find, (thoſe comforts at an end
The ſcripture yields) or hope to find a friend?
Sorrow might muſe herſelf to madneſs then,
And, ſeeking exile from the ſight of men,
Bury herſelf in ſolitude profound,
Grow frantic with her pangs, and bite the ground.
Thus, often, unbelief, grown ſick of life,
Flies to the tempting pool, or felon knife;

In

The jury meet, the coroner is ſhort,
And lunacy the verdict of the court:
Reverſe the ſentence: let the truth be known;
Such lunacy is ignorance alone:
They knew not, what ſome biſhops may not know,
That ſcripture is the only cure of woe:
That field of promiſe, how it flings abroad
Its odour o'er the Chriſtian's thorny road!
The ſoul repoſing on aſſured relief,
Feels herſelf happy amidſt all her grief;
Forgets her labour, as ſhe toils along,
Weeps tears of joy, and burſts into a ſong.
  But the ſame word, that, like the poliſh'd ſhare,
Ploughs up the roots of a believer's care;
Kills too the flowery weeds, where'er they grow,
That bind the ſinner's Bachanalian brow.
Oh! that unwelcome voice of heavenly love,
Sad meſſenger of mercy from above;
How does it grate upon his thankleſs ear,
Crippling his pleaſures with the cramp of fear!
His will and judgment at continual ſtrife;
That civil war imbitters all his life;
In vain he points his powers againſt the ſkies,
In vain he cloſes, or averts his eyes;
Truth will intrude: ſhe bids him yet beware;
And ſhakes the ſceptic in the ſcorner's chair.
Though various foes againſt the truth combine,
Pride above all oppoſes her deſign;
Pride, of a growth ſuperior to the reſt,
The ſubtleſt ſerpent, with the loftieſt creſt,
Swells at the thought, and kindling into rage,
Would hiſs the cherub mercy from the ſtage.
  And is the ſoul indeed ſo loſt, ſhe cries,
Fallen from her glory, and too weak to riſe:

Torpid

Torpid and dull, beneath a frozen zone,
Has ſhe no ſpark, that may be deemed her own?
Grant her indebted to, what zealots call
Grace undeſerved; yet ſurely not for all;
Some beams of rectitude ſhe yet diſplays,
Some love of virtue, and ſome power to pleaſe;
Can lift herſelf above corporeal things,
And, ſoaring on her own unborrowed wings,
Poſſeſs herſelf of all that's good or true;
Aſſert the ſkies, and vindicate her due.
Paſt indiſcretion is a venial crime,
And if the youth, unmellowed yet by time,
Bore, on his branch luxuriant then, and rude,
Fruits of a blighted ſize, auſtere, and crude;
Maturer years ſhall happier ſtores produce,
And meliorate the well-concocted juice.
Then conſcious of her meritorious zeal,
To juſtice ſhe may make her bold appeal;
And leave to mercy, with a tranquil mind,
The worthleſs, and unfruitful of mankind.
Hear then, how mercy, ſlighted and defied,
Retorts the affront againſt the crown of pride.
Periſh the virtue, as it ought, abhorred,
And the fool with it, that inſults the Lord!
Th' atonement a Redeemer's love has wrought
Is not for you; the righteous need it not.
Seeſt thou yon harlot, wooing all ſhe meets,
The worn-out nuiſance of the public ſtreets;
Herſelf from morn to night, from night to morn,
Her own abhorrence, and as much your ſcorn!
The gracious ſhower, unlimited and free,
Shall fall on her, when heaven denies it thee.
Of all that wiſdom dictates, this the drift,
That man is dead in ſin; and life a gift.

[*To be concluded in our next.*]



Mr JAMES THOM.

ÆT. 41.

THE Arminian Magazine,

For FEBRUARY 1790.

An Illuſtration of Part of the Seventh Chapter of the Epiſtle to the Romans, from verſe 14, to the end of the Chapter.

By JAMES SMITH, *Miniſter in* DUMFERMLINE.

[*Continued from page* 4.]

An Enquiry into the general ſcope of the Paſſage.

I. THE characteriſtic marks of an unregenerate man are eſſentially diſtinct from thoſe of a real Chriſtian; and this paſſage contains the principal parts of either one or the other. The importance of diſtinguiſhing the character of a ſaint, from that of a ſinner, is undeniable. The difference between theſe oppoſite characters is frequently indiſtinct, as to the outward appearance. Some unbelievers may approach near to that of weak believers; however, internally, the difference is immenſe. And as the characteriſtic marks of both claſſes are ſo contrary to one another, and diſtinctly deſcribed in the word of God, it is matter of ſurprize, that it ever ſhould have been

been made a queſtion to which of theſe characters this paſſage belongs.

Two things, to which ſufficient attention is not paid, occaſion confuſion here.

1. The two parties who controvert the paſſage, have hitherto been of different principles, and have always intermixed their illuſtrations of the ſeveral expreſſions with the peculiarities of their ſyſtem. This carries away the attention of the diſputants, from the ſubject in queſtion, to thoſe doctrines in which they differ from one another: hence that opinion, which hath truth on its ſide, is ruined, by the attempt of its votaries to force ſeveral expreſſions in the paſſage into the ſupport of doctrines, with which they are altogether unconnected. This is the great obſtacle in the way of our progreſs in ſcriptural knowledge, and the frequent error of ſenſible commentators.

2. Though the characters of ſaints and ſinners are as contrary to one another, as good is oppoſite to evil; yet both have many things in common: they have all the ſame rational faculties and natural feelings, which operate in a ſimilar manner; they mingle together in the ſame ſociety, profeſs the ſame religion, perform the ſame duties, obſerve and approve of the ſame laws. Human nature in many things is the ſame in both: the corruption which remains in the one, is of the ſame nature with that which rules in the other. Hence we often miſtake our own character, and that of our neighbour; hence alſo, that confuſion ſo obvious in the delineating of characters by many writers.

Habitually to act contrary to light and conſcience, in neglecting to do the good we would, and committing the evil we would not, is a characteriſtic mark of the wicked; to be carnal, and ſold under ſin, is another; to have no good dwelling in the man, and to be incapable of performing good, is alſo a certain evidence of a wicked man: to be led captive by our luſts to the law of ſin, and ſerve this tyrant with the fleſh, is a part of the unregenerate man's character.

It

It is not eſſential to this character, that the man be guilty of outward groſs crimes. An unregenerate man may be able to thank God, that he is no extortioner, nor adulterer, nor unjuſt, nor wicked, as many others around him; he may be able to tell of his prayers and faſtings, and of many other commendable good works; and notwithſtanding this, he may have all the general diſpoſitions and principal parts of a wicked man's character: for, ſaith the apoſtle James, "Whoſoever ſhall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all." The ſame corrupt principles which prevail in one inſtance habitually to break the law, contrary to light and conſcience, would operate in the ſame manner in any other inſtance, were the temptation and opportunity the ſame. If therefore a man be under the dominion of any one luſt, ſo that its authority habitually prevails and keeps him in captivity; if there be one duty, which he knows to be good, and ought to be done, but doth it not; and one crime, which he knows to be evil, and yet continues to commit it; he is a breaker of the whole law, and this deſcription ſuits him: for it is not ſpoken as a thing, which took place in the hour of ſore trial, but his daily practice; he continued ſold under ſin, doing the evil he hated, neglecting the duties he knew to be good, and in captivity to the law of ſin, ſerving it with the fleſh.

II. In this paſſage our apoſtle deſcribes with accuracy a character; and what he hath ſaid is preſerved on record to remain in all ages the ſtandard of that character; his deſcription is by no means exaggerated in any of its parts: he leads us through a ſeries of actions into a full knowledge of the agent; you ſee not only the tenor of his conduct, but alſo the ſprings of action. As the apoſtle not only had a perfect knowledge of his ſubject, but alſo was inſpired; we cannot ſuppoſe that the ſenſe of the paſſage could be expreſſed with greater perſpicuity than is done. And thus St. Paul aſſerted in his firſt epiſtle to the Corinthians, chap. ix. 27. that "He

kept his body under, and brought it into ſubjection; leſt, ſaid he, that by any means when I have preached to others, I myſelf ſhould be a caſt-away." Here, in ver. 23, and 25, he aſſerts, that with his body he ſerved the law of ſin, and that ſin ruled in his members; which of theſe accounts ſhall we believe, or how much of either, if St. Paul meant they were both true at the ſame time? There is a curſe pronounced againſt all thoſe who take from the word of God; if we, by the application of this rule, cut and carve paſſages of ſcripture, to make them ſuit our favourite opinions, are we altogether free from that crime againſt which the curſe is denounced?

III. In order to underſtand the character of any man, it is neceſſary to know the general tenor of his conduct, together with the leading principles from which he acts. Thoſe principles, which uniformly influence our practice, denominate the character. It is not one or a few actions by which this is formed; it is the general tenor of conduct.

Now the general tenor of St. Paul's conduct is the chief thing which he deſcribes in this chapter. It is not eaſy to account for that opinion which denies this; certain it is, however, that thoſe who interpret the paſſage, as a deſcription of our apoſtle's character after his converſion, reſtrict the ſenſe of the whole paſſage to what paſſed inwardly in his mind.

No words can be more expreſſive of outward action, and of the general tenor of conduct, than thoſe uſed by the inſpired author. After informing us, that he was carnal and the ſlave of ſin he deſcribes his work in that ſervice, ver. 15, "What I do, ſaith he, I allow not:" (κατεργαζομαι) "I do," is a word which ſignifieth to work out, or do fully; it is uſed by the apoſtle, when he ſaith, "Work out your own ſalvation;" and through the whole paſſage he ſpeaketh of the man's works, what he worketh or doth, and what he doth not; hence he concludes the whole deſcription of his conduct in theſe words, "With my mind I ſerve the law of God, and with

with the fleſh the law of ſin," ver. 25. Nor is the apoſtle giving an hiſtorical account of himſelf, or relating ſome tranſactions which happened on particular occaſions; he gives us a general account of his heart and life, all the parts of which were applicable to him, while he was in that ſtate here deſcribed: he doth not ſay, that at one time he was carnal, at another he neglected the duties which he would, or knew that he ought to perform; that afterwards he did that which he hated; but he tells us what in general his temper and tenor of life was: "I find a law," ſaith he, I find it to be a general rule, that whenever I incline to do good, then evil is preſent with me, ver. 21.

IV. It is a maxim uncontroverted, that the crimes we commit bear a proportion to our knowledge of the laws we tranſgreſs; our convictions of their propriety, and of our obligations to obey them: from this principle our Saviour argued againſt the Jews, "If I had not come, and ſpoken unto them, they had not had ſin; but now they have no cloke for their ſin." He therefore aſſured theſe people, that "it would be more tolerable for Tyre and Sidon, in the day of judgment, than for them." From the ſame principle alſo, the apoſtle deſcribes the aggravating circumſtances, which rendered the unbelieving Jews altogether inexcuſable; "Thou art a Jew, ſaid he, and reſteſt in the law, and makeſt thy boaſt of God; and knoweſt his will, and approveſt the things that are more excellent, being inſtructed out of the law.—Makeſt thy boaſt of the law, and yet through breaking the law diſhonoureſt thou God," &c. See Rom. ii. 17. to 25. Now let us apply St. Paul's reaſoning to his own character: we are certain that this apoſtle knew the law better than this unbelieving Jew, and he confeſſeth that he alſo "conſented to the law that it was good, ver. 16. He felt his obligations to obey this law; and acknowledged that reaſon and conſcience inclined him to obey it; but at the ſame time he ſays, "The good that I would, I do not; but the evil which

which I would not, that I do," ver. 19. Why? what excuſe can he have for not doing that, which he ſaw to be good? and for doing that, which he was convinced in his conſcience was evil? If St. Paul was in a ſtate of grace when he acted in this manner, his wickedneſs was much greater than the wickedneſs of that Jew, whom he accuſeth: and on account of whoſe iniquities the name of God was blaſphemed among the Gentiles, ver. 24. Since St. Paul mentions this as his general conduct in the ſtate which he deſcribes, it will be very difficult to prove, that this ſtate was a ſtate of grace, in which he brought forth to God the fruits of holineſs, and ſerved him in newneſs of ſpirit, ver. 4. 6. Certain it is, that the circumſtances, which are here mentioned, and which are interpreted by many as clear marks of grace, greatly aggravated the guilt which he here acknowledgeth: it is true, he doth not mention any particular ſin, but in general terms confeſſeth, that he generally broke the law and wrought evil, ver. 19. He tells us, that "what he hated, that he did," and that he neglected to perform the duties, which he knew to be good, ver. 15. Were theſe unbelieving Jews, chap. ii. inexcuſable, on account of their knowledge and convictions? ſurely St. Paul was much more: Were they teachers of others? ſo was St. Paul: Did they urge other men to obſerve that very law, which was knowingly broken by themſelves? this did St. Paul alſo: Did they make a boaſt of the Lord, and a great profeſſion of holineſs? ſo did St. Paul; he even appealed to God himſelf as to his purity and unblamableneſs 1 Theſ. ii. 10. Was God diſhonoured by their diſobedience, and the Gentiles induced to blaſpheme? much more was God diſhonoured by the evil deeds of an apoſtle, and religion injured. The circumſtances, therefore, which St. Paul mentions, and which are thought by many to be certain evidences of grace, greatly aggravate the guilt he confeſſeth. Phyſician, might they not ſay, firſt heal thyſelf; firſt pluck out the beam, which you confeſs to be in your own eye, before

before you offer to pull the mote out of mine: firſt abſtain from evils which you know; ceaſe to commit deeds which you confeſs that you hate; and do the good which you ſee to be your duty, before you ſet up for a reformer, and an example unto others. But if we underſtand St. Paul to be telling us what he was before he entered upon that ſtation; and what a change the grace of God had wrought upon him; then his argument hath double weight, being enforced by example.

[*To be continued.*]

SERMON LV.

On 2 COR. V. 7.

[*Concluded from page* 9.]

12. IT is where ſenſe can be of no farther uſe, that faith comes into our help: it is the grand deſideratum: it does what none of the ſenſes can; no, not with all the helps that art hath invented. All our inſtruments, however improved by the ſkill and labour of ſo many ſucceeding ages, do not enable us to make the leaſt diſcovery of theſe unknown regions. They barely ſerve the occaſions for which they were formed, in the preſent, viſible world.

13. How different is the caſe, how vaſt the pre-eminence of them that *walk by faith!* God having *opened the eyes of their underſtanding*, pours divine light into their ſoul, whereby they are enabled to *ſee Him that is inviſible*, to ſee God and the things of God. What their *eye had not ſeen*, nor their *ear heard*, neither *had it entered into their heart to conceive*, God from time to time reveals to them, by the *unction of the Holy One, which teacheth* them *of all things*. Having *entered into the holieſt by the blood of Jeſus*, by that *new and living way*, and being

being joined unto *the general aſſembly and church of the firſt-born*, and *unto God the judge of all*, and *Jeſus the Mediator of the New Covenant*, each of theſe can ſay, *I live not, but Chriſt liveth in me; I now live that life, which is hid with Chriſt in God.* And when *Chriſt, who is* my *life ſhall appear, then* I *ſhall* likewiſe *appear with him in glory.*

14. They that *live* by faith, *walk by faith.* But what is implied in this? They regulate all their judgments concerning good and evil, not with reference to viſible and temporal things, but to things inviſible and eternal. They think viſible things to be of ſmall value, becauſe they paſs away like a dream; but on the contrary, they account inviſible things to be of high value, becauſe they will never paſs away. Whatever is inviſible is eternal: the things that are not ſeen, do not periſh. So the apoſtle, *The things that are ſeen are temporal; but the things that are not ſeen are eternal.* Therefore they that *walk by faith* do not deſire the *things which are ſeen*; neither are they the object of their purſuit. They *ſet their affections on things above, not on things on the earth.* They *ſeek* only the things which are *where Jeſus ſitteth at the right hand of God.* Becauſe they know *the things that are ſeen are temporal*, paſſing away like a ſhadow, therefore they *look not at them*, they deſire them not, they account them as nothing; but *they look at the things which are not ſeen, that are eternal*, that never paſs away. By theſe they form their judgments of all things. They judge them to be good or evil, as they promote or hinder their welfare, not in time, but in eternity. They weigh whatever occurs, in this ballance: What influence has it on my eternal ſtate? They regulate all their tempers and paſſions, all their deſires, joys and fears by this ſtandard. They regulate all their thoughts and deſigns, all their words and actions, ſo as to prepare them for that inviſible and eternal world, to which they are ſhortly going. They do not *dwell*, but only *ſojourn* here; not looking upon

earth

earth as their home but only "travelling through Immanuel's ground to fairer worlds on high."

15. Brethren, are *you* of this number, who are now here before God? Do *you* ſee him that *is inviſible.* Have you faith? Living faith? The faith of a child? Can you ſay, *The life that I now live, I live by faith in the Son of God, who loved me, and gave himſelf for me?* Do you *walk by faith?* Obſerve the queſtion. I do not aſk whether you curſe, or ſwear, or profane the ſabbath, or live in any outward ſin? I do not aſk, whether you do good, more or leſs? Or attend all the ordinances of God. But ſuppoſe you are blameleſs in all theſe reſpects, I aſk in the name of God, by what ſtandard do you judge of the value of things? By the viſible or the inviſible world? Bring the matter to an iſſue in a ſingle inſtance: which do you judge beſt, that your ſon ſhould be a pious cobler or a profane lord? Which appears to you moſt eligible, that your daughter ſhould be a child of God, and walk on foot, or a child of the devil, and ride in a coach and ſix? When the queſtion is, concerning marrying your daughter, if you conſider her body more than her ſoul? Take knowledge of yourſelf! You are in the way to hell, and not to heaven; for you walk by ſight, and not by faith. I do not aſk, whether you live in any outward ſin, or neglect. But do you *ſeek* in the general tenor of your life, *the things that are above,* or the *things that are below?* Do you *ſet your affections on things above,* or on *things of the earth?* If on the latter, you are as ſurely in the way of deſtruction, as a thief or a common drunkard. My dear friends, let every man, every woman among you, deal honeſtly with yourſelves. Aſk your own heart, What am I ſeeking day by day? What am I deſiring? What am I purſuing? Earth or heaven? The things that are ſeen, or the things that are not ſeen? What is your object, God or the world? As the Lord liveth, if the world is your object, ſtill all your religion is vain.

16. See then, my dear brethren, that from this time at leaſt, ye chuſe the better part. Let your judgment of all the things round about you be according to the real value of things, with a reference to the inviſible and eternal world. See that ye judge every thing fit to be purſued or ſhunned, according to the influence it will have on your eternal ſtate. See that your affections, your deſire, your joy, your hope, be ſet not on tranſcient objects, not on things that fly as a ſhadow, that paſs away like as a dream; but on thoſe that are incapable of change, that are incorruptible and fade not away: thoſe that remain the ſame, when heaven and earth *flee away, and there is no place found for them.* See that in all you think, ſpeak or do, *the eye* of your ſoul *be ſingle*, fixt on *him that is inviſible, and the glories that ſhall be revealed.* Then ſhall *your whole body be full of light.* Your whole ſoul ſhall enjoy the light of God's countenance. And you ſhall continually ſee *the light of the* glorious love of *God in the face of Jeſus Chriſt.*

17. See in particular that all your *deſire* be unto him, *and unto the remembrance of his name.* Beware of *fooliſh and hurtful deſires*: ſuch as ariſe from any viſible or temporal thing. All theſe St. *John* warns us of, under that general term *love of the world.* It is not ſo much to men of the world, as to the children of God, he gives that important direction, *Love not the world, neither the things of the world.* Give no place to the *deſire of the fleſh*: the gratification of the outward ſenſes, whether of the taſte, or any other. Give no place to *the deſire of the eye*, the internal ſenſe, or imagination, by gratifying it, either by grand things, or beautiful, or uncommon. Give no place to *the pride of life*, the deſire of wealth, of pomp, or of the honour that cometh of men. St. *John* confirms this advice, by a conſideration parallel to that obſervation which St. *Paul* had made to the *Corinthians*; *For the world and the faſhion of it paſſeth away. The faſhion of it*, all worldly objects, buſineſs, pleaſures, cares, whatever now attracts our regard, or attention, paſſeth away—is in the very act of paſſing, and will return

return no more. Therefore desire none of these fleeting things; but that glory which *abideth for ever*.

18. Observe well. This is *religion*, and this alone: this alone is true Christian religion: not this or that opinion, or system of opinions, be they ever so true, ever so scriptural. It is true, this is commonly called *faith*. But those, who suppose it to be *religion*, are given up to a strong delusion, to believe a lie. And if they suppose it to be a sure passport to heaven, are in the high road to hell. Observe well: *religion* is not *harmlessness*: which a careful observer of mankind properly terms *Hellish harmlessness*, as it sends thousands to the bottomless pit. It is not *morality*, excellent as that is, when it is built on a right foundation, loving faith. But when otherwise, it is of no value in the sight of God. It is not *formality*, the most exact observance of all the ordinances of God. This too, unless it be built on the right foundation, is no more pleasing to God, than *the cutting off a dog's neck*. No: religion is no less than living in eternity, and walking in eternity: and hereby walking in the love of God and man, in lowliness, meekness, and resignation. This, and this alone is that *life, which is hid with Christ in God*. He alone, who experiences this, *dwells in God, and God in him*. This alone is setting the crown upon Christ's head, and doing his *will on earth, as it is done in heaven*.

19. It will easily be observed, that this is the very thing that men of the world call *Enthusiasm*. A word just fit for their purpose, because no man can tell either the meaning, or even the derivation of it. If it has any determinate sense, it means a species of religious madness. Hence, when you speak your experience, they immediately cry out, *much* religion *hath made thee mad*. And all that you experience either of the invisible or of the eternal world, they suppose to be only the waking dreams of a heated imagination. It cannot be otherwise, when men born blind, take upon them to reason concerning light and colours. They will readily pronounce those to be insane,

who affirm the exiſtence of thoſe things, whereof they have no conception.

20. From all that has been ſaid, it may be ſeen with the utmoſt clearneſs, what is the nature of that faſhionable thing called *Diſſipation*. He that hath ears to hear, let him hear: it is the very quinteſſence of atheiſm: it is artificial added to natural ungodlineſs. It is the art of forgetting God, of being altogether *without God in the world:* the art of excluding him, if not out of the world he has created, yet out of the minds of all his intelligent creatures. It is a total, ſtudied inattention to the whole inviſible and eternal world: more eſpecially to death, the gate of eternity, and to the important conſequences of death, heaven and hell.

21. This is the real nature of *Diſſipation*. And is it ſo harmleſs a thing, as it is uſually thought? It is one of the choiceſt inſtruments of deſtroying immortal ſpirits, that was ever forged in the magazines of hell. It has been the means of plunging myriads of ſouls, that might have enjoyed the glory of God, into the everlaſting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels. It blots out all religion at one ſtroke, and levels man with the beaſts that periſh. All ye that fear God, flee from Diſſipation! Dread and abhor the very name of it. Labour to have God in all your thoughts! To have eternity ever in your eye. *Look* continually, *not at the things that are ſeen*, but at *the things which are not ſeen*. Let your hearts be fixed there, where *Chriſt ſitteth at the right hand of God*, that whenſoever he calleth you, *an entrance may be miniſtered unto you abundantly into his everlaſting kingdom*.

London, Dec. 30. 1788.

A ſhort

A ſhort Account of Mr. GEORGE SHADFORD.

[Written by Himſelf.]

[*Continued from page* 13.]

I Was often tempted this year to put an end to my life (for it was a year of ſinning, and a year of miſery.) I was afraid to ſtand by a deep river, leſt I ſhould throw myſelf in. If I was on the edge of a great rock, I trembled and thought I muſt caſt myſelf down, and therefore was obliged to retreat ſuddenly. When I have been in the front gallery at church, I have many times been forced to withdraw backward, being horribly tempted to caſt myſelf down headlong. It ſeemed as if Satan was permitted to wreak his malice upon me in an uncommon manner, to make me miſerable; but, glory be to God, I was wonderfully preſerved by an inviſible hand, in the midſt of ſuch dreadful temptations. At other times, when at prayer, or walking alone meditating, God hath graciouſly given me to taſte of the powers of the world to come.

I always had a ſtrong natural affection for my parents, and would do any thing that was in my power for them. It happened, a little before I went from home in the militia, that my father was in ſome diſtreſs in temporal circumſtances. This moved me much; I therefore gave him all the money I had received in order to go into the militia. Very frequently, during my abſence from them, when the miniſter read over the fifth commandment in the church "Honour thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land, &c," with tears in my eyes, I have ſaid, "Lord incline my heart to keep this law:' always believing a curſe would attend diſobedient, undutiful children.

When

When our company lay in quarters at *Gainſborough*, I went with a ſerjeant to the place where the Methodiſts frequently preached, which was the old hall belonging to Sir *Nevil Hickman*. We did not go with a deſign of getting any good for our ſouls; but to meet two young women (who ſometimes frequented that place at one o'clock) in order to walk with them in the afternoon. When we came there, we found the perſons we wanted; but I ſoon forgot them, after the preacher began publick worſhip. I was much ſtruck with his manner. He took out his hymn-book, and the people ſang a hymn. After this he began to pray extempore in ſuch a manner as I had never heard, or been uſed to before. I thought it to be a moſt excellent prayer. After this he took his little Bible out of his pocket, read over his text, and put it into his pocket again. I marvelled at this, and thought within myſelf, "will he preach without a book too?"

He began immediately to open the ſcriptures, and compared ſpiritual things with ſpiritual, in ſuch a light as I had never heard before. I did not ſuppoſe he had very learned abilities, or that he had ſtudied either at *Oxford* or *Cambridge*: but ſomething ſtruck me "this is the gift of God; this is the gift of God." I thought it was the Lord's doings, and marvelous in my eyes.

The preacher ſpoke much againſt drunkenneſs, ſwearing, &c. but I thought I was not much guilty of ſuch ſins. At laſt he ſpoke very cloſe againſt pleaſure-takers, and proved that ſuch were dead while they live. I thought, if what he ſays be true, I am in a moſt dreadful condition. I thought again, this muſt be true, for he proves it from the word of God. Immediately I found a kind of judgment-ſeat ſet up in my conſcience, where I was tried, caſt, and condemned; for, I knew I had been ſeeking happineſs, in the pleaſures of the world, and in the creature all my days; not in the Creator and Redeemer of my ſoul, the only central point of bliſs. I revolved over and over what I had heard, as I went from preaching; and reſolved, "If this be

Methodiſt

Methodiſt preaching, I will come again; for, I received more light from that ſingle ſermon, than from all that ever I heard in my life before."

I thought no more about the girls, whom I went to meet; and found I had work enough to take care of my own ſoul. I now went every Sunday, when there was preaching, at half paſt one to the ſame place, and continued ſo to do moſt of the time we lay at *Gainſborough*. It was not long before my comrades and acquaintance took notice of my religious turn of mind, and began to ridicule me. I was ſurprized at this; for, I (ignorantly) thought, "If I become ſerious, every one will love and admire me." I ſtill continued to go to preaching, till the ſoldiers and others having repeatedly reproached and laughed at me, I began to think I had not ſufficient ſtrength to travel to heaven, as I was, connected with ſuch a ſet of ſinners.

I then made a vow to almighty God, that if he would ſpare me until that time twelve month (at which time I ſhould be at liberty from the militia, and intended to return home) I would then ſerve him. So I reſolved to venture another year in the old way, damned or ſaved. O! what a mercy that I am not in hell! that God did not take me at my word, and cut me off immediately! From this time the ſpirit of God was grieved, and conſequently, I was left to fall into ſin as bad, or worſe than ever.

After this, we marched and were quartered near *Dartford* in Kent, where we continued eleven weeks. This place ſeemed to me the moſt prophane for ſwearing, curſing, drunkenneſs, ſabbath breaking, &c. that ever I ſaw in any part of *England*. I was ſo affected, that I went to the miniſter of the pariſh, and let him know what wretched work of drinking and fighting we had in the taverns in ſervice time on Sunday; and deſired him to ſee to it. He did ſo, and ſtrictly forbad any liquor to be ſold during church-ſervice for the future. It was at this place the Lord arreſted me again with ſtrong convictions; ſo that I was obliged to leave my comrades at noon day, and ran up into my

my chamber, where I threw myſelf upon my knees and wept bitterly. I thought "Sin, curſed ſin will be my ruin." I was ready to tear the very hair from my head, thinking I muſt periſh at laſt, and that my ſins would ſink me lower than the grave.

While I was in this agony in my chamber about noon, the landlady came into it, as ſhe was paſſing into her own, and found me upon my knees. I was not in the leaſt aſhamed. She ſaid nothing to me then; but at night took me to taſk, and aſked me if I was a Weſleyan, or Whitfieldite? I ſaid, "Madam what do you mean? do you reproach me becauſe I pray! becauſe I pray!" She pauſed. I ſaid again, "Madam do *you* never pray to God? I think I never ſaw you at church, or any place of worſhip, theſe ten weeks I have been at your houſe." She anſwered, "No, the parſon and I have quarrelled, and therefore I do not chuſe to go to hear him." I replied, "A poor excuſe, madam! and will you alſo quarrel with God?" Wherever I travelled, I found the Methodiſts were every where ſpoken againſt, by wicked and ungodly perſons of every denomination; and the more I looked into the Bible, I was convinced that they were the people of God.

Our next route was to *Dover*, where we tarried a month. Here the ſoldiers laughed me out of the little form of prayer I had; for, I uſed always to kneel down by the bed ſide before I got into it. This form I dropped, and only ſaid my prayers in bed. Our next remove was to *Gainſborough*, *Lincolnſhire*, where we abode the winter, and in ſpring went to *Epworth*, in which place I was diſcharged.

Soon after my arrival at home, ſeveral young perſons ſeemed extremely glad to ſee me, and propoſed a dance, to expreſs their joy at our firſt meeting. Though I was not fond of this, yet to oblige them, I complied, much againſt my conſcience. We danced untill break of day, and as I was walking from the tavern to my father's houſe (about an hundred yards) a thought came to my mind "What have I been doing this night, ſerving the

the devil!" I conſidered, what it had coſt me; and upon the whole, I thought the ways of the devil are more expenſive than the ways of the Lord. It will coſt a man more to damn his ſoul than to ſave it." I had not walked many ſteps farther, before ſomething ſpoke to my heart "remember thy promiſe," immediately it came ſtrongly into my mind, it is now a year ago ſince that promiſe was made "If thou wilt ſpare me until I get home, I will ſerve thee." Then that paſſage of Solomon came to my mind, "When thou voweſt a vow unto God, defer not to pay it, for he hath no pleaſure in fools; pay that thou voweſt." I thought, "I will. I will ſerve the devil no more." But then it was ſuggeſted to my mind, "Stay another year, until thou art married, and ſettled in the world, and then thou mayeſt be religious." That was directly followed with "If I do, God will ſurely cut me off, and ſend my ſoul to hell, after ſo ſolemn a vow made." From that time I never danced more, but immediately began to ſeek happineſs in God.

A circumſtance happened, which tended to fix me in this reſolution. Before I went into the militia, I was ſomewhat engaged to a young woman that lived in *Nottinghamſhire*; and when I was at *Mancheſter* I wrote to her; but received no anſwer, which much ſurprized me. After I returned home, I went to ſee her, but found ſhe was dead and buried. This ſhocked me very much. I deſired a friend to ſhew me the place where ſhe was interred. When I came to it and was muſing, I turned my eye to the left hand, and ſaw a new ſtone with this inſcription,

"In bloom of youth into this town I came,
Reader, repent; thy lot may be the ſame."

I felt, as if ſomething thrilled through me; I read and wept, and read and wept again. I looked at the ſtone, and underſtood it was a young woman, aged twenty-one. Upon enquiry, I found ſhe had made great preparations, in gay clothing, in

order to have a good dance, as ſhe called it, at the fair held here. She talked much of the pleaſure ſhe expected, before the time came. At laſt it arrived, and as ſhe was tripping over the room with her companions, until twelve o'clock at night, ſhe was ſuddenly taken ill. And behold! how unexpected! O! how unwelcome! Death ſtruck her. She was put immediately to bed, and never left it, until brought to this ſpot to be buried. No one can conceive how I felt, while I was meditating on the death of theſe two young women. The one I had tenderly loved. The other, although a ſtranger to me, had lived about two miles from the place of my nativity. Well, thought I, a little while ago theſe were talking, walking, pieces of clay, like myſelf; but now they are gone to viſit the houſe appointed for all living. I wept, and turned my back; but I never forgot that call to the day of my converſion to God.

[*To be continued.*]

An Account of the Death of Mrs. DOROTHY WRIGHT, *in a Letter to the Rev.* J. WESLEY.

[Written by her Huſband.]

Rev. and dear Sir,

YOU will, I doubt not, excuſe my not giving you ſome ſhort account of my dear partner ſooner; as I find it no eaſy matter to do it even now.

About fifteen years ago her uncle, *George Gibbon*, brought her from *Lumley* in the county of *Durham*, then a dark place, to a kind friend's houſe in *Yorkſhire*; where it pleaſed God to awaken her the firſt time ſhe heard me preach. After a ſevere conflict, which laſted ſome months, the Lord ſet her clearly at liberty whilſt at private prayer, and gave her a ſenſe of forgiveneſs. Being of a delicate habit, and of exquiſite feelings,

ſhe

ſhe ſuffered much from various quarters; and had many trials from her carnal relations.

This partly induced me, after three years acquaintance, to take her into my care; and I bleſs God, I never had any reaſon to repent of my choice; for ſhe did me good and not evil, all the days of her life. I believe thoſe that knew her, ſaw ſhe had wiſdom far beyond her years. A little before her marriage, ſhe had ſuch diſcoveries of the love of God, as ſhe never felt before; and I hope ſome in *Macclesfield* do not forget her fervency and artleſs ſimplicity, while ſhe poured out her ardent ſoul in ſupplications with the ſick, and alſo with thoſe who were well. But her ſympathy was ſo ſtrong, that ſhe was obliged to decline viſiting ſome of the ſick, being frequently ill for hours after ſeeing them. Indeed I often thought, that by her deadneſs to this world, ſhe was not long to be an inhabitant of it; for, many times ſhe gave away her laſt ſixpence, or borrowed to ſend to the poor and ſick.

Thus her love to her Redeemer was ſeen in her tenderneſs to his diſtreſt members. Nothing gave her ſuch pleaſure as the proſperity of Sion; and nothing ſuch grief, as the defection or lukewarmneſs of thoſe who profeſſed to be the followers of Chriſt. She was a ſimple open hearted Methodiſt; and one, more free from the ſelfiſh paſſions is ſeldom found. She would often ſay to me, when leaving any place, "if we do not leave this houſe and furniture, &c. better, if poſſible, than we found them; how do we love our neighbour as ourſelves?"

As ſhe had uncommon communion with God in his word and ordinances; ſo ſhe had the moſt exquiſite delight in ſeeing him in his works. Whether ſhe walked the ſandy beach, the pebbly ſhore, or ſtrayed among the rude rocks by the ſea ſide; or viewed the mountains and vales, the trees, woods and fields, birds or flowers, all excited her wonder, love, and praiſe. She was, indeed, one of them, of whom the poet ſays,

" Blows not a flowéret, in thé enamellèd vale,
Shines not a pebble, where the riv'let ſtrays,
Sports not an inſect, in the ſpicy gale,
But claims their wonder, and excites their praiſe."

And frequently, while we rode by a fine ſeat ſhe would ſay,

" In pleaſures, the rich man's poſſeſſions convey,
Unenvied I challenge my part;
For evéry fair object my eyes can ſurvey,
Contributes to gladden my heart."

Yet alas! it too frequently happens, that where the perception of pleaſure is exquiſite, ſo is that of pain; and ſhe was indeed a child of pain, ſeldom a day or an hour without it; but ſhe would ſay, without affectation, "I would not be without one pain of my heavenly Father's ſending; he cannot err, I muſt not chooſe," often ſinging

" Pain, my old companion pain,
Seldom parted from my ſide;
Sacred, ſalutary gain,
Here, while God permits, abide."

When ſhe had any eaſe, ſhe was remarkably chearful. That was a favourite verſe of her's, eſpecially in her laſt illneſs,

" In bleſſing thee with grateful ſongs,
My happy life ſhall glide away;
The praiſe, that to thy name belongs,
Hourly with lifted hands I'll pay."

And often, while ſhe had any ſtrength, did ſhe awaken herſelf, and her ſiſter, that ſlept with her, in ſinging praiſes to God her Redeemer.

Although

Although this treaſure was depoſited in a frail earthen veſſel; yet I hoped that ſome turn in her conſtitution might prove favourable to her health; till on changing ſome part of her apparel once at *Mancheſter*, ſhe got that cold which ſettled on her lungs. When one that loved her, pronounced her in a conſumption, and I found her hectic pulſe beat one hundred and twenty times in a minute, (which it did for thirteen months,) I found it high time to conſult Dr. *Taylor* of *Bolton*. He freely and honeſtly told me, that he had more hope from her native air, and exerciſe, than from medicine. I thought it therefore my duty to take her home to her native air, to live or die with her relations, where I hoped ſuch care would be taken of her, as ſhe could have no where elſe.

Soon after we came to *Sunderland*, we were informed that her only brother, a ſtout young man, a ſeaman, while bathing in the ſea, in the *Weſt-Indies*, was ſo bit and mangled by a couple of ſharks, that he died in ten hours. His ſoul was her chief concern; however, as ſhe had taken much pains with him in times paſt, and he heartily loved her, there was hope of his dying in a praying ſpirit.

When her fever was ſometimes high, and her ſpirits in a tumult, ſhe would ſay, "O what would become of me, if I had all the work of religion to begin now, when I cannot keep my mind a moment fixt on one object!" yet, when ſhe was at the loweſt, the very mention of being with Jeſus uſed to raiſe her ſpirits in an inſtant: and at times, ſhe was ſo rapturouſly happy, and in ſuch extacies of joy, that one in the houſe ſaid, to ſome near her, that ſhe was light-headed; but ſhe overhearing her, replied, "No, Sally, I never was more in my ſenſes than now."

Mention being made, in her hearing, of ſome, who ſuppoſed the ſoul remained inſenſible from death till the reſurrection; ſhe ſaid, "I can never believe this doctrine."

"Can

"Can a ſoul,
Enlarging ſtill, be but a finer breath
Of ſpirits dancing through their tubes awhile,
And then for ever loſt in vacant air."

St. *Paul* knew better, when he deſired to be diſſolved and to be with Chriſt; which, he knew, was far better than all he could enjoy of him in this world. When, in the courſe of converſation, mention was made of ſome, who had a ſtrong deſire of ſeeing their friends, after their deceaſe, ſhe ſaid to me, "My dear, have you any deſire of ſeeing me:" I anſwered, I had not: as I could only deſire it on two ſuppoſitions; firſt, if I doubted of the immortality of the ſoul; or ſecondly, if I doubted of her future happineſs; and as I doubted of neither, I ſaw no need of it. Mr. *Benſon's* Eſſay, on the immortality of the ſoul, coming to hand, about this time, I read her the moſt of it, with which ſhe was much ſatisfied. Indeed ſhe read as much in her illneſs herſelf as her ſtrength would permit; and when ſhe could ſit up, ſhe had a book in the bed with her aslon as ſhe was able to read it.

It may ſeem myſterious that a weakly, tender creature, like her, ſhould be kept ſo long in the furnace; but her heavenly Father had certainly ſome wiſe deſign in it. Beſides her purification, perhaps it might be intended for the good of thoſe about her, both ſaints and ſinners; and alſo that we might be willing to let her go to reſt, and ſhe, to be with her Saviour.

Although ſhe generally had a chearful countenance, and no tincture of melancholy, when ſhe had the leaſt reſpite from pain; yet, for ſome days before her departure, ſhe looked ſolemn and ſerious, as an inhabitant of eternity; on which I ſaid, "My dear, have you not a ſmile for me?" She replied to this effect, that it was a very ſerious thing to die! Obſerving her very low, I ſaid, "but is there no joy of hope!" "O yes," ſaid ſhe, as chearful as ſhe could, "Sufficient cauſe of joy."

A day

A day or two before her deceaſe, I aſked if ſhe had any uneaſy fears: "None, ſaid ſhe, but leſt I ſhould not behave with becoming patience in this laſt conflict."

On the evening before ſhe went hence, while one of her ſiſters was in the room with her, ſhe ſaid to me as I went in, "My dear, I have been telling my ſiſter, that this has been my beſt day, my wedding day; would you have me ſay any more?" I replied, "then you find all peace, and joy within." "Yes" ſaid ſhe, "would you have me ſay any more?" Perceiving her very weak, and all the ſymptoms of death upon her, I replied, "We do not deſire to fatigue you now with much ſpeaking; we are quite ſatisfied."

We obſerved with thankfulneſs, that few in her circumſtances could be leſs troubleſome than ſhe was; her mother and ſiſter only ſitting up with her alternately the laſt night. And ſhe well knew and practiſed Mr. *Herbert's* advice,

> "Affect in things about thee cleanlineſs:
> Let thy mind's ſweetneſs have its operation
> Upon thy body, cloaths, and habitation."

After a weary night, on the 14th of May 1789, about ten o'clock in the forenoon, ſhe ſaid "Lord have mercy on me." Then turned on her left ſide, and quietly breathed her laſt; while we kneeled down, and gave her back to Him, who lent her to us for a ſeaſon, in hopes of meeting ſoon again in the realms of day.

Upon the whole, if love to God; if filial piety to parents; if love to the godly, and pity to the vileſt of ſinners; are ſigns of true religion; ſhe poſſeſſed them in no ſmall degree. Although I had little hopes of her recovery, from the time I found her complaint fall on her lungs; and although I could ſay, "the Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, bleſſed be the name of the Lord;" yet I found it no eaſy thing to part with her, who had been my pleaſant companion for twelve years.

And

And I have often ſince been tempted to expreſs myſelf thus in the language of the poet,

" Tell me, thou ſoul of her I love,
Ah! Tell me, whither art thou fled;
To what delightful world above,
Appointed for the happy dead?

Or doſt thou, free, at pleaſure roam,
And ſometimes ſhare thy partner's woe;
Where, void of thee, his chearleſs home,
Can now, alas! ſmall comfort know?

Oh! if thou hovereſt round my walk,
While under every well known tree;
I to thy fancied ſhadow talk,
And every tear is full of thee.

Should then the weary eye of grief,
Beſide ſome ſympathetic ſtream,
In ſlumber find ſome ſhort relief,
O viſit thou my ſoothing dream."

Rather let me ſay

" But ſoon, lovely treaſure,
I'll meet thee with pleaſure
In regions above, to be parted no more!"

D. W.

An Account of the awful Death of a Backſlider, in a Letter to the Rev. J. WESLEY.

Rev. and dear Sir,

BEING on a viſit at *Cowbridge*, in *Glamorganſhire*, I received the following account of the death of a backſlider, which

which you may, perhaps, think worth recording, as a memento for thoſe who trifle with the grace of God.

M. W. made ſometime a profeſſion of religion; but was looked upon as a dubious character, and was ſuſpected of making too free with liquor: however, no particular charge was brought againſt her, till the year 1785. When a report prevailed that ſhe had an improper intimacy with a married man.

A gentlewoman, who reſided in a houſe adjoining to where ſhe had an apartment; having one day ſeen behaviour, which teſtified the truth of the above ſuſpicion; immediately ſent for Mr. S. and related what had paſt. He took the firſt opportunity of ſpeaking to the unhappy woman, and charged her with the crime above-mentioned; which ſhe poſitively denied, and expreſſed great ſurprize at his believing ſuch a report. The perſon, from whom he received the information, would not in his judgment aſſert a falſity; therefore, he was very plain with this woman; and brought to her remembrance thoſe inſtances of God's diſpleaſure againſt lying, *Ananias*, and *Sapphira*.

After he had ſpoken a few words more, ſhe burſt into tears, fell on her knees, and confeſſed the fact. He gave her neceſſary advice, and then left her, exhorting her to pray to God for mercy. As ſhe had brought a public reproach upon the goſpel, it was thought neceſſary to make her a public example, by reading her out of ſociety; which was done when the Preacher came to town. After this ſhe gave a looſe to her inclinations, and fully confirmed the ſuſpicions of the world, reſpecting her.

About twelve months after her ſeparation from the people, ſhe engaged in a tranſaction, which proved her ruin. A room in the upper part of the houſe, where ſhe reſided, was uſed by a tradeſman of the town as a ware room; in which he depoſited grocery goods, liquors, &c. M. W. with another woman, found means to open the door, from whence they took a ſmall caſk (ſuppoſing it to be liquor) and brought it into her apartment

on the firſt floor. In opening the caſk, by the aſſiſtance of a lighted candle, the contents, which was gunpowder, caught fire, and the houſe blew up.

Mr. S. before mentioned walking in a field not far diſtant, and hearing the exploſion, looked round and ſaw the ſhattered building ſpread far and wide. The whole town was alarmed with the ſhock, and many of the inhabitants proceeded to ſearch the ruins, where they found the poor unhappy victim M. W. torn to pieces; and the woman, who aſſiſted her, an object too miſerable to deſcribe; in which ſtate ſhe continued a few hours, and then expired. An old woman, who was ignorant of their conduct, being in bed in a room over them, was miraculouſly preſerved (when the roof fell in) by ſome rafters forming, as it were, a ſcreen over her: but the fright was ſuppoſed to be the occaſion of her death, for ſhe lived only a fortnight after this melancholy ſcene.

Surely the hand of the Lord may be ſeen in thus puniſhing drunkenneſs, lying, and adultery; but above all, in an abuſe of his grace and mercy, which no doubt, M. W. had received. With reſpect to her aſſociate, that ſcripture was literally fulfilled, "Though hand join in hand, the wicked ſhall not go unpuniſhed."

J. F.

An Account of the Illneſs and Death of Mrs. TRIMNELL.

[By her Siſter.]

A Nervous diſorder had for ſome years preyed on her conſtitution; eſpecially ſince the death of her dear little boy in the river. But for ſeveral weeks this complaint, with the addition of others, ſo bore down her natural ſtrength, that ſhe daily waſted away. As in a ſimilar caſe the air of *Finſtock* had

had relieved her, ſhe wiſhed to try it again. On Saturday April 25, 1789, I took her to my brother's with a ſervant to attend her. Tueſday I went over, and found her much worſe, from grievous ſpaſms on her lungs. On Wedneſday night ſhe grew delirious. Here my conflict roſe to a great height. Mr. *Trimnell* coming over by two in the morning, I ſoon underſtood her danger, and felt myſelf unequal to the ſhock. I retired to call on God, reſpecting the event, but could only repeatedly cry, "Lord ſhe is no longer mine, but thine."

This increaſed my fears, and my ſoul entered into ſuch an agony, as it had never before endured. I beheld the uplifted hand, and like *Abraham* of old, when about to ſlay the ſacrifice, dared not to reply againſt it. But this diſpenſation, ſevere as it appeared, was tempered with much mercy. On Friday morning, while my brother prayed with her, the Lord heard us in our trouble, and her reaſon was reſtored, and continued moſt of the time afterwards during her ſufferings. Convulſion fits ſeized her about a week before her departure, which ſeemed to be the chief engine in taking down her frame. Theſe appeared to be very afflictive to her, and once, as one made an attack, ſhe cried out as in fear, "the diſtortions! (pointing to her face) the diſtortions!" I ſaid, my dear ſiſter do not fear, God is able to keep it off, only cry, Lord help me, and he will help. She did ſo immediately, and it approached no farther; on which ſhe expreſſed her admiration at the goodneſs of God

For the firſt two or three days, ſhe was at times in great anguiſh of ſpirit. The giving up her huſband and four children, coſt her many ſighs, and groans. It was a ſore ſtruggle between nature and grace; but grace was predominant, and made her victorious. She relinquiſhed all ſhe held near and dear upon earth, and turned wholly unto the Lord. Her peace now flowed as a river, and her joy in God her Saviour abounded alſo. Her tongue was looſed to declare the loving kindneſs of the Lord, and her heart felt happineſs in him. "O! ſaid ſhe, that all might die as I do! but I fear they will not. I am

dying in the truth!" At another time, "I am dying in the Lord! Jeſus is mine! He has ſaved me, and I am ſaved. Bleſs the Lord, O my ſoul! He is my Jeſus, my Saviour, my God." To me, ſhe ſaid, "Is this dying? Why, there is no miſery in this. I uſed to be afraid there would be miſery in it, (meaning I ſuppoſe in the article of death) but there is none at all. What I feel, is glory begun upon earth." She ſeemed very deſirous of ſhewing forth the praiſes of her Redeemer.

My brother E. being very tenderly affected toward her, feared her earneſt ſpeaking would hurt her. "My dear brother, ſaid ſhe, would you hinder me from praiſing my God while I live? No,

"I'll praiſe my Maker while I've breath,
And when my voice is loſt in death,
Praiſe ſhall employ my nobler powers:
My days of praiſe ſhall ne'er be paſt,
While life, and thought, and being laſt,
Or immortality endures."

Thus ſhe continued to extol the goodneſs of her Maker in every interval of ſenſe. One time ſhe ſeemed to have ſuch a manifeſtation of divine love, and power, as was almoſt likely to waft her away. "It is ſuch a fullneſs! (ſaid ſhe) ſuch a fullneſs! hold me or I ſhall be gone." I put my hands on her arms, as if, to her imagination, I would prevent it. At another time as I ſat by her ſilently in the night, ſhe pleaded with God in ſome reaſoning petitions, and then added with ſweet compoſure, yet with much emphaſis, "Shew me thy glory!" In a moment her ſoul ſeemed to be filled with effulgence divine, and heaven transfuſed within her! Then ſhe cried, "Glory, glory, glory," till her ſtrength and ſpeech quite failed. After a pauſe ſhe ſaid, "O what bleſſed employment!" She ſeemed very tender of the honour of Jeſus, aſcribing all her ſalvation to him in many expreſſions. Looking at me, ſhe ſaid, "My dear ſiſter, I have

have given you up too; you are not my Saviour; referring, I believe, to times paſt, when her dependance was too much placed on me.

To a dear friend, whom ſhe much loved, and who had conſtantly attended her, ſhe ſaid, "Mrs. *H.* is the veil taken from your eyes? It is from mine; and there is nothing between me and heaven. I am the bride, Jeſus is the bridegroom, and I am ready dreſt; it is nothing of my own, it is he that hath put on me the white raiment. O publiſh it abroad! Tell to others how graciouſly the Lord deals with me," and much more to the ſame effect. She deſired me to ſpeak to ſeveral perſons, whom ſhe could not reach, and charge them from her, to care for their ſouls, and prepare for eternity.

To a friend, who came many miles to ſee her, ſhe expreſſed great pleaſure in having an opportunity of teſtifying to him, the Lord's gracious dealings with her, and ſpoke with much humble triumph, over death, and the grave; cautiouſly giving all the glory to her Saviour. "When you viſited me at *Witney*, ſaid ſhe, I told you I was not willing to die; but it is not ſo now, I am made quite willing." On his aſking if any of the promiſes was more to her than another, ſhe replied "No, they are all ſo precious, I do not know which to prize moſt. O Sir! ſhe added, what I feel is worth ten thouſand worlds! There is nothing to be compared with it!" With the moſt affectionate ſolicitude, yet calm fortitude, ſhe committed the care of her children to her huſband, and with all the tenderneſs of a dying mother, charged her eldeſt ſon, reſpecting his future conduct. My children (ſaid ſhe) ſhall be the Lord's children; I obtained that promiſe from God long ſince, and I believe it.

From the very firſt attack of this ſickneſs (which was apparently but ſlight) ſhe had a ſtrong perſuaſion on her mind, it would be unto death. Speaking once of ſomething ſhe wiſhed to be done after her deceaſe, I ſaid, "The Lord may raiſe you up again;" yes, ſaid ſhe, he will, he will raiſe me up in the reſurrection. On Monday night about eleven, I perceived the awful

awful moment haſtening by a rattling in her throat. I retired then, and vented my full ſoul, in the moſt ardent prayer to God, that as he had in rich mercy prepared her for a ſafe paſſage, he would alſo give her an eaſy one. This matter lay very near my heart, and O may the goodneſs of my God therein never be forgotten by me!

I returned to her, armed with divine power, and with the moſt intrepid courage ſaid, "My dear ſiſter, do not fear; the Lord will be with you all the way through. There is a convoy of angels ſtands ready, to conduct your ſoul into Abraham's boſom." She ſaid "Yes," repeatedly, with the appearance of much delight. The mucus that fell on her throat was removed, and ſhe lay quite calm, frequently ſaying I am Chriſt's: I am dying in Chriſt, &c. till her power of utterance quite failed, and ſhe only breathed ſhorter and ſhorter, till ſhe breathed no more. And on Tueſday the 12th of May 1789, at three in the morning, her happy ſoul was ſweetly diſlodged from its tenement of clay.

A. B.

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

GENERAL REFLECTIONS.

Of Metals, Minerals, and other Foſſils.

[*Continued from page* 25.]

9. ALTHOUGH Fiſſures are the natural reſult of a moiſtened and mixed congeries of matter, paſſing by approximation of parts into a ſtate of ſolidity, we are by no means to conclude them uſeleſs, or the works of chance. No, the great

great Architect, who contrived the whole, determined the ſeveral parts of his ſcheme ſo to operate, as that one uſeful effect ſhould become the beneficial cauſe of another. Hence it happens that matter could not contract itſelf into ſolid large maſſes, without leaving Fiſſures between them: and yet the Fiſſures are as neceſſary and as uſeful as the ſtrata through which they paſs.—Theſe are the drains which carry off the redundant moiſture from the earth, which but for them, would be too full of fens and bogs for animals to live, or plants to thrive on.——Through theſe Fiſſures the rain, which ſinks beneath the channels or rivers, not having the advantage of that conveyance above ground, returns into the ſea, bringing the ſalts and mineral juices of the earth into the ocean, enabling it to ſupply the firmament with proper and ſufficient moiſture, and preſerving that vaſt body the ſea, wholeſome, fit for fiſh to live in, and ſailors to navigate.

In theſe Fiſſures the ſeveral ingredients, which form the richeſt loads, by the continual paſſing of waters, and the menſtrua of metals, are educed out of the adjacent ſtrata, collected and conveniently lodged in a narrow channel, much to the advantage of thoſe who ſearch for and purſue them. For if minerals were more diſperſed, and ſcattered thinly in the body of the ſtrata, the trouble of finding and getting at metals (thoſe neceſſary inſtruments of arts and commerce, and the ornaments of life) would be endleſs, and the expence of procuring, would exceed the value of the acquiſition:—without theſe, neither metals, marbles, ſalts, earths, nor ſtones, could be ſo eaſily or in ſuch plenty, provided as is neceſſary for the uſe of man.

Earth is certainly the general food and ſtamen of all bodies, yet we know, of itſelf it can do nothing; it muſt be connected by a cement, or it cannot form ſtone; it muſt be ſoftened and attenuated by moiſture and warmth, or it cannot enter into the alimentary veſſels of plants and animals. The parts of earth, which conſtitute the ſolids of any plants, are exceeding fine; and the common maſs in which we plant trees, is for the moſt

part

part gravel, clay, and ſand, which promote vegetation, but are too groſs to enter into, and become the conſtituent parts of them. Water muſt therefore be conſidered as the vehicle of more ſolid nouriſhment, and the parent of the fluids: the earths, ſalts, and oils, are the great inſtruments of the increaſe of ſolids. To trace fertility a little farther: when the earth is ſoftened and diluted, heat rarefies and evaporates the mixture; the ſalts contained and diſſolved, are always active and promote motion; the elaſticity off the air quickens and continues it; the oils ſupple the paſſages, of which ſome are fitted to ſecrete, arreſt, and depoſit the nutritious particles as they paſs; ſome adapted (by the ſame ſecret hand, which conducts every part of the operation) to throw off the redundant moiſture by perſpiration; the earthly mixture compoſes the hard and ſolid parts, and the genial, little atmoſphere of every plant gives ſpirit, colour, odour and taſte. Herbs and fruits being thus fed and matured, make the earth they contain better prepared to paſs into the ſtill more curious and highly organized parts of animals. It is eaſy to ſee, that this is rather a detail of the ſeveral materials, and well known inſtruments, conducing to fertility, than the cauſe. Fertility is owing to the concert, fitneſs, and agreement of all theſe, with ſome volatile active principle, of which we know nothing at all. But whence that agreement reſults, how the materials ferment, replace, connect, and invigorate one another, how the veſſels chuſe and refuſe, (if I may ſo ſay,) in order to produce the fertility deſired, is known only to the infinitely wiſe diſpoſer of all things, ever attentive to the nurture and ſupport of what he has created. But to whatever cauſe the fertility of earth is to be aſſigned, earth, it muſt be owned, is a moſt fruitful univerſal element. Animals, plants, metals, and ſtones ariſe out of it, and return to it again; there, as it were, to receive a new exiſtence, and form new combinations, the ruins of one ſort affording more and more materials for the production of others.

In ſtones and metals, we admire the continuity, hardneſs and luſture of earth; in plants the rarity, ſoftneſs, colours, and odours: in animals the fleſh, the bone, and an infinite number of fluids, in which this ſupple element can take place: but the greateſt wonder is, that earth is capable of being ſubtilized to ſuch an exquiſite degree, as by uniting and communicating with ſpirit, to perform all animal functions given it in charge by the ſoul. This is the higheſt and utmoſt refinement, which in this ſtate of being, earth is capable of: but that it may be ſtill farther refined, in order to be qualified for a future, incorruptible, and more glorious ſtate, is one of the greateſt truths, which we owe to revelation.

10. To the ſecond claſs of foſſils belong thoſe which are reduced by fire to a calx. Such are 1. Salts, all foſſils which (whether they have a ſalt taſte or not) are ſolvable in water. Common ſalt is heavier than water, and if quite pure, melts when left in the open air. If the water it is diſſolved in be boiled and evaporated, it remains in the bottom of the veſſel. It is well known to preſerve fleſh from putrefaction, and to be with great difficulty diſſolved by fire. Probably it is compoſed of pointed particles, which fix in the pores of fleſh, and by reaſon of their figure are eaſily divided by water, though not by fire. It ever comes purer out of the fire. Yet it will fuſe in a very intenſe heat.

All ſalt diſſolves by moiſture: but moiſture only diſſolves a certain quantity. Yet, when it is impregnated with any ſalt, as much as it can bear, it will ſtill diſſolve a conſiderable quantity of another kind of ſalt. It ſeems, the particles of this, being of different figures, inſinuate into the remaining vacuities. Thus, when a cup of water will diſſolve no more common ſalt, alum will diſſolve in it. And when it will diſſolve no more alum, ſalt-petre will diſſolve, and after that, ſal ammoniac.

[*To be continued.*]

An extract from a volume entitled, A Review of Dr. PRIESTLEY's *Doctrine of Philosophical Necessity.*

[*Continued from page* 28.]

How far Men's general Conduct will be influenced by the Belief of the Doctrine of Necessity.

DR. Prieftley begins this fection thus: "It is imagined by fome, that the apprehenfion of all the actions of men depending upon motives, which neceffarily influence their determinations, fo that no action or event could poffibly be otherwife than it has been, is, or is to be, would make men indifferent with refpect to their conduct, or to what befalls them in life. I anfwer, fo it would, if their own actions and determinations were not neceffary links in this chain of caufes and events: and if their good or bad fuccefs, did not, in the ftricteft fenfe of the word, depend upon themfelves." I can very well conceive, upon the fcheme of neceffity, why all men may not be indifferent with refpect to their conduct; becaufe indifference itfelf, where it is, is alfo a neceffary link in the chain of events, and it could not poffibly be otherwife. If the chain is fo conftructed, that it is one neceffary link, that I muft be anxious about my conduct in life, I muft neceffarily be fo; but if indifference about my conduct is a neceffary link, I muft neceffarily be indifferent; fo that I cannot poffibly be either more anxious or more indifferent about my own conduct, than I was ordained, foreknown, and neceffitated to be, long before I was born: but I can form no idea, nor any kind of conception, how a man's good or bad fuccefs, in the ftricteft fenfe of the word, depends upon himfelf, on the fcheme of neceffity. Upon that fcheme, my good or bad fuccefs in life, and even in the moft trivial thing in life, was an event which

was

was to be, and could not poſſibly be otherwiſe. Is was decreed long before I was born, as a neceſſary link of the chain of cauſes and events, and certainly foreknown before the foundation of the world, to be exactly ſo in every reſpect, as it has come to paſs, or ſhall come to paſs to the end of my life. How then can my good or bad ſucceſs in any ſenſe depend upon myſelf, when neither I nor any other thing can poſſibly reverſe the decree, or alter it in the leaſt from what it is to be? I was not in being, when the chain and every link thereof, and my ſucceſs amongſt other links, was fabricated, and irrevocably made and fixed. What have I then to do with it, or even with any thing in the world, ſave as a mere paſſive inſtrument neceſſarily made, and determined in every action, by neceſſity, or ſomething foreign to myſelf? But Dr. Prieſtley ſays, (page 98) "all this may perhaps be made more intelligible by an example. I ſhall therefore endeavour to give one. No man entertains a doubt, but that every thing relating to vegetation is ſubject to the eſtabliſhed laws of nature; and ſuppoſing this to be the caſe, with reſpect to the human mind and its operations, a being of perfect intelligences and foreſight, will know how we ſhall be provided for the next year; ſo that in fact our proviſion for the next year, and all the events of it, are abſolutely fixed, and nothing can interfere to make it otherwiſe than it is to be. But will any farmer, believing this ever ſo firmly, neglect, on this account, to ſow his fields, and content himſelf with ſaying, God knows how I ſhall be provided for the next year? I cannot change his decree, and let his will be done. We ſee in fact that ſuch a perſuaſion never operates in this manner; becauſe, though the chain of events is neceſſary, our determinations and actions are neceſſary links of that chain. This gives the farmer the fulleſt aſſurance, that if it be decreed for him to ſtarve, it is likewiſe decreed for him to neglect to ſow his fields: but if he does ſow his fields, which depends entirely upon himſelf, that then, ſince the laws of nature are invariable, it will be evident, that no ſuch unfavourable decree had gone forth." I cannot ſee

how this example makes the matter any more intelligible at all. If "our proviſion for the next year, and all the events of it, are *abſolutely fixed*, and *nothing can interfere to make it otherwiſe than it is to be*," I can clearly conceive, upon this ſuppoſition, why the farmer does not always neglect to ſow his fields, and leave all to God's certain providence and fixed decrees; becauſe his ploughing, ſowing, &c. are events which are abſolutely fixed, and therefore he could not poſſibly avoid plowing, ſowing, &c. or he could not poſſibly do otherwiſe: ſo that as Dr. Prieſtley ſays, this perſuaſion of all events being certainly, abſolutely, and irrevocably fixed and decreed (if this be true) can never operate ſo as to make the farmer more indifferent than he otherwiſe would be, becauſe that very degree of indifference, which he is to have, is alſo abſolutely fixed. But how the latter part of Dr. Prieſtley's words laſt cited, can alſo be true, according to his own doctrine, I cannot imagine; that is, how the farmer's ſowing his fields, &c. can "depend entirely upon himſelf." The farmer either will ſow his fields, or he will not. If he will and does ſow them, upon the plan of neceſſity, it was "an event abſolutely fixed, and nothing (not even himſelf) could interfere to make it otherwiſe than it was, and is to be." If he will not, and does not ſow his fields; this was alſo an event abſolutely fixed, which nothing could interfere to make otherwiſe; or, in other words, it was irrevocably decreed, and abſolutely fixed, that he ſhould not ſow them. In either caſe, how could the ſowing or not ſowing depend upon himſelf? By ſome means or other the farmer was abſolutely decreed and neceſſitated to do one, and one only, without any poſſibility whatever of doing the other. Becauſe, if he could poſſibly have done the other, the one he did do, could neither be certainly foreknown nor abſolutely fixed, nor depend upon himſelf any further than as a paſſive inſtrument, neceſſarily depending upon ſome other neceſſary cauſe for action. No one event can be certainly foreknown or abſolutely fixed, unleſs it either now actually exiſt, or exiſt by ſome neceſſary producing cauſe,

cauſe, that is, ſuch a cauſe as now exiſts, and will neceſſarily produce it at ſome future time, either by itſelf or ſome other intermediate cauſe or cauſes. The ſame contradiction appears in page 99 of Dr. Prieſtley's philoſophical neceſſity, where he aſſerts that "in fact, the ſyſtem of neceſſity makes every man the maker of his own fortune." I cannot apprehend how a man can be ſaid to make his fortune, when it is abſolutely fixed, ſo that nothing could interfere to make it otherwiſe, long before he was born, at leaſt I cannot conceive how he may be ſaid to make it in any other ſenſe, than the knife may be ſaid to be the maker of a pen, when it is abſolutely compelled and neceſſitated to make it by man, a cauſe foreign to itſelf. If this be all, though I be the maker of my own fortune, I cannot however alter or amend that fortune in the leaſt from what it was, and is, certainly and irrevocably fixed to be. I have in this caſe no more the making of my own fortune, than the knife has the making of the pen, or a hammer the making of a nail, when they are both neceſſarily compelled ſo to do, by ſome foreign efficient cauſe. In the remaining part of this ſection Dr. Prieſtley ſpeaks concerning the nature of prayer, upon the ſcheme of neceſſity; but I have ſhown before in page 64, that prayer cannot poſſibly anſwer any good end upon that ſcheme, becauſe every future action, and event of every kind, is already fixed and decreed, ſo that it cannot poſſibly be otherwiſe, let a man pray as much, and as fervently as he pleaſes. I ſhall not therefore here repeat what I have before ſaid, but will proceed to the ninth ſection.

[*To be continued.*]

The TWO COVENANTS *of* GOD *with* MANKIND.

[By Thomas Taylor, A. M.]

CHAP. II.

A conſideration concerning the inſcrutability of Divine Providence.

[*Continued from page* 33.]

LET us hear the language of ſome of great names amongſt the patrons of this wild divinity: if mankind, "ſays St. *Auguſtin*, which was firſt created from nothing, were born in a ſtate neither of ſin, nor death, and yet the almighty Creator ſhould damn ſome of them eternally, who could find fault with him on this account? ſince he, who gave them their being, had power to give it for what end he pleaſed." As if the dominion of God were abſolute over his creatures, that he could, without regard to his attributes, create them for damnation: of the ſame ſtrain is that of thoſe aſſerting, that God would not be unjuſt, if he ſhould arbitrarily damn the bleſſed virgin to eternal torments, without any conſideration of ſin, and that if any juſt perſon were ſo undeſervedly condemned, he would be ſo far from complaining, as to thank God for making him the object of his divine juſtice. That God can caſt all the bleſſed out of heaven, and the righteous into hell, without any imputation of injuſtice.

The Sublapſarian, I confeſs, does not venture ſo far, without laying an artificial foundation in ſin, when God, by an act of preſcience, foreſeeing what ſuch a perſon would do, condemns him upon that foreſight: but, this is too ſlender a ſupport for the impiety of the doctrine, when God is confeſſed to determine the perſon to thoſe circumſtances, which infallibly determine him to the ſin: and ſince the doctrine is, in the main, the

the ſame, the *Supralapſarian* and *Sublapſarian* doctors, underſtand one another better, than to quarrel about a mere punctilio. And whether ſin be the conſequence of *reprobation*, or *reprobation* the conſequence of *predetermination*, God will be all in all in fault: and therefore *Calvin* had good reaſon for his aſſertion. *A man muſt grow a fool, and diveſt himſelf of common ſenſe, before he can be a proficient in this ſchool.* Which is confeſſion enough, that we muſt give up our reaſon, before we can be brought to acknowledge a doctrine ſo contradictory to the innate light of our minds.

But this muſt needs be the fate of men, that will not at once conſider the divine nature and attributes, with the manifeſtation he has given of himſelf in his word. For, thus reaſon would have taught them, what the ſcriptures confirm, that he is a God of pure love, and infinite goodneſs; that hates not any of his creatures; but delights in the happineſs of every thing he has made: and if any doubtful expreſſions in his holy word, ſhould ſeem to authorize any other opinion, it ought to be interpreted to ſuch a ſound ſenſe, as was conſiſtent with the idea of the moſt perfect being. From ſuch a conduct ſuch noble principles might be diſcovered, as would give the glory to God that is due to him, and repreſent him as the moſt equitable, and amiable, as well as juſt and holy being. Whereas, by eſtabliſhing upon half-ſighted views, erroneous principles pregnant with abſurd, and dangerous conſequences, they have in a great meaſure levelled the beſt inſtitution in the world, with the raphſody of *Mahomet*; and voided all the promiſes of the goſpel to our faith, and repentance, by a *Turkiſh* predeſtination.

Nor is it any wonder that great men ſhould be the founders of abſurd ſyſtems, in ſpiritual, and religious affairs, when once they have built upon *error*, and fixed ſuch propoſitions for *poſtulates* and *axioms* as have no relation to truth: for, if looking into the works of nature, where the ſcene lies more open to our eye, we find ſuch confuſed, and incoherent *hypotheſes*, laid down

down to explain the *phænomena* of the viſible world, as tempted a great man to ſay, *there was no paradox ſo abſurd and monſtrous; but has had for its patron and aſſertor one or other of the philoſophers*; we need not be ſurprized to find religion ſo deformed with monſtrous and heretical opinions.

But yet they were not ſo unpardonable in ancient times, when they reaſoned upon ſhort hints, and inaccurate gueſſes; and philoſophy was neither reduced to regular ſyſtems, nor corrected by trains of experiments: in like manner, allowance ſhould be given to men, juſt emerged out of their darkneſs of error and ſuperſtition, if their imaginations, ſome time after, retained the impreſſion of black thoughts, and uncouth chimera's: but no apology can be made, if the firſt, after ſo many hundred years improvements, remain ſtill under a profound ignorance of nature; and if the latter ſhall be ſtill deforming religion, with horrible and unnatural repreſentations.

For example, the *Ptolemaic* ſyſtem of the world, ſo long received, was ſuch a very ill-jointed piece of philoſophy, that it might eaſily tempt ſo bold a man as *Alphonſo* to find fault with the make of the world, and to arraign the wiſdom of God, for creating it in ſuch a manner: but ſhould he, or any reaſonable man, ſurvey the ſyſtem given by the *Calviniſts* to the ſpiritual world; and ſee God governing rational creatures, by irrational laws, and puniſhing and rewarding, by no ſtandard of merit or demerit; he would not only pronounce him unwiſe, but unjuſt in the higheſt degree; and if he purſued his reflexions on the whole ſcheme, the reſult would be to renounce all obedience to ſuch a maſter. Which, being ſo natural an inference to an impartial mind, if we could ſuppoſe it poſſeſſed with ſuch notions of a Deity, ſhould be of force, to make the authors of ſuch dangerous opinions give them up, and reſt ſatisfied, rather in a confeſſed ignorance of the divine proceedings, than venture upon maintaining ſuch paradoxes, as rendered God the greateſt of tyrants, and man the moſt miſerable of ſlaves.

Suppoſe

Suppoſe an irrevocable decree, aſſigning to particular men ſalvation, and damnation, antecedent to any regard of their contumacy, or obedience, and what deſperate conſequences will follow?

The firſt is confeſſed, that man is diveſted of all liberty of acting, and is neceſſarily determined in all he does: and if ſo, virtue and religion vaniſh of courſe, becauſe being bound in invincible chains, all endeavour is vain and ſuperfluous: for to what end ſhould a man ſtrive to ſecure heaven, or to avoid hell, to which he was infallibly fated before he was born, and whatever he can do, can neither way promote nor hinder?

God commands us, indeed, to work out our ſalvation, and offers to all, the means of grace, and the hopes of glory. But is he in earneſt? Has he not before excluded the greateſt part of thoſe he addreſſes from the poſſibility of mercy? And is not this hypocriſy, to pretend one thing and deſign another? Nay, is it not the moſt fatal and ſarcaſtical deception, to invite men to impoſſible conditions of pardon, and then damn them for not obeying them? And

Is not this deception attended with the greateſt cruelty and injuſtice, to puniſh them eternally for their diſobedience, when it was his own decree that was the cauſe of it?

And is there leſs imprudence in the great care and concern he takes (at leaſt ſeems to take) for the ſalvation of thoſe, whom he predeſtinated irrecoverably to periſh? For what would be greater folly, even in a man, than to expoſe himſelf by a buſy attempt of what he and all the world knew was impoſſible to be effected?

Does not this doctrine make God directly the author of ſin? For the decree predeſtining to the means, as well as to the end, predeſtines him no leſs to ſin than it does to damnation. It would be too tedious to mention all thoſe horrible conſequences of this doctrine, which are but made worſe and more execrable by thoſe wretched ſubterfuges, which are brought to ſalve them.

[*To be continued.*]

An extract from a Course of SERMONS, *upon Death, Judgment, Heaven, and Hell.*

[By a late Author.]

[*Continued from page* 35.]

WHAT then must be the thoughts of every wicked spirit amongst us, in that moment of decision for eternity? How shall the drunkard, how shall the fornicator, how shall the profane swearer appear, as he hears all the sins of his life called forth into open view, and as he finds himself obliged to join the lamenting train on the left. Conscious of the sinful tenor of his days, sensible of his late allotment among the souls of the unhappy, he shall shake and quiver with affright, as he hears his own history just going to be begun. He shall be bowed down with an inexpressible weight of terror, when he hears his offences singled out one by one. And he will wish to shrink into himself, from the innumerable eyes that will be fixed upon him, and particularly from the pointing eye of his God and of his judge. Every act, that once gave him pleasure, now pays him with horror in the relation. Every offence now carries a dagger to his heart. Every sin now becomes a fresh brand (as it were) to the fire that is lighting up within him. And, when he is ordered to go off to the left, he sinks half-dead with consternation at the sound. Think of this, thou drunkard. Think of this thou fornicator. Think of this, thou profane swearer.

For, will the terrors of that moment be confined to the more open sinner? They will extend to the unhappy many, that, in the strangely prevailing indevotion of the human heart at present, can rise from the bed of sleep in the morning, or lie down upon it in the evening, without any devotions at all. This character,

character, I am afraid, takes in numbers amongſt you, my brethren, numbers, who appear decent in their general conduct, and numbers, who attend upon publick prayer. And oh! let me tell you, what muſt neceſſarily be your reception at this ſearching period of trial. You will then repent, in an agony of ſoul repent, of every neglect of private devotion. The hours of morning and evening, that have ſo often paſſed over your heads without proper accompaniment of prayer, will then appear written in everlaſting characters upon the books of God, and will be proclaimed aloud as with the voice of a trumpet. And your horrid cuſtom of indevotion will be ſeen by yourſelves to have levelled you at the time with the beaſts that periſh, and will now level you with the worſt of ſinners. The eye of your judge will give a double force to every reflection, and make (as it were) a ſword to go through your very ſoul. And you, who flattered yourſelf, and was flattered by others, that you was religious enough, will find yourſelf, to your amazement and your woe, commanded to ſtand on the left, and to ſhare the miſerable fate of the profligate.

Then ſhall that God, whom thou haſt neglected before, in his turn ſhew a neglect of thee. Then ſhall he, to whom thou haſt eſtranged thyſelf, refuſe to know thee at all. And he, from whom thou haſt withdrawn, will cut thee off from all intercourſe with him for ever. Thou ſhalt then pray: but he will not hear. Thou ſhalt then beſeech him to liſten to thy addreſſes: but he will not hearken. Thou ſhalt call upon him with every paſſionate plea of earneſtneſs; thou ſhalt kneel to him with every moving argument of mercy. But it will be all in vain. Thou chooſedſt to forget him, when he might have been found. And now, in the great hour of his vengeance, he will not ſuffer thee to come nigh him. In the bitterneſs and diſtraction of thy ſoul, perhaps, thou wilt call upon thy devouter friends, thou wilt call upon thy religious relations, thou wilt call upon the holy angels. Nothing will then be wanting but to pronounce the ſentence againſt thee. And that ſends

thee for ever, with thoſe abandoned ſpirits, to whom thou haſt made thyſelf dreadfully like in indevotion, to the regions of lamentation and woe.

When the grand ſeparation has taken place, and the whole aſſembled multitude of the human race, that is now met together for the firſt and for the laſt time, has divided into two bodies, and gone off to the right and left; we may eaſily ſuppoſe the dreadful reflections, which muſt ariſe in the breaſts of one of the parties. With a countenance of ghaſtly amazement muſt thoſe on the left look at the numbers on the right, and ſee themſelves cut off from their ſociety for ever. Brothers torn from brothers, and parents from their children, muſt feel an addition to their woe from the conſideration; if it was poſſible that any thing could add to the load of affliction, which muſt now lie heavy at their hearts for their own ruin. But the ſenſe of this will blunt every other feeling. Their own ruin will be uppermoſt in their thoughts. Their own ruin will be neareſt to their hearts. And every other conſideration will appear as nothing in compariſon of this.

But, amongſt the reſt of the wretched, how diſtinguiſhedly miſerable muſt be thoſe Jews and thoſe Heathens, who were concerned in crucifying the Lord of life! "Every eye, ſays St. John, ſhall ſee him, and they alſo which pierced him." They that condemned him to the croſs, they that executed the ſentence upon him, both ſhall behold him. And oh! with what different countenances will they now behold him! The Roman ſoldiers, that put the robe and crown of mock-royalty upon him, that ſtruck his venerable face, venerable even under all the diſguiſes of human nature, and that at laſt preſumed to nail him to the tree; they muſt look up to him with wonderful aſtoniſhment. That humble man, whom they treated with all theſe indignities, is now exalted in their ſight, not indeed to the kingdom of the Jews, not indeed to the empire of Rome, not indeed to a ſeat even among the angels, but to ſomething infinitely ſuperior to all. Inſtead of a robe of ragged ſcarlet

and

and a platted crown of thorns, He now wears all the enſigns of the royalty of heaven. And that face, which was buffeted by their vile hands, is now ſeen by them darting the lightening in its looks, and armed with all the power of the thunder in its lips.

[*To be continued.*]

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An Extract from the Succeſs of two DANISH MISSIONARIES *to the* Eaſt-Indies: *in ſeveral Letters to their Correſpondents in* Europe.

LETTER VI.

[*Continued from page* 41.]

AS the God of all mercy has been pleaſed to turn himſelf, with the joyful tidings of the goſpel, to the poor deluded *Malabarians*; ſo we are bound humbly to acknowledge both the mercy beſtowed on our fathers, and this new goſpel-viſitation ſhining forth upon thoſe Heathens: moſt heartily beſeeching the God of heaven, that he would be pleaſed, more and more, to diſplay his goſpel, which is the power of God unto ſalvation, to every one that believeth.

Beſides theſe endeavours, tending more nearly to the good of their ſouls, it will be but reaſonable, to ſupport alſo this poor people in their bodily ſtraits, with real love and kindneſs, viz. That ſuch of them as, by the gracious operation of God's ſpirit, embrace the chriſtian faith, may find wherewithal to maintain themſelves. The truth is, that as the primitive Chriſtians loſt their friends, by going over to this religion; ſo the *Malabarians*, by engaging in chriſtianity, are not only turned out of their eſtates, but alſo baniſhed from all their old acquaintance; ſo that they muſt expect no manner of favour from any *Malabarian* whatſoever; though otherwiſe the impulſe of natural charity be arrived to that degree in this people, that you may ſooner find a hundred poor among Chriſtians, than one *Malabarian*

barian begging his bread at another man's door. Nay, they are ſo far exaſperated againſt ſuch as from among them come over to us, that they uſe to call them *Racker*, which imports no leſs than the very *dregs of a nation*. Hence they do not ſtick in their furious outrages to perſecute them, to beat them violently, to hurry them away, and now and then to kill them outright; exceedingly imbittered againſt thoſe that are lately become Chriſtians.

No leſs is required to carry on, in the midſt of ſo wild and diſorderly a people, that Charity-School, which, for facilitating the whole deſign, we have ſet up of late, according as our circumſtances would allow. For the right ſettling and increaſing whereof, we muſt buy ſuch children, (and this now and then at a high rate too,) as their parents are willing to part with; which one time neceſſity obliges them to; another time perhaps ſome other reaſons, which God knows. For, the Eaſt-India Company has made an order, not to buy any children from thoſe kidnappers, that ſecretly uſe to convey away young children, to the great grief of their parents, and to ſell them again, for a little money, to accompliſh ſome miſter end or other they have in view. Not to enumerate now ſome other chargeable circumſtances attending our efforts in this country.

Their language is both hard and variable. Whatever of the fundamental points of Chriſtianity is neceſſary for them to know, muſt firſt be put into the *Portugueſe* language, and out of that done again into *Malabaric*. And whereas the Art of Printing is not known in theſe parts, tranſcribing muſt ſupply the place of the Preſs. Upon the whole, you ſee, that as our Charity-School cannot well go forward without taking in ſome men to aſſiſt us: ſo the whole deſign cannot advance, without employing more hands, firſt to tranſlate, and then with ſome iron tools to print upon leaves of palm-trees ſuch things as are thought uſeful for edification: that ſo at laſt, by the concurrence of ſuch helps, the word of God may the eaſier be ſpread among them; and, as a living ſeed, under the gracious influence

of

of the ſpirit of God, ſpring up in their hearts. In the mean time we apply ourſelves intirely to get the language to perfection: and to qualify ourſelves, to deliver in time, by word of mouth, ſuch truths as concern the welfare of theſe poor ignorant ſouls.

[*To be continued.*]

The Caſe of DEWSBURY HOUSE: *recommended to the conſideration of the People called Methodiſts.*

1. WHEN, about fifty years ago, one and another young man offered to ſerve me as ſons in the goſpel, it was on theſe terms, "That they would labour where I appointed," otherwiſe we ſhould have ſtood in each other's way. Here began Itinerant Preaching *with us*. But we were not the firſt Itinerant Preachers in *England*. Twelve were appointed by Queen *Elizabeth*, to travel continually, in order to ſpread true religion through the kingdom. And the *office* and *ſalary* ſtill continues, though their work is little attended to. Mr. *Milner*, late vicar of *Chipping* in *Lancaſhire*, was one of them.

2. As the number of Preachers increaſed, it grew more and more difficult to fix the places, where each ſhould labour from time to time. I have often wiſhed to transfer this work of ſtationing the preachers once a year, to one or more of themſelves. But none were willing to accept of it: ſo I muſt bear the burden till my warfare ſhall be accompliſhed.

3. When Preaching-houſes were built, they were veſted immediately in Truſtees, who were to ſee, that thoſe preached in them whom I ſent and none elſe. This, we conceived, being the only way, whereby Itinerancy could be regularly eſtabliſhed. But lately, after a new Preaching-houſe had been built at *Dewſbury*, in *Yorkſhire*, by the ſubſcriptions and contributions of the

the people, (the Truſtees alone not contributing one quarter of what it coſt) they ſeized upon the Houſe, and though they had promiſed the contrary, poſſitively refuſed to ſettle it on the Methodiſt Plan: requiring, that they ſhould have a power of refuſing any Preacher whom they diſliked. If ſo, I have no power of ſtationing the *Dewſbury* Preachers: for the Truſtees may object to whom they pleaſe. And themſelves, not I, are finally to judge of thoſe objections.

4. Obſerve. Here is no diſpute about the Right of *Houſes* at all. I have no right to any Preaching-houſe in *England*. What I claim is, a right of ſtationing the Preachers. This theſe Truſtees have robbed me of, in the preſent inſtance. Therefore only one of theſe two ways can be taken; either to ſue for this Houſe, or to build another. We prefer the latter, being the moſt friendly way.

I beg therefore, my Brethren, for the Love of God, for the Love of me, your old and well nigh worn-out ſervant, for the love of antient Methodiſm, (which, if Itinerancy is interrupted, will ſpeedily come to nothing,) for the Love of Juſtice, Mercy and Truth, which are all ſo grievouſly violated by the detention of this Houſe: that you will ſet your ſhoulders to the neceſſary work. Be not ſtraitened in your own bowels. We have never had ſuch a cauſe before. Let not then unkind, unjuſt, fraudulent men, have cauſe to rejoice in their bad labour. This is a common cauſe. Exert yourſelves to the utmoſt. I have ſubſcribed fifty pounds. So has Dr. *Coke*. The Preachers have done all they could. O let them that have much, give plenteouſly. Perhaps this is the laſt labour of love I may have occaſion to recommend to you: let it then ſtand as one more monument of your real gratitude to,

My dear Brethren,

Your old, affectionate Brother,

JOHN WESLEY.

LETTERS.

LETTER DXX.

[From Mr. J. V. to the Rev. J. Wesley.]

Jan. 1, 1782.

Rev. and dear Sir,

INCLOSED, I transmit to you a quarterly plan of this Circuit. A fortnight's interruption of my labour, through illness, has rendered it not so compleat as I could wish. Bands have been made, classes divided and reduced; and the Societies regulated. I make the rules of the Society my rules, and hope by next Conference to have the Circuit prepared, like *Manchester*, for a blessed work the ensuing year. Two or three weeks ago the Lord gave me the assurance of a revival in this Circuit, and I am looking for his gracious word.

I have the pleasure to inform you, that on receiving Dr. C's letter concerning a fast, I gave notice of it through the Circuit, fixing five, nine, one, and half past seven, as the general hours of prayer. I believe many fasted till evening and found it a blessed day to their souls. Thanks be to God, my dear people love King George, and I endeavour to promote it.

I have fixt twice a year to meet all the local Preachers in the Circuit at *Daw-Green*. We had our first meeting last Wednesday, when we spent some hours together. I proposed to their consideration, 1. The necessity, nature, means of attaining, and the time when we receive justification and its fruits following. 2. The same respecting sanctification. We were all of one mind, and heart; then, after giving them an exhortation, we parted, like giants refreshed with wine.

I muſt now deſire you, dear Sir, if you can poſſibly do it, let two wives be ſent next year into this Circuit that can lead a Claſs. It is an inconceivable good to have uſeful women, under a Preacher, that will encourage them. I remain, Rev. and dear Sir, your moſt affectionate, though unworthy ſon in the goſpel,

J. V.

LETTER DXXI.

[From the Rev. T. D. to the Rev. J. Weſley.]

Jan. 4, 1782.

Rev. and dear Sir,

HAVING already (though imperfectly) deſcribed to you my caſe, I know you will eaſily excuſe my freedom.

Though I am forbidden to truſt in an arm of fleſh, yet I believe and ſee that God works by inſtruments, agents, and ſecond cauſes.

I ſometimes find a greater liberty of praying and believing, even to a degree of rejoicing: but at intervals, the burthen is grievous indeed: flaming juſtice looks ſtern, and diſplays a horrid ſcene of complicated guilt.

The terms of juſtification are too clear to be doubted; but the apprehenſion of having out-lived the day of acceptance, after calls and warnings, is a powerful weapon in the hand of the enemy.

Fear is a ſtrong human paſſion; but I apprehend there is a ſtronger, more than human (for which my ſoul pants) that is able to "caſt it out."

I have been lately adviſed to peruſe attentively a book written by Mr. *Walter Marſhall*, intitled "The Goſpel Myſtery of Sanctification opened." Your opinion of that work will have great weight with me, and therefore I humbly beg it.

In

In prayer and thankſgiving let me be ſtill remembered by you and the Society, all of whom I can never forget in my poor interceſſions, ſo long as I am in the body; during which ſpace I deſire to remain, Rev. and dear Sir, your moſt affectionate brother,

T. D.

LETTER. DXXII.

[From Miſs H. A. R. to the Rev. J. Wefley.]

Jan. 6, 1782.

My very dear and Hon. Sir,

I Have ſtill good news to tell you. Glory be to God, he is working graciouſly among us. Couſin Robert has been the inſtrument of four perſons believing and receiving ſanctification ſince I wrote laſt. One of them is a claſs leader, and in all, who now profeſs this ſalvation, the change is very evident; they walk and follow after God as dear children, who truly love him with all their heart. On the watch-night a young woman, who experienced this ſalvation, ſome years ago, but had loſt it, received it again as Mr. *L.* was ſaying, "Come by faith alone, if you have no worthineſs, no fitneſs, believe only, and love ſhall make all things new. Delay not a moment: come now, and God will now deſtroy your inbred ſin, &c."

Mr. *L's* word is made a bleſſing to very many. Several backſliders are reſtored; many convinced of ſin; ſome converted, and a number longing to love God with an undivided heart. O! how I love thus to ſee the proſperity of Zion! I feel indeed a ſweet aſſurance, through grace, that if all around me were careleſs and lukewarm, my ſoul would cleave to its only centre, with all its powers and affections; but how much more does it animate and enliven my ſpirit; how encreaſe my joy; yea, how does it ſtrengthen my hands, to ſee my dear

brethren rejoicing and glorying in the ſame precious ſalvation, and living as it becomes the redeemed of the Lord! There are perſons, beſides thoſe I have mentioned, who can ſay, they feel nothing contrary to love, and are kept in perfect peace; but dare not yet profeſs that they are cleanſed from all ſin. I now meet two bands: and, bleſſed be God, we do not meet in vain. My ſoul dwells truly in a preſent heaven; the eternal Trinity is my God and my all. Every power and faculty is ſwallowed up in him.

"I nothing want beneath, above,
Happy in his perfect love."

I was ſurprized to hear, that you had been at *Cheſter* and *Wrexham*: but, I truſt, if you did not come to preach a funeral ſermon for a friend, you came to ſhake Satan's kingdom.

We had a precious love-feaſt. Some people tell me I always have precious times, and therefore judge others have ſo too; but I believe moſt that were preſent are agreed in this, that we have had no love-feaſt like the laſt, for many years. The Select Band is very lively. I have juſt been there, ſince I began my letter, and find another ſoul has received the witneſs of ſanctification under Mr. *L.* this morning. I know you will join me to praiſe a God of love. Glory be to his dear name.

"Our days of praiſe ſhall ne'er be paſt,
While life and thought and being laſt,
Or immortality endures."

In a day or two after I wrote to you, the pain in my head and face was ſuddenly removed in anſwer to prayer; and I have hardly felt it ſince. Till then I had not liberty to pray for its removal; but, hearing that my bands never met during my confinement, and that ſeveral neglected to meet in the Select Band, whom

whom I perſuaded to go before; I ſaid, "Lord, if thy unworthieſt ſervant can be a bleſſing to their precious ſouls, remove this affliction," it is enough; "and I will praiſe thee." And the prayer was heard. In ten thouſand inſtances I thus prove him a God that heareth, and anſwereth prayer. I am filled with his goodneſs; I know not where to begin that praiſe, that never ſhall end. I remain, dear and ever honoured Sir, your unworthieſt child in bonds of divine love

H. A. R.

POETRY.

SHORT HYMNS

[By the late Rev. C. Weſley.]

HYMN X.

On MATT. iv. ver. 7.—*Thou ſhalt not tempt the Lord thy God.*

O May I tempt my God no more,
Or wantonly demand
Unheeded tokens of thy power,
And thy protecting hand;
But humbly ſafe in all my ways
On thee my Lord attend,
And through the channels of thy grace
Expect the promiſed end.

No powers extraordinary I claim
To help me in my need,
Aſſured I in thy favour am,
And by thy ſpirit led:
A child of providence divine
Thy conſtant care I prove,
Nor aſk a miracle or ſign
To ſhew that God is love.

Who

Who teach their children to admire
The pomp which earth diſplays,
And bid them from their birth aſpire
To riches, power, and praiſe:
They blindly take the murtherer's part,
To him their offspring ſell;
Poiſon their unexperienced heart,
And train them up for hell.

On TRUTH.

[*Concluded from page* 56.]

"IS virtue then, unleſs of chriſtian growth,
Mere fallacy, or fooliſhneſs, or both?
Ten thouſand ſages loſt in endleſs woe,
For ignorance of what they could not know?
That ſpeech at once betrays a bigot's tongue;
Charge not a God with ſuch outrageous wrong."
Truly not I—the partial light men have,
My creed perſuades me, well employed may ſave:
While he, that ſcorns the noon-day beam, perverſe,
Shall find the bleſſing, unimproved, a curſe.
Let heathen worthies, whoſe exalted mind,
Left ſenſuality, and droſs behind;
Poſſeſs for me their undiſputed lot,
And take unenvied the reward they ſought:
But ſtill, in virtue of a Saviour's plea,
Not blind by choice; yet could not clearly ſee,
Their fortitude and wiſdom were a flame
Celeſtial, though they knew not whence it came.
Derived from the ſame ſource of light and grace,
That guides the chriſtian in his ſwifter race;

Their

Their judge was conſcience, and her rule their law;
That rule purſued with rev'rence and with awe,
Led them, however fault'ring, faint, and ſlow,
From what they knew, to what they wiſh'd to know;
But let not him, that ſhares a brighter day,
Traduce the ſplendor of a noon-tide ray;
Prefer the twilight of a darker time,
And deem his baſe ſtupidity no crime;
The wretch that ſlights the bounty of the ſkies,
And ſinks, while favoured with the means to riſe,
Shall find them rated at their full amount;
The good he ſcorn'd all carried to account.
Marſhalling all his terrors as he came,
Thunder and earthquake and devouring flame,
From *Sinai's* top JEHOVAH gave the law,
Life for obedience, death for every flaw.
When the great Sovereign would his will expreſs,
He gives a perfect rule; what can he leſs?
And guards it with a ſanction, as ſevere,
As vengeance can inflict, or ſinners fear:
Elſe his own glorious rights he would diſclaim,
And man might ſafely trifle with his name:
He bids him glow, with unremitting love,
To all on earth, and to himſelf above;
Condemns th' injurious deed, the ſland'rous tongue,
The thought that meditates a brother's wrong;
Brings not alone the more conſpicuous part,
His conduct, to the teſt, but tries his heart.
Hark! univerſal nature ſhook and groaned!
'Twas the laſt trumpet!—ſee the judge enthroned!
Rouſe all your courage, at your utmoſt need,
Now ſummon every virtue, ſtand and plead.
What, ſilent? Is your boaſting heard no more?
That ſelf-renouncing wiſdom learn'd before,
Had ſhed immortal glories on your brow:
That all your virtues cannot purchaſe now.

All

All joy to the believer! He can ſpeak,—
Trembling, yet happy; confident, yet meek.
Since the dear hour that brought me to thy foot,
And cut up all my follies by the root:
I never truſted in an arm but thine,
Nor hopèd, but in thy righteouſneſs divine:
My prayers, and alms, imperfect and defil'd,
Were but the feeble efforts of a child;
Howe'er perform'd, it was their brighter part,
That they proceeded from a grateful heart:
Cleanſèd in thine own all-purifying blood,
Forgive their evil, and accept their good;
I caſt them at thy feet:—my only plea
Is what it was, dependence upon thee;
While ſtruggling in the vale of tears below,
That never fail'd, nor ſhall it fail me now.
Angelic gratulations rend the ſkies
Pride falls unpity'd, never more to riſe;
Humility is crown'd, and faith receives the prize!

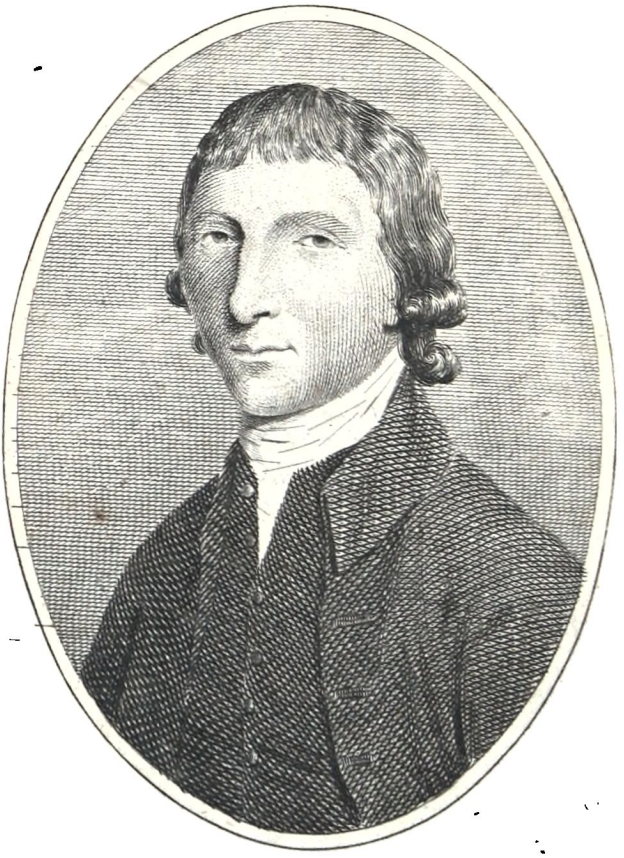
EPIGRAM, *on the* MINISTRY.

UNHAPPY, let your choice have been,
With publick hate accurſt:
When out of place, *the beſt of men*,
When in—*the very worſt!*
So, if from Heavèn an Angel came,
Our laws and rights to ſave:
Give him a miniſterial name,
And he'll be deem'd a *knave*.

EPIGRAM, *on* PLAYERS *and* BALLAD-SINGERS.

[By FRAN. QUARLES.]

THEY'RE like the Prieſt and Clerk at Belial's altar;
One makes the Sermon: t'other tunes the Pſalter.



Mr. Geo. Gibbon.

Æt. 39.

THE

Arminian Magazine,

For MARCH 1790.

An Illuſtration of Part of the Seventh Chapter of the Epiſtle to the Romans, from verſe 14, *to the end of the Chapter.*

By JAMES SMITH, *Miniſter in* DUMFERMLINE.

[*Continued from page* 63.]

An Enquiry into the general ſcope of the Paſſage.

V. BEFORE St. Paul embraced the chriſtian religion, he was certainly in an unregenerate ſtate: therefore his real character before his converſion, was a very proper repreſentation of the ſtate of every unbelieving ſinner, who ſets himſelf in oppoſition to the goſpel of Jeſus Chriſt. It was particularly calculated to affect and convince the Jews, his brethren, who knew the law. and to whom he addreſſed this argument, as in verſe 1ſt: "Know ye not, brethren, for I ſpeak to you who know the law." Theſe Jews acknowledged that St. Paul's purity and rectitude, before his converſion, ranked him among the moſt unblamable of his brethren; and

that his corruption and depravity was not more than that with which they were chargeable. His confeſſion was a confeſſion which ſuited them all: the moment they looked into their own heart and life, they ſaw what St. Paul once felt, and could adopt his language; hence he expreſſeth it in the firſt perſon ſingular, and taught their tongue how to utter the teſtimony of their conſcience and experience. To conclude this particular, St. Paul here ſpeaks from experience. He concludes, I myſelf thus acted: but he was in his ſtate of grace when he relates it. This enabled him to look back upon his unregenerate ſtate in a very different light from that in which he beheld it before: hence his exclamation, ver. 24. and anſwer, ver. 25. "I thank God, through Jeſus Chriſt."

VI. The apoſtle's great deſign in this epiſtle is to prove, that all mankind are ſlaves to ſin and condemnation, from which the law cannot deliver them; but that from this condemnation all thoſe are freed who believe in Chriſt. "The wrath of God is revealed from heaven againſt all ungodlineſs and unrighteouſneſs of men," ſaid he, chap. i. 18. and ſo went on, "to prove both Jews and Gentiles that they were all under ſin," ch. iii. 9. To convince the Jews, "that by the deeds of the law there ſhall no fleſh be juſtified," ch. iii. 20. was no eaſy talk. This, however, he labours to eſtabliſh, both from undeniable fact, and from the expreſs teſtimony of God himſelf; and then ſhews, "that what the law could not do through the fleſh, God ſending his own Son, in the likeneſs of ſinful fleſh, accompliſhed," ch. viii. 3. "There is therefore, (ſaid he) now no condemnation to them who are in Chriſt Jeſus, who walk not after the fleſh, but after the Spirit," ch. viii. 1. In proving theſe great doctrines, he deſcribes what they were under the law, and what they became by the grace of God under the goſpel. The apoſtle ſhews the Jews their condition while they were under the law, to convince them that in this ſtate they neither can do good, nor pleaſe God: "For, (ſaid he, ch. vii. 5.) when we were

were in the flesh, the motions of sins which were by the law, did work in our members to bring forth fruit unto death." Then he concludes his description of that state in these words: "So then, they who are in the flesh, cannot please God," ch. viii. 8. On account of this, he proves that we are dead to the law, that we might be married to the Lord, for the express purpose of bringing forth the fruits of holiness unto God, and of being enabled to serve him in newness of spirit. The question then is, which of the opinions concerning this passage are most consistent with the apostle's design. St. Paul had an experimental knowledge of both these states; he had for a long time been in a state of condemnation; he had also been a considerable time married unto the Lord, and was a very proper example of that wonderful change, which the gospel works on the heart and life of all who believe; he could exhort the churches to be followers of him, even as he was of Christ, 1 Cor. ii. 1. and could appeal to God, as to the integrity of his heart, and uprightness of his life. What then is his account of his state and conduct in this passage? As to his state, he intimates the strongest contrariety in his nature to the law of God: "The law is spiritual, but I am carnal and sold under sin," ver. 14. and in the most express language declares himself to be wretched, and under sentence of death, or oppressed with a body of death, ver. 24. As to his actions, he declares that he could not do good, but wrought evil, was led captive to the law of sin, and served the law of sin with his flesh, ver. 18, 23. The Jews might justly ask our apostle what he had gained by this change? or how he could reconcile his character with the description he had given of the power of the grace of God under the gospel? If he was still carnal, and sold under sin; if the motions of corruption still wrought in his members, leading him captive to the law of sin; if sin dwelt in him, so that he neither could do good, nor abstain from working evil; he still was wretched, and exposed to condemnation, or to a body of death; he certainly had gained

nothing by embracing the gospel. Nothing, therefore, can be more opposite to his main purpose, than the opinion that the passage is a description of St. Paul's condition after his conversion, and of the state of all those who are in Christ. But if we view it as a continuation of that account, which he gives of himself in this chapter, before he was freed from condemnation, by the gospel of Jesus, then we see a propriety and beauty in the passage.

It is not denied, that in the fifth verse, and from the seventh down to the fourteenth, St. Paul describes his unconverted state; and also that in the eighth chapter, what he saith of the carnal man relates to that state; but all that he saith of the spiritual man, and of being led by the Spirit, relates to a state of grace. As, therefore, we have before us a large description of both these states in a number of passages, where the sense is clear and undisputed; it follows, that the description which he here giveth of himself belongs to that state, with which the expressions most agree. This is bringing the matter to a clear and certain decision.

1. St. Paul denominates his unconverted state, a being in the flesh, ver. 5. and, he describes it to be a carnal state; "To be carnally minded is death; the carnal mind is enmity against God," ch. viii. 6, 7. As to his regenerate state, he was in the Spirit, chap. viii. 9, 6. or, which is the same thing, he was spiritually minded. Now, he begins the description of himself in the 14th verse, by declaring, "But I am carnal." That this expression is opposite to what he saith of a state of grace, and the very word he useth to express his unconverted state, admits of no dispute.

2. As to his unconverted state he intimates, that sin reigned in his body, so that he obeyed it in the lusts thereof, chap. vi. 12. He informs us, that sin once wrought in him all manner of concupiscence, chap. vii. 8. but that they, who are in Christ Jesus, are freed from the dominion of sin, and become servants unto God, chap. vi. 22. that the Spirit of God dwelleth

dwelleth in them, and they are led by the Spirit, chap. viii. 9, 13, 14. But here he ſaith, "I do evil," ſin dwelleth in me, leadeth me captive to the law of ſin, which with my fleſh I ſerve, ver. 19, 20, 21, 23, 25. The conformity between theſe expreſſions, and his deſcription of an unregenerate ſtate, and their direct oppoſition to what he ſaith of a ſtate of grace is undeniable. There are other expreſſions to the ſame purpoſe equally deciſive: ye yielded your members, ſaid he to the Romans, ſervants to uncleanneſs and iniquity, chap. vi. 19, 20. and were the ſervants of ſin: now, he adds, of a ſtate of grace, yield your members ſervants to righteouſneſs, for ſin ſhall not have dominion over you; the Spirit of life in Chriſt Jeſus hath freed you from the law of ſin: but here he ſaith, I am ſold under ſin, and with my fleſh ſerve the law of ſin. This is equally clear and deciſive.

3. We are told, the ſervants of ſin are free from righteouſneſs, ch. vi. 20. and cannot pleaſe God, ch. viii. 8. but of thoſe who are in Chriſt it is ſaid, they bring forth fruit unto God, and ſerve him in newneſs of ſpirit, ver. 7, 6. Here we are told, that the good he would, he did not, yea he could not; how to do that which is good I find not; the reaſon is, for in my fleſh, or carnal ſtate, there dwelleth no good thing, ver. 18, 19. Nothing can be more clear than the relation between theſe expreſſions and his deſcription of an unconverted man. If we compare theſe expreſſions with what he ſaith of himſelf in particular, the ſame clear deciſion will follow. Compare all theſe expreſſions with this one text, 1 Theſ. ii. 10. "Ye are witneſſes, and God alſo, how holily, and juſtly, and unblameably we behaved ourſelves among you that believe." This epiſtle to the Theſſalonians was written long before his epiſtle to the Romans, ſo that his attainments were not inferior, when he ſaid he was carnal, to theſe mentioned in his epiſtle to the Theſſalonians.

4. Concerning his unregenerate ſtate we are told, that ſin working in his members brought forth fruit *unto death*, chap.

chap. vii. 6. The ſpiritual mind is ſaid to be life; being enabled to mortify the deeds of the body, they live, chap. viii. 1. 6, 13. There is no condemnation to ſuch; becauſe Chriſt lives, they ſhall live alſo: "They have not received the ſpirit of bondage again to fear, but the ſpirit of adoption, whereby they cry, Abba, Father," ver. 15. But how oppoſite to this condition is the ſtate of this man, who cries out, "O *wretched* man that I am, who ſhall deliver me from this body of *death?*" Not ſin, but death, a body of death, the ſecond death, that death which ſin brought forth in his members, ver. 5. and wrought in him by that which is good, ver. 13. Nothing can be more clear than the ſameneſs of theſe expreſſions with thoſe which are uſed to expreſs the character of the wicked, and their oppoſition to theſe expreſſions by which the character of the godly is deſcribed. Let the unprejudiſed reader weigh all theſe particulars together, and ſee if they do not determine the general ſcope in a ſatisfactory manner.

But it hath often been aſked, Why doth the apoſtle ſpeak in the preſent tenſe, if the things he ſaid were not applicable to him at that time when he wrote? We are ſure this manner of ſpeech is frequently uſed by St. Paul, and diſtinguiſheth his ſtile. The apoſtle was well acquainted with the prejudices of his countrymen, whom he addreſſeth in particular in this chapter, and he well knew, the beſt method of gaining their attention, and of effecting his principal purpoſe.

This manner of writing is more moving and leſs offenſive: there is a tenderneſs in it, which ſhews the addreſs and the ſkill of the writer. Had St. Paul directly attacked theſe Jews, and told them, they were carnal, ſold under ſin, under a body of death or condemnation, the ſervants of their ſinful luſts and paſſions; this might have awakened their prejudices, and provoked their indignation, but was not ſo likely to operate upon their hearts. He therefore deſcribes their ſituation in the firſt perſon; and as it was their preſent ſituation he meant to lay before them, he deſcribes it in the preſent tenſe; not only that

that they, but alſo that unbelievers in every age, might ſee their own picture as in a glaſs, and be taught how to expreſs the teſtimony of their own conſcience againſt their own conduct. Every unbelieving ſinner, who reads the paſſage, is thus addreſſed by the apoſtle, as an ambaſſador from heaven. "Think on your preſent condition: I know it from experience: it ever dwells in my remembrance, and renders me more ſenſible of the worth of that grace by which I am ſaved: liſten to me a moment, and I will tell you all that is in your heart: I appeal to your conſcience if what I ſay be not the very teſtimony which leadeth to this awful concluſion; ye are under the ſentence of the ſecond death: I alſo ſhew you the remedy through Jeſus Chriſt the Son and gift of God."

[*To be continued.*]

SERMON LVI.

On MARK xii. 33.

There is one God.

I. AND as there is one God, ſo there is one Religion and one Happineſs for all men. God never intended there ſhould be any more: and it is not poſſible there ſhould. Indeed in another ſenſe, as the Apoſtle obſerves, *there are gods many, and lords many.* All the heathen nations had their gods, and many, whole ſhoals of them. And generally, the more poliſhed they were, the more gods they heaped up to themſelves: but *to us*, to all that are favoured with the Chriſtian Revelation, *there is but one God*, who declares of himſelf, *Is there any God, beſide me? There is none; I know not any.*

2. But who can ſearch out this God to perfection? None of the creatures that he has made. Only ſome of his attributes he hath been pleaſed to reveal to us in his word. Hence we learn,

learn, That God is an Eternal Being. *His goings forth are from everlaſting*, and will continue to everlaſting. As he ever was, ſo he ever will be; as there was no beginning of his exiſtence, ſo there will be no end. This is univerſally allowed, to be contained in his very name, *Jehovah:* which the Apoſtle *John* accordingly renders, *He that was, and that is, and that is to come.* Perhaps it would be as proper to ſay, "He *is* from everlaſting, to everlaſting."

3. Nearly allied to the Eternity of God, is his Omnipreſence. As he exiſts through infinite Duration, ſo he cannot but exiſt through infinite Space: according to his own queſtion, equivalent to the ſtrongeſt aſſertion, *Do not I fill heaven and earth, ſaith the Lord?* (Heaven and earth, in the Hebrew idiom, implying the whole univerſe.) Which therefore, according to his own declaration, is filled with his preſence.

4. This One, Eternal, Omnipreſent Being, is likewiſe All-perfect. He has from Eternity to Eternity, all the perfections and infinitely more, than it ever did, or ever can enter into the heart of man to conceive: yea, infinitely more than the angels in heaven can conceive. Theſe perfections we uſually term the attributes of God.

5. And he is Omnipotent, as well as Omnipreſent: there can be no more bounds to his Power, than to his preſence. He *hath a mighty arm: ſtrong is his hand, and high is his right hand.* He doth whatſoever pleaſeth him, in the heaven, the earth, the ſea, and in all deep places. With men, we know, many things are impoſſible: *but not with God: with him all things are poſſible.* Whenſoever he willeth, to do is preſent with him.

6. The Omniſcience of God is a clear and neceſſary conſequence of his Omnipreſence. If he is preſent in every part of the Univerſe, he cannot but know whatever is, or is done there: according to the word of St. *James, Known unto God are all his works,* and the works of every creature, *from the beginning* of the world: or rather, as the phraſe literally implies, *from eternity.*

eternity. His eyes are not only *over all the earth, beholding the evil and the good*; but likewiſe over the whole creation, yea, and the paths of uncreated night. Is there any difference between his knowledge and his wiſdom? If there be, is not his knowledge the more general term (at leaſt according to our weak conceptions) and his wiſdom a particular branch of it? Namely, the knowing the end of every thing that exiſts, and the means of applying it to that end?

7. Holineſs is another of the attributes of the almighty, all-wiſe God. He is infinitely diſtant from every touch of evil. He *is light, and in him is no darkneſs at all.* He is a God of unblemiſhed juſtice and truth: but above all is his mercy. This we may eaſily learn from that beautiful paſſage, in the thirty-fourth and fifth chapters of *Exodus. And Moſes ſaid, I beſeech thee, ſhew me thy glory. And the Lord deſcended in the cloud, and proclaimed the name of the Lord, the Lord, the Lord God, merciful and gracious, long-ſuffering, and abundant in goodneſs and truth; keeping mercy for thouſands, and forgiving iniquity, and tranſgreſſion, and ſin.*

8. This God is a ſpirit; not having ſuch a body, ſuch parts, or paſſions, as men have. It was the opinion both of the antient Jews and the antient Chriſtians, that He alone is a pure ſpirit, totally ſeparate from all matter: whereas they ſuppoſed all other ſpirits, even the higheſt angels, even Cherubim and Seraphim, to dwell in material vehicles, though of an exceeding light and ſubtle ſubſtance. At that point of duration, which the infinite wiſdom of God ſaw to be moſt proper, for reaſons which lie hid in the abyſs of his own underſtanding, not to be fathomed by any finite mind, God "called into being all that is," created the heavens and the earth, together with all that they contain. *All things were created by him, and without him was not any thing made that was made.* He created man in particular, after his own image, to be *a picture of his own eternity.* When he had raiſed man from the duſt of the earth, he breathed into him an immortal ſpirit. Hence he is peculiarly called *the Father of our ſpirits*; yea, the *Father of the ſpirits of all fleſh.*

9. He *made all things*, as the wiſe man obſerves, *for himſelf*, for *his glory they were created*. Not *as if he needed any thing*: ſeeing *He giveth to all life, and breath, and all things*. He made all things to be happy: He made man to be happy in himſelf. He is the proper center of ſpirits, for whom every created ſpirit was made. So true is that well known ſaying of the antient Fathers, *Feciſti nos ad te: Et irrequietum eſt cor noſtrum, donec requieſat in te.* Thou haſt made us for thyſelf: And our heart cannot reſt, till it reſteth in thee.

10. This obſervation gives us a clear anſwer to that queſtion in the Aſſembly's Catechiſm, "For what end did God create man?" The anſwer is, "To glorify and enjoy him for ever." This is undoubtedly true: but is it quite clear, eſpecially to men of ordinary capacities? Do the generality of common people underſtand that expreſſion, "To glorify God?" No, no more than they underſtand *Greek*. And it is altogether above the capacity of children, to whom we can ſcarce ever ſpeak plain enough. Now is not this the very principle that ſhould be inculcated upon every human creature, "You are made to be happy in God," as ſoon as ever reaſon dawns? Should not every parent, as ſoon as a child begins to talk or to run alone, ſay ſomething of this kind, "See! what is that which ſhines ſo over your head? That we call the Sun? See, how bright it is? Feel how it warms you? It makes the graſs to ſpring and every thing to grow. But God made the Sun. The Sun could not ſhine, nor warm, nor do any good without Him." In this plain and familiar way a wiſe parent might many times in a day ſay ſomething of God: particularly inſiſting, "He made *you*; and he made you to be happy in him: and nothing elſe can make you happy." We cannot preſs this too ſoon. If you ſay, "Nay, but they cannot underſtand you when they are ſo young:" I anſwer, No, nor when they are fifty years old, unleſs God opens their underſtanding. And can He not do this at any age?

10. Indeed

10. Indeed this ſhould be preſt on every human creature, young and old, the more earneſtly and diligently, becauſe ſo exceeding few, even of thoſe that are called Chriſtians, ſeem to know any thing about it. Many indeed think of being happy with God in heaven: but the being happy in God on earth never entered into their thoughts. The leſs ſo, becauſe from the time they came into the world, they are ſurrounded with idols. Such in turns are all *the things that are ſeen*, (whereas God is not ſeen) which all promiſe a happineſs independent of God. Indeed it is true, that

"Upright both in heart and will
We by our God were made:
But we turned from good to ill,
And o'er the creatures ſtrayed."

"Multiplied our wandring thought,
Which firſt was fixt on God alone:
In ten thouſand objects ſought
The bliſs we loſt in one."

11. Theſe idols, theſe rivals of God are innumerable: but they may be nearly reduced to three parts. Firſt, Objects of ſenſe; ſuch as gratify one or more of our outward ſenſes. Theſe excite the firſt kind of *love of the world*, which St. *John* terms, *the deſire of the fleſh*. Secondly, Objects of the imagination; things that gratify our fancy, by grandeur, beauty, or novelty. All theſe make us fair promiſes of happineſs, and thereby prevent our ſeeking it in God. This the Apoſtle terms, *the deſire of the eyes*: whereby chiefly the imagination is gratified. They are, thirdly, what St. *John* calls, *the pride of life*. He ſeems to mean, honour, wealth, and whatever directly tends to engender pride.

12. But ſuppoſe we were guarded againſt all theſe, are there not other idols, which we have need to be apprehenſive

of: and idols therefore the more dangerous, becauſe we ſuſpect no danger from them? For is there any danger to be feared from our friends and relations? From the mutual endearments of huſbands and wives, or of parents and children? Ought we not to bear a very tender affection to them? Ought we not to love them only leſs than God? Yea, and is there not a tender affection due to thoſe, whom God has made profitable to our ſouls? Are we not commanded, to *eſteem them very highly in love for their work's ſake?* All this is unqueſtionably true. And this very thing makes the difficulty. Who is ſufficient for this, to go far enough herein, and no farther? To love them enough, and not too much? We can love a wife, a child, a friend well enough without loving the creature more than the Creator? Who is able to follow the caution which St. *Paul* gives to the Chriſtians at *Theſſalonica*, 1 Theſſ. iv. 5.

13. I wiſh that weighty paſſage (ſo ſtrangely diſguiſed in our tranſlation) were duly conſidered. *Let every one of you know how to poſſeſs his veſſel*, his wife, *in ſanctification and honour*. So as neither to diſhonour God or himſelf, nor to obſtruct but further holineſs. St. *Paul* goes on, Μὴ ἐν πάθει ἐπιθυμίας· which we render, *Not in the luſt of concupiſcence*— (What is this? It gives the *Engliſh* reader no conception at all. Πάθος means any *violent* or *impetuous affection*. Ἐπιθυμία is *deſire*. By the two words the Apoſtle undoubtedly means, vehement and impetuous affections) as the *Gentiles who know not God*: and ſo may naturally ſeek happineſs in a creature.

14. If by the grace of God, we have avoided or forſaken all theſe idols: there is ſtill one more dangerous than all the reſt, and that is, Religion. It will eaſily be conceived, I mean Falſe Religion: that is, any Religion which does not imply, *the giving the heart to God*. Such is, firſt, a Religion of Opinions, or what is commonly called, Orthodoxy. Into this ſnare fall thouſands of thoſe, who profeſs to hold *ſalvation by faith*:

faith: indeed all of thoſe who by faith mean only a ſyſtem of Arminian or Calvinian Opinions. Such is, ſecondly, a Religion of Forms of barely outward Worſhip, how conſtantly ſoever performed; yea, though we attended the Church ſervice every day, and the Lord's Supper every Sunday. Such is, thirdly, a Religion of Works, of ſeeking the favour of God, by doing good to men. Such is, laſtly, a Religion of Atheiſm; that is, every Religion whereof God is not laid for the foundation. In a word, a Religion wherein *God in Chriſt reconciling the world unto himſelf*, is not the Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end, the firſt and the laſt point.

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

A ſhort Account of Mr. GEORGE SHADFORD.

[Written by Himſelf.]

[*Continued from page* 74.]

AT this time both my parents were taken very ill, which was cauſe of great trouble to me. For, I was much affraid they would die. One day while I was greatly diſtreſſed about them, and knew not what to do; at laſt it came into my mind, "Go to prayer for them." I went up ſtairs, ſhut myſelf in, and, if ever I prayed in my life from my heart, I did it at this time. I remember in particular, that I prayed to the Lord, to raiſe them up again, and ſpare them four or five years longer. This prayer he graciouſly condeſcended both to hear and anſwer, for the one lived about four, the other near five years afterward; and was truly converted to God.

I have looked upon it a kind providence that brought a Methodiſt farmer to the place of my nativity, while I was abſent

abſent in the militia, who received the Methodiſt Preachers, and had formed a little Society juſt ready for me when I got home. I was now determined to ſeek happineſs in God, and therefore went conſtantly to Church and Sacrament, and to hear the Methodiſt Preachers; to pray, and read the ſcriptures. I thought, I will be good. I am determined to be good; but alas, in about ſix or eight weeks, inſtead of being very good, I ſaw my heart was corrupt and nothing but ſin. I read at night different prayers. Sometimes I prayed for humility or meekneſs; at other times for faith, patience or chaſtity: whatever I thought I wanted moſt. I was thus employed, when the family were in bed, for hours together. And many times whilſt reading the tears ran from my eyes, ſo that I could read no further: and when I found my heart ſoftened and could open it to Almighty God, there ſeemed a ſecret pleaſure in repentance itſelf; with an hope ſpringing up that God would ſave me, and beſtow his pardoning mercy. While I was thus imployed in ſeeking the Lord, and drawn by the Spirit of God, I eſteemed it more than my neceſſary food.

A little after this, I went to ſee an uncle at Eaſt Ferry: and as we were reading the ſeventh chapter of the Epiſtle to the Romans, he aſked me if the latter part of that chapter belonged to St. Paul in his converted ſtate? I ſaid I could not tell: but if it was St. Paul's converted ſtate, I ſaid it is exactly mine. "For that which I do, I allow not, for what I would, that do I not, but what I hate, that do I. Now, if I do that I would not, it is no more I that do it, but ſin that dwelleth in me." I then began to flatter myſelf ſaying "ſurely I am converted. I truſt I am in a ſafe ſtate." And it is well if hundreds do not reſt here.

But the Lord did not ſuffer me to take convictions for converſion. After thoſe pleaſant drawings, I had ſorrow and deep diſtreſs. My ſins preſſed me ſore, and the hand of the Lord was very heavy upon me. Thus I continued until Sunday the 5th of May 1762, coming out of Church the farmer that received

the

the Preachers, told me a ſtranger was to preach at his houſe. I went to hear him, and was pleaſed, and much affected. He gave notice that he would preach again in the evening. In the mean time I perſuaded as many neighbours as I could to go. We had a full houſe, and ſeveral were greatly affected while he publiſhed his crucified Maſter. Toward the latter part of the ſermon I trembled; I ſhook; I wept. I thought "I cannot ſtand it, I ſhall fall down amidſt all this people." Oh! how gladly would I have been alone to weep; for, I was tempted with ſhame.

I well remember he called out at laſt and ſaid: "Is there any young man here about my age willing to give up all and come to Chriſt? Let him come and welcome, for all things are now ready." I thought before this he was preaching to me; but now I was ſure he ſpoke to me in particular. I ſtood guilty and condemned like the publican in the temple. I cried out (ſo that others might hear, being pierced to the heart with the ſword of the Spirit) "God be merciful to me a ſinner." No ſooner had I expreſſed theſe words; but by the eye of faith, (not with my bodily eyes) I ſaw Chriſt my advocate at the right hand of God, making interceſſion for me. I believed he loved me, and gave himſelf for me. In an inſtant the Lord filled my ſoul with divine love, as quick as lightening: ſo ſuddenly did the Lord, whom I ſought, come to his temple. Immediately my eyes flowed with tears, and my heart with love. Tears of joy and ſorrow ran mingled down my cheeks. O! what ſweet diſtreſs was this! I ſeemed as if I could weep my life away in tears of love. I ſat down in a chair, for I could ſtand no longer. And theſe words ran through my mind twenty times over. "Marvelous are thy works, and that my ſoul knoweth right well." I knew not then that theſe words were in the ſcripture, until I opened on them in the Pſalms, when I got home.

As I walked home along the ſtreets I ſeemed to be in paradiſe. When I read my Bible it ſeemed an intire new book. When I meditated on God and Chriſt, angels or ſpirits: When I con-

I conſidered good, or bad men, any or all the creatures which ſurrounded me on every ſide: Every thing appeared new, and ſtood in a new relation to me. I was in Chriſt a new creature, old things were done away, and all things become new. I lay down at night in peace with a thankful heart, becauſe the Lord had redeemed me, and given me peace with God and all mankind. I thought I never ſhould be troubled with the ſin that did moſt eaſily beſet me; and ſaid within myſelf, "the enemies I have ſeen this day, I ſhall ſee them no more for ever." I felt the truth of thoſe words

"How happy are they,
Who the Saviour obey,
And have laid up their treaſure above!
Tongue cannot expreſs
The ſweet comfort and peace
Of a ſoul in its earlieſt love.

On the wings of his love
I was carried above
All ſin and temptation and pain:
I could not believe
I ever ſhould grieve,
I ever ſhould ſuffer again."

But no ſooner had I peace within, than the devil and wicked men began to rore without; and pour forth floods of lies and ſcandal in order to drown the young child. And no marvel, for the devil had loſt one of the main pillars of his kingdom in that pariſh. And therefore he did not leave a ſtone unturned, that he might caſt an odium upon the work of God in that place. But none of theſe things moved me, for I was happy, happy, in my God; clothed with the ſun, and the moon under my feet; raiſed up, and made to ſit in heavenly, holy, happy, places in Chriſt Jeſus.

In a fortnight after I was joined in Society. When I joined, there were twelve in Society, chiefly old people. This was a little

little trial to me at firſt; but I thought it my duty to caſt in my lot amongſt them; for I was certain the Methodiſts (under God) were the happy inſtruments of my ſalvation. Therefore I knew I could not better recommend the good cauſe to others, than by joining them, and letting my light ſhine before men, that others might take knowledge I had been with Jeſus. It is really marvellous, that all who are awakened have not reſolution enough heartily to unite in fellowſhip with the people of God. It is very rare that ſuch make any progreſs. The bleſſed ſpirit is grieved, and they remain barren and unfruitful. Were they faithful in obeying the ſpirit of God, in taking up their croſs, and ſetting an example to others, they might bring much glory to God, as well as obtain great peace and happineſs to their own ſouls.

My greateſt concern now was for my relations. I had a father, and mother, ſiſter and brother, all ſtrangers to God. My father was ſixty years old, and my mother near it. I ſcarcely ever went to the throne of grace without bearing them before the Lord in earneſt prayer, and found great encouragement ſo to do. One night I took courage to ſpeak to them in as humble a manner as I could; with reſpect to family prayer. I told them, I believed they had brought us up in the fear of God as far as they knew; but we never had any family prayer. I added, If it is agreeable to you, I will endeavour to pray in the beſt manner I can. On their conſenting we went into another room. I had not ſpoke many words in prayer, before they were both in tears. When we aroſe from prayer, we wept over one another, and what ſeemed to affect them moſt, was to be taught by their child, when they ought to have taught me.

I continued to pray for them every night and morning for half a year. My father at length began to be in deep diſtreſs. I have liſtened, and heard him in private crying for mercy, like *David* out of the horrible pit, and mire and clay, "O! Lord, deliver my ſoul." I began to reprove, exhort, and

warn others wherever I came. My father was ſometimes afraid if I reproved the cuſtomers who came to our ſhop, it would give offence, and we ſhould loſe all our buſineſs. Upon which I ſaid, "Father, let us truſt God for once with all our concerns, and let us do this in the way of our duty, from a right principle, and if he deceives us, we will never truſt him more: for none ever truſted the Lord that were confounded." In leſs than a twelvemonth, inſtead of loſing, we had more buſineſs than ever we had before.

I began now to pray in all our meetings private and public; and the Lord mercifully heard, to the conviction and converſion of ſeveral, who were ſavingly brought to God, before I regularly attempted to exhort or preach. I had then no notion of being a preacher. I only thought it my duty to do good, and all the good I could: to occupy, or uſe my one talent, until my Lord ſhould come. I believed that was the religion of Jeſus Chriſt, who went about doing good, and worked while it was day. Indeed the love of God conſtrained me to ſpeak. I had ſuch a view of the fallen, miſerable ſtate of loſt, periſhing ſinners, that I thought if I could be an inſtrument of ſaving but one ſoul, it would be worth all my pains, even all my life long. Our Society increaſed from twelve to forty members in a ſhort time; for the Lord gave me ſeveral of my companions in ſin to walk with me in the ways of holineſs.

The firſt time I exhorted was in the Society. The Claſs Leader put a hymn book into my hand, and deſired me to give a word of exhortation. The moment he did this I was ſeized with tremblings; but inſtantly my ſoul was filled with the love and power of God. I believe the few ſimple words that I ſpoke were made a bleſſing more or leſs to every one there. An old man, one of the firſt converts in the town, adviſed me to give myſelf much to reading and prayer, for he believed God had ſome work for me to do. The preacher had appointed me to meet a Claſs before this, which often proved both a croſs and bleſſing to my ſoul. I now exhorted my friends,

friends, neighbours, enemies, and whoſoever fell in my way, to flee from the wrath which is to come.

One Sunday morning as I was exhorting in the farmer's houſe, ſome word cut my father to the heart. He fell back into the chair by which he ſtood, and wept, and was much diſtreſſed. On the evening of the ſame day he ſaid to me, "I know not what is the matter with me; I ſeem quite ſtupid and fooliſh; nay, I ſeem loſt." I anſwered, "Then you will not be long before you are found. Father, you are not far from the kingdom of God. Chriſt came to ſeek and to ſave that which was loſt."

The next day about twelve o'clock I came into the room where he was ſitting with a Bible upon his knee. He was reading in the Pſalms of *David*. I ſaw the tears running down his cheeks: yet there appeared a joy in his countenance. I ſaid, "Pray, father what now? What now? What is the matter?" He inſtantly anſwered, "I have found Chriſt; I have found Chriſt at laſt. Upwards of ſixty years I have lived without him in the world, in ſin and ignorance. I have been all the day idle: and entered not into his vineyard till the eleventh hour. O! how merciful was he to ſpare me, and hire me at laſt: he hath ſet my ſoul at liberty. O! Praiſe the Lord. Praiſe the Lord, O! my ſoul, and all that is within me bleſs his holy name." I left him rejoicing in God his Saviour, and retired to praiſe God for anſwering my prayers.

[*To be continued.*]

A ſhort Account of Mr. JOHN PENRITH.

[By Mr. James Wood.]

JOHN PENRITH was awakened in *Sunderland*, above twenty years before his death. His conviction was clear and deep, and his diſtreſs of mind, on account of his miſpent

life, was great and laſting. This made him cry the more earneſtly to the Lord for pardon and peace; nor did he ever reſt till he found redemption in the blood of Chriſt, the forgiveneſs of his ſins. From that time he was conſtant in the ordinances of God, and careful to abound in the work of faith, in the labour of love, and the patience of hope. In this ſtate of mind he continued upwards of eight years, generally happy, but often holding it with a trembling hand: having many doubts of his acceptance, and fears, if accepted, that he ſhould not endure to the end.

About twelve years before his deceaſe he was clearly and deeply convinced of his want of perfect love: the evils of fallen nature, though ſubdued, were not deſtroyed. The ſpirituality of the divine law appeared to, and was felt by him in a manner it never had been before. He loathed himſelf, and longed for an entire conformity to God, not only that he might obtain eternal life; but that he might live to him alone, and bring forth much fruit to his glory. For this his ſoul agonized in fervent prayer; and not in vain: he ſoon entered into that reſt, and rejoiced in God all the day. This made hard things eaſy, and laid the mountains low: his humbled ſoul was filled with peace and joy in believing, and with a firm hope of the crown of righteouſneſs.

But alas! it was not long before he gave way to unprofitable reaſoning, which robbed him of his confidence, and brought him into a degree of darkneſs. Often did he perceive *where* and *how* he had ſuffered loſs, and lamented it before the Lord; but never found it ſo fully as before, till a little before his death. The laſt time he was at the public band-meeting, he mentioned the loſs he ſuſtained, through evil reaſoning, and deeply lamented his caſe; and though he was at that time in perfect health, there appeared ſuch a breathing of ſoul after God, for the reſtoration of it, as led thoſe preſent to cry unto the Lord in his behalf.

When

When I returned from the country part of the Circuit on Saturday October 28, I found he was ill of a fever; but with no alarming ſymptoms. On viſiting him the next morning, and aſking the ſtate of his mind, he ſaid he had peace, but no remarkable joy. On Monday morning I ſaw him again, when he informed me, that the Lord had bleſſed his ſoul in the preceding night, with ſuch manifeſtations of his love, as he had never before experienced. The promiſes were opened to his mind with ſuch clearneſs and beauty as he could not expreſs. The conſolation he then felt was almoſt too much for his afflicted body to bear, and the aſſurance he had of eternal life, made him long to depart that he might be with Chriſt. He deſired us to praiſe God on his account, and added, (though the Phyſician thought there was no danger) "I ſhall ſoon praiſe him in glory. I know that this affliction will end in my releaſe from ſorrow, and I ſhall then praiſe him in glory."

On Tueſday morning I ſaw him again, and found him rejoicing in God his Saviour, but ſtill confident that he ſhould ſoon join the Church triumphant. On Wedneſday morning I called again, and found him quite ſenſible and remarkably happy; but his poor body was greatly altered, and the putrid ſymptoms were rapidly increaſing.

On Thurſday morning when I called, he was quite inſenſible, and the next evening he appeared to be near his end. As ſome of his children were preſent (for whoſe converſion he had often and earneſtly prayed) I embraced the opportunity of reminding them of the inſtructions he had given, the tenderneſs he had ſhewn, and the example he had ſet them: the loſs they were about to ſuſtain, and the joy he was juſt entering into. Although he appeared quite inſenſible, and had lain ſpeechleſs for a conſiderable time; yet when he heard of the joy that was ſet before him, he turned to me with a ſmile, mentioned my name, and ſeemed to wiſh to tell what he felt, and had in view; but the chearfulneſs of his counte-

nance,

nance, and the lifting up of his hands were ſtrongly expreſſive of what he was too weak to utter. The next morning, Nov. 4, 1786, about half paſt ſix, he fell aſleep.

J. W.

An Account of the Death of THOMAS LEGGE.

[By J. Morgan.]

THOMAS LEGGE was a man of a rough temper, and violent paſſions; and was given much to company and gaming. Walking one evening near the preaching-houſe he thought he would go in, but would not believe what the preacher ſaid, for he thought the Methodiſt Preachers were the falſe prophets. Mr. *G.* was preaching on the nature and neceſſity of the new birth. At the cloſe of the ſermon he thought, if the preacher deſcribed it right, *he* muſt be wrong; but reſolved to go home and ſearch the third chapter of St. *John's* Goſpel. He did ſo, and was convinced that all his religion, without a change of heart, would profit him nothing, and therefore determined immediately to pray to God, that he might be born again. In a few days God gave him ſome comfort; but the work was not deep enough to keep him from his old companions, nor, conſequently, to keep from ſin: ſo he ſoon loſt the little he had received.

He went again to the preaching, when convictions began to come on ſharper and deeper than before, and he was taken into the Society. Now he ſaw himſelf on the brink of ruin, and began to cry mightily to God for mercy. The enemy oppoſed him when at the throne of grace, and all the day long. The people of the world all cried out now "*Thomas Legge* is mad; for he ſays he has been at Church forty years, and never prayed in his life." This is not the fault of the Church

Church Liturgy, but of thoſe who do not tell the people what it is to pray.

His convictions and temptations grew ſharper and ſtronger for ſeven weeks, till his very tongue cleaved to his mouth for thirſt. He ſaid, it was like coals of fire poured into his breaſt, till he was almoſt weary of life, and that ſtrangling was preferable to life: however, a faint hope did bear him up, till at laſt he came to this determination, to pray but for one thing, viz: That God would give him his Holy Spirit. It was not long before his prayer was anſwered. He was juſtified freely through the Lord Jeſus Chriſt, and had the clear witneſs thereof.

Now the world wondered again; and were ſoon convinced that *Thomas Legge* was not mad, but ſpoke the words of truth and ſoberneſs. He was from this time a man of great faith, and of every grace. He ſtill walked on like a man of war, and grew more experienced in the divine life, till he was ſo filled with love, that he hardly knew whether he was in the body, or out of the body. He began to exhort in our Society, and was uſeful both in awakening ſinners, and in comforting the children of God. What was wanting in eloquence, was abundantly made up in tears.

On the laſt Sunday he was out at a little Society, he ſung that hymn,

> "Come let us join our friends above,
> That have obtained the prize:" &c.

That verſe

> "Ten thouſand to their endleſs home,
> This ſolemn moment fly;
> And we are to the margin come,
> And we expect to die."

And indeed the whole hymn ſo melted them into tears, that they could hardly proceed. It dwelt on his mind all day, ſo that

that he ſung it at ſeveral friends' houſes, and ſaid, what a great thing it was to die; and that he ſhould have no objection to go, if his little worldly matters were ſettled.

In a few days he was taken ill of a cold, which terminated in an inflammation and mortification in his bladder. He had been ſubject to the ſtranguary at times for ſome years. His pains at firſt were very violent; but he bore them with chriſtian patience, and looked forward with pleaſure, ſaying, "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that I ſhall ſee him for myſelf, and not for another." He told the Doctor, *he* alſo muſt know that, or never go to heaven. I viſited him many times, and found him deſirous to depart, but reſigned to the Lord's will. The enemy often tried to beat him off the rock. "O! ſaid he, to-day he has been tempting me to be angry with, and curſe God; but he is gone now. If it ſhould pleaſe God to reſtore my health, I truſt I ſhould live cloſer to him than ever, and be wholly devoted to him;" for, he ſaw he might have received more grace; might have improved his gifts; and have been more uſeful. However, he knew his Lord would give him ſome humble ſeat around his throne, if he ſhould take him now. "O! at this moment, ſaid he, how ſmall and inſignificant are all things beſides God and ſalvation! God make me more diligent, if I am ſpared a little longer!"

On viſiting him again, as ſoon as he ſaw me, with ſome other friend, he gave out

"Once more before we part,
We'll bleſs the Saviour's name;
Record his mercies, every heart,
Sing every tongue the ſame:
Hoard up his ſacred word,
And feed thereon and grow;
Go on to ſeek, and know the Lord,
And practice what ye know."

He

He ſung every word, and concluded with a ſhort ſpiritual prayer, and deſired God would ſoon take him home; which he did on Saturday morning about two o'clock the ſixth of January 1787, without a groan, in the 71ſt year of his age.

J. M.

Some Account of ELIZABETH WALLER.

MISS ELIZABETH WALLER had ſerious impreſſions from her infancy. When, at ſchool, or elſewhere, ſhe was overcome with exceſſive levity, or any other of the follies of childhood, ſhe would weep and reſolve to be more watchful for the time to come. At the age of fifteen ſhe began to hear the Methodiſts; and immediately ſaw the depravity of her nature, and the neceſſity of a change. She continued ſeeking the Lord, in much diſtreſs, for about a year. During this time ſhe ſaid little of her ſtate; being naturally of a reſerved diſpoſition. She ſought the Lord in all his appointed means; in which ſhe was remarkably diligent. At length the Lord appeared to the joy of her ſoul: applying thoſe words of *Iſaiah* to her heart, "Ariſe! ſhine; for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is riſen upon thee." The fire being thus kindled, ſhe ſpake with her tongue; and immediately informed her mother what God had done for her ſoul.

Soon after, ſhe was led to ſee the evil of her heart, and the neceſſity of a further work of grace upon her ſoul. She then forgot the things which were behind, and reached forth to thoſe which ſhe beheld before her, preſſing towards the mark, of the prize, &c. About the cloſe of the year, the Lord revealed himſelf in a powerful manner; applying that ſcripture to her heart, "Thou art all fair, my love, there is no ſpot in thee." After this time, ſhe continued to walk with God, and enjoyed conſtant communion with him. Her life ſeemed

to be a continual offering up of her all, as a living ſacrifice, holy and acceptable to God. Notwithſtanding her great enjoyments, ſhe was very far from oſtentation, and never informed, even her mother, of her Diary.*

During the whole of her ſickneſs, ſhe enjoyed much fellowſhip with God. She had not uſually great overflowings of joy; but a ſteady, ſettled peace. When her mother pitied her, and expreſt the feelings of her mind, ſhe would ſay, "You are more diſtreſſed in ſeeing my afflictions, than I am in bearing them. I am ſo ſupported by God's preſence, that night and day are alike to me." She was never known to murmur or repine under her afflictions. She fancied herſelf dying for a week before her deceaſe, and frequently broke out into holy raptures; particularly once, when Rev. vii. 4. was applied to her heart. She cried, "I ſhall be with the hundred forty and four thouſand; I ſhall be one." And again ſhe expreſt her joyful aſtoniſhment, "*I* one!" On the day of her deceaſe ſhe ſpoke very little; being exceedingly weak: her mother frequently aſked her, "Is Chriſt precious?" She always anſwered, "He is precious, bleſſed be his name, he is precious." She lived a life of holineſs, and died triumphing over her laſt enemy, June 1, 1787, in the 19th year of her age.

* Her Diary will probably be inſerted in ſome future Magazine, if we can find room.

A ſtrange Account of a Sleeping WOMAN: *in a Letter to the Rev.* J. WESLEY.

Rev. Sir, Nov. 3, 1789.

I Went this morning to ſee Mrs. *Perkins*, of *Morley*, in *Norfolk*, and found her aſleep; concerning whom I had the following ſtrange account from her huſband and nurſe.

She

She began to take long ſleeps about the middle of October 1788: and ſlept frequently during the ſix week days, and awaked on the ſabbath. This ſhe did for ſeventeen weeks, during laſt winter; but not all together: ſometimes three weeks, ſometimes four weeks ſucceſſively. She then awaked on a week day for a little time, and then fell aſleep till the ſabbath again.

About a week after Eaſter, ſhe ſlept eleven days and a half and two hours, without waking at all. During this ſleep, a Doctor blew ſomething up her noſe, which cauſed a running at her eyes; but did not wake her. They put a pin through her ear, and another through the web or thin part between her fingers; but it had no effect; ſo that ſeveral Doctors were of opinion, they might cut part of her fleſh off, without awaking her.

During theſe ſleeps ſhe hath no ſuſtenance given her, and yet ſhe is not emaciated. She takes very little food, when awake, and that they put into her mouth like a child, and with great watchfulneſs; for, ſhe bites at them who feed her, and frequently bites herſelf till the blood comes. She eats now about once in three days. When awake ſhe frequently attempts to take away her own life.

She is in her fiftieth year, and of a brown complexion. Her ſleep is apparently natural, her pulſe very regular, and her arm flexible; but her neck quite ſtiff, as if dead; only one of her eye-lids moved faſt. This morning ſhe was of a proper warmth; but the nurſe ſays ſhe hath more changes than ſhe can deſcribe; ſometimes very hot, at other times ſhe ſweats uncommonly. She is ſo ſore, they cannot put on her ſtays; and her body works ſo amazingly, they can ſee it through her gown, &c. Sometimes they could ſcarce perceive her breath, even by a glaſs held to her.

Many hundreds have viſited her, and many of the faculty; but now have all given her over for ſome weeks paſt. In ſhort

it appears an unaccountable phenomenon; and when, or how it will end, God only knows.

I am your dutiful Son in the Gofpel,

THOMAS TATTERSHALL.

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An extract from a volume entitled, A Review of Dr. PRIESTLEY'S *Doctrine of Philofophical Neceffity.*

[*Continued from page* 93.]

Of the Moral Influence of the Doctrine of Neceffity.

DR. Prieftley fays, (page 109,) "The full perfuafion, that nothing can come to pafs without the knowledge, and exprefs appointment of the greateft and beft of Beings, muft tend to diffufe a joyful ferenity over the mind, producing a conviction, that, notwithftanding all unfavourable appearances, *whatever is, is right*; that even all evils refpecting individuals or focieties, *any part, or the whole of the human race,* will terminate in *good*; and that the *greateft fum of good* could not, in the nature of things, be attained *by any other means.*" If thefe words of Dr. Prieftley be true, I cannot conceive, how there can poffibly be any wrong or evil in the univerfe; becaufe every thing that is, (without any exception whatever) is right. Then there can be nothing wrong, at leaft not wrong, according to the common acceptation of the word. Befides, *all evils*, (without any exception again) refpecting individuals or focieties, any part or the *whole* of the human race, will end in good, and are working out the *greateft fum* of good, without which evil, fo great a fum, or fo much good could not by any other means be attained. Certainly then there is no evil exifting. If that action or event, which very wife and learned men have hitherto imprudently called evil or wrong,

wrong, tends to produce the greateſt good poſſible, and if that very action was omitted, or that event had not come to paſs, the greateſt good could not poſſibly have been attained by any other means: I ſay, if this be true, every adultery, inceſt, robbery, and even the moſt cruel murder is right; and the man who commits all, or any of theſe *crimes* (as I call them) is doing what is right, and conſequently his duty, as much as the moſt pious and virtuous man upon the earth. Nay, if he did not commit them, the greateſt ſum of good could not be attained by any other means. Conſequently, as theſe actions (I call them crimes) are working out the greateſt ſum of good, which cannot be attained by any other means, if the man was not neceſſitated to do them, they would be meritorious in him. However, a man is as much doing his duty, and equally executing the will and appointment of God, which he is neceſſitated to do, when he commits the wickedeſt action, or what we imprudently call ſo, as when he is doing the moſt virtuous one. A man is equally neceſſitated to do both upon the ſcheme of neceſſity; and which ſo ever he does, he is equally promoting the greateſt poſſible good. It appears to be ſomething like the acting of a play, where ſome act high and ſome act low parts; but every part is equally neceſſary to be acted in order to complete the whole; and the actor of every part, high or low, is equally meritorious, provided he acts his part well. So in the whole of my life, I only act the part appointed me, and which I am neceſſitated to do, and that alſo in the very manner I do act it, whether well or ill, without any poſſibility of doing otherwiſe. Beſides, whatever I do is right, and tends to produce the greateſt poſſible good, which could not be attained by any other means, than by my doing thoſe very actions which I do, however wicked or miſchievous. A comfortable doctrine indeed, to the man "who draws iniquity with cords of vanity, and ſins as it were with a cart rope:" or to him who continues with a high hand to add ſin unto ſin! How wrong muſt Solomon have been in his advice,

advice, "If ſinners entice thee conſent thou not: If they ſay, come with us, let us lay wait for blood, let us lurk privily for the innocent without cauſe. Let us ſwallow them up alive as the grave; and whole as them that go down into the pit." Upon Dr. Prieſtley's plan, he ſhould have ſaid; If ſinners entice thee as above, and thou conſenteſt and doſt ſo, it is all right, and will be a means of attaining the greateſt good, which cannot be attained by any other means. This being the caſe, Dr. Prieſtley may well ſay, (as in pages 109, 110) That "the full perſuaſion of this great and invaluable truth, (is) the only ſure anchor of the ſoul in a time of adverſity and diſtreſs, and a never failing ſource of conſolation under the moſt gloomy proſpects. Upon any other hypotheſis, it will be believed that many things, in which the independent uncontrolled determinations of fallible men take place, are continually going wrong, and that much actual evil, unconnected with, and unproductive of, good, does exiſt." Very true! a conſtant and never failing ſource of conſolation under the moſt gloomy proſpects indeed! The moſt gloomy proſpect a reaſonable man can poſſibly have in this life, is a continued life of ſin and conſummate wickedneſs; yet even under this moſt gloomy proſpect, here is a never failing comfort, a belief and full perſuaſion, that whatever he does or has done (however wicked) is right and not wrong, and that it is the beſt thing that could have been done, by means of which the *greateſt ſum of good* will be attained, which could not have *been attained by any other means*; ſo that things would have been worſe, and would have fallen ſhort of the greateſt good, if he had not acted ſo wicked a part; beſides this, he was neceſſitated to act as he did, and *could not poſſibly do otherwiſe*. In ſhort, if this be the caſe, men cannot do wrong, becauſe every thing *is right*, neither can actual evil exiſt, which is *unproductive of good*, and even the *greateſt good*. Hence, I cannot with any propriety repent or be ſorry for any thing I have done, becauſe, if I be, I am ſorry for having done, what muſt have been

been done in order to attain the greateſt good, and conſequently I am ſorry that there is ſo much good *attained* or produced. Upon Dr. Prieſtley's plan, nothing is abſolutely and really evil. He ſays (page 110) "In the eye of a neceſſarian, the idea of *real abſolute evil wholly diſappears.*" I congratulate Dr. Prieſtley upon the diſcovery of ſo happy a world, without any idea of *real abſolute evil. A never failing ſource of comfort* truly, in the moſt gloomy proſpects, in the midſt of robberies, murders, &c. which I had almoſt called cruel and bloody crimes. But Dr. Prieſtley adds, (page 111) "With ſuch ſublime views of the ſyſtem, and the author of it, as theſe, vice is abſolutely incompatible; and more eſpecially hatred, envy and malice are excluded. I cannot as a neceſſarian hate any man; becauſe I conſider him as *being in all reſpects, juſt what God has made him to be*, and alſo was doing, with reſpect to me, nothing but what *he was expreſsly deſigned*, and *appointed to do*; God being the *only cauſe*, and men nothing more than the *inſtruments in his hands*, to execute all his pleaſure." It appears clear to me, that in a world, conſtructed upon Dr. Prieſtley's plan, vice is not only *abſolutely incompatible*, but abſolutely impoſſible. Vice (as generally underſtood) implies a fault, blemiſh, or defect. But, ſays Dr. Prieſtley *whatever is, is right*, conſequently there is no wrong. Every thing whatever, as well what we call vice, as all others, tends to the attainment of the *greateſt ſum of good* and perfection; conſequently, there cannot poſſibly be any fault, blemiſh, or defect, becauſe theſe imply ſomething wrong, bad, or imperfect, but yet wherever they appear, they are good, and the greateſt ſum of good could not *be attained in the nature of things by any other means*; conſequently, without thoſe very things which we have uſually called vices, faults, or defects, which have already come to paſs, or ever ſhall come to paſs, the greateſt good could not have been attained; but muſt have been diminiſhed and leſs than it is and will be; ſo that the want of them, would have been a vice or defect

of

of good, nay, even a diminution of the greateſt good. It does not at all mend the matter to ſay, what perhaps may be ſaid, that vice is nothing poſitive, but only a defect or abſence of virtue. Granting this, What is the conſequence? This defect or this abſence of virtue is an event equally neceſſary, in the nature of things, to attain the greateſt ſum of good, and conſequently equally good and beneficial with virtue itſelf.

[*To be continued.*]

The TWO COVENANTS *of* GOD *with* MANKIND.

[By Thomas Taylor, A. M.]

CHAP. II.

A conſideration concerning the inſcrutability of Divine Providence.

[*Continued from page* 97.]

IF, inſtead of thoſe abſurd, perplext and unaccountable laws of morality and grace, which bold men have obtruded upon God, they could but ſee by what laws he really acts; his goodneſs and wiſdom would ſhine with ſo glorious a luſtre, as muſt baniſh all diſmal ideas from their minds, and repreſent him, inſtead of the moſt terrible and implacable, the moſt amiable and adorable being.

They would then manifeſtly ſee that he does not govern the world by arbitrary, but equitable decrees; that he does not collude with his creatures in doing one thing, and pretending another: that he has not two ſorts of wills, a ſecret contradictory to his revealed; that, in a word, he is the lover of ſouls, and deſirous that all ſhould be ſaved; and has done whatever was conſiſtent with his infinite wiſdom to this end. Inſomuch that they who finally periſh muſt be left without excuſe,

excuſe, and own the righteouſneſs of God even in their own condemnation.

Here comes in properly the queſtion concerning the divine preſcience of future conditionals, and how human liberty is conſiſtent with ſuch a fore-knowledge: for my own part, the more I think of it, the more impoſſible it ſeems to me, to reconcile the liberty of man, with an eternal preſcience of his arbitrary actions; and I fall under an invincible temptation, to conclude, either that there is no ſuch thing as liberty, or elſe that the nature of preſcience is intolerably miſtaken. But then, when I turn my attention inwards, and conſult my own breaſt, I find myſelf perfectly indifferent and undetermined to thouſands of actions, which makes it impoſſible for me to deny a truth, which ſtrikes me with ſuch irreſiſtible evidence: I can never own myſelf a neceſſary agent, when every thing I do is a demonſtration to the contrary; this turns my concluſion againſt an eternal preſcience of future contingencies, and I immediately infer, that it implies a contradiction, which ſhortens the inquiry: this, I doubt not, will ſeem a paradox to many; for which reaſon I ſhall put the queſtion in a different light, and contemplate it more exactly.

That there is a ſcience in God, as ſome ſpeak, of *ſimple intelligence*, reſpecting all things *poſſible*; and another of *viſion*, reſpecting all things *actual*, whether paſt, preſent, or future, which depend on his decree, there is no diſpute: for his knowledge being infinite, whatever is the object of any knowledge, muſt conſequently be known by him. But to affirm he has a determinate knowledge of future conditionals or contingent and indeterminate truths, is to affirm more than we can conceive. For ſuch is all knowledge, as is the object of it: if the object be neceſſary, the knowledge will be anſwerable to it, and the things known a neceſſary truth. If the object be contingent, the knowledge will be only probable or conditional, and the truths reſulting from it, mutable and con-

ingent: now, though the knowledge of God be infinite, it may be preſumed, he cannot know things otherwiſe than they are, or as he himſelf has made them, and therefore can no more know contingent truths, for neceſſary, than neceſſary truths for contingent.

What then? is there any conjectural knowledge in God, which argues imperfection? I ſuppoſe not. But God knows, he has created ſouls endowed with liberty, whoſe actions being indeterminate, can only be accounted poſſibilities, and ſo come under the ſcience of *ſimple intelligence*: it cannot be reaſonably replied, that it is preſcribing bounds to infinite wiſdom, to affirm, that certainty of ſcience preſuppoſes certainty of exiſtence, that is, a certainty that is real and actual in the things themſelves, or ideal, or caſual at leaſt, (neither of which can be affirmed of the motions and acts of the will, which God has left indifferent, and indetermined) for hereby only the object of omniſcience is fixed to all things poſſible to be known; and that removed, which can be no proper object of any true knowledge at all: and he that does this can no more be ſaid to preſcribe bounds to the wiſdom of God, than he does to his power, who affirms that he cannot work contradictions. For, as his will is capable of effecting all things that are poſſible, his underſtanding likewiſe extends to all things that are intelligible; and as it is no derogation to the almightineſs of the former, to ſay it cannot cauſe a thing to be, and not to be, at the ſame time; ſo it ſeems no reproach to the latter to affirm, it cannot know any thing to be abſolute, which is not conditional, or any thing for certain, which is contingent or uncertain; that is, in effect, that it cannot know what is not. For in both caſes there is an equal appearance of contradiction.

But, ſince notwithſtanding this, and all that can be ſaid, men prepoſſeſſed with a contrary perſuaſion, will hardly give up the certain knowledge of future contingencies, upon the account of the omniſcience of God; let them enjoy their opinion: only let us aſk, whether this preſcience renders the effects

effects foreſeen certain and neceſſary or not? if it does, there is an end of free-will: if it does not, let them pleaſe to explain how certain knowledge is conſiſtent with the uncertain windings, and indifferency of our ſouls. Till that is done, let me be allowed to ſuſpend my aſſent to a point that is not of faith, till farther evidence, becauſe at preſent I can ſee little difference betwixt God's forming his decrees upon preſcience of ſin, or without it; and it ſeems no great matter, whether he creates the veſſels of wrath purely for deſtruction, without reſpect to any good or evil of their actions, or whether he prejudges them from eternity, upon foreſight of their behaviour; ſince the decree formed upon preſcience, commencing before their creation, it is impoſſible for any creature to reſiſt or contradict it. And though there be a pretence of juſtice in this caſe, which the arbitrarineſs of abſolute decrees excludes in the other; yet it ſeems as ſevere as that of *Pharaoh* commanding the children of *Iſrael* to fulfil their taſk of brick, whilſt he knew their want of ſtraw, muſt ſubmit them to the laſhes of their taſk-maſters; and I cannot poſſibly conceive, how it can be no diſparagement to the goodneſs of God to affirm, that foreſeeing how many millions of particular creatures muſt inevitably be ruined by an ill uſe of their liberty, reſolved to create thoſe very creatures, in that very view, without giving them a propenſity that was invincible to the better ſide: rather than admit ſuch inferences, let us be allowed to withhold our conſent to an inevident doctrine, which ſeems to redound more to the diſhonour, than to exalt the perfection of the Almighty.

Let us then confeſs, that all neceſſary truths are not only perfections immutably inherent in the divine wiſdom; but are of the eſſence of God, who is the God of truth, and truth itſelf: and let us acknowledge, that all poſſible truths, which depend upon his will, are the province of omniſcience, which ſees all poſſible combinations of things, and whatever can be done: but let us not poſitively aſſert, that God knows that for

certain truth, which he has purpoſely made contingent; or that he infallibly foreknows the determinations of our wills, which he has put purely into our own hands, and by the perfect indifference he has given them, ſeems to have precluded all knowledge of, except of this indifference.

[*To be continued.*]

An extract from a Courſe of SERMONS, *upon Death, Judgment, Heaven, and Hell.*

[By a late Author.]

[*Continued from page* 101.]

CLOSE by, we may ſuppoſe, will ſtand the Jewiſh council, who delivered him bound to Pilate. They knew from their own prophets, they knew from his miracles, that he was the long-expected Meſſiah of their nation. They heard the voices of their prophets "every ſabbath-day in their ſynagogues," all proclaiming him to be the man. They ſaw the wonderful works, which he wrought in their ſtreets, all pointing him out to be "He that was to come." And they were particularly convinced of it, by his raiſing Lazarus from the grave, even four days after his death. Yet, with hearts wholly bent upon the world, with ſouls that were ſunk into the mud of earth, they wanted a Meſſiah dreſſed up in all the accoutrements of a Roman General, and leading them on to battles and conqueſts. And they therefore refuſed to receive his offers of ſalvation. Their depraved inclinations called for a Meſſiah, that, inſtead of reclaiming the wildneſs of our fallen nature, ſhould increaſe it; that, inſtead of ſaving us from the conſequences of the fall, ſhould inflame them; and that, inſtead of raiſing us to the joys of religion, and the happi-

neſs

neſs of God himſelf, ſhould plunge us in blood and ſlaughter. And, ſtung to the quick with thoſe powerful convictions of his being the Meſſiah, which were hourly breaking in upon them; and enraged to the laſt degree at all their dreams of earthly greatneſs being entirely overthrown by him; in the madneſs of impiety, they determined to ſlay him. They thus reſolved to put *him* to death, whom they had ſeen to be the Author of miraculous life to others. And they combined to cruſh *him*, who confeſſedly carried the powers of omnipotence on his arm. —With infinite force muſt the ſenſe of this madneſs now recoil upon their minds, as they ſee themſelves at the foot of *his* judgment-ſeat, whom they wickedly preſumed to judge before. The falſe witneſſes, whom they procured with a murderous intention againſt him, now ſtand forth before them, we may ſuppoſe, and charge the guilt of their perjury upon *their* heads. One of the officers alſo "which ſtruck him upon the face with the palm of his hand" in the open court, will now appear in infinite confuſion before him, and hold up that hand at the bar for mercy and pardon. And the high-prieſt Caiaphas, who adjured him by the living God to tell them, whether he was the Chriſt or no; and who, on his anſwering that he was, immediately pronounced him a blaſphemer, and ſentenced him to death; he will now hear the very words, which our Saviour then uſed to him, ſounding (as it were) afreſh in his ears, and, with infinite agony at the remembrance of the prophecy, will ſee it circumſtantially fulfilled. He will "ſee the Son of Man," whom he once beheld ſo humble and ſo ſilent, now "ſitting at the right hand of power," and "come in the clouds of heaven," to pronounce the fate of all mankind.

But, over-powered as all theſe muſt be with the conſciouſneſs of their crimes in the preſence of their Judge, there will be others, who will be ſtill more overpowered with the ſame conſciouſneſs. Thoſe were Heathens. Thoſe were Jews. But whom I now mean are Chriſtians; Chriſtians, who, diſhonouring the name, have either in the pride of their underſtandings

"denied

"denied the Lord who bought them" as their Lord and their God, or, in the perverſeneſs of their hearts, have acknowledged him, and yet lived as if they did not. And their fate in theſe moments of judgment will be worſe, than that of the Jewiſh or the Heathen murderers of our Saviour.

The world at large preſents many inſtances of this horrid pride of underſtanding, which refuſes to admit any thing into its creed, but what it can comprehend. This is one of the higheſt acts of folly, of which the fallen mind of man is capable. It is to confine the actions and the nature of God, within the narrow bounds of our conceptions. And it is therefore what one would think a being, with only a ſingle ſpark of reaſon, could never be guilty of. Yet, in the wildneſs and wanderings of pretended wiſdom, this aſtoniſhing folly is but too common. For it is found chiefly among thoſe, who have ſome pretenſions to the character of ſuperior penetration and knowledge, and who thus pervert the gifts of heaven to their own deſtruction. And it particularly vents itſelf in denying the Godhead of our Saviour.—But how will ſuch a man as this look, when he ſtands on the left hand of the throne of Chriſt? He has argued himſelf into a diſbelief, that our Saviour was God as well as man: and with what amazement will he ſee him appear in all the glory of the Godhead? He hath ſet his face againſt the thouſand paſſages of ſcripture, that expreſsly declare him to be God; and theſe paſſages will now riſe in dreadful conviction to his mind, and point at the ſcene of judgment before him for their confirmation. He will now to his diſtraction ſee the force of Infinite Wiſdom exerted by his Redeemer-Judge, in laying open and expoſing the ſtrange preſumptuouſneſs of his ſpirit. And he will now to his deſpair feel the power of Infinite Juſtice employed, to puniſh it through all eternity.

Yet even this kind of ſinners will be ſurpaſſed in terror and in ſufferings by thoſe, who acknowledging the Godhead of Chriſt, and owning every part of his goſpel, ſtill live on as if they neither owned nor acknowledged any thing. Such men carry

carry the name of Chriſt (as it were) written upon their foreheads, and yet continue to act as if they were never related to him. They profeſs themſelves Chriſtians; and are ſo, as far as concerns belief. But in heart, in practice, they are merely Heathens. With Chriſt's commands to holineſs before them, they wallow perhaps in unholineſs. Under a full conviction, that drunkenneſs now muſt be atoned for by an everlaſting hell hereafter, they are frequently, perhaps they are daily, drunk. And thus, with the goſpel-directions for heaven in their hands, they take the ſtraight road to hell.—Many, God knows, many are the perſons, who act in this dreadfully contradictory manner. Many of them are daily dropping into the grave. And many of them are daily haſtening thither. But how ſhall ſuch a man appear, in this tremendous moment of ſeparation at the throne of judgment? That Lord, to whom he acknowledged obedience due, but to whom he never paid it, now ſits in majeſty before him, mounted on the ſeat of juſtice, and raiſing the right arm of his vengeance to puniſh him. The ſtupidity, the idiotcy of his own conduct is then ſeen by him in the fulleſt light. He had ſtupidly put off what he could not but deſign. He had idiot-like deferred what he knew to be neceſſary. And he was overtaken in his folly by the day of death. He therefore ſhrinks back from the upbraiding eye of his Judge. He dreads to be reminded by it, of all which the goſpel of that Judge had done for his ſalvation; of all the gracious promiſes which it once made him, and of all the horrible threatenings which it once pronounced to him.

Where indeed ſhall the ſinner be able to ſtand at this hour of vengeance? Where ſhall the ungodly fly for ſhelter? No dens, no rocks of the mountains, are at hand to cover him. The throne, the throngs, the judgment, all are above the tops of the higheſt hills. And, if they were not, no dens, no rocks, no mountains could cover him from the eye and hand of his Judge. That eye would dart down through the depths of a thouſand mountains, and flaſh ſhame and confuſion upon

upon the face of the ungodly. And that hand could reach even beyond the bounds of the ocean, and arreſt the lurking ſinner there. Indeed worlds heaped upon worlds would neither ſtop the eye, nor check the hand, of the Saviour-God.—He muſt ſtand forward, therefore, among the other companions of his fate, and be forced to hear the ſentence pronounced againſt him. And then he is diſmiſſed with a heavy addition of terror upon his ſpirits, to the grand dungeon of God, the everlaſting priſon-houſe of the whole creation; there to continue, there to ſuffer, and there to lament, throughout the circle of eternity.

[*To be continued.*]

An Extract from the Succeſs of two DANISH MISSIONARIES *to the* Eaſt-Indies: *in ſeveral Letters to their Correſpondents in* Europe.

LETTER VI.

[*Continued from page* 103.]

WE hope indeed that his Majeſty the King of *Denmark*, at our moſt humble requeſt, will be pleaſed to ſecond us with a ſeaſonable reſpect. However, the more hearty prayers and generous alms meet in ſo promiſing an undertaking, the more the whole deſign will be rendered effectual. And ſince it has been the will of God, by the means of our moſt gracious King, to chuſe us for this work; we ſhall, for our part, endeavour to our utmoſt, faithfully to diſcharge this duty, and to aſſiſt theſe people both in their ſpiritual and bodily wants, according to that meaſure of grace, the Lord ſhall be pleaſed to beſtow upon us; nay, even if this our ſervice ſhould be attended with the loſs of our natural life itſelf. However, we cannot but implore our fellow-Chriſtians

to

to ſupport us with their charity, in ſo preſſing a neceſſity. We follow herein the example of the Apoſtles themſelves, who, being under the ſame circumſtances, moſt deeply laid to heart the care for the poor in the ſeveral Churches, the management whereof was committed to their truſt.

Induced by theſe and the like motives, we, the unworthy ſervants of the word among the Heathens, moſt heartily intreat thoſe ſouls, that are made partakers of the love of God, ſeaſonably to relieve us, or rather, ſuch of this nation, as by embracing the religion of our Lord, are reduced to want and poverty. They will thereby ſhew forth one of the nobleſt evidences of that *faith, which worketh through love.* And that ye ſhould do ſo, is not only the will of God, requiring both bodily and ſpiritual aſſiſtance at your hands, for the relief of your fellow-Chriſtians; but it will prove alſo a mean, to render the name of Chriſt more glorious among the Heathens, which has been blaſphemed hitherto among them, by the uncharitable and vicious conduct of many Chriſtians converſing with them.

Alas, dear ſouls! Who would not endeavour, readily to perform the will of him, who in his Son has loved us from all eternity? And who would not lay hold on any opportunity, to magnify the name of him, who not only has borne infinite love to us and our fathers, by bringing us over to the glorious light of the goſpel, from heatheniſh darkneſs; but ſtill continues plentifully to pour out his bleſſing upon us in heavenly things? Dear fellow-Chriſtians! Since we enjoy ſo many benefits from the hand of God, let us return a ſincere gratitude to him, who is the ſpring of all goodneſs, and a compaſſionate love to our neighbour, that ſtands in need of our help. We ſhall reap a thouſand-fold hereafter in heaven, from what has been ſown in ſingleneſs of heart, and faith here upon earth. Let us, while we have any time left, do good to others; and not make ourſelves unworthy of that benediction and reward, that is laid up for them, that have not diſdained to ſerve Chriſt

in his poor and indigent members. The Lord is faithful! What we do to theſe, he takes as done to himſelf. Nay, he bears ſuch a tender regard to all who are willing to communicate; that the leaſt mite, or cup of cold water, ſhall be rewarded. Theſe he will confeſs before all angels and ſaints, ſaying, *Come unto me, ye bleſſed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world. For I was an hungred, &c.*

Tranquebar, October 16, 1706.

LETTER VII.

WE have not been a little ſurpriſed, on account of not having received any letters from you this year, at the arrival of the laſt *European* ſhips; after having wrote to you both from the *Cape of Good-Hope*, and laſt year from this place in the *Eaſt-Indies*. Whatever the reaſon be, neither I, nor my fellow-labourer, have been induced to believe this to be an effect of any neglect of our friends in *Europe*; ſince in the daily diſcharge of our paſtoral function, we cannot but feel the concurrence of many prayers of our friends, whereof we reckon you to be the chief. And ſince we remember you, not only in our prayers, but even in our daily converſation; we could not but give you an account of the riſe and progreſs of the work we are ſent hither about, and of the ſignal bleſſings of the Lord attending our endeavours hitherto.

Laſt year, when the ſhips returned to *Europe*, I fell dangerouſly ill; and the diſtemper holding me above a month, made me pine away to that degree, that both myſelf, and others with me, began to deſpair of my recovery. However, the Lord having been graciouſly pleaſed once more to reſtore me, it has now ſo much the more excited me, entirely to ſpend the reſt of my days in the ſervice of God, by how much the leſs my health was expected. My dear colleague having renewed with me this reſolution, we began afreſh to apply ourſelves

to

to the work we were ſent about, notwithſtanding the many oppoſitions we are like to encounter; moſt certainly believing, that God would never forſake us in a work ſincerely begun for his glory.

Our chief care was now to learn the *Malabarian* language, after being pretty well verſed in the *Portugueſe*. To facilitate this deſign, we maintained a *Malabarian* ſchool-maſter in our houſe: but ſtill we were in the dark, as to the words themſelves, and the genuine conſtruction thereof; he being only able to teach us to read and write; but knowing nothing of the *Portugueſe*, he could not give us any ſatisfactory inlet into the hardeſt conſtructions of this language. Soon after, we fell acquainted with a *Malabarian*, who heretofore had ſerved the *Eaſt-India* Company; and beſides his own language, he ſpoke *Portugueſe*, *Daniſh*, *High* and *Low-Dutch* fluently enough. This man we hired, to be our tranſlator; and by this means we made a choice collection of ſome thouſands of *Malabarian* words, which we got preſently by heart. Soon after, we began to read books in this language. And all this went on ſucceſsfully by the bleſſing of God. Our Governor, hereupon, procured us ſome rudiments of a *Malabarian* grammar, drawn up by a miſſionary, ſent hither by the *Frensh* King. Beſides this, we met with ſome books, wrote in *Malabarick* by Roman Catholicks; which, though they were ſtocked with many pernicious errors, have however contributed a great deal towards our better imbibing this language, by furniſhing us with ſuch words as did ſavour of a more chriſtian ſtile and temper; we being not a little put to it, how to find words expreſſive enough for the delivery of ſpiritual doctrines, and yet cleared from the leaven of heatheniſh fancies and ſuperſtitions.

The beſt of theſe books contained a collection of the goſpel-leſſons, which proved very uſeful to us. This we firſt peruſed, picking out all ſuch words and phraſes as were fit for our deſign; and after they were imprinted upon our memory, we practically applied them in our daily life and converſation.

After this, we went alſo through ſeveral other books. And by this means I made ſuch advances, within the compaſs of eight months, that by the aſſiſtance of divine grace, I was able to read, to write, to talk, and to underſtand this hard language, if delivered by others. Mr. *Plutſcho* hath likewiſe made a conſiderable progreſs therein; though indeed a country ſo hot as this, doth not permit too fervent an application of the head. However, we thought it neceſſary, now to agree, that whilſt I was employed about the *Malabarian* language, he might attempt the *Portugueſe*; both theſe languages cutting out work enough for us every day. And hitherto he has ſpent two hours daily, in catechizing in *Portugueſe*, as I have in *Malabarick*.

[*To be continued.*]

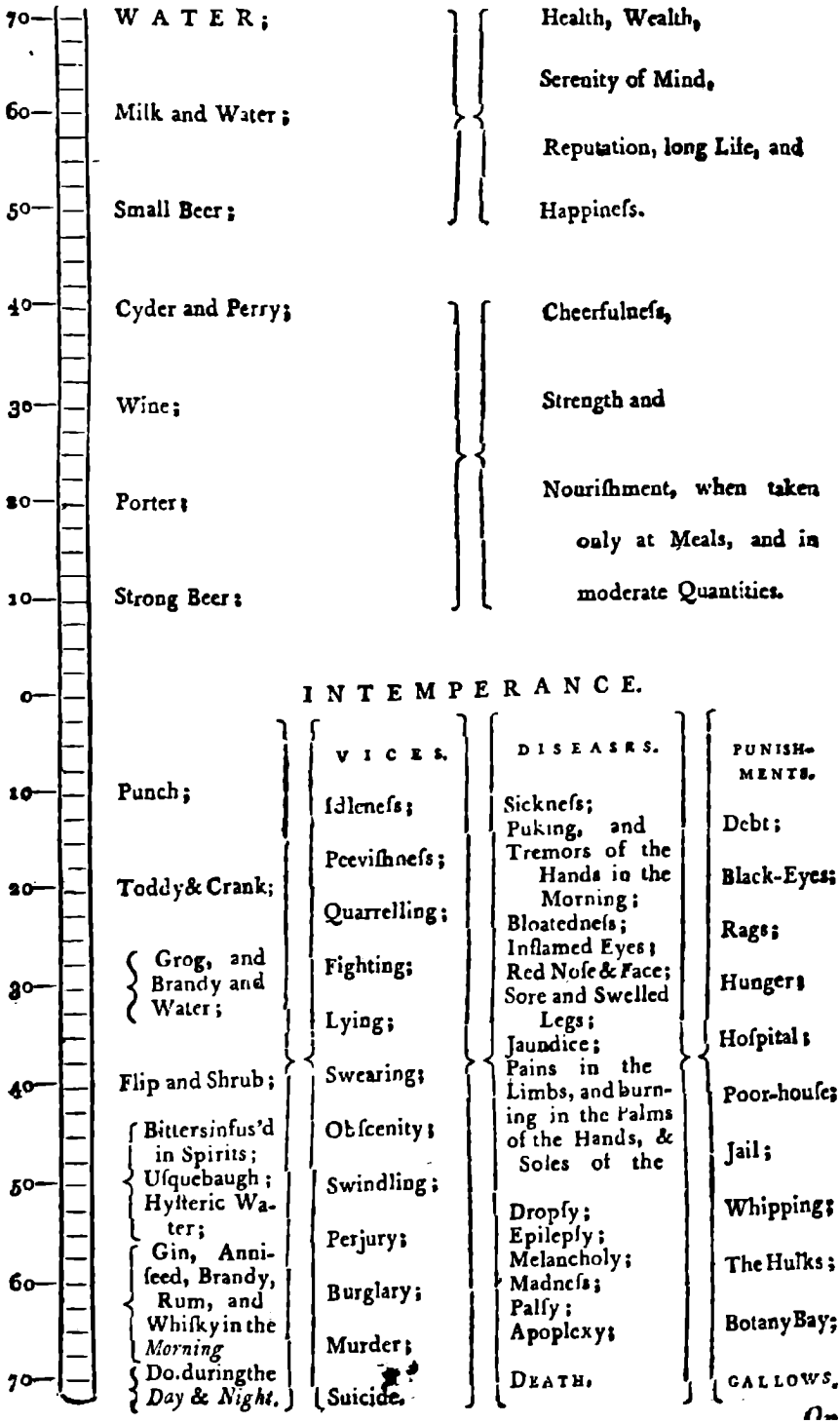
An Account of an extraordinary NEGRO SLAVE, *in* Maryland: *by Dr. Ruſh, of* Philadelphia.

I Am preparing the hiſtory of a Negro Slave, in *Maryland*, of a moſt extraordinary memory. At preſent I ſhall give you one anecdote of the extent and force of this faculty of his mind. Some gentlemen of *Philadelphia*, travelling through *Maryland*, ſent for him to know the certainty of the ſtories they had heard of him, by converſing with him. One of them aſked him how many ſeconds a man of ſeventy years, and ſome odd months, weeks and days, had lived? In a minute and a half he told the number. The gentleman took up his pen, and after calculating by figures, told him he was wrong, and that the number he had declared was too great. "Top, maſſa," ſaid the ſlave, "you forget de leap years." Upon including the ſeconds contained in the leap years, their ſums were exactly the ſame.—This ſlave is a native of *Africa*, and can neither read nor write.—He multiplied nine figures by nine, with the utmoſt facility, for the entertainment of another company. The ſlave is the property of a Mrs. *Coxe*. His name is *Thomas Fuller*.

A MORAL

A Moral *and* Physical Thermometer: *or, A* Scale *of the Progreſs of* Temperance *and* Intemperance.

Liquors, with their Effects, in their uſual Order.



On

On PREMATURE DEATH, *occaſioned by the Abuſe of Vinous, or Spirituous Liquors.*

[Extracted from a late Author.]

AMONG the variety of cauſes, which tend to abbreviate human life, the abuſe of ſtrong liquors is, of all others, predominant in this kingdom. Some have doubted whether the mortality, occaſioned by this evil, does not ſurpaſs that, which is annually produced by all other diſeaſes. Nor will this calculation appear to be much exaggerated, when we conſider the faſcinating powers of inebriating liquors, when the poiſonous cuſtom is introduced at an early period of life. The over-night's debauch leads to a ſucceeding one on the morrow, and the languor produced by this pleads ſtrongly for repeating it the day following; and the ſame reaſons prove equally cogent through the remaining part of the week.

It is no ſecret that the revenue ariſing from Diſtilleries, is very great. Hence the great increaſe of public-houſes, and the demand for ſpirituous liquors. But, how far it is conſiſtent with ſound policy to increaſe the revenue at the expence of the health, the morals, nay the lives of the people, muſt be left to the wiſdom of the Legiſlature. To expatiate on the various fatal diſeaſes, and variety of wretchedneſs, produced by this great national evil, would require whole volumes. I ſhall therefore content myſelf with offering a few ſhort reflections, on the moſt probable means of diminiſhing the many fatal incidents reſulting from ſudden intoxication.

Fermented, or ſpirituous liquors, produce intoxication in proportion to the pure, ardent ſpirit, which they contain. Pure ſpirit is a direct poiſon to moſt animals, and alſo to man; till habit has reconciled it to the human conſtitution. When drank ſuddenly, or in an over doſe, ſtrong liquors ſometimes occaſion

occaſion immediate death, of which we have many deplorable inſtances. And whenever theſe liquors are drank to exceſs, though in a more leiſurely way, the certain conſequence is intoxication, which, in reality, is a temporary apoplexy. But, when theſe ſymptoms proceed from intoxication, the ignorant ſpectators deride all medical aſſiſtance; and, as the man is only dead drunk, they leave him to ſleep it out, and ſo abandon the poor wretch to his fate.

Where a large quantity of ſtrong liquor is ſwallowed very haſtily, ſuffocation enſues, in conſequence of a ſudden ſpaſm induced on the orifice of the windpipe, by which reſpiration is ſuppreſſed, and the action of the heart and other vital organs is conſequently ſuſpended. This ſtate ſeems exactly ſimilar to what takes place in the article of drowning, except that the danger is increaſed by the application of a far more potent thing than water. In this diſtreſsful dilemma, internal medicines can have no place, nor be ſafely attempted, till reſpiration be reſtored. The firſt ſtep, therefore, is to renew reſpiration, by expoſing the patient to a draught of freſh air, and by inflating the lungs with pure air; immerſing his legs, at the ſame time, in warm water, and rubbing the body briſkly with *eau de luce*, or cauſtic volatile ſpirits. If reſpiration can be thus reſtored, an active emetic conſiſting of fifteen grains of white vitriol may be given, followed by copious draughts of warm water, till the noxious ſpirit is completely diſcharged from the ſtomach. Previous to the emetic, however, the diſcreet practitioner will determine, from the ſympt[illegible]s, whether it may not be neceſſary firſt to diminiſh the blood in the veſſels of the brain, by the application of leeches to the temples, or cupping, with ſcarification.

In other caſes of deep intoxication, we generally ſee the eyes fiery and inflamed, the face livid, the whole countenance bloated, reſpiration laborious, the extremities cold and torpid, accompanied with profound lethargy, muttering delirium, or other formidable ſymptoms. Nor is it unuſual to meet with people

people, in this helpleſs forlorn ſituation, lying acroſs the roads expoſed to immediate dangers from horſes and carriages, or weltering in a deep ditch with their head downwards, and their faces grovelling in the mud; while inconſiderate paſſengers paſs by unconcerned, and without offering the ſlighteſt aſſiſtance.

In this pitiable ſtate, the ſhirt-collar ought to be immediately opened, and the unfortunate perſon conveyed to the neareſt hoſpitable habitation that will receive him. After being ſtript and put into a warm bed, with the head conſiderably elevated, the room ſhould be kept cool and airy. Repeated draughts of warm water ſhould be frequently adminiſtered, till the ſtomach is diſburthened of the liquor. This being accompliſhed, if his ſenſes begin to return, he will ſoon fall into a profound ſleep, and perſpire freely towards morning, when all will be well. But, if inſtead of this, reſpiration ſhould grow more laborious, attended with convulſive twitchings, no time ſhould be loſt in taking away a conſiderable quantity of blood from the temporal artery, or jugular vein. After this, an emetic followed by a briſk purgative may alſo be highly neceſſary. Theſe ſucceeded by cooling liquors, ſuch as lemonade, whey, and other diluents freely adminiſtered, will ſeldom fail of producing the deſired effect.

It were greatly to be wiſhed, that the common people could be rouzed to a ſenſe of the danger they incur by addicting themſelves to the pernicious habit of inebriation, a ſpecies of ſuicide, which ſeems to be rapidly increaſing, againſt which, the Legiſlature, as yet, have provided no adequate means of prevention; but which, it is to be hoped, they will one day take into their ſerious conſideration. In the interim, were the above precautions to be more generally attended to by the common people, it is preſumed, that at leaſt ſome lives might be preſerved, which are now loſt through ignorance or inattention.

LETTERS.

LETTERS.

LETTER DXXIII.

[From Miſs E. Ritchie, to the Rev. J. Weſley.]

Jan. 10, 1782.

SOMETIME ago, I took up my pen to write to my dear and Rev. Father. Why I was with-held I knew not, but now I think the cauſe appears; my gracious Lord knew, if I waited a little, He would enable me to tell you ſuch good news, as I am ſure will rejoice your heart. He is ſweetly working amongſt us here. Siſter C. has been with me a little while, and the Lord has made her very uſeful amongſt our people.

For ſometime, as a ſociety, we have lived in much peace and love; ſome particular ſouls were very lively; but we wanted a ſtirring up amongſt the people in general. For this our ſpirits prayed, and glory be unto God, He has anſwered to the joy of our hearts. On Wedneſday the 2d, while ſiſter C. met my Claſs, the power of the Lord was preſent in a peculiar manner. One, who had long been ſeeking the Lord, was juſtified, and dear Mrs. H. (a perſon you drank tea with at Liverpool laſt ſummer, but who by various interpoſitions of Providence is now brought to reſide amongſt us) was clearly delivered from the remains of ſin. She broke out in prayer and praiſe; and the glory of the Lord filled our hearts. I think, for my own part, I never felt more, nor even ſo much of the preſence of my Lord. My ſoul was penetrated with the love of Jeſus. I beheld him our Prieſt before the throne, and felt his willingneſs to receive whoever would come. Every ſoul preſent ſeemed much affected, and ſome that night ſo deeply felt their wants, that they never reſted afterward, until

the Lord proclaimed liberty in their ſouls. One dear woman in particular went home and wreſtled with the Lord, until he ſaid, "I will, be thou clean." She believed, and according unto her faith it was done unto her.

This was a means of ſtirring many up. On the ſabbath we had a bleſſed day, and on the Monday after a public prayer-meeting. A few of us ſolemnly renewed our covenant with God. This was a time to be remembered indeed. He ſhewed himſelf well pleaſed, by meeting us, and filling our hearts with his preſence. My ſoul felt all within me heartily joined in thus covenanting with God. He ſhall chuſe my work and my ſtation. I am wholly his, and all my happy hours I conſecrate to him alone. O my dear Sir, help me to praiſe my deareſt Saviour. His goodneſs is beyond what my pen can deſcribe. I deſerve no mercy: yet he fills me with his love, and it increaſes my happineſs ſo much, when others partake of his love, that every ſoul that is brought nigher unto him lays me under freſh obligations to adore his boundleſs love.

Laſt night we had another precious meeting. One dear ſoul broke out into praiſe to the Lord, who, though ſhe had long been a trifler, had kept her in the way, and lately ſtirred her up to ſee the need of being made wholly clean. She cried out, "Glory be unto thee O Lord, thou haſt this night ſet me fully free; let none doubt of thy love, O my God, ſince thou haſt thus loved and ſaved me." She then feelingly prayed for ſome particular ſouls, that were laid on her mind. We continued wreſtling with the Lord for ſometime. Our meeting laſted between two and three hours, and when we roſe from our knees, dear Miſs M. and another perſon declared the Lord had bleſſed them greatly. Help us, my dear Sir, by your faith and prayer; for, though we have ſeen great things, yet we expect to ſee greater; and while our God ſtrengthens the ſtakes of our Sion, we are expecting him to lengthen her cords, and enlarge her borders.

May

May that God, whoſe you are, and whom you ſerve, ever keep you by his almighty power, and fill you with life and peace through believing, is the hearty prayer of, my dear Sir,

Your ever affectionate, though unworthy Child,

E. RITCHIE.

LETTER DXXIV.

[From the Rev. T. Davenport, to the Rev. J. Weſley.]

Jan. 15, 1782.

Rev. and dear Sir,

THOUGH I would not treſpaſs upon your precious time, I am deſirous to ſhew my gratitude, and thankfulneſs to God for you.

Your letters have been a means of adminiſtring comfort to my ſoul. I am happy in finding your approbation of Mr. Marſhall's treatiſe now in my hands. The holy Bible, the Chriſtian Pattern, four volumes of your Sermons, and this Goſpel Myſtery of Sanctification, will, I think, make the ſubſtance of my library, whilſt in the body.

Seventeen years ago, an eminent ſervant of God uttered theſe words to me in the little veſtry-room at Wedneſbury, "Go, and fear nothing but ſin." I went; but neglected to pray for *power* to practice that wholeſome counſel.

I truſt the phraſe will hold good in my awful caſe "Better late than never." Oh the bitterneſs of reflection! To hear you ſay, "Mr. Fletcher's Addreſs does indeed belong to *me*," is matter of comfort.

I am now in the ſixtieth year, a great part of which ſpace "other lords have had dominion over me." Whether I ſhall ever ſee you more in the fleſh is a doubt; but though abſent in body, I have good aſſurance that I ſhall be remembred in

your prayers. May theſe be a daily increaſe of jewels to your crown!

The love I feel to *every ſoul* is not to be expreſſed by words. May I remain, dear Sir,

Your truly affectionate, and obedient Servant,

T. DAVENPORT.

LETTER. DXXV.

[From Mrs. S. Nind, to the Rev. J. Weſley.]

Jan. 26, 1782.

Rev. and dear Sir,

THROUGH the tender mercy of God, my ſtrength is in ſome meaſure reſtored; and for ſome days paſt I have been able to go about more than for ſeveral months; ſo that I am in great hopes, I ſhall ere long be capable of family buſineſs. In this affliction, the Lord hath been to me a good Phyſician, and, while he probed to the bottom of the wound, ſupported me with cordials, and aſſurances, that when it had anſwered the end he deſigned, it ſhould be removed. He hath ſhewed me, that his ways are equal; that he is good when he gives, nor leſs ſo when he denies; and I have had the cleareſt conviction, that though we (who are his people) go on frowardly in the way of our hearts

"His every act pure bleſſing is,
His path unſullied light."

And while I have trembled at his juſtice, I have adored his love. What I now wiſh for myſelf is, that every thought may be brought into captivity to the obedience of Chriſt; and that I may be more abundantly devoted to him, than I have ever yet been.

Our friends at Tewkſbury wiſh to have you ſpend a night here in your way to Worceſter; and Mr. N. begs you would be

be ſo kind as to come before dinner; and he will ſend a perſon to meet you, as our houſe is a little out of the road. The hope of ſeeing you then, and converſing with you, makes me omit the painful, and pleaſing experiences, which I have had during my affliction.

As my ſtrength returns, I hope I ſhall devote it to the ſervice of God; but I have many fears, that I ſhall not glorify him as I ought; for, on former deliverances, I was too much like Hezekiah, and did not according to the benefit done unto me. I beg your prayers for an increaſe of ſtrength, both of body and ſoul, and am, with great reſpect,

Your very unworthy Siſter,

S. NIND.

POETRY.

SHORT HYMNS

[By the late Rev. C. Weſley.]

HYMN XI.

On MATT. iv. ver. 18.—*Jeſus ſaw two brethren caſting a net into the ſea.*

THE ſchools of Scribes, and courts of Kings,
The learnéd and great he paſſes by;
Chuſes the weak and fooliſh things,
His truth and grace to teſtify:
Plain, ſimple men his call endues
With power and wiſdom from above;
And ſuch he ſtill vouchſafes to uſe,
Who nothing know but Jeſu's love.

An

An Epiſtle from LAURA *to her* SEDUCER.

[By the Rev. Mr. G.]

FROM theſe black regions, theſe infernal plains,
Where God's juſt wrath in dreadful triumph reigns;
To thee, accurſéd! theſe doleful lines I write,
Loſt as I am, and plungéd in endleſs night.
Thus will I vent my unrelenting rage,
And pour my curſes on the blackenéd page:
And, while my woe-born numbers grating roll,
Give a full looſe to all my fiend-like ſoul;
Think not, deteſted wretch, t' eſcape thy doom;
Hell moves to meet thee; hell thy deſtin'd home.

While yet from theſe diſtracting torments free,
I livéd a ſtranger to myſelf, and thee;
Thy guileful arts allurėd me firſt aſtray,
And turnėd my ſteps from virtue's flowėry way;
Taught me through labyrinths of ſin to run,
And formėd my heart a picture of thy own.
Snarėd by thy wiles, impaſſionėd by thy ſong,
With heedleſs haſte, I madly preſſéd along;
A threatening God, with blaſphemies, deniėd,
His precepts ſlighted, and his power defied.
To thee, Lorenzo, all theſe pangs I owe,
And tears of blood, that muſt for ever flow.
In an ill moment ſnatchėd from earth away,
A guilty exile from the realms of day.

Ye powers! ſeize him, ſend your lightnings forth:
And inſtant ſweep him ſhrieking from the earth;
In theſe blue flames immerſe his blackenėd ſoul,
Where I may ſee him writhe, and hear him howl:
This comfort on my torturėd ſoul beſtow:
His cries ſhall ſomewhat mitigate my woe.

Didſt

Didſt thou not teach me once to ſcorn theſe chains,
And laugh at "hell's imaginary pains?"
O could I but one diſmal glance impart,
And pour a flaming torrent to thy heart!
My fellow-ghoſts your awful doom declare,
And howl, in horrid notes, the pains ye bear;
Unfold your anguiſh, all your tortures tell,
And paint a dreadful picture of this hell.

But, why would my infernal pen reveal
What my impenitent companions feel?
Let me my own ſad deſtiny relate,
And thou, Lorenzo, tremble at my fate!
Amid diſtracting tortures, racks and chains,
Inceſſant howlings, and eternal pains;
With grim deſpair, I make my dark abode,
Beneath the terrors of an angry God;
Whoſe flaming ſhafts transfix my trembling ſoul,
While lightnings blaze around, and thunders roll.
In everlaſting darkneſs here confinéd,
A thouſand ſad reflections haunt my mind;
And vex my ſelf-tormented ſpirit more
Than all the racks on this deteſted ſhore.
Here groupes of hideous demons round me wait,
Sport with my pangs, and ridicule my fate.
Now, full before my ſickéning ſight they place
The record of my ſins, and my diſgrace:
Now, offered mercies to my mind recall,
And tell me, how I madly ſcornéd them all.
Then pierce my boſom with a fiery dart,
Or, with ſharp talons tear my bleeding heart;
Mock my tormented ſoul, with anguiſh wrung,
"And toſs my infamy from tongue to tongue;"
While ſtung with the inſufferable wound,
Furious I rave, and bite the burning ground.

Still

Still to imbitter all the woes I feel,
And aggravate the cruel pains of hell;
Far from my gloomy cavern I behold
Heav'n's glorious frontiers, bright with burniſhéd gold;
Where, God, in grandeur, all his pomp diſplays,
And high-born ſeraphs ſwell the ſong of praiſe.

I too, with them, had trod yon ſhining plain,
Where endleſs joy, and peace celeſtial reign;
Had not my youth, by thy falſe friendſhip led,
Purſuéd thy ſteps!—Perdition on thy head!
When will the hour arrive, to waft thee o'er,
And give thy ſpirit to this doleful ſhore?
May thronging demons round thy bed appear,
And breathe their curſes in thy tingling ear;
Whiſper the horrid ſecrets of thy doom,
Then furious drag thee to thy loathſome home!

And, when arrivéd on this terrific plain,
Thou hearéſt me claſh my adamantine chain;
Before my ghoſt thy frighted ſoul ſhall flee,
And find no fury half ſo fierce as me.
Swift I'll purſue thee to thy dark retreat,
And tear thy heart from its unhallowéd ſeat;
Thrice dip it deep where flaming billows roar,
And thrice I'll daſh it on the glowing ſhore;
Then fling it blazing to the furies' ſcorn,
'Midſt clouds of ſuffocating ſulphur borne;
Whoſe ready hands, warnéd by my vengeful look,
Shall fix it quivering to ſome burning rock;
That every paſſing fiend may hurl his dart,
And pierce it with unutterable ſmart:
While I purſue thee through the dreary ſhade,
And pour my keen reproaches on thy head;
Blaſt thy ſick ſight, fling thee with fierceſt pain,
And furious daſh thee with my ſparkling chain.
Where'er thou turn'ſt, my angry ghoſt ſhall fly,
And haunt and curſe thee through eternity.


Mr. Jn.o Tregortha
Ætatis 23.

THE Arminian Magazine,

For APRIL 1790.

An Illuſtration of Part of the Seventh Chapter of the Epiſtle to the Romans, from verſe 14, *to the end of the Chapter.*

By JAMES SMITH, *Miniſter in* DUMFERMLINE.

[*Continued from page* 119.]

A more particular Explanation of the ſeveral Verſes.

IN the former ſection I have endeavoured to aſcertain the general ſcope. A more particular examination of the ſeveral expreſſions uſed by the apoſtle will decide, with ſtill greater certainty, the true purport of the whole.

Ver. 14. *For we know that the law is ſpiritual: but I am carnal, ſold under ſin.*

The firſt thing which preſents itſelf in this verſe is that contrariety which St. Paul here ſtates between himſelf and the law of God: of the latter he ſaith, "It is ſpiritual;" of the former, "I am carnal, and ſold under ſin." The expreſſions, "In the

 fleſh,

fleſh, after the fleſh," in ver. 5. and chap. viii. 5, 8, 9, &c. are of the ſame import with the word *carnal* in this verſe. All are agreed, that theſe expreſſions, "To be in the fleſh, or, to be carnally minded," in theſe verſes, ſolely reſpect the unregenerate. In that ſtate, the man is in a ſtate of death and enmity againſt God, chap. viii. 6—9. This is St. Paul's own account of a carnal man. The ſoul of that man has no authority over the appetites of the body, and the luſts of the fleſh; reaſon has not the government of paſſion; the mind is ſubject to, and the ſervant of the body; his work is, "To make proviſion for the fleſh, to fulfil the luſts thereof," chap. xiii. 14. His enjoyments are moſtly of a carnal nature, and "he mindeth the things of the fleſh," chap. viii. 5. This is the ſcriptural deſcription of a carnal man. In all theſe things the ſpiritual man is the very reverſe. He lives in a ſtate of friendſhip with God in Chriſt, the Spirit dwelleth in him; his ſoul has the dominion over the appetites of the body and the luſts of the fleſh; his paſſions ſubmit to the government of reaſon, he mortifieth the deeds of the body; his enjoyments are chiefly of a ſpiritual nature; his great employment is, "To work out his ſalvation with fear and trembling:" and "he mindeth the things of the Spirit," chap. viii. 5. The ſcriptures, therefore, place theſe two characters in direct oppoſition to one another. Now, our apoſtle begins this paſſage, by informing us, that it is his carnal ſtate which he is about to deſcribe, in oppoſition to the ſpirituality of God's holy law, ſaying, "But I am carnal." Thoſe who are of another opinion, maintain, that by the word *carnal* here, the apoſtle meant "that corruption which remained in him after his converſion." This opinion is founded upon a very great miſtake: though that corrupt principle may be ſtrong, and at times will violently ſtruggle to obtain the dominion; yet the man is never denominated by the inferior principle, which, in general, is under controul; but by the ſuperior principle, which habitually prevails. Whatever epithets are given to corruption or ſin in ſcripture, oppoſite epithets

are

are given to grace or holineſs. By theſe different epithets are the unregenerate and regenerate denominated. From all this it follows, that the epithet *carnal*, which is a characteriſtic deſignation of an unregenerate man, cannot be applied to St. Paul after his converſion, as his general character.

But the word carnal, though uſed by the apoſtle to ſignify a ſtate of death and enmity againſt God, is not ſufficient, in its fulleſt ſenſe, to denote all the evil of this ſtate, which he is here deſcribing. Hence he adds, "and ſold under ſin." This is one of the ſtrongeſt expreſſions which the Spirit of God uſeth in the ſcriptures, to deſcribe the depravity of fallen man. Now, if the word carnal, in its ſtrongeſt ſenſe, had been ſufficiently ſignificant of all he meant, why add to this charge another expreſſion ſtill ſtronger; as if the ſenſe had not been fully expreſſed by the former epithet? The apoſtle's language is no where chargeable with ſuch improprieties: we muſt therefore underſtand the phraſe, "and ſold under ſin," as ſignificant of ſomething more; and that is, not only that the ſoul was employed in ſerving divers luſts and ſinful paſſions, laying in proviſion for the fleſh, and minding carnal things; but alſo that ſhe was actually ſold over to the ſervice of ſin, and had neither power nor inclination to diſobey this tyrant, until ſhe was redeemed by another. The expreſſion here uſed, denotes a ſtate of complete ſlavery, in which the man is the legal property of his maſter. Were a man violently ſeized by a ſtronger than himſelf, and compelled to obey the tyrant's will for a time; during his obedience, he is not the legal property of his oppreſſor; and, if under a well-regulated government, the laws of the kingdom would procure his freedom. Such is the dominion which ſin occaſionally obtains over the ſubjects of Chriſt's kingdom; and he hath declared in all ſuch caſes, that "ſin ſhall not have dominion over them." But, if a man be actually ſold to another, and acquieſce in the deed, then he becometh the legal property of his maſter. This ſtate of bondage was well known to the Romans. The ſale of

ſlaves they daily ſaw, and could not miſunderſtand the emphatical ſenſe of this expreſſion. Sin is here repreſented as a perſon; and St. Paul compares the dominion, which ſin had over him, to that of a maſter over his legal ſlave. Univerſally through the ſcriptures, man is ſaid to be in this ſtate of bondage to ſin, until the Son of God make him free: but in no part of the ſacred writings is it ever ſaid of the children of God, that "they are ſold under ſin." The very reverſe is the Spirit's deſcription of a Chriſtian. Chriſt came to deliver the lawful captive, and to take the prey from the mighty; "whom the Son maketh free; they are free indeed." Then they "yield not up their members as inſtruments of unrighteouſneſs unto ſin; for ſin ſhall not have dominion over them," becauſe "the law of the ſpirit of life in Chriſt Jeſus, hath made them free from the law of ſin and death," chap. vi. 13, 14. and viii. 2.

Anciently, when regular cartels were not known by nations at war, the captives became the ſlaves of their victors, and by them were ſold to any purchaſer as their legal property. Their ſlavery was as complete and perpetual, as if the ſlave had reſigned his own liberty and ſold himſelf: he could not redeem himſelf; the laws of the land ſecured him to his maſter; nothing could reſcue him from that ſtate, but a ſtipulated redemption. The apoſtle here ſpeaks not of the manner in which he became a ſlave, he only aſſerts the fact, that ſin had a full and permanent dominion over him; "I am ſold under ſin." Were any man bound to be an apprentice to a maſter, and another man to aſk his ſervice, he would naturally anſwer, I am bound to a maſter. It matters not whether he bound himſelf, or was bound to this maſter by a father, or any other perſon; he hath entered to his ſervice, and acquieſceth in the deed. In this anſwer he refers not to the manner in which he became bound, he only aſſerts the fact, I am bound: ſo St. Paul ſpeaks not of the manner, in which he became the ſlave of ſin, he only expreſſeth his preſent condition, "I am

ſold

ſold under ſin." When? Surely as to his unconverted ſtate. I have been the more particular in aſcertaining with certainty the genuine ſenſe of this verſe, becauſe it determines the general ſcope of the whole paſſage.

Ver. 15. *For that which I do, I allow not; for what I would, that do I not; but what I hate, that do I.*

The firſt clauſe of this verſe is a general aſſertion concerning his employment in this ſtate which he calls carnal, and ſold under ſin, "That which I do, I allow not." The word in the original, which is here tranſlated "I do," is ſignificant of a work which the agent continues to perform until it be finiſhed. Κατεργαζομαι is therefore uſed by the apoſtle to denote the continued employment of God's ſaints in his ſervice unto the end, in Phil. ii. 12, "Work out your ſalvation;" that is, as ye have conſtantly laboured to ſerve God in all things, ſo perſevere in that ſervice to the end. The word here denotes a continued employment of a very different nature. Therefore he ſays, "What I do, I allow not."

Ver. 15.——*For what I would, that do I not; but what I hate, that do I.*

Ver. 19. *For the good that I would, I do not; but the evil which I would not, that I do.*

Ver. 21. *I find then a law, that when I would do good, evil is preſent with me.*

The will is the ſpring of action in moral and free agents; and we are therefore accountable for what we do. The volitions of the will are excited by ſome other principle acting upon this faculty. Contrary impreſſions are frequently made upon her, exciting volitions for and againſt the ſame actions; hence what St. Paul would, he did not. Animal appetites and paſſions often excite volitions, which are oppoſed by

by reaſon and conſcience; the will, ſtrongly impelled by criminal deſires, frequently darkens the underſtanding, miſguides the judgment, and in place of being governed by this, governs it herſelf. When order is reſtored to the ſoul by regeneration, then the enlightened underſtanding determines the judgment, and the deciſions of the judgment, enforced by the voice of conſcience, determine the will. Her volitions thus excited become the ſpring of action; ſo that the good the man would he doth, and the evil he hates he doth not.

But in the unregenerate, they neither obey the directions of reaſon, nor conſcience; hence there is a continual conflict in the breaſt, between appetites and paſſions, on the one ſide, and reaſon and conſcience on the other. The latter, however, are generally overcome; and in this ſtate the man with propriety may ſay, "What I would, that do I not; what I hate, that I do; the good I would, that do I not; the evil I would not, that do I; for I find a law, that when I would do good, evil is preſent with me." Heathen Poets deſcribe the conduct of depraved men in words very ſimilar to theſe.

Sed trahit invitam nova vis, aliudque cupido;
Mens aliud ſuadet. Video meliora proboque;
Deteriora ſequor.—

OVID.

"My reaſon this, my paſſion that perſuades;
I ſee the right, and I approve it too,
Condemn the wrong, and yet the wrong purſue."

The apoſtle does not ſay that this took place in his conduct on ſome particular occaſions; he gives us this account of himſelf as his general conduct, while he was carnal, and ſold under ſin. "I find a law, ſaid he, that when I would do good, evil is preſent with me" to prevent the execution of ſuch a purpoſe. "When I would do good," intimates, that this

this inclination was not permanent; it only aroſe on particular occaſions. This is another feature of an unregenerate man; his inclinations to do good are temporary; no good thing, or inclination, dwelleth in him, ver. 18. "I find then a law," ver. 21. This law muſt either ſignify the commanding power of corruption by which he was enſlaved, or a general rule, which, for the moſt part, took place. A natural operation, exemplified in many particular caſes, is uſually called a law of nature. Now, St. Paul here ſpeaks of this as a fact, which, for the moſt part, took place with him in this ſtate: whenever his conſcience inclined him to do good, then that evil tyrant, to whom he was enſlaved, was preſent to prevent him. That by the law he means a natural operation, exemplified in a great number of caſes, is obvious from the 23d verſe, where he calls the dominion, which corruption had over him *another law*, not the law which he mentioned in the 21ſt verſe, but another kind of law in his members.

[*To be continued.*]

SERMON LVI.

On MARK xii. 33.

[*Concluded from page* 125.]

15. TRUE religion is right tempers towards God and man. It is in two words, Gratitude and Benevolence: gratitude to our Creator and ſupreme Benefactor, and benevolence to our fellow-creatures. In other words, it is the loving God with all our heart, and our neighbour as ourſelves.

16. It is in conſequence of our knowing God loves us, that we love him, and love our neighbour as ourſelves. Gratitude toward our Creator cannot but produce benevolence

to our fellow-creatures. The love of Chriſt conſtrains us, not only to be harmleſs, to do no ill to our neighbour; but to be uſeful, to be *zealous of good works, as we have time to do good unto all men*, and be patterns to all, of true genuine morality, of juſtice, mercy and truth. This is religion, and this is happineſs: the happineſs for which we were made. This begins when we begin to know God, by the teaching of his own Spirit. As ſoon as the Father of Spirits reveals his Son in our hearts, and the Son reveals his Father: the love of God is ſhed abroad in our hearts: then, and not till then, we are happy. We are happy firſt, in the conſciouſneſs of his favour, which indeed is better than the life itſelf: next, in the conſtant communion with the Father, and with his Son, Jeſus Chriſt: then in all the heavenly tempers, which he hath wrought in us by his Spirit: again, in the teſtimony of his Spirit, that all our works pleaſe him: and laſtly, in the teſtimony of our own ſpirit, that *in ſimplicity and godly ſincerity we have had our converſation in the world.* Standing faſt in this liberty from ſin and ſorrow, wherewith Chriſt hath made them free, real Chriſtians *rejoice evermore, pray without ceaſing, and in every thing give thanks.* And their happineſs ſtill increaſes, as they *grow up into the meaſure of the ſtature of the fulneſs of Chriſt.*

17. But how little is this religion experienced or even thought of in the Chriſtian world? On the contrary, what reaſon have we to take up the lamentation of a dying ſaint, (Mr. *Haliburton*, of St. *Andrews*, in *Scotland*) "O Sirs, I am afraid a kind of *rational* religion is more and more prevailing amongſt us, a religion that has nothing of Chriſt belonging to it: nay, that has not only nothing of Chriſt, but nothing of God in it!" And indeed how generally does this prevail, not only among profeſſed Infidels, but alſo among thoſe who call themſelves Chriſtians, who profeſs to believe the Bible to be the word of God! Thus our own countryman, Mr. *Woollaſton*, in that elaborate work "The Religion of Nature delineated"

delineated" preſents us with a compleat ſyſtem of religion, without any thing of God about it, without being beholden in any degree, to either the Jewiſh or Chriſtian revelation. Thus Monſieur *Burlomachi* (of *Geneva*) in his curious treatiſe on "The Law of Nature," does not make any more uſe of the Bible than if he had never ſeen it. And thus the late Profeſſor *Hutcheſon*, of *Glaſgow*, (a ſtranger writer than either of the other) is ſo far from grounding virtue on either the fear or the love of God, that he quite ſhuts God out of the queſtion; not ſcrupling to declare in expreſs terms, That "a regard to God is *inconſiſtent with* virtue: inſomuch that if in doing a beneficent action, you expect God to reward it, the virtue of the action is loſt: it is then not a virtuous, but a ſelfiſh action!"

18. Perhaps indeed there are not many who carry the matter to ſo great a length. But how great is the number of thoſe, who allowing religion to conſiſt of two branches, our duty to God and our duty to our neighbour, entirely forget the firſt part, and put the ſecond part for the whole, for the entire duty of man. Thus almoſt all men of letters, both in *England*, *France*, *Germany*, yea, and all the civilized countries of *Europe*, extol *humanity* to the ſkies, as the very eſſence of religion. To this the great Triumvirate, *Rouſſeau*, *Voltaire*, and *David Hume*, have contributed all their labours, ſparing no pains to eſtabliſh a religion, which ſhould ſtand on its own foundation, independent on any revelation whatever, yea, not ſuppoſing even the being of a God. So leaving him, if he has any being, to himſelf, they have found out both a religion and a happineſs, which have no relation at all to God, nor any dependence upon him.

19. It is no wonder that this religion ſhould grow faſhionable, and ſpread far and wide in the world. But call it *humanity*, *virtue*, *morality*, or what you pleaſe, it is neither better nor worſe than Atheiſm. Men hereby wilfully and deſignedly put aſunder what God has joined, the duties of the firſt and

the ſecond table. It is ſeparating the love of our neighbour from the love of God. It is a plauſible way of thruſting God out of the world he has made. They can do the buſineſs without him, and ſo either drop him entirely, not conſidering him at all: or ſuppoſe that ſince

" He gave things their beginning
And ſet this whirlegig a ſpinning,"

he has not concerned himſelf with theſe trifles, but let every thing take its own courſe.

20. On the contrary, we have the fulleſt evidence that the eternal, omnipreſent, almighty, all-wiſe Spirit, as he created all things, ſo he continually ſuperintends whatever he has created. He governs all not only to the bounds of creation, but through the utmoſt extent of ſpace: and not only through the ſhort time that is meaſured by the earth and ſun, but from everlaſting to everlaſting. We know, that as all nature, ſo all religion, and all happineſs depend on him: and we know that whoever teach to ſeek happineſs without him, are monſters, and the peſts of ſociety.

21. But after all the vain attempts of learned or unlearned men it will be found, as there is but one God, ſo there is but one happineſs, and one religion. And both of theſe centre in God. Both by ſcripture and by experience we know, that an unholy and therefore an unhappy man, ſeeking reſt but finding none, is ſooner or later convinced, that ſin is the ground of his miſery, and cries out of the deep to Him that is able to ſave, " God be merciful to me a ſinner." It is not long before he finds *redemption in the blood of Jeſus, even the forgiveneſs of ſins.* Then *the Father reveals his Son* in his heart, and he *calls Jeſus Lord by the Holy Ghoſt.* And then the love of God is *ſhed abroad in his heart, by the Holy Spirit which is given unto him.* From this principle ſprings real, diſintereſted benevolence to all mankind, making him humble, meek,

meek, gentle to all men, eaſy to be intreated, to be convinced of what is right, and perſuaded to what is good, inviolably patient, with a thankful acquieſcence in every ſtep of his adorable Providence. This is religion, even the whole mind which was alſo in Chriſt Jeſus. And has any man the inſolence or the ſtupidity to deny, that this is happineſs? Yea, that it

" Yields more of happineſs below
Than victors in a triumph know?"

22. There can be no doubt but from this love to God and man, a ſuitable converſation will follow. His *communication*, that is, diſcourſe will *be always in grace, ſeaſoned with ſalt, and meet to miniſter grace to the hearers.* He will always *open his mouth with wiſdom, and there* will *be in his tongue the law of kindneſs.* Hence his affectionate words will *diſtil as the dew, and as the rain upon the tender herb.* And men will know, *it is not he only that ſpeaks, but the Spirit of the Father that ſpeaketh in him.* His actions will ſpring from the ſame ſource with his words, even from the abundance of a loving heart. And while all theſe aim at the glory of God, and tend to this one point, whatever he does, he may truly ſay,

" End of my every action thou,
In all things thee I ſee!
Accept my hallowed labour now!
I do it as to thee!

23. He to whom this character belongs, and he alone is a Chriſtian. To him the one, eternal, omnipreſent, all-perfect Spirit, is the Alpha and Omega, the firſt and the laſt. Not his Creator only, but his Suſtainer, his Preſerver, his Governor: yea, his Father, his Saviour, Sanctifier and Comforter. This God is his God and his all; in time and in eternity. It

is the benevolence ſpringing from this root, which is pure and undefiled religion. But if it be built on any other foundation, as it is of no avail in the ſight of God, ſo it brings no real, ſolid, permanent happineſs to man, but leaves him ſtill a poor, dry, indigent, and diſſatisfied creature.

24. Let all therefore that deſire to pleaſe God, condeſcend to be taught of God, and take care to walk in that path, which God himſelf hath appointed. Beware of taking half of this religion for the whole, but take both parts of it together. And ſee that you begin where God himſelf begins, *Thou ſhalt have no other God before me.* Is not this the firſt, our Lord himſelf being the Judge, as well as the great commandment? Firſt therefore ſee that ye love God: next your neighbour, every child of man. From this fountain let every temper, every affection, every paſſion flow. So ſhall that *mind be in you, which was alſo in Chriſt Jeſus.* Let all your thoughts, words and actions ſpring from this. So ſhall you *inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the beginning of the world.*

Dublin, April 9, 1789.

A ſhort Account of Mr. GEORGE SHADFORD.

[Written by Himſelf.]

[*Continued from page* 131.]

MY mother was convinced by hearing me and an old man converſe about our ſouls together in private. She uſed to liſten to our converſation, and the Lord ſhewed her the ſtate ſhe was in. She had been a moral woman, and had the fear of God, ſo as to act conſcientiouſly in what ſhe did as far as ſhe knew. But when ſhe was thoroughly awakened, her convictions

victions were very deep: ſo that many times, when I have been praying for her, ſhe hath been like a perſon convulſed: at other times like a woman in labour, travailing through the pangs of the new-birth. At laſt the Lord gave her an aſſurance of his pardoning love under the preaching of Mr. *Samuel Meggitt*.

About this time I went to ſee my ſiſter near *Epworth*, to inform her what the Lord had done for my ſoul. At firſt, when I converſed with her, ſhe thought I was out of my mind; but at length hearkened to me. She told me a remarkable dream ſhe had ſome time before, in which ſhe had been warned to lay aſide the vain practice of card-playing, which ſhe had been fond of. After I had returned home, ſhe began to revolve in her mind what I had ſaid; and thought, "How can my brother have any view to deceive me? What intereſt can he have in ſo doing? Certainly my ſtate is worſe than I imagine, he ſees my danger and I do not? Beſides, he ſeems to be another man, he does not look, or ſpeak, or act as he uſed to do." She therefore could not reſt until ſhe came to my father's houſe; and before ſhe returned was thoroughly convinced ſhe was a miſerable ſinner.

In a ſhort time I viſited her again, and aſked her to go to hear *Samuel Meggitt* preach. She heard him with great ſatisfaction. Afterward there was a love-feaſt, and ſhe being deſirous to ſtay, at my requeſt was admitted. As the people were ſinging a hymn on Chriſt's coming to judgment; ſhe looked up and ſaw all the people ſinging with a ſmile upon their countenance. She thought, "If Chriſt was to come to judgment now, I ſhall go to hell, and they will all go to heaven." Inſtantly ſhe ſunk down as if ſhe was dying, and lay ſometime before ſhe was able to walk home. She continued praying and waiting upon God for about a fortnight; when one day going to the well to fetch water (like the Samaritan woman at Jacob's well) ſhe found the God of Jacob open to her thirſty ſoul his love, as a well of water ſpringing

up

up within her unto everlaſting life; and as ſhe returned from the well, her ſoul magnified the Lord, and her ſpirit rejoiced in God her Saviour.

So merciful was the Lord to my family, that four of them were brought to God in leſs than a year. My mother lived a happy witneſs of the love and favour of God three years and died in great peace. My father lived upwards of four years, happy in God his Saviour, and uſed to ſay, "Now I am a little child turned of four years old." Meaning (although near ſixty-five) that he had never lived to any good purpoſe or to the glory of God before. About half a year before his death, the Lord circumciſed his heart, ſo that I believe he loved God with all his heart; and received a conſtant abiding witneſs, that the blood of Chriſt had cleanſed him from all ſin.

When he was taken ill, I was preaching in Yorkſhire; and as I returned home, it was impreſſed upon my mind that my father was ſick or dying. When I came near home I met two friends, one of whom told me, he believed my father lay a dying. As ſoon as he ſaw me he was much affected, for he longed to ſee me before he died. He ſaid to me, "Son, I am glad to ſee thee; but I am going to leave thee: I am going to God: I am going to heaven." I ſaid, "Father, are you ſure of it?" Yes, ſaid he, "I am ſure of it. I know that my Redeemer liveth. Upward of four years ago the Lord pardoned all my ſins; and half a year ago he gave me that perfect love that caſts out all fear. At preſent I feel a heaven within me. Surely this heaven below muſt lead to heaven above." When I perceived he was departing, I kneeled down by him, and with fervent prayer commended his ſoul to God, and I praiſe his holy name that he died in the full aſſurance of faith.

My ſiſter lived a faithful witneſs of the love of Jeſus ſixteen years. She was remarkable for faith and prayer; and enjoyed the perfect love of God ſeveral years before her death,

death. She had eight or nine children; had nothing of this world's goods to leave them; but left them a good example, and ſent up prayers to heaven for them; and wiſhed more to ſee grace in their hearts than if ſhe had thouſands of gold and ſilver to leave them. She uſed to ſay to me, "Brother I believe all my children will be ſaved." When I ſeemed to doubt it, ſhe anſwered, "But I pray in faith; and whatſoever we aſk in prayer believing we ſhall receive." Her eldeſt daughter died before her a little, aged twenty-one, in the triumph of faith. And it is remarkable ſince her death, her children, as they grow up, one after another, are convinced of ſin, brought to God, and join the Society.

I had a relation, *Alice Shadford*, who continued in earneſt prayer for my converſion for twenty years as ſhe told me; and I believe that God heard and anſwered her prayers in my behalf. She was indeed a mother in Iſrael, lived a ſingle life, and enjoyed the fear and love of God above fifty years. She died full of days, and full of grace, aged ninety-ſix years. I often think there is ſcarcely a perſon converted upon earth, but it is in anſwer to ſome pious perſon's prayer, whom the Lord hath ſtirred up to plead for them.

I had many doubts of my call to preach at firſt. I knew it was my duty to do good in the little way I began with. But, the important work of going forth publicly to call ſinners to repentance made me tremble. After a great ſtruggle in my mind, at laſt I reſolved to make the trial. The firſt place I went to from home was a little place called *Wildſworth*. I believe there were not any there that knew God at that time. On Saturday night I continued three or four hours until paſt midnight, in fervent prayer, that the Lord might point out my way. On Sunday morning I ſet out to the little village alone; only I believed the Friend of ſinners was with me. As ſoon as I came there I gave notice of my errand; and quickly we had near a houſe full of people. In the firſt prayer I was much aſſiſted, and ſome preſent began to drop

tears.

tears. Under the preaching ſeveral appeared cut to the heart; and the Lord bleſſed his word to many. As ſoon as I had done, I gave notice that I would preach in the ſtreet at *Eaſt-Ferry*. Several attended me thither, and when I had concluded, I went home perfectly ſatisfied that God had called me to the work.

But very ſoon I was ſadly diſcouraged, ſeeing my own ignorance, and feeling my weakneſs. I reaſoned with myſelf and Satan, until I thought the Lord required impoſſibilities: that he gathered where he had not ſtrewed. I would go to preach his word, but he had not given me a talent ſufficient for the important work. How happy thought I are they in a private capacity, who have nothing to do but to be faithful in their little ſphere; and have not the charge of the ſouls of others! I gave way to this kind of reaſoning for a month: till at times I made myſelf almoſt as miſerable as a demon. Then the Lord laid his chaſtening rod upon me, and afflicted me for a ſeaſon; and ſhewed me the worth of poor ſouls periſhing in the broad way to deſtruction. After this, I was made willing to go wherever he pleaſed to ſend me. So that when I began again to ſpeak for him, his word was like the flaming ſword which turned every way, to every heart; for, ſinners trembled and fell before it, and were both convinced and converted to God. I was often amazed at the condeſcenſion of God, and his favour to me in all my weakneſs. I was like *Gideon*. I required token after token. As ſoon as the Lord made way and opened a door in any place, I formed a Society; and got the travelling Preachers to take it under their care as ſoon as I could.

But by loud, and long preaching, by walking more and farther than my ſtrength could bear; by ſitting up praying and reading many times until morning; I was ſoon worn down and appeared to be in a ſwift decline. At laſt I fell into a ſevere fever that continued ſeven weeks; and I expected to die, as did moſt that ſaw me. I never had any affliction,

in

in which I enjoyed ſo much of the preſence of God as this. He was with me every moment night and day. I continually ſaw him, who is inviſible, and rejoiced in hope of the glory of God. O! how did I deſire to depart and to be with Chriſt. had ſuch views of my Father's houſe, the glory and happineſs of that place, that I longed to be there. But one day as I was in bed, full of the love of God, I had a viſionary ſight of two prodigious fields, in which I ſaw thouſands of living creatures praying and wreſtling in different places, in little companies. It appeared to me that I muſt be employed in that work too; and muſt go to help them. Whilſt I was conſidering what this could mean, I took up my Bible, and opened on theſe words in the Pſalms, "Thou ſhalt not die but live, and declare the work of the Lord." I now believed I ſhould recover, but was not ſo reſigned to live as to die. I compared myſelf to a ſhip toſſed upon the tempeſtuous ocean for weeks and months together in great danger; at laſt I got in ſight of the wiſhed for haven; when ſuddenly a contrary wind drives me back to ſea again. From this time I began gradually to recover.

[*To be continued.*]

An Account of the Death of JANE NANCARROW.

[By Mr. John Moon.]

JANE NANCARROW was born at *Grampound*, in the county of *Cornwall*, on the 27th of July 1752. Her parents, though mean, endeavoured to bring her up in the fear of God. At nine years of age ſhe was bound apprentice to a Clothier at *Penryn*. From this time the Lord followed her with convictions; ſo that at times under the word, ſhe would cry with the jailer, "What muſt I do to be ſaved?" But

being naturally of a light ſpirit, theſe impreſſions were as the morning cloud, or early dew.

About the age of fourteen, ſhe was taken ill with a rheumatic fever; which brought her very near death. During this illneſs, under which ſhe languiſhed ſix months, ſhe was frequently alarmed with the fear of death; and reſolved, if God would ſpare her, to lay down the weapons of her rebellion, and to be a ſervant of ſin and Satan no longer. Yet no ſooner was ſhe reſtored, than her reſolutions were all broken, and ſhe became a willing captive as before.

At the expiration of her time, ſhe went to reſide at St. *Auſtle*; where ſhe continued labouring at her buſineſs.

In Feb. 1777, her ſiſter *Ann* began to ſeek the Lord; and in the following month God ſpoke peace to her ſoul. *Jenny* however, frequently mocked her, although at other times ſhe would join her in ſinging, and be grieved that ſhe had not an inward feeling of the words ſhe ſung. Sometimes alſo, ſhe would join with her ſiſter in prayer, and appear much affected; but at other times, ſhe preſſed her to it againſt her will, and often poured out her ſoul to the Lord for her, while ſhe careleſsly fell aſleep by her ſide. *Nancy* often entreated her to come and partake of the happineſs ſhe felt: at which ſhe ſometimes melted into tears, wiſhed to drink of the ſame fountain, and earneſtly cried for mercy. But at other ſeaſons, Satan got the advantage of her weakneſs, and extinguiſhed every good deſire in her ſoul.

From this time ſhe was frequently and greatly afflicted, which rendered her incapable of labour; and having no other ſupport, involved her in difficulties of a temporal nature, out of which ſhe ſaw no way of extricating herſelf. In the depth of theſe diſtreſſes the Lord many times appeared to her deliverance; raiſed her up, and reſtored her again to health.

At one time, when her ſiſter reproved her for ſinging fooliſh ſongs, and deſired ſhe would either ceaſe or leave her, ſhe did ceaſe; but pleaded for its innocence. And when *Jenny* ſaw

ſhe

ſhe could no longer prevail on her to ſpend the ſabbath in worldly pleaſure, ſhe would fly from her in anger; on which ſhe has ſometimes been ſeized with ſuch a trembling that ſhe was ſcarce able to ſtand. Frequently under the preaching ſhe has been ſtruck with ſuch terror, as forced her to hide herſelf from the ſight of the preacher, concluding his diſcourſe was directed to her alone. But when the congregation joined in ſinging, ſhe has been obliged, from the impreſſions of her mind, to riſe with them all trembling, and confounded as ſhe was.

She appeared now to be more thoroughly awakened to a ſenſe of her danger. One night when in bed theſe words were ſpoken as with a voice to her: "They all with one conſent began to make excuſe." The words ſunk deep into her ſoul; being conſcious ſhe was one who anſwered the deſcription. A few days after this, theſe words were ſpoken to her, "Thou ſhalt be ſick and die; but not ſoon." From this time her convictions greatly increaſed, and faſtened on her ſoul. She ardently cried for mercy, but it ſeemed at a great diſtance; and the enemy was always ſuggeſting that the day of grace was paſt, and that there was no mercy for her. But one night as her ſoul panted after God, and wreſtled with him in mighty prayer, it was as though a voice ſpoke to her a third time, "Believe on the Lord Jeſus Chriſt, and thou ſhalt be ſaved:" but unbelief ſtill kept her from him.

At this time ſhe was not able to read, and therefore was in a great meaſure ignorant of God's word, and of Satan's devices. Her continual cry was for all the people of God to come and pray for her: and her deſire herein was particularly granted by the attendance of our friends in that place. Her ſiſter having been abſent from her for ſometime, ſhe now particularly deſired ſhe would come and pray for her and forgive her paſt conduct towards her. When her ſiſter came, ſhe was almoſt gone through faintneſs; but cried out, "Eternity's at

hand and I know not God." In this diſtreſs and anguiſh of ſoul ſhe laboured from July to the February following.

About this time ſhe was viſited by Mr. *A. C.* who perceiving her very ill, ſaid, "There is no hope for thy body here, is there any hope for thy ſoul in the world to come?" As ſoon as ſhe was able to ſpeak, ſhe ſaid, "I have no hope of a joyful eternity." He told her ſhe muſt believe and be ſaved, or otherwiſe periſh. The agonies ſhe then felt are not eaſily deſcribed; while ſhe cried aloud for mercy. He then prayed with her, and left her with a glimmering hope; but it ſoon vaniſhed, and deſpair as a torrent overwhelmed her ſoul.

Her diſorder, which was now ſettled in an aſthmatic conſumption, greatly increaſed; which, together with the diſtreſs of her mind, occaſioned a daily decay of ſtrength. At the end of three weeks Mr. *C.* viſited her again and enquired particularly reſpecting the ſtate of her ſoul; to which ſhe made little or no reply. Upon her ſilence he told her ſhe was a *lazy lukewarm ſoul*, or elſe ſhe would have found peace before then. On this, ſhe began to examine wherein ſhe was lukewarm, and from this time, reſted not day or night for a fortnight, till on the 15th of Feb. 1785, ſhe became ſpeechleſs: and having loſt the uſe of her legs, was put to bed, from which ſhe roſe no more.

When her ſpeech returned, ſhe requeſted ſome one to come and pray with her; adding "I am going into eternity without peace, without God." Her mother exhorted her to believe and come to Chriſt; aſſuring her of his readineſs to receive her, and that he never turned away a true penitent. She replied, "Unbelief, if there were nothing elſe, is ſufficient to damn me." Juſt then a friend came in and prayed with her; when the Lord anſwered for himſelf; for, in a moment her burden was removed, and her ſorrow turned into joy. O what a change! Her face glowed with gratitude, and her ſoul triumphed in a crucified Redeemer. She did, indeed, ride on the ſky, and for a month was filled with joy unſpeakable, and

full

full of glory. In this extaſy of joy ſhe could ſcarce bear the mention of her continuing long in this vale of tears; and her cry was, "Come Lord Jeſus and take me to thyſelf." But her work was not all done; for the Lord ſhewed her that it was not only given her to believe on him, but alſo to ſuffer for his ſake. This ſhe experienced not only in body, but in mind; occaſioned by trials from ſuch quarters as ſhe leaſt expected. Nor was ſhe at this time unobſerved by the enemy of ſouls; whom ſhe ſtill found to be going about ſeeking whom he might devour. But the Lord was pleaſed,

> "In all her temptation to keep her to prove
> His utmoſt ſalvation, his fulneſs of love."

Many times ſhe enjoyed ſuch raptures when the people came in to ſee her, that ſhe cried out with a peculiar degree of divine ardour, "O who would not love the Lord! O his goodneſs to me is more than I can tell! Praiſe the Lord, O praiſe the Lord with me! What hath Jeſus done and ſuffered for ſo unworthy a creature! O Jeſus! thou haſt ſuffered and died on the croſs for me. Where ſhall I begin to praiſe him!" She was truly loſt in wonder, love and adoration. Frequently when her friends thought ſhe was juſt expiring, ſhe ſuddenly deſired to be raiſed up in bed, and ſung and praiſed her Redeemer in ſuch a manner, as to fill all around with wonder and aſtoniſhment. She often ſaid, "My work is not yet done: there are ſome perſons to whom I have not ſpoken." She then ſung and ſpoke of the goodneſs of God alternately; ſaying, "Jeſus is ſweet! Is love! yea, is ſweeter than honey, and more to be deſired than gold. For what would all the world be to me if I had not Chriſt? It would ſignify nothing: but now that I have him, I have all I deſire."

She intreated all who knew not God to come to the Lord juſt as they were; poor, guilty, helpleſs ſinners; for ſuch he came to ſave. If ſhe ſaw any weeping on account

of

of their ſins, ſhe would rejoice over them and ſay, "The Lord hath promiſed to comfort the mourner." When any appeared unconcerned for their ſouls, ſhe aſked them what they thought of themſelves? and then ſet the threatenings of God before them, and told them, "No unholy thing could enter the kingdom of heaven." Then with a peculiar energy ſhe prayed that none of thoſe, who came to viſit her in her affliction, might be ſhut out. If ſhe found any careleſs who had known the Lord, ſhe would mourn in ſecret for them; but at the ſame time, with the utmoſt tenderneſs would exhort the doubting and fearful to continue in his ways; aſſuring them he would bring them through all, and pointed them to the promiſes.

She made a point of examining all who came to ſee her, reſpecting the ſtate of their ſouls: and ſuch was her ſpiritual boldneſs, that ſhe did not fear the countenance of any; but told them, "The Lord hath left me here to ſpeak for him. If therefore you have but one good deſire, put it in practice, and you will ſoon receive more. You kindly came hither to ſee my feeble dying body; but look not to me, behold the Lamb of God that was ſlain for you." If any one ſpoke of her ſituation being a melancholy one, and condoled her misfortune; ſhe replied, "I find no melancholy; my pains are all ſweetened with the love of Jeſus. O! my heart doth rejoice at the ſound of his name." And then broke out in the following words,

"My God I am thine!
What a comfort divine!
What a bleſſing to know that my Jeſus is mine!"

In all her affliction ſinging hymns was her chief employ; which, having a clear, ſtrong voice, and her ſoul being full of life and love, ſhe performed to the no ſmall amazement of all who ſaw and heard her; calling, at the ſame time, on all around

around to join with her in praiſing the Lord. She was conſtantly preſſing all to the performance of their duty to God; not willing that any, who viſited her, ſhould go away without prayer; ſaying, "How do we know that we ſhall ever have another meeting in time? But I truſt we ſhall praiſe him to all eternity."

As ſhe was cut off from the privilege of the public means, a weekly prayer-meeting was held in her room. Theſe meetings, while ſuch a remarkable inſtance of God's goodneſs and power was preſent, proved not a little uſeful to thoſe who attended them. Several have been convinced, and ſome found peace with God through the prayers and praiſes offered up at theſe times. Herſelf hath been frequently ſo filled with joy, that ſhe has been conſtrained to cry out aloud, while tears of grateful love ran down her face: but what ſhe then felt, ſhe has declared no tongue could tell. Her cup ran over, while ſhe exclaimed,

"If all the world my Jeſus knew,
Sure all the world would love him too!"

The Preachers frequently viſited her; and a few times, at her ardent deſire preached or expounded in her chamber. Thoſe ſeaſons the Lord particularly bleſſed, by making them divine banquets of love to her ſoul. She intreated thoſe, who bore a public character, ſtill to ſpeak for God, and ſpare not, but to lift up their voice like a trumpet. There were few that were not bleſſed more or leſs, in going to ſee her; whom ſhe reproved, or exhorted, according to their characters and circumſtances. And having, from the time of her converſion, made a tolerable progreſs in learning to read, ſhe was now able to plead the promiſes or threatenings, as moſt ſuitable to the perſons ſhe addreſſed.

Her poor body was now worn by an inveterate cough nearly to a ſkeleton; yet, ſtrange as it may ſeem, in this condition

dition ſhe remained almoſt two years. For a conſiderable time ſhe was not able, from the nature of her diſorder, to lie, but obliged to remain in a ſitting poſture in the bed day and night.

Her pains were ſometimes excruciating; occaſioned by ulcers that conſtantly roſe and broke within her; ſo that ſhe feared her patience would not hold out; but ſhe cried to the Lord for ſtrength, and he helped her according to her need. She never diſcovered the leaſt ſymptom of impatience, or any thing contrary to an entire reſignation and acquieſcence in the divine pleaſure. Nay, ſhe even gloried in her affliction; and when in extreme pain, ſhe would break out in the greateſt rapture. "O what are all my ſufferings to thoſe of my dear Redeemer; who for me ſweat great drops of blood!" Thus did ſhe rejoice in, and triumph over all her affliction and pain, through the contemplation of her Saviour's ſufferings. Indeed, I never ſaw ſuch an inſtance of Chriſtian patience, and triumph in the ruins of nature before.

When her ſiſter, who had heretofore encouraged her while under her convictions, complained of her doubts and fears, ſhe ſaid, My dear,

> "Don't fear to win the day,
> Though death and hell obſtruct the way."

Jeſus your head is above; he will keep you, only believe. Caſt all your care upon him, for he careth for you."

About two months before ſhe died, Satan was permitted ſtrongly to aſſault her. He tempted her even to curſe God; ſuggeſting that he dealt hardly with her: and ſo powerful was the temptation that ſhe was juſt on the point of giving up her confidence. Juſt then a friend coming in, to whom ſhe opened her caſe, told her the temptation was permitted for the trial of her faith. She ſoon diſcovered from whence her deſponding thoughts proceeded: which led her to cry mightily to Him

Him who ſitteth above the water floods, and remaineth a King for ever, that he would not ſuffer the enemy to overwhelm her; and ſhe enjoyed a calm.

Soon after this, having long deſired and thirſted to be wholly the Lord's, ſhe had a dream in which ſhe cried out to a friend, "The lion is become a lamb." From this time ſhe expreſſed a farther work of grace; and her whole deſire was "Father thy will be done." She charged her ſiſter not to mourn when ſhe was taken away, but to ſing; adding, "And while you are ſinging below, I ſhall be ſinging triumphant above." She wiſhed her ſiſter might be with her at her laſt hour, for which they offered their united prayers to God; and he granted their requeſt.

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

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

GENERAL REFLECTIONS.

Of Metals, Minerals, and other Foſſils.

[*Continued from page* 89.]

TO this claſs, ſecondly, belong ſtones, which are hard, rigid, void of taſte, reducible to duſt by the hammer, and into a calx by fire. It is probable, that ſtones, like ſalts and moſt foſſils, are generated from a fluid, which generally hardens into ſtone, by the evaporation of its finer parts.

Mr. Tournefort obſerved, that in the famous labyrinth of Crete, ſeveral perſons had engraved their names in the living rock, of which its walls are formed: and that the letters ſo engraven, inſtead of being hollow, as they were at firſt, ſtood out from the ſurface of the rock. This can no otherwiſe be

accounted for, than by ſuppoſing the cavities of the letters filled inſenſibly, with matter iſſuing from the ſubſtance of the rock, even in more abundance than was needful to fill thoſe cavities. Thus is the wound of a knife healed up, much as the fracture of a bone is conſolidated, by a callus formed of the extravaſated nutritious juice, which riſes above the ſurface of the bone. Such callus's have been obſerved to be formed on other ſtones, which were reunited after they had been accidentally broken. Hence it is manifeſt, that ſtones grow in the quarry, and conſequently are fed; and that the ſame juice, which nouriſhes them, ſerves to rejoin their parts, when broken. There is then no room to doubt, that they are organized, and draw their nutritious juice from the earth, which is firſt filtrated and prepared in the ſurface of the ſtone, and thence conveyed to all the other parts.

Doubtleſs the juice which filled the cavities of thoſe letters was brought thither from the root of the rock, which grew as corals do, or ſea-muſhrooms, which every one allows to grow: and yet they are true ſtones.

Indeed there are ſome ſpecies of ſtones, whoſe generation can no otherwiſe be accounted for, than by ſuppoſing them to come from a kind of ſeeds, which contain its organized parts in miniature. But many ſorts of ſtones were once fluid; witneſs the various foreign bodies found therein.

That even pebble ſtones grow, may be proved to a demonſtration, by an eaſy experiment. Weigh a quantity of pebbles and bury them in the earth. After a time dig them up, and on weighing them again, you will find they have gained a very conſiderable addition.

The vegetable mould or ſurface of the earth, is made up of ſands, clays, marls, loams, rotten ſtalks and leaves of herbs, ſerving both as a proper bed and covering, and as a receptable and conductor of moiſture to the roots of trees and plants. Sands and pebbles may be conſidered as drains, for carrying off the redundant moiſture, to places where it may be ready

to

to ſupply the place of what is continually riſing in exhalations. But leſt the ſtrata of ſand ſhould be too thick, ſmall ones of clay are often placed between, to prevent the moiſture from departing too far from where it may be of uſe. And leſt theſe thin partitions of clay ſhould let the particles of ſand inſinuate into them, and thereby let the moiſture paſs through, thin cruſts of a ferruginous ſubſtance are placed above and beneath each of theſe clayey ſtrata; by which means the clay and ſand are effectually kept aſunder.

Suppoſing ſome ſtones are organized vegetables, and are produced from ſeed; yet moſt ſorts of ſtones ſeem to be unorganized vegetables. Other vegetables grow by a ſolution of ſalts, attracted into their veſſels. Moſt ſtones grow by an accretion of ſalts, which often ſhoot into regular figures. This appears by the formation of chryſtals upon the Alps. And that ſtones are formed by the ſimple accretion of ſalts, appears from the tartar on the inſide of a claret veſſel; and ſtill more clearly, from the formation of a ſtone in the human body. The air is in many places impregnated with ſuch ſalts or ſtony particles: and theſe aſcending from the cavities of the earth, may petrify wood. In this caſe the petrifying quality is not originally, either in the earth or the water: but in the riſing ſteams impregnated with ſaline or ſtony particles.

Many waters are generally ſuppoſed to turn other bodies into ſtone. This is aſcribed to the Lake Loghmond in Scotland, and Lough Neagh in Ireland. But it is a miſtake. There is not in reality any ſuch tranſmutation in thoſe bodies. Only the ſtony particles floating in the water, lodge in the pores, or on the ſurface of them. Petrefactions therefore are nothing more than incruſtations of ſtony particles, which ſurround and inſinuate into the bodies immerſed.

With regard to Lough Neagh, the petrifying quality, ſeems to be not only in the water, but in the adjacent ſoil. Many pieces of petrified wood are thrown up daily, in breaking

up new ground, which that water never touched. They are often found two miles from the Lough, in great numbers, and deep in the ground, altogether like the Lough Neagh ſtones. That theſe were once wood is certain. They burn clear, and may be cut with a knife, though not ſo eaſily as other wood.

Petrifying ſprings are impregnated, ſome with particles of ſtone, ſome with ferruginous and vitriolic particles. When the ſtony ones drop on wood, or other vegetables, they coagulate upon it, and by degrees cover it with a ſtony coat. If this be broke before the wood is rotted away, you find it in the heart of the ſtone. If the wood is rotted, you will find a cavity in the ſtone; but this alſo in time will be filled up with ſtony particles. Sometimes indeed theſe waters permeate the pores of the wood, fill them up with their ſtony particles, and by their burning quality proceeding from lime-ſtone, deſtroy the wood, and aſſume the ſhape of the plant.

Metallic particles moſtly act, by inſinuating into the pores of wood or other vegetables, without increaſing their bulk, or altering their texture, though they greatly increaſe their weight. Such is the petrified wood in and near Lough Neagh. It does not ſhew any outward addition of matter, and preſerves the grain of wood. All the alteration is in the weight and cloſeneſs, by the mineral particles pervading and filling the pores.

That there are mines near the Lough, we may gather from the great quantity of iron-ſtones found on its ſhore, and from the yellowiſh ochre and clay in many places near it. Now whatever ſprings run through theſe, will be impregnated with metallic particles. And if they riſe in the middle of a river or lake, and in their courſe meet with wood or other vegetables, theſe particles will inſinuate and lodge themſelves in their pores, and by degrees turn them into ſtone.

That ſuch ſprings are under this Lake, appears from hence, that in the great froſt, 1740, though the Lake was frozen over,

over, ſo as to bear men on horſeback, yet ſeveral circular ſpots remained unfrozen. Hence it appears, that this petrific quality is not in all parts of the Lake, but here and there only. As to the trees which are found petrified and buried at a ſmall diſtance from the Lake, probably it was broader once than it is now, ſo that what was then under water, is now dry land. If ſo, theſe trees might have been petrified, in the part, which was then overflowed, though it is now dry.

[*To be continued.*]

An extract from a volume entitled, A Review of Dr. PRIESTLEY'S *Doctrine of Philoſophical Neceſſity.*

Of the Moral Influence of the Doctrine of Neceſſity.

[*Continued from page* 144.]

VIRTUE cannot tend to attain a greater ſum of good than the greateſt, but vice, as an evil (and *all other evils*, ſays Dr. Prieſtley, (page 109) as before obſerved) does this; neither can the greateſt ſum of good be attained by any other means. Conſequently, virtue can be no better than vice itſelf is. This certainly juſtifies Dr. Prieſtley in ſaying as before, "I cannot, as a neceſſarian, hate any man, becauſe I conſider him as being, in all reſpects, juſt what God has made him to be, (no matter how wicked or vicious, God made him juſt ſo) and doing alſo, with reſpect to me, *nothing* but what he *expreſsly deſigned, and appointed to do.*" Certainly, if ſo, I cannot with any propriety hate or diſlike any man for any action he does to me, even though he ſhould break my legs and arms, rob my houſe, and burn it, and alſo murder my wife and children; ſtill I ought not to hate or diſlike himſelf

or

or his actions; not himself, because he did nothing but what he was expressly designed and appointed to do, *God*, (says Dr. Priestley) *being the only cause*, and *man nothing more than an instrument in his hands*, to execute his pleasure in all these actions, (which I call cruel and barbarous;) so that it is the very same to him, a mere passive instrument, as if he had been doing the most virtuous actions; neither ought I to hate or dislike these actions, for they are only necessary events which were to be, and could not possibly be otherwise, and what is more, they are producing the greatest good. In such a case, I have no more reason to be displeased at, or angry with, the man, an instrument in God's hands, expressly designed, and appointed so to do, than I have to be displeased at, or angry with, the pistol, sword, or other inanimate instrument used in the bloody business. Moreover, I cannot with propriety be displeased at, or angry with, the man's bad disposition of mind, because he is a being *in all respects* (consequently in disposition of mind) *just what God has made him to be*, and *he could not be otherwise*, nor do otherwise, than he has done and continues to do. This consideration naturally extinguishes every reason for hatred, malice, displeasure, or anger, as well as every reason for love, respect, or gratitude to any man, for any beneficial service or good action performed to me, because man is only a necessary instrument in God's hands, to act as he is expressly designed and appointed to do, and not otherwise, being thus reduced to a mere machine, necessarily and unavoidably impelled to every action which he does, whether good or bad. This sufficiently accounts for some part of Dr. Priestley's words, (page 112) "If, as a necessarian (says he) I cease to blame men for their vices in the ultimate sense of the word, though, in the common and proper sense of it, I continue to do so much as other persons, (for how necessarily so ever they act, they are influenced by a base and mischievous disposition of mind, against which I must guard myself and others, in proportion

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as I love myſelf and others) I, on my ſyſtem, cannot help viewing them with a tenderneſs and compaſſion, that will have an infinitely finer and happier effect; as it muſt make me more earneſt and unwearied in my endeavours to reclaim them, without ſuffering myſelf to be offended, and deſiſt from my labour through provocation, diſguſt, or deſpair." As a neceſſarian, as before obſerved, Dr. Prieſtley cannot properly either blame or be diſpleaſed at men for their vices, unleſs he be neceſſitated ſo to do. Yet it ſeems to him as if they were in ſome meaſure blamable, if not for their vices, at leaſt for their baſe and miſchievous diſpoſitions of mind. But to uſe his own words, men are *in all reſpects* (conſequently in diſpoſitions of mind) juſt *what God made them to be*; therefore he has no more juſt reaſon to be angry with any man, becauſe he has a baſe and miſchievous diſpoſition of mind, than he has to be angry with another, becauſe he has a hunch back or a club foot. Since in *all reſpects*, both in body and mind, as well as in all other reſpects, every man is, according to Dr. Prieſtley, juſt what God has made him to be. And to what poſſible purpoſe can Dr. Prieſtley endeavour to guard himſelf and others, againſt ſuch a baſe and miſchievous diſpoſition of mind? The man, upon his plan, however baſe and miſchievous in diſpoſition, can do no one thing, but what, as an inſtrument in God's hand, he was expreſsly deſigned and appointed to do. Not one tittle more or leſs than this, can he poſſibly do, how much ſoever Dr. Prieſtley and others may be guarded againſt it, or how much ſoever they may be unguarded. On the Doctor's ſyſtem, I will allow that it is my duty to view all others, with *tenderneſs and compaſſion*, provided I have power ſo to do; nay, I ought to view the man ſo, who is lifting the knife to cut my throat, becauſe he is only going to do what he is expreſsly deſigned, appointed, and neceſſitated to do. But the great misfortune is, that the very degree of tenderneſs and compaſſion which I am to have, as in this, ſo in every other moment

ment of my life, is an event equally neceſſary and unavoidable, and out of my power to increaſe or diminiſh in the leaſt. Neither can I conceive how this view of the neceſſarian ſyſtem can any way make me, as a neceſſarian, *more earneſt and unwearied in my endeavours to reclaim them*, (who are of baſe and miſchievous diſpoſitions) without deſiſting through provocation, diſguſt, or deſpair. Becauſe, theſe are all events in my life, which were ſo neceſſarily ſettled and irrevocably fixed before I was born, that they cannot be otherwiſe than they are to be. Upon the ſcheme of neceſſity, I have not the leaſt power either to perſiſt in my endeavours to reclaim them, through tenderneſs and compaſſion, or to deſiſt through provocation, diſguſt, or deſpair, any further, or in any other way, than I am neceſſitated to do. Therefore I need not trouble myſelf about it in the leaſt, any further than what I cannot poſſibly avoid. "The natures of the moſt vicious of mankind (ſays Dr. Prieſtley, page 113) being the ſame with my own, they are as improveable as mine, and whatever their diſpoſition be at preſent, it is capable of being changed for the better, by means naturally adapted to that end." This may be true; but, upon the neceſſarian ſyſtem, the moſt vicious natures cannot be improved, if they are not to be ſo; and if they are to be ſo, they muſt be improved, and cannot be otherwiſe. The ſame holds good with regard to a vicious nature being changed for the better. The queſtion is not whether it is improveable or not, or whether it is or is not capable of being changed for the better, but whether it is ordered, appointed, and decreed ſo, that it muſt be improved and changed for the better, or it muſt not? If it is to be ſo, or muſt be ſo, then it is not only improveable, and capable of being changed; but it will actually be ſo by ſome means or other, at the time certainly appointed for that purpoſe, becauſe in this caſe the improvement and change are events which muſt be, and cannot poſſibly be otherwiſe. On the contrary, if it is not deſigned and appointed to be improved

proved or changed for the better, it cannot poſſibly be ſo. In ſuch a caſe, it is not improveable, nor capable of being improved or changed for the better by any means whatever; becauſe in ſuch a caſe, the improvements and change are events which are not to be, nor can poſſibly be. All that I have ſaid in this ſection appears to me exceedingly clear and plain from the neceſſarian doctrine. Conſidering then the above conſequences to follow the doctrine of neceſſity, I leave the reader to judge concerning the truth and propriety of Dr. Prieſtley's concluſion of this ſection (page 114.) "As far as theſe great and juſt views of things can be entertained and indulged, they have the happieſt effect upon the mind." I ſolemnly declare, that if I was fully convinced of the truth of the ſyſtem of neceſſity, in that extenſive and unlimited manner Dr. Prieſtley has deſcribed it, it would be ſo far from having a moſt happy effect upon my mind, that it would make me either wholly indifferent about every action and event in life, or it would make me continually fearful and apprehenſive of ſome very great evil being decreed neceſſarily and unavoidably to befal me, which I could not poſſibly avoid, nor in the leaſt guard againſt or ward off; provided, nevertheleſs, that my indifference and fear were not likewiſe ſo limited that I could not poſſibly have more or leſs than I have had, have, and am unavoidably and neceſſarily doomed to have, during the whole of my exiſtence.

[To be continued.]

The TWO COVENANTS *of* GOD *with* MANKIND.

[By Thomas Taylor, A. M.]

CHAP. II.

A conſideration concerning the inſcrutability of Divine Providence.

[*Continued from page* 148.]

AFTER all that is or can be ſaid, it will never be conceivable, how God can eternally foreknow a temporary and contingent effect, which depends not on his *own will*, or *particular decree:* and it were ſufficient to ſtagger our opinion of ſuch a knowledge, as divides its defenders into ſo many ſeveral modes of its explication.

But here it may be urged, that if the Divine Knowledge of all future contingencies be not from eternity: neither can it be in time; (for that is to aſcribe a knowledge to God, which he wanted before,) and conſequently, God will be ſaid to be ignorant of all the tranſactions of the world he has created. To which it may be anſwered in the words of the Pſalmiſt, *He that planted the ear, ſhall he not hear? He that formed the eye, ſhall he not ſee?* Shall not God that is omnipreſent with all the parts of the univerſe, underſtand all that is done in it, though in a manner incomprehenſible to us? Had he been leſs infinite in wiſdom, if he had not created the world? and is he more ſo for beholding the effects, which his own will has wrought in time? Muſt not he be allowed to ſee what himſelf is doing in the world; becauſe all his works *ad extra* are in time? I will not pretend to explain the manner of God's knowing things: and yet what if we ſhould ſay that by that vital and *indiſſoluble union*, he has given all created *ſpirits* to himſelf, he may perceive in himſelf,

ſelf, all the *motions* of their wills, and *ideas* of their minds? Would not this be as conceivable as that the *ſoul* by its *leſs neceſſary* union with the *body*, ſhould perceive what happens in it, (though a diſtinct ſubſtance) by reflection on itſelf? And then for bodies, ſince the *laws of them* eſtabliſhed at the creation of the world, are not like human laws, a dead letter, but a preſent energy, and actual impreſſion, ſtill continued and carried on through the whole ſeries of time; being nothing but the general will of God, *upholding all things by the ſame word of his power*, that firſt formed them; how can we doubt but all the operations of nature are continually *anatomized*, and laid open to the eyes of Him with whom we have to do? For as God is ever contemplating his own *will*, there is not a motion of a ſingle atom in the univerſe, but, being a *particular effect* of the ſame *general will*, and helping on the execution of the ſame natural law, will fall under the inſpection of God. And thus we may affirm with our bleſſed Lord, who beſt underſtood the comprehenſive *will* and *wiſdom* of God: That *without his will a ſparrow falls not to the ground*; *and by his wiſdom the very hairs of your head are numbered.*

I am ſenſible after all, what arguments for a preſcience of future contingencies may be urged from the completion of prophecies, long before foretold, of things which *human liberty* muſt have a great hand in accompliſhing: and I will not pretend to anſwer all that may be brought upon ſo difficult a ſubject; it ſuffices me, if I can lay down ſome probable reaſons for the clearing the method of God's dealings with mankind, which the doctrines generally taught, have (as God himſelf ſpeaks) *darkened with words without knowledge.* The counſel of God is a great deep, which no human underſtanding will ever fathom; and reaſon will always be at a loſs, in queſtions containing any thing of *infinity*. But yet the difficulty in this caſe, would not perhaps be ſo great, if we could diſtinguiſh between thoſe things which God has

decreed, and what he has left free and indifferent: the incarnation of the Son of God, we are certain was a decree, as old *at leaſt* as the ſin of *Adam*; and his death and ſatisfaction was in the intention of God, which he manifeſted to ſucceſſive generations, by his prophets. Now, whatever he has pre-ordained, he is able infallibly to bring to paſs: *For, he who meaſures the waters in the hollow of his hand, and metes out heaven with a ſpan, and comprehends all the duſt of the earth in a meaſure, and weighs the mountains in ſcales, and the hills in a balance:* as the prophet repreſents the unſearchable wiſdom and power of God: He who has all the powers of nature at his command, and can direct, incline, influence and govern them as he pleaſes, may be eaſily ſuppoſed, without force and violence, to manage them to his own wiſe purpoſes. And though there be an elective principle in the ſouls of men, which he will not irreſiſtibly bias: yet, by the uſe his wiſdom can make of the good, and evil he finds in the world, all things ſhall conſpire to promote, aſſiſt, and accompliſh the deſigns of his Providence, and to make good his promiſes and threatenings to mankind.

If we would apprehend God rightly, we muſt contemplate him as the *eternal* and *univerſal* Being, the fountain of all creatures, from whence they flow, and whither they return as the rivers into the ſea: we muſt know him by that name he has given himſelf, and which unfolds his nature more than any other, *I am that I am.* For, He is *being* itſelf, and cannot be reduced under any claſs of it. Though he be ſaid to be a *Spirit*, yet that is rather to diſtinguiſh him from *matter*, than to reſemble him to thoſe ſpirits we carry in our boſoms; however, they partake of ſome qualities, which he poſſeſſes in the moſt eminent manner. As he is an *infinite*, or *univerſal Being*, he will always maintain the character of an *infinite* and *univerſal cauſe* in his actions, and in every thing diſcover the ſymptoms of an unlimited power, and wiſdom. His *underſtanding* is the eternal treaſury of all *neceſſary truths*, comprehending

prehending at one view all the relations of things, and his *will* is nothing elſe but his *almighty power*, diſplaying itſelf as his infinite wiſdom ſhall preſcribe: and as he is thus conſidered, there appears ſo vaſt a difference betwixt the capacities of God and men, that he might very well declare of himſelf as he does; *My thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways. For, as the heavens are higher than the earth, ſo are my ways higher than your ways ſaith the Lord.* That is, he acts by an eternal, and unchangeable wiſdom, and by a will efficacious, and univerſal: and therefore he cannot but act in the wiſeſt and beſt manner poſſible.

The rule that God conſtantly obſerves in his works of creation and providence, and equally purſues both in the laws of nature, and grace, is to act in the moſt *general* and *uniform* manner, and never to effect by ways complex and various, what may be done by thoſe that are ſimple, ſhort and uncompounded. He acts always agreeably to his nature, and will not break through the meaſures of Divine Wiſdom, to do a thing, which to human reaſon, would appear extremely welcome to the neceſſities of his creatures, or perfect and wonderful in itſelf; if there be wanting that due *proportion*, betwixt the action of God, and ſo excellent a performance, which may be found betwixt a leſs perfect deſign, and the action that produces it.

By little things to illuſtrate great ones, we may ſay of God, that he could have created a much perfecter world than that which we inhabit; he could have made the ſurface of the earth even, and uniform, adorned and enriched with ſeas, and rivers, in an exacter order, and gayer variety than is to be met with in the canals and gardens of the greateſt Princes; he could have adjuſted the ſeaſons of the year, and the tempers of the air, and heavens with ſuch care and niceneſs, that every grain of the field ſhould arrive to its due perfection and not a bloſſom ſhould have withered before the fruit was ſet; nor the fruit itſelf have untimely fallen, and periſhed before it came

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to maturity. Thus he could have eſtabliſhed ſuch laws for the increaſe, and propagation of living creatures, as might have prevented monſters, in the univerſe, whether among men or beaſts.

And if we paſs from the viſible world to the inviſible, we may affirm that he could have created our ſouls unobnoxious to ſin, and that he could have ordained ſuch an order of grace, and mercy, as would have effectually ſaved every one of them from a miſerable eternity. But in ſaying he could have done this, we only conſider his power; whereas to ſpeak properly, he could do nothing but what is agreeable to infinite, and Eternal Wiſdom; and becoming his character as an univerſal cauſe.

[*To be continued.*]

An extract from a Courſe of SERMONS, *upon Death, Judgment, Heaven, and Hell.*

[By a late Author.]

[*Continued from page* 152.]

WHEN now that grand ſeparation has been made between the good and the bad, which could never be made in life; and the two great diviſions now ſtand on the right and on the left of the judgment-ſeat of Chriſt; then is to follow the mighty cloſure of the whole. The ſentence is then to be paſt upon both. And both are to be conſigned to that place of reſidence, for which they have been qualifying their minds and attempering their diſpoſitions on earth.

Of this wonderful part of the ſolemnity, our Saviour has given us the following account, "When the Son of Man," ſays he, "ſhall come in his glory, and all the holy angels with

with him; then ſhall he ſit upon the throne of his glory. And before him ſhall be gathered all nations; and he ſhall ſeparate them one from another, as a ſhepherd divideth his ſheep from the goats. And he ſhall ſet the ſheep on his right hand, but the goats on the left. Then ſhall the King ſay unto them on his right hand, Come, ye bleſſed children of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world. For I was an hungred, and ye gave me meat; I was thirſty, and ye gave me drink; I was a ſtranger, and ye took me in; naked, and ye clothed me; I was ſick, and ye viſited me; I was in priſon, and ye came unto me. Then ſhall the righteous anſwer him, ſaying, Lord, when ſaw we thee an hungred, and fed thee; or thirſty, and gave thee drink? When ſaw we thee a ſtranger, and took thee in; or naked, and cloathed thee? or when ſaw we thee ſick or in priſon, and came unto thee? And the King ſhall anſwer and ſay unto them, Verily I ſay unto you, In as much as ye have done it unto one of the leaſt of theſe my brethren, ye have done it unto me. Then ſhall he ſay alſo unto them on the left hand, Depart from me, ye curſed, into everlaſting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels. For I was an hungred, and ye gave me no meat; I was thirſty, and ye gave me no drink; I was a ſtranger, and ye took me not in; naked, and ye cloathed me not; ſick and in priſon, and ye viſited me not. Then ſhall they alſo anſwer him, ſaying, Lord, when ſaw we thee an hungred, or athirſt, or a ſtranger, or ſick, or in priſon, and did not miniſter unto thee? Then ſhall he anſwer them, ſaying, Verily I ſay unto you, In as much as ye did it not to one of the leaſt of theſe, ye did it not to me. And theſe ſhall go away into everlaſting puniſhment, but the righteous into life eternal."

This account is given us, we muſt remember, by Him who is to act the very part here attributed to the Son of Man. He is the Son of Man himſelf, and here ſpeaks of what he himſelf is to perform. And he ſhews us, that our charity to

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one another, our attention to the wants, and our relief of the neceſſities, of our poor brethren, in this our ſtate of trial, will be greatly inſiſted upon by him at the hour of judgment. Wretched as we are made even in this world by the fall, by the introduction of ſin into the world, and by the coming of miſery along with it, miſery, that ſure attendant upon ſin; God has compaſſionately united our duty to Him with our charity to one another. He has fixed our acceptance at his judgment-ſeat, upon the ground of our being kind to our brethren. And he has declared the one to be abſolutely neceſſary to the other.

But then, we muſt remember: Charity, however great and glorious, will not be ſufficient of itſelf at that day of rigorous account. It will not make up for one indulged ſin. It will not atone for one unrepented wickedneſs.—In the prevailing ſpirit of charity, that ſo honourably marks the preſent times, this ſpirit has been rated too highly. And our Saviour's account of the day of judgment has been appealed to, to confirm the fancy. But his account means only this, That if other graces of the Chriſtian life are not wanting, this will greatly recommend us to the favour of our Judge. All other virtues alſo will be taken into conſideration, though this will be eſteemed as one of the principal. The whole circle of Chriſtian diſpoſitions, the whole round of Chriſtian practices, will be taken into the view of our Judge. And all our actions, all our words, and all our thoughts will be weighed in the balance together, at that moment of unerring deciſion for eternity.

When all theſe have been fairly ſcanned from the books of God, and the whole goodneſs or badneſs of every ſon and daughter of Adam now ſtands forth in full diſplay before the eye of the Judge; he will then proceed to pronounce the ſentence, and aſſign them their ſeveral degrees of reward or puniſhment. And let us picture to ourſelves this grand act, the maſter-piece of the whole. Let us ſuppoſe, that we now

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at this inſtant behold the awful Judge, arrayed in the manner in which he is deſcribed by Daniel; with "a garment white as ſnow, and the hair of his head like pure wool; his throne like the fiery flame, and its wheels as burning fire; a fiery ſtream iſſuing and coming forth before him." Let us ſuppoſe, that we ſee him at this inſtant riſing up to pronounce the ſentence, with the appearance of the manhood and the majeſty of the Godhead united together. Pleaſure and indignation will then mingle on his face. He will appear rejoicing with ſatisfaction over the thouſands and ten thouſands of the religious, who will be ſtanding on his right hand, and to whom he is going to declare the approbation of God, and to deliver the happineſs of heaven. He will appear calmly angry at the thouſands and ten thouſands of the wicked, who will be ranged on his left, on whom he is now to pronounce the curſe of God, and to whom he is to aſſign the miſeries of hell.

With theſe different paſſions blending on his face, he now begins to riſe from the ſeat of judgment. Every eye, among the millions on either ſide of him, will be ſtedfaſtly fixed upon him, ready almoſt to ſtart from their ſockets, and eagerly marking his important movements. The fate of the world depends upon them. The everlaſting deſtiny of the whole race of man is to be determined by them. And every heart will beat with a tranſport or a fear, vaſtly beyond all that they have ever felt before. Awe keeps the good angels in a ſolemn ſuſpence of attention. And horror freezes up the ſpirits of the devils, into a kind of half-inſenſibility to the act.

He is now riſen. He ſtands upon the upper ſtep of the judgment-ſeat. He addreſſes himſelf to the two diviſions of good and bad. He firſt ſpeaks to thoſe on his right. And, as he ſpeaks, they lean forward with aſtoniſhing eagerneſs to catch the muſic of his words. "Come," he cries with a ſmile that ſhews a kind of heaven opening in his countenance, "Come, ye bleſſed of my Father, and inherit the king-

dom prepared for you from the foundation of the world." Come, ye who in the midſt of a thouſand temptations from a fallen world, and under many and great failings from your fallen natures, have yet approved yourſelves upon the whole to be the ſervants of religion, the diſciples of your Redeemer, and the friends of your God; and who have now been approved of by your God and your Redeemer, and placed at the right hand of the throne: come with me, and enter into the everlaſting manſions of glory, from which I am juſt now come. I was once in the fleſh like you. This human form, which ye now ſee, reminds you that I was once expoſed to all the weakneſſes of your fallen nature. I can therefore make every allowance for your failings. My ſufferings atone for them. And ye now ſtand before me, as acquitted of every guilt, as abſolved from every offence, and as the favourite children of your heavenly Father. Come then with me; and I will now aſcend with you to "your Father and my Father, and to your God and my God."

[*To be continued.*]

An Extract from the Surveys of two DANISH MISSIONARIES *to the* East-Indies: *in ſeveral Letters to their Correſpondents in* Europe.

LETTER VII.

[*Continued from page 156.*]

SOON after our arrival here, ſome well-diſpoſed *Germans* entreated us, to give them ſome inſtruction. We were glad of this opportunity, and ſet up an exerciſe of piety in our own houſe. On the ſame day we were to begin, the Governor ſent for us to dinner; and having diſcourſed the

point

point with us, he ſaid, That he neither could, nor intended to hinder any way the work we were about; though he could be more glad, to ſee it publicly done in the *Daniſh* Church here. We replied, we would begin in our own houſe, till we received further orders from him. Coming home, we found the houſe crouded with people, to hear the word of God, whom we readily ſerved as well as we could. But ſome ill-diſpoſed men, highly diſpleaſed with our deſign, began to exclaim againſt it. However, this proved but a means to draw more people, and ſome, even of the firſt rank, would now and then come to hear us, ſo that the room in our houſe was hardly big enough to hold them. At laſt the Governor ſent his ſecretary, and enquired, whether we had a mind to preach once a week in the Church here? We ſaid, we were ready for it at any time, if we had but the approbation of the *Daniſh* Miniſters; which the Governor, after the removal of ſome obſtacles, brought about at laſt. We preſented the *Daniſh* Church with two and twenty pſalm-books. And from that time, viz. from the month of December 1706, we have conſtantly continued to preach therein. We had abundance of difficulties to ſtruggle with in carrying this point; but find now ſuch a bleſſing from thence, that it affords us matter of joy and comfort. By this means we had now a fair opportunity to lay the word of God before Heathens, Mahometans, and Chriſtians. Truly, we often did not know, from whence to fetch the neceſſary ſupplies, to ſupport both ſpirit and body; having been all along engaged from morning till night, to converſe with all ſorts of people. But the Lord hath hitherto aſſiſted us ſo powerfully, that both Chriſtians and Heathens begin to be convinced, that *God is with us*; eſpecially ſince they ſee, that by his grace we endeavour to render our life and converſation conformable to the doctrine we preach.

We muſt needs ſay, that what we have undertaken hitherto, in ſingleneſs of heart, has been attended with the conviction

of many, and the converſion of ſome ſouls. The firſt of our baptiſmal acts was ſolemnly performed in the *Daniſh* Church with five Heathens, which were chriſtened, after they had given an account of all the Articles of the Chriſtian Faith. This they did with ſuch readineſs of mind, that many old people were aſhamed thereat, and we ourſelves convinced, they had a ſound ſenſe of what they outwardly performed. Nay, God hath aſſiſted us ſo far, that we have been able to build a Church among the *Malabarians* here. In the name of God, and in hopes of being ſupported by our King, we laid the foundation of it, beſtowing thereon all we could poſſibly ſpare from our yearly penſion. Every one that ſaw it, laughed at it as a ſilly and raſh deſign, and cried us down for ſots, venturing upon a thing, which, they thought, would certainly come to nothing. However, we proſecuted our deſign, a friend ſending fifty rixdollars towards it. By this forwardneſs of our work, the enemies were confounded, and ſome of them did then contribute ſomething themſelves; which proved no ſmall comfort to us. Thus is the building finiſhed at laſt. It lies without the town, in the midſt of a multitude of *Malabarians*, near the high road, built all of ſtone. It was conſecrated the fourteenth of Auguſt, which was the eighth Sunday after Trinity, in the preſence of a great conflux of Heathens, Mahometans and Chriſtians; who had a ſermon preached to them both in *Portugueſe* and *Malabarick*.

This ſolemnity was performed to the no ſmall aſtoniſhment of abundance of people, who viſibly diſcovered the finger of God attending us all along in this work. And thus we have now, for ſeven weeks together, performed the public ſervice in our *Jeruſalem*, (this being the name we have given to our new-built Church) by preaching, catechizing, and adminiſtering the ſacrament of the Lord's Supper. We continue alſo to preach every Wedneſday, in our native language, in the *Daniſh* Church, called *Sion*. Every Sunday morning we preach in our Church *Portugueſe*, and in the afternoon *Malabarick*,

labarick, each ſermon being concluded with a ſhort catechizing of children. The ſame is obſerved every Friday; only, that one day we perform it in *Malabarick*, and the other in *Portugueſe*. Multitudes of people flock together to hear us, Malabarians, Blacks, and Chriſtians, every one being allowed to come in, let him be Heathen, Mahometan, Papiſt, or Proteſtant. However, our ſmall congregation more nearly committed to our charge, have their peculiar ſeats fitted up for them.

At this rate the work of God runs on amain. Our congregation conſiſts of ſixty three perſons; and another is to be baptized to morrow. We hope, more will ſhortly come over, there being pretty many up and down, that have already received a favourable impreſſion of the Chriſtian Religion. There is a blind man in our congregation, endued with a large meaſure of the Spirit of God, who begins to be very ſerviceable to us in the catechizing of others. He has ſuch an holy zeal for Chriſtianity, that every one is aſtoniſhed at his fervent and affectionate delivery in points of Religion. We cannot expreſs, what a tender love we bear to our new planted congregation. Nay, our love is arrived to that degree; and our forwardneſs to ſerve that nation, is come to that pitch, that we are reſolved to live and die with them; though, according to the tenor of our engagement, we might have liberty to return to *Denmark* after a ſtay of three or five years in this country. At leaſt, we cannot harbour as yet any thoughts of returning home, though we be daily expoſed to the perſecutions of our enemies on all ſides, and taken up all the day long with uninterrupted buſineſs to carry on the deſign once begun. I am ſure you would wonder, if we ſhould give you an account at large of all the oppoſitions we have met with hitherto. Yet all theſe engines, ſet on work by the devil, have only ſerved the more glorioufly to diſplay the work of God, and to unite us the nearer to Him, who is the only ſupport of the diſtreſſed. Heathens

and

and Mahometans are kind enough to us, and love to be in our company; notwithſtanding we have all along laid open to them the vanity of their idolatrous and ſuperſtitious worſhip. But thoſe that pretend to be Chriſtians, and are worſe than Heathens at the bottom, have ſhewn us all the ſpite and malice they ever could. However, there is a remnant left among them too, that love to be ſincerely dealt with.

[*To be continued.*]

Farther THOUGHTS *on* SEPARATION *from the* CHURCH.

1. FROM a child I was taught to love and reverence the Scripture, the Oracles of God: and next to theſe, to eſteem the Primitive Fathers, the Writers of the three firſt centuries. Next after the Primitive Church, I eſteemed our own, the Church of *England*, as the moſt Scriptural, National Church in the world. I therefore, not only aſſented to all the doctrines, but obſerved all the rubric in the Liturgy: and that with all poſſible exactneſs, even at the peril of my life.

2. In this judgment, and with this ſpirit I went to *America*, ſtrongly attached to the Bible, the Primitive Church, and the Church of *England*, from which I would not vary in one jot or tittle on any account whatever. In this ſpirit I returned as regular a Clergyman as any in the three kingdoms: till after not being permitted to preach in the Churches, I was conſtrained to *preach in the open air*.

3. Here was my firſt *irregularity*. And it was not voluntary but conſtrained. The ſecond was *extemporary* prayer. This likewiſe I believed to be my bounden duty, for the ſake of thoſe who deſired me to watch over their ſouls. I could not in conſcience refrain from it: neither from accepting thoſe, who deſired to ſerve me *as ſons in the Goſpel*.

4. When

4. When the people joined together, ſimply to help each other to heaven, increaſed by hundreds and thouſands, ſtill they had no more thought of leaving the Church than of leaving the kingdom. Nay, I continually and earneſtly cautioned them againſt it: reminding them that we were a part of the Church of *England*, whom God had raiſed up, not only to ſave our own ſouls, but to enliven our neighbours, thoſe of the Church in particular. And at the firſt meeting of all our Preachers in Conference, in June 1744, I exhorted them to keep to the Church, obſerving, that this was our peculiar glory, Not to form any New Sect, but abiding in our own Church, to do to all men all the good we poſſibly could.

5. But as more Diſſenters joined with us, many of whom were much prejudiced againſt the Church, theſe, with or without deſign, were continually infuſing their own prejudices into their brethren. I ſaw this, and gave warning of it from time to time, both in private and in public. And in the year 1758, I reſolved to bring the matter to a fair iſſue. So I deſired the point might be conſidered at large, Whether it was expedient for the Methodiſts to leave the Church? The arguments on both ſides were diſcuſſed for ſeveral days; and at length we agreed, without a diſſenting voice, "It is by no means expedient that the Methodiſts ſhould leave the Church of *England*."

6. Nevertheleſs, the ſame leaven continued to work, in various parts of the kingdom. The grand argument (which in ſome particular caſes muſt be acknowledged to have weight) was this: "The Miniſter of the pariſh wherein we dwell, neither lives nor preaches the Goſpel. He walks in the way to hell himſelf, and teaches his flock to do the ſame. Can you adviſe them to attend his preaching?" I cannot adviſe them to it. "What then can they do, on the Lord's-day, ſuppoſe no other Church be near? Do you adviſe them to go to a diſſenting Meeting? Or to meet in their own Preaching-houſe?" Where this is really the caſe, I cannot blame them if they do. Although

Although therefore I earneſtly oppoſe the *general* Separation of the Methodiſts from the Church, yet I cannot condemn ſuch a *partial* Separation, in this particular caſe. I believe to ſeparate thus far from theſe miſerable wretches, who are the ſcandal of our Church and nation, would be for the honour of our Church, as well as to the glory of God.

7. And this is no way contrary to the profeſſion which I have made above theſe fifty years. I never had any deſign of ſeparating from the Church. I have no ſuch deſign now. I do not believe, the Methodiſts in general deſign it, when I am no more ſeen. I do and will do, all that is in my power to prevent ſuch an event. Nevertheleſs, in ſpite of all that I can do, many of them will ſeparate from it: (although I am apt to think, not one half, perhaps not a third of them.) Theſe will be ſo bold and injudicious, as to form a ſeparate party, which conſequently will dwindle away, into a dry, dull, ſeparate party. In flat oppoſition to theſe, I declare once more, that I live and die a member of the Church of *England*: and that none who regard my judgment or advice, will ever ſeparate from it.

JOHN WESLEY.

London, Dec. 11, 1789.

LETTERS.

LETTER DXXVI.

[From Miſs A. Loxdale, to the Rev. J. Weſley.]

Jan. 28, 1782.

Dear Sir,

THE mercy of my Lord is great to me the moſt unworthy of his children. In the reading of your precious letter he was pleaſed to reſtore to me the bleſſing my ſoul longed for,

for, of having my mind conſtantly ſtaid upon him. But it is not *now* as in times paſt. *Then* neither buſineſs, nor the company with which I was ſurrounded; no nor the converſation of ſerious people whom I much loved, could interrupt, for a moment, the deep communion I enjoyed, or draw my thoughts from the central point of bliſs. But *now* I find, at times, it would be an eaſy matter; and that I am only ſafe while calling on the Lord for ſtrength, and watching unto prayer.

What you ſaid, reſpecting the manifeſtations of God to his dear children, was particularly bleſſed to my ſoul. I daily experience that I cannot bear them even in that *ſmall* degree I have been favoured with; but my will in this reſpect is, I truſt, *wholly* reſigned. I ſeek nothing, but an entire devotedneſs of ſoul to God; to ſink into nothingneſs, and feel God all in all. I want to ſpeak, act and think, as in his immediate preſence. I do not know any thing in my ſoul that is not given up to God; and I have the cleareſt evidence, which neither man nor devil have been able to ſhake, that I love him with my whole heart: yet I am ſenſible I live greatly beneath my privileges; but I hunger and thirſt after righteouſneſs, and my ſoul unceaſingly pants for God. Glory be to his dear name, I ſeek nothing elſe, I deſire nothing elſe.

"Nothing will I know beſide;
My Lord, my Love is crucified."

When I had the happineſs of being with dear Mr. Fletcher, he ſpoke to me of the deep things of God. He told me what was the fulneſs of the *preſent diſpenſation*, and what it was my privilege to enjoy. The Lord applied what he ſaid, giving me wiſdom to receive it with gladneſs. Since then, theſe precious texts have been conſtantly applied: "All things are poſſible, &c." "Whatſoever ye aſk in my name *believing*, ye *ſhall* receive." "Aſk and receive that your joy may be full, &c." I often feel *ſtrong* after the *inward man*, and have *believed*

God was *then* ready to give me a *fulneſs* of the ſalvation, which Jeſus has purchaſed for *me* with his precious blood.

I have, when in this happy frame, thrown myſelf down at the feet of my God. I could aſk in faith, feeling the power of God reſting on me. But before I have been on my knees two minutes, I am ſeized with ſuch a violent ſickneſs, that I cannot utter a word. This is not only now and then, but conſtantly five or ſix times a day. I cannot bear the *very leaſt* exertion. Either joy, grief, praying, ſinging, reading, or ſometimes ſpeaking, affects me more or leſs in the ſame manner. You will therefore ſee, my dear Sir, that *patience* and *reſignation* are the graces I moſt need, and which are moſt exerciſed; and may I ſpeak it with the deepeſt humility, giving all the glory to God!

At ſuch times my heart praiſes him for that diſpenſation, and my inmoſt ſoul cries out, "Lord thy will be done," and even theſe times of pain are made ſweet ſeaſons to me. I ſometimes think, unleſs it was the will of my dear Lord to remove my complaint, and ſtrengthen my poor, weak, feeble body; I am unable to love him with that intenſe, ardent, burning affection, my ſoul longs for. Chriſt ſays, love one another, as *I* have loved you. So amazing is the love of Jeſus to ſinners, even unto me, that I feel incapable to comprehend it. Then I think, if I am to love all the children of God with ſuch a great degree of love; how ought I to love Chriſt himſelf! As far above them as my obligations are ſuperior. O my deareſt God fill, fill my deſiring ſoul with ſuch love! Well, in eternity I ſhall have no hinderances; but be enabled to love my God, ſo as tongue cannot tell, or thought conceive. I am often led to conſider this; and rejoice in hope of the glory, which ſhall be revealed with joy unſpeakable. My ſiſter (I bleſs the Lord) goes on well, and I hope we ſhall be helpers to each other in the faith. She deſires her Chriſtian love to you.

I write

I write to you with the greateſt freedom, from the ſimplicity of my heart. I have, from the time I was under convictions, felt as great a love for you, as if I had been perſonally acquainted with you. "Love is of God," &c. With the greateſt reſpect, eſteem and gratitude, I remain, dear Sir,

Moſt affectionately yours,

A. LOXDALE.

LETTER DXXVII.

[From Mr. T. Simpſon, to the Rev. J. Weſley.]

Feb. 12, 1782.

Rev. and dear Sir,

FOR ſome weeks paſt I have found a gradual deliverance from thoſe painful reaſonings of mind, and buffetings of Satan, whereby my ſoul was well nigh ready to ſink within me. Since Wedneſday laſt I have enjoyed an almoſt uninterrupted peace, with ſuch confidence in God, through Chriſt, who is truly precious to my ſoul, that I am ready to conclude, "The winter is paſt, the rain is over and gone; for the flowers appear on the earth." Never did I better underſtand thoſe words of David, Pſalm xxiii. 3, "He reſtoreth my ſoul," than at this preſent time. I can now lay me down in peace, I am refreſhed in my ſleep, both in body and mind. I ariſe with thankfulneſs, for my duty is my delight.

When again and again you encouraged me, or, I may ſay, endeavoured to encourage me, by telling me that by this viſitation God was about to deepen his work in my ſoul, I could hardly believe it; for, with Jacob, I was almoſt continually ſaying, "All theſe things are againſt me." But now, I feel ſome of thoſe peaceable fruits of righteouſneſs, which always are either the attendants or conſequences of ſanctified afflictions. I may now ſay, my greateſt concern is, that I

may not loſe any of thoſe uſeful leſſons, which the Lord intends I ſhould learn by my late painful exerciſes. If my future life ſhould be according to my preſent reſolutions, I firmly believe I ſhall never again paſs through ſuch deep waters: for though the Lord has wonderfully ſupported and delivered me; yet I cannot think he has any pleaſure in afflicting his children, when they liſten to the milder whiſpers of his love. But the duties of my calling prevent me from writing long letters, otherwiſe at preſent I would go on to juſtify the ways of God to man; for I ſtill will ſay, "Thou in faithfulneſs haſt afflicted me."

With my earneſt prayers for your proſperity, I remain, Rev. and dear Sir,

Your obliged Servant and Son in the Goſpel,

T. SIMPSON.

LETTER DXXVIII.

[From Mrs. Eliza Bradburn, to the Rev. J. Weſley.]

Bradford, Feb. 24. 1768.

Hon. and very dear Sir,

SINCE I received your laſt kind favour, the Lord has been pleaſed to bring me through the furnace of affliction. O that I could ſay, I have come out ſeven times purified as gold!

For ten weeks paſt, I have laboured under a complaint of a very trying nature, indeed the moſt ſo, that I ever ſuffered in my life. But my God, who is jealous to have my whole heart, did not ſee this chaſtiſement ſufficient for me; and therefore ſuffered me to be tried in a much ſeverer manner, than I could be from an affliction, which concerned myſelf alone.

You may remember, dear Sir, to have ſeen our little boy at Kighley; who was almoſt three years old, and juſt beginning

ning to be a moſt engaging child, full of health and ſpirits. He was taken a little poorly on Monday the eleventh, and continued to be ſo, two or three days. We apprehended he was taking the ſmall-pox; but not ſeeing any appearance of an eruption, though he continued to ſhew ſymptoms of pain in his head, and ſickneſs in his ſtomach; I was rather alarmed: therefore his father went early on Friday morning for Mr. Floyde, who came immediately; and told me, I need be under no diſagreeable apprehenſions on his account, for, though he thought it a fever, he would give him ſome powders, which would, with the bleſſing of God, relieve his head and ſtomach. I believe they were of uſe, for, he did not complain near ſo much the next day, as he had done before.

On Saturday night when I went to bed, I left him (as I thought) much better; but this did not laſt long, for he began to be greatly agitated about two o'clock, and at five he fell into ſtrong convulſions, the firſt of which laſted, without interruption, two hours; notwithſtanding we got all the aſſiſtance we could for him, from the Doctors in Bradford. At ſeven his poor father was obliged to leave me, with a heavy heart, as he had to preach at Eccleſhill at eight; fearing he would never behold him alive any more. His fears were but too well grounded; for, at half paſt nine he breathed his laſt.

I know, my dear Sir, you are poſſeſſed of too much ſenſibility, not to judge more juſtly what my feelings were, on this diſtreſſing occaſion, than would be in my power to deſcribe. His father was afflicted above meaſure, at his return, which was about ten, and has ever ſince been very ill, more ſo than I ever knew him to be, ſince we were married. He again engaged in his labours yeſterday, and is now in the circuit; having no perſon here to aſſiſt him in preaching. I am myſelf very poorly, and am not ſure that I have quite five weeks to reckon.

I requeſt, my dear Sir, you will remember in your approaches to the throne of your heavenly Father, (in whoſe ſight

ſight I know you are precious) your weak diſtreſſed child, and help me by your fatherly admonitions. May I flatter myſelf that what I hear is true, that you intend viſiting theſe parts this ſummer? If ſo, I need not tell you what pleaſure your preſence will give me; as I am perſuaded you do not doubt, either of the ſincerity, or ſtrength of my love, or gratitude. But O! my dear Sir, if the Lord ſhould be pleaſed to ſpare me, to have that privilege, I could wiſh to feel myſelf more what I know would give you ſatisfaction; I mean, to have more of the mind of Chriſt. I find, glory be to him, that I have a meaſure of it; but ſtill I feel an aching void; I am not yet filled with his fulneſs; Lord help me to be all in earneſt; for, I ſee nothing leſs than ſtriving and agonizing will do.

I am, honoured and very dear Sir, with many prayers for your preſent and eternal happineſs,

Your very affectionate, though unworthy Child,

ELIZA BRADBURN.

POETRY.

SHORT HYMNS

[By the late Rev. C. Weſley.]

HYMN XII.

On MATT. iv. ver. 22.—*They immediately left the ſhip, and followed him.*

THE ſacred charge who undertakes,
Th' Apoſtles' genuine ſucceſſor;
He all his earthly hopes forſakes,
With all his fond attachments here;
Puts off his nature's ſoft exceſs,
And only lives his God to pleaſe.

Lord

Lord we thy Spirit's call obey,
The ſervants of thy Church below;
Without regret, without delay,
Our friends, our all for Thee forego;
And, enrichèd by poverty,
Our more than all reſtorèd in Thee.

On the DEATH *of Mrs.* JOANNA TURNER.

[By Miſs C—.]

WEEP on, ye friends: indulge the pious tear:
The pious tear, to worth and virtue due!
Let fall the precious drops, and bathe the bier
Of her, who oft has wept and prayèd for you!

Let ſouls of adamant their firmneſs boaſt:
(Unfeeling ſons of apathy, their name:)
To all the tender ties of nature loſt:
Ye hardenèd wretches, glory in your ſhame!

But come, ye feeling few, who truly mourn!
Who know not yet the Stoic's pageant pride;
Bedew, with me, this conſecrated urn:
But know, that Death was conqueréd ere ſhe died!

Say not, bold man,* "'tis hopeleſs ſinners grieve:"
Go view the tomb where favouréd *Laz'rus* ſlept:
There, O ye Chriſtians, there your part receive:
Learn there to weep;—for, there your Jeſus wept!

Give, give your ſcruples to the ſweeping wind:
The ſcruple, in effect, your God prophanes;
Obſerve, and copy His more gentle mind;
And pour your tribute o'er theſe lovèd remains.

* A Gentleman of *Trowbridge*.

See there, ye poor, ſee there *Joanna* lies!
She, who your every want has oft relieved:
Your *Tabitha*, your benefactreſs, dies!
Now grieve for her, who for your ſorrows grieved!

Ye tender objects too, come, take your ſhare:
Ye helpleſs orphans, mourn around her tomb:
Once, once alas! ye proved her pious care:
She ſaw—ſhe felt—ſhe eaſed—your hapleſs doom.

Let Zion's daughters raiſe their voices high!
Thoſe daughters ſhe with heavenly counſel fed:
Tell, tell to all; and never ceaſe the cry:
A mother in our Iſrael now is dead!

The PRIMROSE BANK.

WHEN life was young, and days ſerene,
My heart enjoyed the rural ſcene;
The Primroſe pale, and Vi'let blue,
Had ſomething ſimple, fine, and new;
And every buſh and budding tree
Conveyed a world of bliſs to me.
But now, ſince ſober time has ſhed
His grave dominion o'er my head,
My languid ſpirits faint and tire,
For want of ſomething new t' admire:
For, lo, theſe beauties all appear,
But only, as they did laſt year;
And fly as ſwiftly as they came,
And will, in future years, the ſame.
Thus, many a year, and month, and day,
I've marked their progreſs and decay:
And ever find their promiſe vain,
Becauſe they bloom to die again.
Thus, in the round of mortal things,
No laſting joy or pleaſure ſprings;
But joys, that riſe in yonder ſky,
For ever bloom, and never die.



Mr. JOHN GAULTIER.

Æt 24.

THE Arminian Magazine,

For MAY 1790.

An Illuſtration of Part of the Seventh Chapter of the Epiſtle to the Romans, from verſe 14, to the end of the Chapter.

By JAMES SMITH, *Miniſter in* DUMFERMLINE.

[*Continued from page* 175.]

A more particular Explanation of the ſeveral Verſes.

Ver. 16. *If then I do that which I would not, I conſent unto the law, that it is good.*

THIS is an inference from the former verſe, the obvious ſenſe of which is, that men, even in an unconverted ſtate, approve of the law of God: they ſee its propriety and equity, conſequently their judgment approveth of it as good, though their paſſions and inclinations oppoſe it. It is not ſuppoſed here, that the man at all times conſents to the whole of God's law as good: this inference is limited by what he ſaid in the former verſe. If then I do that which I would not, in this I

conſent unto the goodneſs of that law, which forbids the evil which I would not, and yet commit it. It was not every evil which St. Paul hated, that he did; nor did he always feel that hatred, which he mentions, againſt the ſins he committed; he only mentions it as a thing which frequently happened, that evils which he hated were actually committed by him; and good deeds, which his conſcience inclined him to do, were not performed: from this the apoſtle infers, concerning theſe good deeds which he was inclined to do, and the evil deeds which his conſcience inclined him to avoid, that this inclination implied the conſent of his judgment unto the goodneſs of theſe laws, which, under theſe circumſtances, he had broken. That the minds of wicked men conſent to the law of God as good, is obvious from their approbation of good actions in others; when they ſometimes wiſh that their own ſouls were in the ſtead of theirs: "Let me die the death of the righteous, ſaid Balaam, and let my latter end be like his."

So far as man is capable of diſtinguiſhing between good and evil, he neceſſarily conſents to the propriety of that law, which enjoins the one, and forbids the other. His paſſions, it is true, make him ſpurn againſt that law which checks them. Then paſſion blinds his underſtanding for a time; but when the paroxyſm is over, and the cloud begins to diſpel, then again the conſcience acknowledges the propriety of theſe laws, which he had been trampling under his feet.

Ver. 22. *For I delight in the Law of God, after the inward man.*

On this verſe chiefly reſts that opinion, the impropriety of which is already ſhewn. The warm imaginations of its fond votaries find in it all the marks of a Chriſtian. In general they aſſert: "To have our inward man, our mind and heart delighted in the law of God, is to have our ſouls delighted in a conformity to God. It is to love God himſelf; to love to be like

like him in the inward man, having the law written on the tables of our hearts; which is the ſum of all religion." This is not reaſoning, it is mere aſſertion; it is not to be inferred from this paſſage, and is plainly contradicted by the context.

There is a rule which judicious commentators always obſerve: if any paſſage appear obſcure, or ſuſceptible of two ſenſes, it muſt be explained in a conſiſtency with the general ſcope of the paſſage; and that interpretation muſt be choſen, which agreeth beſt with the context. Therefore, though it be true in the fulleſt ſenſe, that real ſaints delight in the law of God after the inward man; yet when the general ſcope of the paſſage, and the connection of the ſentence with the context, ſhew us, that St. Paul is here ſpeaking of his unconverted ſtate; then our interpretation of this expreſſion muſt be regulated by its connection with the whole paſſage, as referring to the condition of an unbeliever acting contrary to his conſcience.

I ſhall here firſt inquire into the ſignification of the inward man; and then, ſecondly, ſhew in what ſenſe the unregenerate may be ſaid with their inward man to delight in the law of God. Thoſe, who maintain that St. Paul is here ſpeaking of his condition after converſion, aſſert, that by the inward man is meant, the new man of grace in the heart. Did the context lead to that ſenſe, it might be admitted, though not ſo natural; but the general ſenſe of the whole paſſage leads us to underſtand this expreſſion in its uſual ſignification, which is the rational part of man, in oppoſition to the animal. That this is the uſual ſenſe of the Greek phraſe, hath been ſhewn by ſeveral authors. The two other paſſages where this phraſe occurs in the New Teſtament, are 2 Cor. iv. 16. and Eph. iii. 16. In the firſt, St. Paul ſaith, "We faint not, though our outward man periſh, yet the inward man is renewed day by day." The inward man here muſt ſignify the mind, not what is called the man of grace; that is never ſaid to be renewed, it is not ſuſceptible of renovation; it may grow and be enlarged, and in this the ſoul is ſaid to be renewed, but not the new man. In the other paſſage, Eph. iii. 16.

St. Paul prays for the Epheſians, that they may be ſtrengthened with might, not in the outward man, the body, that was not a matter of ſuch importance, but in *the inward man*, the ſoul; that ſhe might become ſtrong in the faith, fervent in love; and that Chriſt by his Spirit, (according to the promiſe) might dwell in her. *The inward man* always ſignifies the mind; which either may, or may not be the ſubject of grace.

That, which is aſſerted of either the inward or outward man, is often performed by one member or power, and not with the whole man. If any member of the body perform an action, we are ſaid to do it with the body, although the other members be not employed. In like manner, if any power or faculty of the mind be employed about any action, the ſoul is ſaid to act. Our ſouls are not, like the body, made up of many members, they are pure ſpirits, and indiviſible. If the mind wills, it is the ſpirit willing; if ſhe hates, it is the ſoul hating; if ſhe loves, it is the ſoul loving; if conſcience reprove or excuſe, it is the inward man accuſing or excuſing. This expreſſion therefore, "I delight in the law of God after the inward man," can mean no more than this, that there are ſome inward faculties in the ſoul, which delight in the law of God. This expreſſion, *I delight in the law of God after the inward man*, is particularly adapted to the principles of the phariſees, of whom St. Paul was one before his converſion. They received the law as the oracles of God, and confeſſed that it deſerved the moſt ſerious regard. Their veneration was inſpired by a ſenſe of its original, and a full conviction that it was right. To ſome parts of it they paid the moſt ſuperſtitious regard. They had it written upon their phylacteries, and carried theſe about with them at all times. It was often read and expounded in their ſynagogues, and they took ſome degree of pleaſure in ſtudying its precepts. On that account, the prophets and our Saviour agree in ſaying, that they delighted in the law of God; though they regarded not its chief and moſt eſſential precepts.

Ver.

Ver. 18. *For I know, that in me, (that is, in my fleſh) dwelleth no good thing: for to will is preſent with me, but how to perform that which is good, I find not.*

The apoſtle here cautions the church not to entertain that opinion, which, notwithſtanding, hath ſince become very univerſal: *I know* (now, ſaith he, though I knew it not then) *that in me*, (miſtake me not, I do not mean my ſpiritual ſtate, it is my carnal ſtate of which I am ſpeaking) *dwelleth no good thing.* St. Paul here aſſerts that in him dwelleth no good thing. This aſſertion is limited by theſe words, *that is, in my fleſh.* Thoſe, who maintain that the apoſtle is here deſcribing his character as a Chriſtian, underſtand by the word *fleſh* that corruption which ſtill lodged within him. To ſhew the impropriety of this opinion, it is only neceſſary to expreſs it: "In me, that is, in my corruption, there dwelleth no good thing." Nor can the word *fleſh* be taken in its literal ſenſe for the body; becauſe that alſo is a temple for the Holy Ghoſt to dwell in, and he employs the members of the body as inſtruments of righteouſneſs. The word *fleſh* muſt therefore be taken here in that figurative ſenſe, in which it is ſo frequently uſed by the apoſtle. In the 5th verſe he ſaith, "When we were in the *fleſh*, (that is, in an unconverted ſtate,) the motions of ſin, which were by the law, did work in our members to bring forth fruit unto death." The word hath the ſame ſignification in ch. viii. 5, 8, 9. and in many other paſſages. In the ſame ſenſe we muſt underſtand the word here, and then the ſignification of the ſentence is clear: "In me, ſaith St. Paul, that is, before my converſion, when I was in the fleſh, there dwelt no good thing." For, this was never ſaid of one in a ſtate of grace, from the beginning of Geneſis to the end of Revelation.

In this verſe St. Paul accounts for what he had ſaid of his carnal ſtate in the former verſe: he conſented to the law that it was good; was inclined to obſerve it, and yet he obeyed it not;

not: the reaſon was, that his righteouſneſs was but like the morning cloud and early dew. He found himſelf capable of forming good reſolutions; "To will, ſaith he, is preſent with me," but he wanted reſolution; grace to perſevere in accompliſhing thoſe purpoſes, which the knowledge of the law, and the voice of conſcience excited him to form. Theſe inclinations to do good were not permanent; and though at times they were formed within him, yet he performed them not. Though St. Paul in this ſtate found not how to work good, having no good thing dwelling in him; yet he confeſſeth that he wrought evil, with this aggravation, that his conſcience oppoſed the crimes he committed; for, ſaid he,

Ver. 19. ——*The evil which I would not, that I do.*

The original word, here tranſlated *I do*, is very ſtrong: it is uſed by the apoſtle in his epiſtle to the Galatians, chap. v. 21. to denote the manner in which unbelievers commit thoſe ſins, on account of which they are excluded from the kingdom of heaven. The word *evil* is of a very extenſive ſignification; and hence to do evil knowingly, and againſt the dictates of one's conſcience, is the character of the worſt of ſinners. All which ſhews, that this added to what he ſaith in the former verſe, renders the deſcription of that depraved ſtate more full. He could not do good in that ſtate; the neceſſary conſequence was, he did evil, not ignorantly, but knowingly.

[*To be continued.*]

SERMON LVII.

On HEBREWS v. 4.

No man taketh this honour unto himſelf, but he that is called of God, as was Aaron.

1. THERE are exceeding few texts of Holy Scripture, which have been more frequently urged than this againſt Laymen, that are neither Prieſts nor Deacons, and yet

yet take upon them to preach. Many have aſked, How dare any *take this honour to himſelf, unleſs he be called of God, as was Aaron?* And a pious and ſenſible Clergyman ſome years ago publiſhed a Sermon on theſe words, wherein he endeavours to ſhew, That it is not enough to be inwardly called of God to preach, as many imagine themſelves to be, unleſs they are outwardly called by men ſent of God for that purpoſe, as *Aaron was called of God* by *Moſes*.

2. But there is one grievous flaw in this argument, as often as it has been urged. *Called of God as was Aaron!* But Aaron did not preach at all: he was not called to it either by God or man. Aaron was called to miniſter in holy things: to offer up prayers and ſacrifices: to execute the office of a Prieſt. But he was never called to be a Preacher.

3. In antient times the office of a Prieſt and that of a Preacher were known to be entirely diſtinct. And ſo every one will be convinced that impartially traces the matter from the beginning. From *Adam* to *Noah* it is allowed by all, that the firſt-born in every family, was of courſe the Prieſt in that family, by virtue of his Primogeniture. But this gave him no right to be a Preacher, or, (in the ſcriptural language) a Prophet. This office not unfrequently belonged to the youngeſt branch of the family. For in this reſpect God always aſſerted his *right*, to ſend by whom he *would* ſend.

4. From the time of *Noah* to that of *Moſes*, the ſame obſervation may be made. The eldeſt of the family was the Prieſt, but any other might be the Prophet. This, the office of Prieſt, we find *Eſau* inherited by virtue of his birth-right: till he profanely ſold it to *Jacob, for a meſs of pottage*. And this it was which he could never recover, *though he ſought it carefully with tears*.

5. Indeed in the time of *Moſes*, a very conſiderable change was made, with regard to the Prieſthood. God then appointed, that inſtead of the firſt-born in every houſe, a whole tribe ſhould be dedicated to him: and that all that afterwards miniſtered

miniſtered unto him as Prieſts, ſhould be of that tribe. Thus *Aaron* was of the tribe of *Levi*. And ſo likewiſe was *Moſes*. But he was not a Prieſt, though he was the greateſt Prophet that ever lived, before God brought his firſt begotten into the world. Meantime not many of the Levites were Prophets. And if any were, it was a mere accidental thing. They were not ſuch, as being of that tribe. Many, if not moſt of the Prophets, (as we are informed by the antient Jewiſh writers) were of the tribe of *Simeon*. And ſome were of the tribe of *Benjamin* or *Judah*, and probably of other tribes alſo.

6. But we have reaſon to believe, there were, in every age, two ſorts of Prophets. The extraordinary, ſuch as *Nathan*, *Iſaiah*, *Jeremiah*, and many others, on whom the Holy Ghoſt came in an extraordinary manner. Such was *Amos* in particular, who ſaith of himſelf, (ch. vii. 14.) *I was no prophet, neither a prophet's ſon. But I was an herdman, and the Lord ſaid unto me, go, propheſy unto my people Iſrael.* The ordinary were thoſe, who were educated in *the ſchools of the prophets*, one of which was at *Ramah*, over which *Samuel* preſided, 1 Sam. xix. 18. Theſe were trained up to inſtruct the people, and were the ordinary Preachers in their Synagogues. In the New Teſtament they are uſually termed *Scribes*, or νομικοὶ *expounders of the law*. But few, if any of them were Prieſts. Theſe were all along a different order.

7. Many learned men have ſhewn at large, that our Lord himſelf, and all his Apoſtles, built the Chriſtian Church as nearly as poſſible, on the plan of the *Jewiſh*. So, the great High Prieſt of our profeſſion ſent *Apoſtles* and *Evangeliſts* to proclaim glad tidings to all the world, and then *Paſtors*, *Preachers and Teachers*, to build up in the faith, the congregations that ſhould be found. But I do not find, that ever the office of an *Evangeliſt* was the ſame with that of a *Paſtor*, frequently called a *Biſhop*. He preſided over the flock, and adminiſtered the ſacraments: the former aſſiſted him and preached the word, either in one or more congregations. I cannot

prove

prove from any part of the New Teſtament, or from any author of the three firſt centuries, that the office of an *Evangeliſt* gave any man a right to act as a *Paſtor* or *Biſhop*. I believe theſe offices were conſidered as quite diſtinct from each other, till the time of *Conſtantine*.

8. Indeed in that evil hour, when *Conſtantine the Great* called himſelf *a Chriſtian*, and poured in honour and wealth upon the Chriſtians, the caſe was widely altered. It ſoon grew common, for one man to take the whole charge of a congregation, in order to engroſs the whole pay. Hence the ſame perſon acted as Prieſt and Prophet, as Paſtor and Evangeliſt. And this gradually ſpread more and more, throughout the whole Chriſtian Church. Yet even at this day, although the ſame perſon uſually diſcharges both thoſe offices, yet the office of an Evangeliſt or Teacher, does not imply that of a Paſtor, to whom peculiarly belongs the adminiſtration of the ſacraments: neither among the Preſbyterians, nor in the Church of *England*, nor even among the *Roman Catholicks*. All Preſbyterian Churches, it is well known, that of *Scotland* in particular, licenſe men to preach before they are ordained, throughout that whole kingdom. And it is never underſtood, that this appointment to preach, gives them any right to adminiſter the ſacraments. Likewiſe in our own Church, perſons may be authorized to preach, yea, may be Doctors of Divinity, (as was Dr. *Alwood* at *Oxford*, when I reſided there) who are not ordained at all: and conſequently have no right to adminiſter the Lord's ſupper. Yea, even in the Church of *Rome* itſelf, if a Lay-brother believes he is called to go a miſſion, as it is termed, he is ſent out, though neither Prieſt nor Deacon, to execute that office, and not the other.

9. "But may it not be thought that the caſe now before us, is different from all theſe?" Undoubtedly in many reſpects it is. Such a phenomenon has now appeared, as has not appeared in the Chriſtian world before, at leaſt not for many ages. Two young men *ſowed the word of God*, not only in

the Churches; but likewiſe literally *by the high-way ſide*, and indeed in every place, where they ſaw an open door, where ſinners had ears to hear. They were members of the Church of *England*, and had no deſign of ſeparating from it. And they adviſed all that were of it to continue therein, although they joined the *Methodiſt* Society; for, this did not imply leaving their former congregation, but only leaving their ſins. The Church-men might go to Church ſtill: the Preſbyterian, Anabaptiſt, Quaker, might ſtill retain their own opinions, and attend their own congregations. The having a real deſire to flee from the wrath to come, was the only condition required of them. Whoſoever therefore *feared God and worked righteouſneſs*, was qualified for this Society.

10. Not long after, a young man *(Thomas Maxfield)* offered himſelf to ſerve them as a ſon in the goſpel. And then another, *Thomas Richards*, and a little after a third, *Thomas Weſtell*. Let it be well obſerved, on what terms we received theſe, viz. As *Prophets*, not as *Prieſts*. We received them wholly and ſolely, to preach: not to adminiſter ſacraments. And thoſe who imagine, theſe offices to be inſeparably joined, are totally ignorant of the conſtitution of the whole *Jewiſh* as well as Chriſtian Church. Neither the *Romiſh* nor the *Engliſh*, nor the *Preſbyterian* Churches ever accounted them ſo. Otherwiſe we ſhould never have accepted the ſervice, either of Mr. *Maxfield*, *Richards*, or *Weſtell*.

11. In 1744, all the Methodiſt Preachers had their firſt Conference. But none of them dreamed that the being called to preach, gave them any right to adminiſter ſacraments. And when that queſtion was propoſed, "In what light are we to conſider ourſelves?" It was anſwered, "As *extraordinary meſſengers*, raiſed up to provoke the *ordinary* ones to jealouſy." In order hereto, one of our firſt rules was, given to each Preacher, "You are to do *that part* of the work which we appoint." But *what work* was this? Did we ever appoint you to adminiſter ſacraments, to exerciſe the Prieſtly Office? Such a deſign

deſign never entered into our mind: it was the fartheſt from our thoughts. And if any Preacher had taken ſuch a ſtep, we ſhould have looked upon it as a palpable breach of this rule, and conſequently as a recantation of our connexion.

12. For, ſuppoſing (what I utterly deny) that the receiving you as a Preacher, at the ſame time gave an authority to adminiſter the ſacraments; yet it gave you no other authority than to do it, or any thing elſe, *where I appoint*. But where did I appoint you to do this? No where at all. Therefore by this very rule you are excluded from doing it. And in doing it you renounce the firſt principle of Methodiſm, which was wholly and ſolely to preach the goſpel.

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

A ſhort Account of Mr. GEORGE SHADFORD.

[Written by Himſelf.]

[*Continued from page* 185.]

AFTER this, I preached occaſionally for part of two years in the *Epworth* Circuit; and was encouraged by my friends, and by ſeeing the work of God proſper. When Mr. *W.* came into that part of the country, he aſked me if I was willing to give myſelf up wholly to the great work of ſaving ſouls from death. I replied that it was my deſire ſo to do. Accordingly at the *Briſtol* Conference following I was appointed to labour in the Weſt of *Cornwall* for the year 1768. This was a good year to me. I often wondered how the people could bear with my weakneſs; but the Lord owned his poor ſervant, and gave me to ſee the fruit of my labours. I was one day in great danger of loſing my life the firſt time I croſſed *Hale*; but two men at a little

diſtance ſuddenly called aloud, bidding me ſtop and come back. Had I gone a few yards further, myſelf and horſe muſt inevitably have been ſwallowed up in a quickſand. I felt thankful, and went on admiring and adoring the watchful providence of God, my gracious and almighty Deliverer.

I was much affected this year with a remarkable inſtance of the ſudden death of a backſlider, who lived between *Truro* and *Redruth*. He had known the love of God, and walked circumſpectly in the light of his countenance for ſeven years; and was diligent in every means of grace. But he began to give way to lightneſs, and a trifling ſpirit. After this he refuſed to meet his brethren in band, and ſeldom met in Claſs, until at length he entirely gave up both. He came to preaching ſometimes, but began to be very free with his carnal neighbours, and ſhy with the people of God; till at laſt he fell into his old beſetting ſin, drunkenneſs, which he had conquered for ſeven years. One Sabbath-day he went with ſome carnal men to an ale-houſe, or gin-ſhop, and continued there until they all got drunk. At laſt they reſolved to go home though it was dark. Two of them lay down in the road; but the backſlider was determined to go home alone; and as there were pits along the road ſide about fifteen or twenty fathoms deep, he dropped into one of them and was cruſhed to death, leaving a wife and children in deep diſtreſs. Many were greatly affected at this alarming caſe, and ſome backſliders, who were acquainted with him, were ſtirred up to return to him, from whom they had revolted.

The next year I laboured in *Kent* with Mr. *Jaco*. God gave me ſpiritual children here alſo: it was indeed a very trying year, but very profitable to my own ſoul.

In 1770, I was ſent to *Norwich*, and appointed to be the aſſiſtant, which was a great exerciſe of my mind, and hath been ſo ever ſince. We had a revival in *Norwich*, where ſeveral were converted to God. I went to *Lynn* occaſionally this year, and ſtaid a fortnight or three weeks at a time;

time; where the Lord bleſſed my labours, ſo that I joined thirty in Society, of whom ſixteen or eighteen had experienced the goodneſs of God to their ſouls.

After ſtaying two years at *Norwich*, I went to the *Leeds* Conference, where I firſt ſaw Captain *Webb*. When he warmly exhorted Preachers to go to *America*, I felt my ſpirit ſtirred within me to go; more eſpecially when I underſtood that many hundreds of precious ſouls were periſhing through lack of knowledge, ſcattered up and down in various parts of the woods, and had none to warn them of their danger. When I conſidered that we had in *England* many men of grace and gifts far ſuperior to mine; but few ſeemed to offer themſelves willingly; I then ſaw my call the more clearly. Accordingly Mr. *R.* and I offered ourſelves to go the ſpring following, when I received a letter from Mr. *W.* informing me that I was to embark with Captain *Webb* at *Briſtol*.

When I arrived at *Peel*, where the ſhip lay, an awful dream I had ſix years before was brought to my mind. I thought in my ſleep I received a letter from God, which I opened and read, the ſubſtance of which was as follows. "You muſt go to preach the goſpel in a foreign land, unto a fallen people, a mixture of nations." I thought I was conveyed to the place where the ſhip lay, in which I was to embark in an inſtant. The wharf and ſhip appeared as plain to me as if I were awake. I replied, "Lord I am willing to go in thy name; but I am afraid, a people of different nations and languages will not underſtand me." An anſwer to this was given; "Fear not, for I am with thee." I awoke, awfully impreſſed with the preſence of God upon my mind, and was really full of divine love; and a reliſh of it remained upon my ſpirit for many days. I could not tell what this meant, and revolved theſe things in my mind for a long time. But when I came to *Peel*, and ſaw the ſhip and wharf, then all came freſh to my mind. I ſaid to brother *R.* this is the ſhip, the place, and the wharf, which I ſaw in my dream

dream ſix years ago. All theſe things were a means of ſtrengthening and confirming me that my way was of God.

We took leave of our native land, and ſet ſail on Good Friday; often ſinging in our paſſage theſe words,

"The watery deep I paſs, With Jeſus in my view."

and after a comfortable paſſage of eight weeks we arrived ſafe at *Philadelphia*, where we were kindly received by a hoſpitable and loving people. In a few days I croſſed the river Delaware and went to *Trenton*; and laboured in the *Jerſeys* with ſucceſs for a month, adding thirty-five to the Society, many of whom were much comforted with the preſence of the Lord.

In my tour through the *Jerſeys*, coming to a place called *Mountholly*, I met *John Brainard*, brother to the devoted pious *David Brainard*, Miſſionary to the Indians. He appeared to be a very humble, ſerious man. He heard me preach twice in his preaching-houſe in that place, and aſked me to go to an Indian town which lay twenty miles from thence, and ſaid he would collect together all the Indians and white people he could from different parts. I fully purpoſed in my mind to go the firſt opportunity; but, being ſuddenly called to labour at *New-York*, was prevented. We converſed about two hours very profitably, about his brother *David*, and the Indians he had the care of; about Methodiſm and inward religion. He heartily wiſhed us good luck, and ſaid he believed the Lord had ſent us upon the Continent to revive inward religion amongſt them.

One day a friend took me to ſee a hermit in the woods. After ſome difficulty we found his hermitage, which was a little place like a hog-ſty, built of ſeveral pieces of wood, covered with bark of trees; and his bed conſiſted of dry leaves. There was a narrow beaten path about twenty or thirty yards in length by the ſide of it, where he frequently walked to meditate. If one offered him food, he would take it; but if money was offered him, he would be very angry. If any thing was ſpoken to him, which

which he did not like, he broke out into a violent paſſion. He had lived in this cell ſeven cold winters; and after all his prayers, counting his beads, and ſeparating from the reſt of mankind, ſtill corrupt nature was all alive within him. Alas! alas! what will it avail us, whether we are in *England* or *Ireland*, *Scotland* or *America*; whether we live amongſt mankind, or retire into a hermitage, if we ſtill carry with us our own hell, our corrupt evil tempers! The devil will only laugh at us, while we are ſtrangers to true repentance, and living faith in the blood of the Redeemer. It is this alone that can remove our guilt, purify the ſoul, and give us victory over the world, the fleſh, and the devil; make us comfortable in our own ſouls, and uſeful to others. As no man lighteth a candle and putteth it under a buſhel, ſo neither doth God beſtow upon us any talent to hide it in the earth, in a cave, or cell.

My next remove was to *New-York*, where I ſpent four months with great ſatisfaction. I went thither with fear and trembling: and was much caſt down from a ſenſe of my unworthineſs, and inability to preach the goſpel to a polite and ſenſible people. But the Lord, who hath choſen the fooliſh things of the world to confound the things which are wiſe; and weak things to confound the things which are mighty; condeſcended to make uſe of his poor weak ſervant for the revival of religion at that city. I added fifty members in thoſe four months; about twenty of whom found the pardoning love of God, and ſeveral backſliders were reſtored to their firſt love. A vehement deſire was excited in the hearts of believers after all the mind of Chriſt, or the whole image of God. I left in *New-York* two hundred and four members in Society.

I had a very comfortable time for four or five months that I ſpent in *Philadelphia* with a loving, teachable people. The bleſſing of the Lord was with us of a truth, and many were really converted to God. There was a ſweet loving ſpirit in this Society, for nothing appeared amongſt them but peace and brotherly love. They had kept prayer-meetings in different

parts

parts of the city for ſome time before I went to it, which had been a great means of begetting life amongſt the people of God as well as others. I left in Society, when I went from this place, two hundred and twenty-four members.

[*To be continued.*]

An Account of the Death of JANE NANCARROW.

[By Mr. John Moon.]

[*Concluded from page* 193.]

ONE day as her mother ſat weeping by her, ſhe deſired her to forbear; ſaying, "My *dear dear* mother! I am going home to my Father's houſe; where my ſoul longs to be: and where, perhaps in a little time, we ſhall meet to part no more for ever. You muſt give me up to Chriſt." She then began ſinging hallelujah; and ſaid to her mother, "What do I feel in ſinging hallelujah! My ſoul is ſo filled with love to my God, that I long to be gone to dwell for ever with him: yet not my will, but the will of the Lord be done. O my God! I am willing to ſuffer whatever thou art pleaſed to lay upon me, only give me patience." Thus did ſhe ſpend her days and nights, while her poor languiſhing body was always kept in the ſame poſition up in the bed; ſtill calling on all around to join with her in praiſing the Lord.

When her ſiſter came in to ſee her, ſhe cried, "My dear ſiſter, I am going home to Jeſus! Now our prayers are anſwered; let us therefore be thankful and praiſe the Lord together." She was very comfortable and happy all that evening; and having deſired her ſiſter to tarry during that night, began to relate the Lord's dealings with her, during her abſence. When the family joined in prayer, ſhe cried, "My body is weak, but my ſoul is ſtrong in the Lord. O that all did

did but feel what I feel! I long to be diſſolved and to be with Chriſt." They then freely converſed together of ſpiritual things, which was rendered a bleſſing to each of their ſouls.

After this, being ſpent ſhe remained ſilent for ſome time as if aſleep: but about one o'clock in the morning ſhe cried out, "Hark *Nanny!* Do you hear nothing?" On her anſwering "No:" ſhe ſaid, "I hear muſic." On this the cough coming violently on her and rending her ſorely, ſhe cried, "Now my Jeſus ſtand by me." And when it was abated, ſhe ſaid, "Thanks be to him, that I am one ſtruggle nearer home." Before the clock ſtruck two, ſhe cried out again, "Hark *Nanny!* Don't you hear it now." Being anſwered in the negative, ſhe clapped her hands together exulting, and ſaid, "It is the ſweeteſt muſic I ever heard!" She was then ſtill till about four in the morning; when, a friend coming in and praying with her, ſhe was greatly bleſſed. Her mother coming into the room in the morning, ſhe told her of the heavenly muſic ſhe had heard in the night. A little after this, ſhe deſired her ſiſter to come and read the promiſes to her, ſaying, "They are all *mine*." Yet ſoon after, ſhe ſeemed rather diſſatisfied with herſelf that ſhe was not more lively, and aſked how it was? And being informed that it probably was owing to the weakneſs of her body, ſhe began ſinging,

"O for a heart to praiſe my God!" &c.

and deſired her ſiſter to join with her.

When they had concluded, a woman coming in, ſhe aſked her how ſhe went on in the ways of the Lord? Whether ſhe had conquered more of her evil paſſions, or remained juſt the ſame as ſhe was? She replied, She hoped ſhe had more power. "Ah! ſhe ſaid, hoping will not do; you muſt know with a certainty that you have. If therefore you find not more peace, reſt not without it." The woman wept much, and ſhe continued ſpeaking a conſiderable time; telling her that the Lord

was able to deſtroy *every evil*, and that the blood of Chriſt cleanſeth from *all ſin*. When the woman ſaid ſhe was very weak; ſhe replied, "O! but the Lord is ſtrong! It may be the laſt time that I may ſpeak to you here, but remember they are the words of one that is dying. The Lord grant that I may meet you again with joy in the great day. If I do not, it will be your *own fault*, not God's."

Soon after a young woman came in, whom ſhe did not remember to have ſeen before. She held out her hand to her and aſked if ſhe knew any thing of the goodneſs of God? When ſhe anſwered "Yes, glory be to God;" ſhe clapped her hands together, and cried out, "Glory to my God for one traveller more!" Yea, ſhe was almoſt overcome with joy on this occaſion. A little after, ſhe deſired her ſiſter and the perſons preſent to join in praiſing God: they ſang a hymn together; herſelf ſinging with them at times as her ſtrength would permit: nor would ſhe ſuffer the perſon to depart till they had joined in prayer. She then bade her farewel; ſaying ſhe hoped to meet her in heaven.

After this, ſeeing her mother weeping again, ſhe ſaid; "What! cannot you give me up yet? A little time and we ſhall meet again; I know we ſhall." And then,

"Not a cloud ſhall ariſe,
To darken your ſkies,
Or hide for a moment your God from your eyes."

She now expreſſed a deſire of ſeeing her ſiſter that was abſent; ſaying, "Who knows what the words of a dying ſiſter may do? But in this alſo, thy will, O my God! be done. I give them up into thy hands." Then ſhe prayed for them: and for the proſperity of the Church of Chriſt at large. After which, ſhe remained ſtill for ſome time, being very low. Then, her ſiſter obſerving her lips to move, and putting her ear near them, heard her ſaying, "Come, Lord Jeſus, come quickly.

quickly. Take me to thyſelf. Send thine angels to conduct me to Abraham's boſom. O bring me where I ſhall ſing hallelujahs to God and the Lamb for evermore."

On Friday evening ſeveral friends came in to ſee her; and as one of them prayed, ſhe was ſeized with a ſpaſm in her cheeks, ſo that her teeth ſtruck againſt each other. When it was a little abated, ſhe enquired for me. Being informed hereof I immediately went to her; and when I aſked her if Jeſus was ſtill precious? She ſaid, "Yes; I am full: I cannot tell you what I feel. It is not death, but the love of God." I replied, Well; a little longer, *Jenny*, and you will drink your fill from the ocean above. She ſaid, She longed to be gone. I then propoſed our ſpending ſome time in prayer: but as ſhe deſired we would ſing firſt, I gave out that hymn,

"Come on, my partners in diſtreſs."

She then deſired me to pray that ſhe might ſoon be releaſed; even that night, if it were the will of God. While engaged in prayer, the Lord made it a time of refreſhing to her ſoul, and to the ſouls of thoſe preſent. I then bade her farewel: not expecting to ſee her again in time: as I did not ſuppoſe ſhe could ſurvive two hours longer. She was much compoſed all that night. The next morning I viſited her again, together with one of our brethren. As I found ſhe could now ſpeak but little, I propoſed our joining in prayer: but as ſhe wiſhed us to ſing a few verſes previous to that exerciſe, I gave out,

"Away with our ſorrow and fear," &c.

Whilſt we were ſinging, her ſoul ſeemed on the wing for that celeſtial bliſs, which the words ſet before her. Afterward we ſpent ſome time in prayer. I then aſked her if ſhe felt any thing within her contrary to love? She anſwered, "No." I then took my leave of her, and ſaw her no more.

Juſt then, a perſon came into the room whom ſhe had long deſired to ſee. When ſhe was informed of it, ſhe cried out, "Now, I know my God loves me, becauſe he hath anſwered my prayers." She deſired a ſermon to be preached on the occaſion of her death on 2 Tim. iv. 7, 8. After praying and taking his leave of her, ſhe remained ſtill, ſaying little till the afternoon; when a perſon preſent ſpeaking of her ſufferings, ſhe replied, "She had none to ſpare;" adding, "What are my ſufferings to my dear Saviour's?" She then began ſinging,

"Come, Lord, the drooping ſinner cheer,
Nor let thy chariot-wheels delay;"

Several friends being preſent in the evening, ſhe was a third time permitted to hear the heavenly muſic ſpoken of before; but found on enquiry that none of the perſons preſent could hear it, but herſelf. She then cried, "Welcome death!" Her hands becoming cold, ſhe hereby perceived that death had ſeized her extremities; and cried out, "Now I ſhall ſoon be at home. I ſhall ſoon behold my God without a dimming veil between." She then remained low during the night. In the morning her mother ſaid, "My dear, your hands are cold." She replied, "They will be colder ſoon." A little after ſhe deſired her ſiſter to put up her cap; ſaying, "The people will be in ſoon, and it is the laſt Sabbath with me here." Her ſiſter ſuggeſted her being glad to be

"Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths never end."

She replied, "My heart doth rejoice."—On her mother's ſaying "Is Jeſus ſtill precious?" She replied, "The Lord has my heart: I cannot tell you what I feel." She then deſired that all, who ſhould be preſent when ſhe was gone, might ſing,

"Happy ſoul, thy days are ended," &c.

About

About eleven o'clock a friend coming in gave out and ſung that hymn,

" Come let us join our friends above
Who have obtained the prize;"

After which they joined in prayer. She now ripened for the harveſt apace. And, as her deſire all along had been much for ſinging, her father-in-law gave out

" Whilſt the angel choirs are crying
Glory to the great I AM;
I with them will ſtill be vying,
Glory, glory, to the Lamb:
O how precious
Is the ſound of Jeſu's name!"

Her voice was now gone for ſinging; but ſhe looked round, with peculiar ſweetneſs, on thoſe about her, ſaying in a whiſpering way, " I with them ſhall ſtill be vying;" moving her hands up and down as ſhe repeated the words. Her voice being gone, but her lips ſtill moving, her ſiſter put her ear cloſe to her, and found her repeating theſe words,

" O how precious
Is the ſound of Jeſu's name!"

She then broke out with renewed ſtrength, " Come, Lord Jeſus! come *now*! Yet not my will but thine be done." Her pains ſtill increaſing ſhe cried for patience. Her ſiſter bade her hold out a little longer, and the ſtruggle would be over; and her ſoul would have a ſweet releaſe. She replied, " My dear, I am happy *now* amidſt all my ſufferings; and the Lord will keep me ſo. I only want to praiſe him more.

About twelve her brother-in-law coming in and aſking how ſhe was, ſhe ſaid, " I am juſt going home to Jeſus. But let

let me intreat you once more, (it is the laſt time) to turn and ſeek the Lord; call upon him, and he will abundantly bleſs you; for his bleſſings are free for all. Prepare to meet thy God. The Lord grant that you and I may meet him with joy: then ſhall we ſing his praiſes in the courts of endleſs bliſs."

On her friends taking their leave of her, giving them her hand, ſhe exhorted them to keep cloſe to God: crying out "O my heart doth rejoice at leaving you! Farewel here." Then, turning to her ſiſter, ſhe ſaid, "How joyfully can I give up them and *you*, my dear ſiſter, into the hands of Him, who is able to keep you in the right way!"

Her ſpeech now altering, ſhe could no longer be underſtood. However, when ſome friends afterwards came in, ſhe would ſhake hands with them; and when ſhe failed to do this, ſhe ſtill beheld them with apparent ſatisfaction: having in this her deſire granted, viz. That they might be around her at her laſt hour. About four o'clock, as ſome preſent were converſing of the things of God, ſhe looked at them with particular attention; lifting at the ſame time her hands and eyes to heaven. Some of thoſe preſent deſiring her mother to ſpeak to her, ſhe did ſo; aſking if Jeſus were ſtill precious? and if ſhe found it ſo, to lift up her hands as a token thereof. She lifted them up in a moment. A little after, her ſiſter deſired ſhe would ſpeak to her; but ſhe could not anſwer. She then aſked if ſhe wanted to take her flight above? She immediately lifted up her hands as high as ſhe could; and about eight o'clock, after a ſtruggle with the cough, reſigned her ſoul to Him who gave it on the 29th of June 1788.

JOHN MOON.

The

The Experience of Mr. ——: in a Letter to the Rev. J. Wesley.

Jan. 19, 1790.

Rev. and dear Sir,

IT pains me to be so long silent to you. Since I last saw you, the Lord has so enlarged my spiritual borders, that I must believe he will, in all things needful to know, fully instruct a soul he has so closely united to himself. Of late I have had a severe and tedious conflict with the combined powers of darkness, wherein all my grace was called into action, and would have proved by far too little to bring me off victorious, without the remarkable interposition of Omnipotent Power. While wrestling with Principalities and Powers I proved more than ever the great value of faith, and was clearly convinced it is the only successful weapon, wherewith to fight the battles of the Lord.

When the din of war ceased, a delightful calm ensued, and very soon after, the first person of the glorious Trinity drew nigh, and so united me to himself in holy fellowship, as passes the power of expression. The day after, when commemorating the dying love of Christ, I felt the overwhelming power of saving grace. The curtain of mortality was drawn aside to give me a view of future glory, of heaven, and the blessed inhabitants of it. I felt not only joined in spirit to the general assembly of the first born; but got amongst them, while the divine music of the glorious place seemed to sound in my ears. When this amazing prospect was shut up, immediately the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, encamped about me. I felt surrounded with Deity, in all its plenitude of love and power, lost in wonder, love, and praise; swallowed up, I would almost say, in the beatific vision. It is certain, for a time faith seemed lost in sight, and hope in fruition.

The day after in the house of God, I had again a fresh manifestation of the ever blessed Trinity; and since then, which

is

is now ſome time, I have dwelt in the ſuburbs of heaven; my fellowſhip has been in a peculiar manner with God the Father. I cannot help remarking, when my intercourſe is more immediately with Him, there is a grandeur, a dignity, a certain inexpreſſible ſolemnity and majeſty that indicates the preſence of Jehovah himſelf, that fills my ſoul with holy reverence and awe, yet ſo tempered with love as to exclude all dread. I underſtand now better than ever De *Renty*'s language when he ſays, "He carries about with him an experimental verity and plenitude of the holy Trinity;" but I find the deeper I ſink into God the fewer underſtand me, and ſtill fewer are diſpoſed to walk with me. I tread a lonely, but a pleaſant path. Does Mr. *Weſley* think there is any thing unſcriptural in the above experience? O that theſe heavenly viſitations may prove of an aſſimulating nature!

An extract from a volume entitled, A Review of Dr. PRIESTLEY'S *Doctrine of Philoſophical Neceſſity.*

[*Concluded from page* 201.]

DR. Prieſtley expreſsly aſſerts God to be the author of ſin; as indeed he muſt do, if he intends his ſyſtem of philoſophical neceſſity to be in any meaſure a conſiſtent ſyſtem. All that have ever been profeſſed neceſſarians before him, and have denied this, have ſo far always contradicted themſelves, and have overthrown what they endeavoured to ſupport. But, Dr. P. conſiſtently with his ſcheme of neceſſity, ſays (page 117) "our ſuppoſing that *God is the author of ſin* (as upon the ſcheme of neceſſity he muſt, in fact, be the author of all things) by no means implies that he is a ſinful being; for it is the diſpoſition of mind, and the deſign that conſtitutes the ſinfulneſs of an action.

action. If, therefore, his diſpoſition and deſign be good, what he does is morally good." It ſounds a little ſtrange that the diſpoſition and deſign of God ſhould be good, and yet that he ſhould be *the author of ſin* or evil: or that he ſhould be the *only cauſe* of ſin and evil, in order to effect that good deſign. It appears as if he was either miſtaken, and cauſed evil when he deſigned what was good; or elſe that he was impotent, and had not power to effect that good he deſigned, without uſing ſin or evil as a neceſſary means; in other words, doing evil that good may come, which St. Paul ſpeaks againſt (Rom. iii. 8.) with ſome warmth, even when affirmed of Chriſtians.

An Almighty Being can ſurely effect the greateſt good, without uſing any means but what is good; and if that Almighty Power be accompanied with infinite goodneſs, ſuch a being will certainly never do evil that good may come. And he cannot want power to produce the ſame good, by means altogether good. Beſides, I cannot conceive how God, on Dr. P's plan, can be acquitted of the actual commiſſion of ſin, any more than man, a free agent, on the ſyſtem of free agency, may be acquitted of any murder committed by him, as the only cauſe; and the blame or fault be wholly imputed to the knife or other inſtrument in his hands, uſed in the murder.

But Dr. P. ſays, (page 118.) "That God might have made all men ſinleſs, and happy, might, for any thing that we know, have been as impoſſible, as his making them not finite, but infinite beings, in all reſpects equal to himſelf." I cannot ſay what might be impoſſible to Dr. P's God, who appears to be ſo tied down by neceſſity, as to have made all things juſt as they are, and are to be, and to have produced all events, juſt as they have been, are, and are to be, without any poſſibility of their being otherwiſe. To me it not only appears poſſible for God to have made all men ſinleſs or without ſin, and conſequently happy; but even to be inconſiſtent with an almighty, good and perfect God, to have made them otherwiſe. All ſin implies a defect and imperfection. If then God could not

made all men ſinleſs, he had not power to do ſo; conſequently, he is not almighty, but impotent. An almighty, good, and perfect being, both could and would certainly produce at firſt, a good, ſinleſs and perfect work. Accordingly, we find, after God had made all things, "He ſaw every thing that he had made, and behold it was very good." If then very good, it was certainly perfect in its kind, and without ſin, for ſin is evil. As to man in particular, "God created him in his own image."

Now let us conſider in what this image of God conſiſts. In ſome ſenſe it conſiſts in his intellectual faculties, his free agency, or ſelf-determining power, and his dominion over the other creatures: for I believe Dr. P. will allow God to be an intelligent being, a free agent, a ſelf-determining being, and to have dominion over all his creatures. But this is not all that is meant by man being created in the image of God; becauſe all theſe remain in man after the fall, corruption, and degeneracy of human nature, in conſequence of Adam's tranſgreſſion when he was in paradiſe. Man was at firſt created in the image of God, in a higher ſenſe, that is, in righteouſneſs and true holineſs, according to St. Paul. He was then righteous and holy, truly innocent, and ſinleſs, or without ſin; but he loſt theſe good qualities by diſobeying God's command. The Epheſians are exhorted to "put off the old man, which is corrupt according to the deceitful luſts, and to be renewed in the ſpirit of their mind." Now, to be renewed plainly ſignifies to be made again in the ſame manner as we once were, but now are not, that is, "to put on the new man, which after God is created in righteouſneſs and true holineſs." The word *renew* is frequently uſed in this ſenſe in ſcripture, particularly Hebrews vi. 6. Nay indeed it is the general meaning of the word, as it naturally implies ſomething loſt, which is again to be recovered or renewed.

From the Moſaic account of the creation, compared with the words of St. Paul, it plainly appears that man was created very

very good, after the image of God, in righteouſneſs and true holineſs, and conſequently without ſin; for God is "of purer eyes than to behold evil, and look on iniquity," and therefore could not have ſeen Adam after he was made, and have pronounced him very good, if he had not been ſo, and conſequently ſinleſs. Man being thus created, the query is, Whether God, or neceſſity, by ſome fixed law, or irrevocable decree, or by ſome other way impelled or neceſſitated him to ſin, ſo that he could not poſſibly do otherwiſe, in order to work out the *greateſt ſum of good*, which could not be attained by any other means? We find God Almighty gave a command to the man that he had created in his own image, and that he had pronounced very good; "Of every tree of the garden thou mayeſt freely eat, but of the tree of knowledge of good and evil thou ſhalt not eat of it, for in the day thou eateſt thereof thou ſhalt ſurely die." Here is not the leaſt appearance of Adam being neceſſitated by any thing whatever to eat this forbidden fruit: on the contrary, God ſtrictly commands and enjoins him not to eat; at the ſame time denouncing a heavy puniſhment to be inflicted upon him, if he did. This certainly implies that Adam had a power of ſelf-determination, enabling him either to obey or diſobey, to eat, or not to eat the forbidden fruit. And to what purpoſe could this ſolemn charge, and ſerious denunciation of puniſhment be, if he did eat thereof; provided God either certainly and abſolutely fore-knew he would eat, or if he was neceſſitated ſo to do, and could not poſſibly do otherwiſe? In either caſe, God, whom we believe to be a moſt merciful God, appears to be cruelly inſulting, and bitterly mocking the man he had juſt created, by commanding him to avoid what he could not poſſibly avoid: and at the ſame time threatening him with a ſevere puniſhment if he did not avoid it. This repreſents God in no amiable view.

Let us conſider this on the principles of free agency. On theſe principles, Adam alone is to blame if he eats what is forbidden; becauſe God, according to his merciful and com-

paſſionate nature, forewarns Adam of the diſmal conſequence of eating, in order to reſtrain him from ſo doing; but, notwithſtanding, he leaves him at full liberty to eat or not to eat. If Adam tranſgreſſed this commandment thus given by God, the Sovereign of the univerſe, it was diſobedience in him to his God and Creator, and conſequently ſin. Now if God neceſſitated Adam thus to diſobey, and was the *only cauſe* of ſuch diſobedience, and Adam only the *inſtrument in his hands*; then certainly God was the author, and only cauſe of the ſin; but if Adam diſobeyed by his ſelf-determining power, and might or could have done otherwiſe, then it was Adam's ſin only. If we believe St. Paul, "by one man ſin entered into the world;" hence then, the one man Adam, and not God, was the author of ſin, becauſe by him, as the active cauſe, it entered into the world. So likewiſe it is ever ſince with all other ſins; they enter by men into the world, as the active cauſes thereof, and not as mere paſſive inſtruments. Solomon ſays, "God hath made man upright; but they have ſought out many inventions," which are not upright, but theſe inventions are of man's ſeeking, and not of God's.

Upon the whole, we ſee that it is ſo far from being impoſſible for God to have made all men *ſinleſs* or without ſin, that he actually did make them ſo; *very good, upright*, in *righteouſneſs*, and *true holineſs*. But, if God is the author and only cauſe of all that we call ſin, and neceſſitates men by himſelf, or any other thing, to commit it, ſo that they cannot poſſibly do otherwiſe, and then puniſhes them for ſo doing; he appears to me the moſt ſinful and wicked, as well as the moſt tyrannical and cruel being in the univerſe; nay, as wicked as all the wicked men in the world put together can poſſibly be; becauſe he is the *author and only cauſe* of all the ſin and wickedneſs that ever *has been, is, or is to be.*

The

The TWO COVENANTS *of* GOD *with* MANKIND.

[By Thomas Taylor, A. M.]

CHAP. II.

A conſideration concerning the inſcrutability of Divine Providence.

[*Continued from page* 206.]

IN the grand deſign of raiſing ſo glorious a fabrick as this eternal temple, which is to ſubſiſt for ever, there is a neceſſity of a leiſurely and methodical progreſs: the foundations muſt be firſt laid, before the pillars, and ornaments can take place: and though ſome parts of it might with leſs difficulty be wrought, yet they muſt be poſtponed till others have received their due completion: for which reaſon the *Tyrians* and *Sidonians*, though diſpoſed to enter into the chriſtian building, could not be haſtily introduced, till Jeſus Chriſt had laid the immoveable foundations, and cemented them with his blood. The ſuperſtructure was reſerved for the *Apoſtles* and *Evangeliſts*; and accordingly we obſerve when St. *Paul* came to *Tyre*, it had not been neglected. He found diſciples already there, and in the week that he abode with them, we may preſume he was not an idle labourer, in adding to the church ſuch as were duly qualified for ſalvation.

There are abundance of circumſtances in the preaching of the goſpel, that conſidered by themſelves, contain difficulties; but taking them in general, we may affirm that they are the reſult of that order of grace, which the divine wiſdom has eſtabliſhed, as the moſt comprehenſive of all others, to bring the greateſt number into the church of Chriſt.

But in order to render this ſubject more clear; and to diſintangle it from thoſe errors that have over-run it: let us particularly

particularly conſider the *nature of grace*; how it is *diſpenſed*; and in *what manner it operates*; what are the *preparations neceſſary* to its *reception*; and what ſhare *human liberty* has in *entertaining* and *oppoſing* it: after which it will be eaſy to give a ſatisfactory anſwer, in relation to ſuch enquiries as have perplexed the minds of good men.

Now *grace* in the primary notion of it, is *favour*, and is often uſed to denote the promulgation of the goſpel; and that diſpenſation of the moſt valuable mercies, that ever were vouchſafed in the ſalvation of the world by Jeſus Chriſt. In which ſenſe it takes in all thoſe means, inſtruments, and opportunities, which any ways aſſiſt, in promoting our everlaſting intereſts. The doctrine, and example of our Saviour, the convincing force of miracles, his death, reſurrection, and aſcenſion; the preaching of the Apoſtles, and the ſealing the truth of the goſpel with their blood, were graces of the firſt magnitude: the appointment of a ſucceſſion of paſtors, to labour in the edification of the church, and the holy ſacraments, and prayers are the ordinary graces, which God has appointed to reform and ſave mankind. It is true theſe graces are as common as the influences of the heavens, and as conſtant as the motions of the planets: but this is no detraction to their value; but only a teſtimony of the *univerſality* of the divine goodneſs.

God being to raiſe his inviſible and future world, out of this viſible and preſent one, has made nature ſubſervient to his wiſe deſign: he has interwoven one with the other; and as St. Paul ſpeaks of the *ceremonial* law, has made the natural too a ſchoolmaſter to lead us to Chriſt: for he himſelf came cloathed with human fleſh; he ſubmitted his works to the teſtimony of ſenſe; he made uſe of ordinary ſpeech, and convinced his hearers with arguments; he ſent John Baptiſt, as his herald, to proclaim his approach, and to prepare the world by an uncommon *auſterity* for attention to the heavenly calling: and if we obſerve what care he took, firſt to ſend out diſciples two by

two,

two, and open the gate for the progreſs of his goſpel; and afterwards Apoſtles, and teachers to baptize, and proſelyte the ſeveral parts of the world; we cannot doubt but that he choſe the moſt eaſy, natural way, to lead us firſt to faith, and then to ſalvation. There needed none of this proceſs and ſolemnity, if nature were to have been excluded from the work of grace.

And therefore it is the higheſt enthuſiaſm to neglect the ordinary means of grace, and to expect extraordinary motions from above: to deſpiſe the ſaving ordinances of the church, upon pretence of being more particular favourites of heaven. It is true the ſpirit of God blows where it liſts, but it is the wiſdom of God which guides and determines it: and ſince his wiſdom has appointed ſuch conditions of our receiving it, it is madneſs for us to preſcribe others.

But theſe *graces* that belong to the *law of nature*, are properly graces of the *Creator*, graces in a great latitude; whereas that, which in a more peculiar manner is called *grace*, is that of our *Redeemer*, *the grace of our Lord Jeſus Chriſt*. This grace has been ſuppoſed to drive the ſoul of man, by an irreſiſtible force, that overturns our liberty, and does all in all in our converſion.

Upon ſuch notions they have divided it from the word of God, which the Apoſtle calls *the power of God to ſalvation, to every one that believes*. By which means they render the bleſſed goſpel a dead letter, and deny that power, which is aſcribed to it as the means *of deſtroying death, and bringing life and immortality to light*: but whoever will allow the goſpel the honours that are due to it, will own it to be *the incorruptible ſeed of regeneration*; *the miniſtration of the ſpirit*: *the miniſtry and word of reconciliation*: *the grace of God, and the word of life*.

Indeed the letter of the goſpel without the ſpirit, i. e. without that divine energy, and grace that attends it, would not be ſufficient for our ſalvation. For the obliquity our wills have contracted,

contracted, by the diſobedience of our firſt parents, have rendered them very averſe to the duties of religion. It is poſſible to know our duty, and not to practice it; nay to deſire to practice it, and yet to be over-ruled by the motions of ſenſe and appetite; ſo that *what we do, we* frequently *allow not*; and *what we would, that we do not*; *and what we hate, that we do.* Which contradiction of our wills to our judgments, and our practice to our reaſon, is the effect of that diſorder derived upon our nature, by the original tranſgreſſion.

[*To be continued.*]

An extract from a Courſe of SERMONS, *upon Death, Judgment, Heaven, and Hell.*

[By a late Author.]

[*Continued from page* 210.]

WITH what inexpreſſible, with what inconceivable joy, muſt ſuch words from the lips of their judge fall upon the ears, and ſink into the hearts, of the elated crowds! Any joy, they ever felt on earth, muſt be infinitely inferior to it. It muſt touch the ſtrings of their hearts with a force, even ſuperior to what they knew juſt before. And it muſt run in one kindling of rapture through their whole frame. They are now happy; happy in the approbation of their God; happy in the bleſſing of their judge; happy in their grand determination for eternity. And the ſeparation of their ſouls after death, the ſeparation of their perſons at the throne of judgment, have now had their full effect, in the glorious invitation of their Lord, to accompany him on his return to heaven, and to be with him there for ever and ever.

A pauſe

A pauſe will then enſue; a pauſe of deadly horror to the wicked on his left. And how muſt the ſecret awe thrill through their very ſouls, in this moment of dreadful ſuſpenſe! But it is now over. They ſee the God-man beginning to turn towards them. They behold his face fixed upon them. And they obſerve him juſt opening his lips to condemn them. In fearful fancy they already hear the words iſſuing from him, they already have them tingling on their ears, they already feel them going cold to their hearts.

He ſtretches forth his averted hand towards them: and then cries, "Depart from me, ye curſed, into everlaſting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels." Be gone from my preſence, all ye, who were created by me in order to be religious; but who would not take my word, that the only happineſs of man lay in a religious attachment to God, in becoming more and more like to him in goodneſs, and ſo approaching nearer to him in bliſs. That God, whom ye have rejected, is now eſtranged to you. That friend of angels and of men, whom ye neglected, whom ye even dared to deſpiſe can now be no friend to you. And that bleeding and dying Saviour, who called, who intreated, who adjured you to be ſaved, to walk in the line which he had marked out to you, and ſo to ſecure to yourſelves the peace of obedience here, and the bliſs of obedience hereafter; he, even he, is now your Judge. Be gone then, to receive that curſe which your wilfulneſs and wickedneſs have brought upon you. Be gone to that horrible gulph of fire, which the vengeance of God ſcooped out at the rebellion of the angels, and which is now to contain both you and them; ſpirits equally rebellious, equally offenſive to God, and equally unfitted for any other habitation. Be gone! The preſence of God, the ſociety of angels and the company of the good, would be ſullied by your continuance amongſt them. Heaven cannot take you in. Hell only can. And to that place of puniſhment I now baniſh you for ever.

At the cloſe of this ſentence, we may ſuppoſe, one deep and general groan will burſt from the whole multitude. And all the terrors of that abode of ſpirits, in which their ſouls were kept after death; all the terrors of the laſt trump, of their reſurrection, and of their appearance before the throne; even all the terrors of their grand ſeparation to the left of it; all, all will now appear but little, in compariſon of what they feel at preſent. All hell opens upon them in the ſentence. And all the horrors of an eternity there break in upon their ſinking ſouls.

The deed of deeds is done. The ſolemnity of man's judgment is over. And nothing remains but to ſentence thoſe abandoned ſpirits, who firſt enticed man into rebellion, and have ſince continued to keep ſo many thouſands in it. The overpowering hand of their God is upon them. They ſtand before the throne. The two bodies of mankind, the condemned numbers on the left, the applauded numbers on the right, are both ſilent witneſſes againſt them. Some of the good are even made to act as judges upon them. "Shall not we judge angels?" ſays St. Paul. They are condemned. They are condemned by thoſe very beings, whom they once endeavoured to draw into their diſobedience, and who are now going to be exalted. And, if any thing could add to the wretchedneſs of theſe proud and revengeful ſpirits, it muſt be, that they ſhall not only be ſentenced with their ungodly followers to hell, but that, while man is ſent thither by God, they ſhall be ſent by man himſelf. The firſt of this rebel hoſt, the firſt in ſhame, in confuſion, in puniſhment, will be that horrid archangel, whom we peculiarly call the devil; the foremoſt ſon of ſin in the whole creation, the beginner of ſedition in the works of God, and the author of rebellion even in heaven. He will then be brought forth at the head of them. And he will then be ſentenced with them; but to a doom heavier than that of the reſt, to a puniſhment more ſevere.

This

This done, the wicked will inſtantly depart to their place of torments. The Judge will begin to re-aſcend towards heaven. All the angels, all the good, will attend him triumphantly on his way. The throne of judgment will diſappear. The world will be given up to deſtruction. And God's grand magazine of fire will burſt forth at once, and lay waſte the whole creation from end to end.

The world, we muſt ſuppoſe, is now no more. Man is no longer in being, as an inhabitant of earth. And how little muſt now appear all the things, which once perplexed our hearts! What were the troubles of life, which often ſat ſo heavy on our ſpirits, and were ſo diſquieting to our thoughts? They now appear merely as the ſtorm of a winter's day, forgotten almoſt as ſoon as they were paſt, and preparing us the better for that everlaſting ſpring, which is beginning to open upon the good. And what were all the ſelf-denials of religion, which often felt ſo grating to our corrupted paſſions? They now appear only as the neceſſary reſtraints of childhood, neceſſary to be commanded by the parent, while the child was in the ignorance of infancy, and neceſſary to keep it (as it were) from offering to play with the fire, or from venturing to feed upon poiſon. All now appears as it really was. Nothing is now valuable in the thoughts of the triumphing good, but what miniſtred to religion. Nothing is now dreadful in the reflections of the lamenting bad, but what has led them to the ruin into which they are fallen.

Think of this, all of you. Ye will all ſtand at the judgment-ſeat of Chriſt. Ye will all take your places on the right or on the left of it. And ye will all either hear with horror, or liſten with rapture, the deciding voice of your judge. O may ye all liſten to it with rapture! May it ſound like the harmony of heaven in your ears! And may it go with the deliciouſneſs of heaven to your hearts!

[*To be continued.*]

An Extract from the Succeſs of two DANISH MISSIONARIES *to the* Eaſt-Indies: *in ſeveral Letters to their Correſpondents in* Europe.

LETTER VII.

[*Continued from page* 214.]

ALL our endeavours are now entirely bent upon this, how we may be able to raiſe the work to a higher degree of perfection. We have ſent ſome *propoſals* to his *Daniſh* Majeſty relating to this point. It is true, the grace of God is the ſpring of all good motions: but if this ſhould be accompanied with ſeaſonable ſupplies, and beneficial contributions of publick-ſpirited perſons, we ſhould then be enabled to lay a firm foundation for many noble eſtabliſhments, tending to a thorough converſion of theſe wild and deluded Heathens. With the laſt ſhip that ſailed from hence, we ſent you a letter, to *prove the ſincerity and forwardneſs of the love* of our *European* chriſtians in relation to the poor heathens; and we hope, that at the arrival of the next ſhip, we ſhall receive a bleſſing from you.

In the mean time, we deſire you, to ſend us ſome more books, treating upon the life and *practice of religion*, together with fifty pſalm-books of Mr. *Newman's* edition; ſome of our countrymen beginning to reliſh good and ſpiritual treatiſes. I do not queſtion, but many well-diſpoſed ſouls, and well-wiſhers to the public good, will gladly contribute ſomething towards the ſupply of our wants. We have likewiſe deſired, that two perſons more might be ſent over to aſſiſt us in the work ſo happily begun. Remember us conſtantly in your prayers. It would afford us a great deal of ſatisfaction, if we ſhould ſee you once here amongſt our heatheniſh flock, to hear us preach

to

to them in the *Portugueſe*, and their own native language. I perceive, I ſhall in time expreſs myſelf as fluently in this heatheniſh language, as in my own: the continual practice of it rendering it more and more eaſy to me. When at times I take a walk in the country, I am ſurrounded with hundreds of *Malabarians*, to whom I can preach, whenever I pleaſe. They are wonderfully kind to me upon account of their language, and they like to argue with me about points of religion. It is not long ſince I had one of their idols, made of gold, preſented to me by ſuch of the *Malabarians* as had received the chriſtian faith. It had been worſhipped in one of their idol-temples, but we made of late a preſent of it to his Majeſty the King of *Denmark*.

In the midſt of this town is a very ſpacious building, which hath been heretofore the palace of a *Malabarian* Prince. Should we be ſo happy as to ſee this put into our hands, we ſhould then undoubtedly be able to enlarge our *Charity-School*, and render it more beneficial to a great many people. However, for the preſent, we are deſtitute of all neceſſary ſupplies for carrying on the work; being in daily expectation of the happy arrival of the ſhips coming from *Europe*. I wiſh heartily, you would ſend us all ſorts of authors, treating upon the ſeveral parts of *Philoſophy*, and eſpecially upon the *Mathematicks*, wherein ſome of the Pagans, I find, are pretty well verſed. Truly, we do not deſign to ſtuff any body's brain with the uſeleſs traſh of *Ariſtotle's* philoſophy, though perhaps it may now and then prove ſome accidental help for conveying good notions to them about the ſubſtantial points of the Chriſtian Religion; true divinity being the main point we ſhall aim at in all our converſation with them. Should we be enabled to accompliſh our deſign in this, there is no queſtion, but we ſhould ſee a commotion in the whole *Malabarian* Paganiſm; ſome of them being convinced already, of the ſottiſhneſs of their way of worſhip. Beſides this, we wiſh we might be provided with books treating on *Church-Hiſtory*, on the various

Religions

Religions in the world, and particularly on the *Mahometans*, whom we frequently converſe with. Likewiſe, with an account of the *Lives of pious Souls*, and other pieces of *True and real Chriſtianity*. We do not doubt, but ſome will be willing to advance ſo uſeful a deſign by generous contributions.

Great is the harveſt, but the number of true and faithful labourers very ſmall; and therefore we moſt heartily deſire the concurrence of your prayers and ſupplications. I have ſent and dedicated a book to his Majeſty the King of *Denmark*, containing the *Grammatical Rudiments of the* Malabarick *tongue*. I had no time to tranſcribe it myſelf, being obliged to ſend it away as ſoon as it was done, without keeping a copy thereof for my own uſe. It has added to it a *Malabarick Vocabulary*, containing the more *familiar words* of that language, together with an eaſy *method* to introduce one into the general knowledge thereof.

As the *Portugueſe* and *Malabarick* language is of abſolute neceſſity to ſuch as enter upon the propagation of the goſpel in theſe parts; ſo my Colleague and I agreed, that, whilſt he was taken up with the *Portugueſe*, I ſhould apply intirely to the *Malabarick*, to which I found now a ſingular inclination. By the gracious aſſiſtance of God, I made ſo conſiderable advances, that within ſix months, I began to perform the part of a catechiſt in this language. At firſt we ſpent four hours a day in teaching, viz. two hours in catechizing ſome *Malabarians* in their native tongue, and two in inſtructing thoſe that underſtood the *Portugueſe*: the reſt of the day was employed about practiſing theſe two languages, and converſing with *Heathens*, *Moors*, and *Mahometans*. But the more the number of thoſe that came over to Chriſtianity increaſed, the more our labour increaſed alſo; and our congregation being now become pretty numerous, we went without any delay, about building a church. This deſign we accompliſhed after having paſſed through abundance of difficulties. It was conſecrated *Auguſt* the 14th, 1707, and called *New-Jeruſalem*.

From

From this day we have conſtantly preached therein three times a week, both in *Malabarick* and *Portugueſe*. I have explained hitherto the articles of the Chriſtian faith in ſix and twenty Sunday ſermons. Theſe I dictated to a *Malabarick* amanuenſis, and then got them by heart word by word. Every Friday I catechize both old and young, and on Wedneſday I repeat with them the laſt Sunday's ſermon, but in an eaſy, and catechetical manner: theſe plain and catechetical exerciſes having done much good to ſuch Heathens and Mahometans as uſe to be preſent in great numbers. My colleague keeps the ſame method with the *Portugueſe* tongue; we endeavouring, as much as poſſibly we can, to go hand in hand together.

[*To be continued.*]

An Account of the ROCK *in* HOREB.

THE famous Rock in Horeb, antiently called Maſſah, or Meribath; and at preſent the ſtone of Moſes, and the ſtone of the fountains; (being that which Moſes ſtruck with his rod, in order to give water to the children of Iſrael in the wilderneſs, Exod. 17.) is preſerved to this day, without the leaſt injury from time or accidents; and is certainly a fragment from mount Sinai; as appears from Dr. Shaw's deſcription of it. "It is (ſays he) a block of granate marble, about ſix yards ſquare, lying tottering as it were, and looſe in the middle of the valley of Rephidim, and ſeems to have formerly belonged to mount Sinai, which hangs in a variety of precipices, all over the plain." (Shaw's Travels p. 352.)

It may not be unacceptable to the reader, to continue the deſcription of this Rock; which is as follows: "The waters which guſhed out, and the ſtream, which flowed withal (Pſalm lxxviii. 20.) have hollowed, acroſs one corner of this rock, a channel,

channel, about two inches deep, and twenty wide, appearing to be incruſted all over, like the inſide of a tea-kettle, that hath been long in uſe. Beſides ſeveral moſſy productions, that are ſtill preſerved by the dew, we ſee all over this channel a great number of holes; ſome of them four or five inches deep, and one or two in diameter, the lively and demonſtrative tokens of their having been formerly ſo many fountains.

It likewiſe may be farther obſerved, that art or chance could, by no means, be concerned in the contrivance; for, every circumſtance points out to us a miracle; and, in the ſame manner with the rent in the rock of mount Calvary at Jeruſalem, never fails to produce a religious ſurpriſe in all who ſee it."

Similar to which, is Dr. Pocock's account of this Rock; and alſo that of the Prefetto's of Egypt; each of which the reader may ſee inſerted in the Biſhop of Clogher's tranſlation of a manuſcript Journal from Grand Cairo to mount Sinai, page 14, 2d edition.

It may be obſerved farther, that, in conſidering this Rock, as a fragment, the miracle, of the water's flowing out of it, will appear much greater, than if it had been in its natural bed, or united to the ſolid orb of the earth, for, it is not uncommon, in breaking up, or only boring through the regular ſtrata of the earth, to enter into a natural fiſſure, which, communicating with the abyſs, is always full of water; and, when ſuch is broken into, a ſtream of water will immediately iſſue out, and continue flowing: but as this rock was ſeparate, and detached from the regular and undiſturbed ſtrata; and lying looſe upon the ſurface of the earth, it cannot be ſuppoſed to have had any communication with the natural fiſſures; and, therefore, the water, that proceeded from it, muſt have been owing to a ſupernatural cauſe, which is agreeable to what an ancient traveller (M. Beaumgarton, a German nobleman, who travelled into Arabia in the year 1507: ſee his travels in Churchill's collection of voyages, vol. 1. p. 337,) remarks: which miracle (of the water's flowing out of the above-mentioned

mentioned rock) was the more wonderful, becauſe this ſtone, though it is ſeparated from the reſt of the rock; and is almoſt of a ſquare figure; yet is fixed in the ground by only one pointed corner; and, conſequently, not in ſo fit a poſture to extract moiſture from the earth; and therefore its ſending forth ſuch abundance of water muſt have been the work of an Almighty Hand."

We may add likewiſe, that this ſtone was ſo ſmall, expoſed in ſuch a manner, and ſituated in ſuch a tottering condition, that it might eaſily be viewed on all ſides; and even turned upſide down, had the people, who attended Moſes, ſuſpected any cheat, or impoſture in this affair. And, in order to take off all ſuſpicion of this kind, might be one reaſon, why God made choice of ſuch a ſtone as this, for the operation of this miracle; which was ſo extraordinary, and attended with ſuch indubitable proof, that the perſons, who had juſt before murmured, and queſtioned the divine miſſion of Moſes; now entirely acquieſced in it.

And, if ſuch perſons as Corah, Dathan, Abiram, and their companies (who were ready on every occaſion to find fault with Moſes, and diſpute his authority) were ſatisfied; ſurely our preſent unbelievers (who lay claim to great modeſty and reaſon) ought to be ſo, ſince the miracle was examined by their own ſet of people; and they may have ocular demonſtration of the truth of it at this day.

THOUGHTS *on Making* WILLS: *in a Letter to the Rev.* J. WESLEY.

Jan. 13, 1790.

Rev. and dear Sir,

ONE of our friends has given us an uſeful book on the nature of *Wills*; but is there not ſomething ſtill wanting on the importance of ſo diſpoſing of a man's property at his death, that he may meet the approbation of the great Lord and

Proprietor of all things in the great day? As ſo many are

"Smit with the rage canine of dying rich,"

I hope, Sir, you, or ſome one of leiſure and abilities will give us ſome day, your thoughts on this very important ſubject. For, can it be want of attention, ignorance, or unbelief, that cauſes the infatuation of leaving ſo much of their Lord's goods in the hands of the ungodly, or to thoſe who did not want any thing? What! They did not attend to it, that they muſt give an awful account of every talent! They will not know, that the earth is the Lord's, and the money, and the cattle upon a thouſand hills! Or, they will not believe that they muſt give an account, not only how they diſpoſed of their great Maſter's goods, while they lived; but how, and with whom they left his property, when they could be no longer ſtewards! O that ſomething could be wrote, that would prevent one in a thouſand at leaſt from the infatuation of ſo diſpoſing of their Lord's property at their deaths, that they ſhall meet with his frown, inſtead of his ſaying, *Well done good and faithful ſervant!*

I have been led, Sir, into theſe thoughts, both by a recent inſtance of one who made his will ſo, as to leave it in the power of another to give or leave all his property to the ungodly, who do not want it: and alſo by the painful recollection of other inſtances of ſome, with whom I was acquainted. One of theſe uſed to attend our preaching, and gave me a night's lodging occaſionally. He left ten thouſand pounds to a rich nephew, and not a ſhilling, that ever I heard of, to any charitable purpoſe.

Another, of whom I hoped better things, in the ſame town, was applied to, when our Society was building a new preaching-houſe, for ſomething to help them; but he had a number of ſcruples and gave them nothing; and dying ſoon after, made no ſcruple of leaving a rich woman a thouſand pounds: no ſcruple of leaving his poor relations very little: no ſcruple of leaving the poor, and his poor old ſervant nothing!

A third

A third was raiſed from nothing to riches; yet, when ſick, ſent for one and ſaid to him "you want money;" "No, ſaid the other, I do not" and really did not: yet the dying man left him all!

A fourth, who uſed to call me his ſpiritual father, by not making, or ſecuring his will, loſt, I believe, not leſs than twenty thouſand pounds, by leaving it behind him!

What ſtrange infatuation muſt it be, that blinds the minds of ſome religious men; that they will, if they can, leave all their poſterity gentlemen, that is, idle! Can they do them a greater miſchief? I remain, dear Sir, your moſt affectionate

D. W.

An Account of the Burning a GENTOO LADY *with her Huſband's Body.*

AT five o'clock in the morning, of the fourth of January 1743, died Rhaam Chund Pundit, of the Maharatior tribe, aged twenty-eight years. His widow, aged between ſeventeen and eighteen, as ſoon as he expired, diſdaining to wait the term allowed her for reflection, immediately declared to the Bramins and witneſſes preſent, her reſolution to burn.

As the family was of no ſmall conſideration, all the merchants of Coſſimbuzaar, and her relations, left no arguments uneſſayed to diſſuade her from it. Lady Ruſſel, with the tendereſt humanity, ſent her ſeveral meſſages to the ſame purpoſe. The infant ſtate of her children (two girls and a boy, the eldeſt not four years of age) and the terror and pain of the death ſhe ſought, were painted to her in the moſt lively colours. She was deaf to all: ſhe gratefully thanked Lady Ruſſel, and ſent her word, "She had now nothing to live for, but recommended her children to her protection."

When the torments of burning were urged (in terrorem) to her; ſhe, with a reſolved and calm countenance, put her finger

into the fire, and held it there a conſiderable time: ſhe then with one hand put fire in the palm of the other, ſprinkled incence on it, and fumigated the Bramins. The conſideration of her children, left deſtitute of a parent, was again urged to her. She replied, "He that made them would take care of them." She was at laſt given to underſtand, that ſhe would not be permitted to burn.* This, for a ſhort ſpace, ſeemed to give her deep affliction; but ſoon recollecting herſelf, ſhe told them, "Death was in her power; and that if ſhe was not allowed to burn, according to the principles of her Caſt, ſhe would ſtarve herſelf." Her friends, finding her peremptory and reſolved, were obliged at laſt to conſent.

The body of the deceaſed was carried down to the water ſide, early the following morning. The widow followed about ten o'clock, accompanied by three principal Bramins, her children, parents, and relations, and a numerous concourſe of people. The order of leave for her burning did not arrive from Koſleyn Khan, Fouzdaar of Morſhadabad, until after one; and it was then brought by one of the Soubak's own officers, who had orders to ſee that ſhe burnt voluntarily.

The time they waited for the order was employed in praying with the Bramins, and waſhing in the Ganges. As ſoon as it arrived, ſhe retired, and ſtayed for the ſpace of half an hour in the midſt of her female relations, amongſt whom was her mother. She then diveſted herſelf of her bracelets, and other ornaments, and tied them in a cloth, which hung like an apron before her, and was conducted by her female relations to one corner of the pile. On the pile was an arched arbour, formed of dry ſticks, boughs, and leaves, open only at one end to admit her entrance. In this the body of the deceaſed was depoſited, his head at the end oppoſite to the opening.

At the corner of the pile, to which ſhe had been conducted, a Bramin had made a ſmall fire, round which ſhe and the

* The Gentoos, are not permitted to burn, without an order from the Mahommedan government; and this permiſſion is commonly made a perquiſite.

three

three Bramins ſat for ſome minutes. One of them then gave into her hand a leaf of the bale-tree (the wood commonly conſecrated to form part of the funeral pile) with ſundry things on it, which ſhe threw into the fire. One of the others gave her a ſecond leaf, which ſhe held over the flame, whilſt he dropped three times ſome ghee on it, which melted, and fell into the fire. (Theſe two operations were preparatory ſymbols of her approaching diſſolution by fire.) And whilſt they were performing this, the third Bramin read to her ſome portions of the Aughtorrah Bhade,† and aſked queſtions, to which ſhe anſwered with a ſteady and ſerene countenance; but the noiſe was ſo great, that we could not underſtand what ſhe ſaid, although we were within a yard of her.

Theſe being over, ſhe was led with great ſolemnity three times round the pile, the Bramins reading before her. When ſhe came the third time to the ſmall fire, ſhe ſtoppped, took her rings off her toes and fingers, and put them to her other ornaments. Here ſhe took a ſolemn majeſtic leave of her children, parents, and relations; after which, one of the Bramins dipt a large wick of cotton in ſome ghee, and gave it, ready lighted, into her hand, and led her to the open ſide of the arbour; there all the Bramins fell at her feet. After ſhe had bleſſed them, they retired weeping. By two ſteps ſhe aſcended the pile, and entered the arbour.

On her entrance, ſhe made a profound reverence at the feet of the deceaſed; advanced and ſeated herſelf by his head; ſhe looked in ſilent meditation on his face, for the ſpace of a minute, then ſet fire to the arbour, in three places. Obſerving that ſhe had ſet fire to the leeward, and that the flames blew from her, inſtantly ſeeing her error, ſhe roſe, and ſet fire to windward, and reſumed her ſtation. Enſign *Daniel*, with his cane, ſeparated the graſs and leaves on the windward ſide, by which means we had a diſtinct view of her as ſhe ſat. With what a dignity and undaunted countenance ſhe ſet fire to the pile the laſt

† A paraphraſtic comment on the Shaſta.

time,

time, and aſſumed her ſeat, can only be conceived; for, words cannot convey a juſt idea of her. The pile being of combuſtible matter, the ſupporters of the roof were preſently conſumed, and it fell in upon her.

LETTERS.

LETTER DXXIX.

[From Miſs A. Bolton, to the Rev. J. Weſley.]

Feb. 23, 1782.

Rev. and dear Sir,

GRATITUDE, reſpect, and duty, forbid my longer delay in writing. My intention of coming hither increaſed my buſineſs, in preparing to leave home, and gave me hope of leiſure for ſo pleaſing an employment when here. For ſome time before I determined my journey, I laid it before Him "From whom all good counſels, and all juſt works do proceed:" and while I waited for inward diſcoveries, and ſecret intimations of his will, was led to attend to the outward directions of his providence: and both concurring to point out his pleaſure, on Tueſday, Feb. 12, I ſet out for Gloceſter, where my dear friend N. A. met me. We ſpent the evening there, much to my ſatisfaction, with a few of the Lord's flock. In order to make the beſt of the time, we formed a little Claſs-meeting; and the Friend of ſinners graced it with his preſence. Wedneſday I reached Chepſtow, and Thurſday morning this peaceful manſion, where, as we ſay, I find myſelf much at home.

You know my preſent ſituation, and will, at one glance, ſee that I need great grace to enable me to act as becomes my profeſſion. I am conſcious I came here, not to do my own will, but his that ſent me. I have need therefore every moment

ment to have my eye fixt on him, and my ear open to his voice. I feel all the powers of my ſoul join ardently in that wiſh, "to be uſeful," to ſhew forth the praiſes of him that hath called me to his kingdom and glory. But O! how inſufficient am I for theſe things! He, to whom my heart darts forth its deſire for help, alone knows, and that he *does* know it, is my joy and conſolation. My prayer is, that I may become wiſe to win ſouls, and in this point I need particular inſtruction. Some days ſince, when I was ſecretly breathing forth longings after it, the Almighty graciouſly condeſcended to remind me, that "He that walketh with wiſe men, ſhall be wiſe;" but more eſpecially, he that walketh in cloſe communion with the God of wiſdom, the ſource of all perfection, beauty, and harmony.

I am ſometimes at a loſs how to preſerve a happy medium between a kind of ſeverity, and complacency; not to countenance ſome little things that don't quite merit my approbation; and yet to avoid giving diſguſt, by appearing too ſtrict in the condemning, and diſapproving way. I wiſh to become all things to all, ſo far as to give me a ſuitable aſcendency of their affections, by which I may be enabled to lead them to their divine Original; for which purpoſe, I beſeech your advice and your prayers. But more fully to explain myſelf, I will inſert an inſtance. Miſs *I.* willing to oblige me, propoſes reading, in the evenings, ſuch books as I have not before read, or am likely to read. This is kindneſs, and purſuant to which, ſhe has begun Sir Charles Grandiſon. At firſt my mind was diſſatisfied; but the great character, there dilineated, leads me to a much higher one, the meek, the noble, the diſpaſſionate, the lovely Jeſus; and theſe, and ſuch like remarks I have made to my friends; as alſo how many other worthy examples are given in the divine records. Beſides, I meet with many beautiful ſentiments in this book, that have not fell in my way; which may be uſeful to me as I paſs through life.

But,

But, after all I have ſaid in favour of it, I beg your ſentiments. I am, dear Sir, your much obliged and affectionate

A. B.

LETTER DXXX.

[From Mr. J. Salmon, to the Rev. J. Weſley.]

March 16, 1782.

My dear Sir,

MAY the divine unction of our adorable Saviour, who was this day crucified for the ſins of the whole world, be abundantly with you! May this journey of love be bleſſed to the awakening, comforting, and building up of thouſands! And, as "The kingdom of God is (Mark iv. 26.) as if a man ſhould caſt ſeed into the ground, &c. and the ſeed doth ſpring and grow up, he knoweth not how, firſt the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear: but when the fruit is ripe, immediately he putteth in the ſickle, becauſe the harveſt is come;" O may we, who profeſs that holy name, be fully ripe before the time of harveſt come! For, I ſometimes think, how terrible will that voice be "The harveſt is come," to thoſe who ſhall then be only in the blade, or in an imperfect ear! O that all of us may ſo cleave to God our Saviour, that he may vouchſafe to ripen his fruit himſelf; and render us worthy, through his own moſt precious blood, to be of that good grain, which is to be offered up to God as the fruit of eternity!

The Lord is deepening his bleſſed work in my ſoul; and I breathe for nothing but more of the pure nature of God; and even now am conſtrained to cry out, "O for more of that inward fiery baptiſm of the Holy Ghoſt, which alone makes one ſpirit with the Lord, and cauſes true Chriſtians to be of one heart and of one mind!" I write not this, dear Sir, to you in the ſpirit of a maſter, which is expreſsly forbidden by St. James; but

but out of the abundance of my heart my pen has moved, as it were, inſenſibly along; intending principally by this to inform you that I cannot meet you at brother S's, being engaged to be in Shropſhire at that time; but if you can come and ſpend an evening with us at Nantwich, we ſhall be glad to ſee you. My wife joins in Chriſtian love to you, Mr. and Mrs. R. Miſs R. &c. with, dear brother,

Yours very affectionately,

J. W. S.

LETTER DXXXI.

[From Lady ——, to the Rev. J. Weſley.]

April 1, 1782.

Rev. Sir,

YOU know that God is love; and I pant to prove him ſo to the uttermoſt degree that humanity will admit of. What I have hitherto experienced of his goodneſs, when compared with what I expect, and what he has promiſed to beſtow upon me, appears very ſmall, even as the morning ſtar compared with the ſun in his full meridian; yet I dare not deny the goodneſs of the Lord. Since I wrote to you, unutterable peace has filled my ſoul, and heavenly ſerenity poſſeſſed my mind. My fellowſhip with God has been deepened, and my intercourſe with Jeſus has proved inexpreſſibly ſweet. I have more than ever experienced that God is the hearer of prayer, both for myſelf and others.

I am never ſo ſenſible of the poverty of language, as when attempting to ſpeak of the goodneſs of the Lord. Indeed at times it beggars all expreſſion! But theſe ſweet ſeaſons are often interrupted, and ſucceeded by ſuch a flood of inward temptations, as cauſes the moſt acute diſtreſs, and requires a great exertion of divine power to ſupport the ſoul under them. In theſe very trying times, ſhe feels ſtript of all but faith, and is

left to fight alone with the powers of darkneſs. I ſometimes regret my too great ſenſibility of temper, fearing it may preclude that degree of happineſs in religion, which I might otherways enjoy; but ſovereign grace is ſurely ſufficient to rectify every evil. That the Lord may fill you with all his fulneſs, and give you yet thouſands for your crown of rejoicing in the great day of diciſion, is the prayer of, Rev. and dear Sir,

Your obliged humble ſervant,

LETTER DXXXII.

[From Mrs. K. to the Rev. J. Weſley.

London, March 28, 1782.

Rev. and dear Sir,

YOU will excuſe my intruding on your time a few moments, to requeſt an intereſt in your prayers, and to draw the eſteemed favour of a line of inſtruction and exhortation from you. I bleſs the Lord, I feel it the one prevailing deſire of my heart to be a devoted follower of Jeſus. His ways, when the mind is rightly affected, are pleaſantneſs; and his paths, though perhaps intermixed with briars and thorns, are peace.

I long more abundantly to feel the inward power of religion, transforming my whole ſoul to love. Then would his yoke be eaſy, and every burden light. I meet with many things in life, from various quarters, of a painful nature. I have at times to do with ſome, with one in particular, a relation long well known to you, whom I do not find it poſſible to pleaſe. Her turn of mind is peculiar, and her retired way of living has, I believe, given the enemy advantage over her. But amidſt all, I truſt the Lord will carry on his work, and perfect the thing which concerneth me. O! for power to be ever looking

looking for a preſent ſalvation! O! for grace to live as a ſtranger and pilgrim here below! That, being redeemed from all the vain things of earth, my loins may be girt, and my lamp burning, and I may be found ready whenſoever the Lord ſhall call!

I oft have ſome gloomy ideas, (though leſs than in times paſt) concerning the appendages of death. "The knell, the ſhroud, the mattock, and the grave; the deep damp vault, the darkneſs, and the worm;" though they are the bugbears of a winter's eve, yet they produce ſome feelings I wiſh to be diveſted of. I would live the preſent moment, and I ſee the enemy cares not by what means he entangles or weakens the mind, if he can but draw it from the right object. It is oft a grief to me that my life ſeems to be ſo great a blank. I wiſh it were filled up with what might glorify God. I ſee nothing elſe worth living for. I could ſometimes adopt Mrs. Rowe's language and ſay, "This world has nothing worth a *careleſs* thought," (pity it ſhould have any anxiouſly careful ones!) It is indeed a dull round, but as it is improved for God. Something ſo little, that one might well aſk, "To tread this earth why was a ſpirit bound?" My feelings on this ſubject I cannot well deſcribe: they are, at ſome ſeaſons, profitable, and at others uncomfortable. I feel an inward principle that gaſps after a good unpoſſeſt; that cannot reſt ſhort of its proper centre, nor knows rightly how to attain to the proper enjoyment of it. You will underſtand my heart, though my pen is inadequate to deſcribe it. And you will not only underſtand, but, I doubt not, you will alſo help me by your prayers. Do, dear Sir, take me by the hand, and lead me forward. I would not be a halting Iſraelite, nor tarry in the plain any longer.

You have had much patience with me for many years; and though of late I have not been favoured with ſuch frequent inſtances of your care over me; yet I indulge the pleaſing hope, that I am not forgotten by you. May the Lord abundantly

reward you for all your labours of love towards me! Suffer me to intreat you, when time permits, to reprove, correct, and inſtruct me, that, in the Lord's hand, you may be an inſtrument, of making my laſt days my beſt; that, however my morning ſun was clouded by various doubts, and fears, and perplexing ſorrows; yet it may ſet, if not with triumphant luſtre, yet calm and uneclipſed; and riſe with meridian brightneſs in thoſe upper regions, where day without night ſhall reign for ever.

I hope the Lord is making your labours abundantly uſeful wherever you go. May the good-will of him that dwelt in the buſh ever be with you, to guard, to guide, to comfort, and ſucceed in every arduous taſk! And, while you are feeding others, may your own ſoul feaſt on the hidden manna; and daily find an increaſing ſweetneſs in its taſte! And, after many years have yet been added to the days of your pilgrimage, as a ſhock of corn fully ripe, may you be gathered into the garner! There, dear Sir, with your many ſons and daughters, may you ſhine with diſtinguiſhed luſtre; and

"Where the full glories of the Lamb
Adorn the heavenly plains;
Bright Seraphs learn Immanuel's name,
And try their choiceſt ſtrains;

"O may I bear ſome humble part,
In that immortal ſong;
Wonder and joy ſhall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue."

In the mean time, Dear Sir, I remain your very affectionate

K. K.

POETRY.

POETRY.

SHORT HYMNS

[By the late Rev. C. Weſley.]

HYMN XII.

On MATT. iv. ver. 23.—*Jeſus went about all Galilee teaching in their Synagogues, and preaching the goſpel of the kingdom, and healing all manner of ſickneſs, &c.*

JESUS, thee thy works proclaim
Omnipotently good!
Moſes, thy forerunner, came,
And mighty works he ſhewéd;
Miniſter of wrath divine,
His wonders plagued the ſinful race:
Works of pureſt love are thine,
And miracles of grace.

All thy cures are myſteries,
And prove thy power to heal
Every ſickneſs and diſeaſe,
Which now our ſpirits feel:
Good phyſician of mankind,
Thou wilt repeat thy ſov'reign word;
Chaſe the evils of our mind,
And ſpeak our ſouls reſtoréd.

Who of other helps deſpair,
And would thy word receive,
Us thou mak'ſt thy tender care,
And kindly doſt relieve;

Every

Every foul-infirmity,
And plague of heart thou doſt remove;
Heal'ſt whoe'er apply to thee
With balm of bleeding love.

Still thou go'ſt about to teach,
And deſperate fouls to cure;
Still thou doſt the kingdom preach
Which always ſhall endure:
Publiſheſt the power of grace,
Which pardon and perfection brings;
Saves our fallen, dying race,
And lifts us into kings.

The MAN *of* SORROW.

[By the Rev. Mr. G.]

O Could my ſoul ſuperior riſe
To earth and every vain delight;
And ſoar above yon azure ſkies,
To happier worlds divinely bright:
Where the redeeming God is ſeen,
Without a dark'ning veil between.

But my ſad ſpirit ſtrives in vain
To ſoar above theſe realms of woe;
I feel, I ſink beneath the chain,
That binds my grov'lling ſoul below:
Where clouds of ſorrow round me roll,
And dark temptations fright my ſoul.

The joys of peace ere while were mine,
From guilt and rankling ſorrow free;
Then I could ev'ry care reſign,
And live to him who died for me:

The purchas'd heaven my ſoul inſpir'd,
And grateful love my boſom fir'd.

But now I mourn my abſent Lord,
My conſcious heart o'erwhelm'd with grief;
No earth-born joys can peace afford,
Nor yield my woe-fraught heart relief:
My ſins have driv'n him from my breaſt,
And robb'd my guilty ſoul of reſt.

That ſecret voice no more I hear,
Which whiſper'd once my ſins forgiv'n:
A hopeleſs prey to grief and fear,
Abandon'd to the wrath of heaven;
No ſacred ſweets my pangs control,
But ſad deſpair broods o'er my ſoul.

No longer with the ſun I riſe,
Nor hail, with joy, his chearleſs ray;
No more, with him, I mount the ſkies,
To tune the long-forgotten lay;
But ſick'ning at his hated light,
I turn and ſeek the duſky night.

Yet then, while wrapt in ſullen gloom,
My devious path forlorn I tread;
Sad pictures of my haſtening doom
Fill all my trembling ſoul with dread:
Thus the long night and joyleſs day
In ſad ſucceſſion roll away.

In vain to heaven for help I cry,
To heal my deeply-wounded mind;
Swift as the paſſing moments fly,
Each leaves a deadly ſting behind;
Offended heaven rejects my prayer,
And leaves me ſinking to deſpair.

The VIOLET.

[By the Rev. Mr. Wotey.]

SERENE is the morning, the lark leaves his neſt,
And ſings a ſalute to the dawn;
The ſun with his ſplendor embroiders the eaſt,
And brightens the dew on the lawn:
Whilſt the ſons of debauch to indulgence give way,
And ſlumber the prime of their hours;
Let Eve's blooming daughters the garden ſurvey,
And make their remarks on the flow'rs.

The gay gaudy tulip obſerve as ye walk,
How flaunting the gloſs of its veſt!
How proud! and how ſtately it ſtands on its ſtalk,
In beauty's diverſity dreſt:
From the roſe, the carnation, the pink, and the clove,
What odours inceſſantly ſpring!
The ſouth wafts a richer perfume to the grove,
As he bruſhes the leaves with his wing.

Apart from the reſt, in her purple array,
The violet humbly retreats;
In modeſt concealment ſhe peeps on the day,
Yet none can excel her in ſweets:
So humble, that (though with unparalell'd grace
She might e'en a palace adorn)
She oft in the hedge hides her innocent face,
And grows at the foot of the thorn.

So beauty, ye fair ones, is doubly refin'd,
When modeſty heightens its charms;
When meekneſs divine adds a gem to the mind,
The heart of the ſuitor it warms:
Let none talk of Venus, and all her proud train,
(The Graces that wait at her call;)
'Tis meekneſs alone, which the conqueſt will gain;
This violet ſurpaſſes them all.


Mr. John Leech.
Ætatis 50.

THE

Arminian Magazine,

For JUNE 1790.

An Illuſtration of Part of the Seventh Chapter of the Epiſtle to the Romans, from verſe 14 to the end of the Chapter.

By JAMES SMITH, *Miniſter in* DUNFERMLINE.

[*Continued from page 230.*]

A more particular Explanation of the ſeveral Verſes.

Ver. 17. *Now then, it is no more I that do it, but ſin that dwelleth in me.*

Ver. 20. *Now, if I do that I would not, it is no more I that do it, but ſin that dwelleth in me.*

ALL the parts of this paſſage are of a piece; every ſentence diſcovers ſomething more of the exceeding ſinfulneſs of an unregenerate ſtate.

The apoſtle in theſe two verſes gives the reaſon why the impreſſions of the word, and voice of conſcience, were ineffectual to excite him to the habitual practice of holineſs; it

is becauſe of ſin dwelling in him. "It is no more I," ſaith St. Paul. The tranſgreſſion of God's law is univerſally repreſented in the ſcriptures to be the greateſt folly, and the tranſgreſſor is denominated a fool: when he ſinneth, he acts irrationally; whatever degree of reaſon remaineth with the ſinner, according to its ſtrength it oppoſeth the ſin. Reaſon and conſcience, unfettered with paſſion, ſpeak the ſame language with the law of God. Whoever tramples the law of God under his feet, alſo treadeth upon conſcience on which it is written, ch. ii. 15. Now, the apoſtle ſaith, "If I do that I would not, it is no more I that do it;" it is no more I as a rational, a conſcientious being, for my reaſon and conſcience forbid me. That better part which remains of what man originally was, which diſtinguiſheth him from the beaſts of the field, which diſtinguiſheth between good and evil, which conſtitutes him a moral agent, and an accountable being, dark and feeble as it is, yet ſtill offers its teſtimony againſt ſin: "Now, if I do that I would not, it is no more I that do it." It is very common to denominate the man by the better part. When Jacob went down into Egypt, we are told, Gen. xlvi. 27. that all the ſouls which went down with him were threeſcore and ten. There, as well as here, the man is denominated by the rational part. Sin in ſcripture is frequently perſonated, and repreſented as an obtruder on human nature. The powers of the ſoul are by this tyrant proſtituted to vice. The creature, thus made ſubject unto vanity by the fall of Adam, is repreſented as travelling in pain under a hard bondage, ch. viii. 20, 22. That bondage under corruption is here expreſſed by ſin dwelling in the man, as the reaſon why he acted ſo frequently in oppoſition to his conſcience, by doing what he would not. It is ſin that dwelleth in me, as a maſter doth in his own houſe, uſing it for his own purpoſes. He had ſaid, ver. 14. that he was ſold under this tyrant who ruled over him; and here he tells us, that ſin to whom he was ſold a ſlave

dwelt

dwelt in him. He uſeth the very ſame word to denote the manner in which the Spirit abides with, and ruleth in the ſpiritual man. "Ye are not in the fleſh, but in the Spirit, if ſo be that the Spirit of God *dwell* in you."

Ver. 23. *But I ſee another law in my members, warring againſt the law of my mind, and bringing me into captivity to the law of ſin which is in my members.*

The power which corruption in his members had over the ſoul, led her captive to the law of ſin; that is, ſubdued her to itſelf, and made him obey the demands of ſinful paſſions. In conſequence of ſin thus dwelling in St. Paul and governing him, he found it a rule which generally took place, that when he would do good, the dominion which ſin had over him prevented the accompliſhment of ſuch purpoſes.

Such reſolutions, we are informed, he was capable of making; "to will is preſent with me," ver. 18. We often find wicked men reſolving to reform, and actually abſtaining from many of their vices: but they perſevere not; for how to perform that which is good, that is, how to perſevere in performing that which is good, they find not, ver. 18. The reaſon is, the ſtrong man of ſin is not diſarmed, nor bound by the ſtronger, and therefore his dominion over them, warring againſt ſuch reſolutions of their minds always in the iſſue leads them captive to his authority. For, ſaid St. Paul, ver. 22. "Though I delight in the law of God after the inward man; yet I ſee another law in my members warring againſt the law of my mind, and prevailing over me to lead me into bondage." The law of the mind is the power of conſcience; the law of ſin in his members is the power that corruption had over him. Theſe two are in oppoſition to one another; and in the unregenerate, corruption generally prevails, and enſlaves the man to ſin. The law of the mind is that which the apoſtle tells us is written in the hearts even of heathens,

by which they, without revelation, are a law unto themſelves, ch. ii. 14, 15. The light of revelation gave force to the law in St. Paul's mind, his conſcience acknowledged it to be the law of God. The authority of this law in the man was oppoſed by the authority of ſinful paſſions ruling in his members. Theſe kept him in perpetual bondage to ſin. This is expreſſed in this verſe in a moſt emphatical manner: "I find another law in my members warring againſt the law of my mind;" not in dubious conflict, in which the law of the mind prevails, and in which corruption ſtruggles for the maſtery in vain, (as is poſitively aſſerted by thoſe who maintain that this was a conflict between grace and corruption in St. Paul after his converſion.) It is impoſſible that an opinion can be more contradictory to the expreſs declaration of the inſpired author; for, ſaith he of corruption in his members, "it bringeth me into captivity to the law of ſin." He doth not ſpeak of an occaſional advantage which corruption obtained, it was a complete and final victory. The original word (bringing me into captivity,) is very expreſſive; not only warring, but alſo carrying him away captive with irreſiſtible force. This is the conſequence of being overcome; the enemy was carrying away the vanquiſhed into captivity; he was in the hands of the foe as the victor's lawful captive; this is the import of the word. The verb is uſed by Chriſt to denote the ſtate of the Jews after their diſperſion: "They ſhall fall by the edge of the ſword, and ſhall *be led away captive* into all nations," Luke xxi. 24. St. Paul uſeth the ſame verb to denote the manner in which the word and Spirit of God brings the thoughts into ſubjection to the law of Chriſt, 2 Cor. x. 5. "And bringing into captivity every thought to the obedience of Chriſt." The power which accompliſhed this he calls "mighty through God to the pulling down of ſtrong holds," and carrying with irreſiſtible force into captivity. The ſame thing is here ſaid of corruption.

Though the ſenſe of this paſſage be expreſſed in the cleareſt language, yet there is not one ſentence in it which is not interpreted

preted into a ſenſe altogether foreign to the real ſignification of the words, by all thoſe who apply it to the apoſtle's character after his converſion. The commentators alſo maintain, that the paſſage is perfectly ſimilar to Gal. v. 16—18. Whereas the difference is exceeding great.

1. The perſons mentioned in the Galatians are ſuch as were led by the Spirit, and walked in the Spirit, ver. 16, 18. the perſon mentioned here is ſold under ſin; ſin dwelleth in him, and ruleth in his members, ver. 14, 20, 23.

2. They crucify the fleſh, with the affections and deſires, Gal. v. 24. St. Paul was carnal, led captive by corruption, and ſerved with his fleſh the law of ſin.

3. The conflict in the Chriſtian, as mentioned in the Galatians, is between the Spirit in the man operating upon his mind, and enſuring victory, on the one ſide; and the remains of corruption in its broken ſtate, on the other. The conflict in St. Paul was between his mind, on one part, and corruption in its original vigour, on the other.

4. The iſſue of the Chriſtian's conflict is victory on the Spirit's ſide; they are more than conquerors through him: only in proportion to the ſtrength of corruption, the mind was obſtructed in doing good; ſhe was not able, on account of this oppoſition, to do all that ſhe would. A final and complete conqueſt was the iſſue of St. Paul's conflict on the ſide of corruption; he was led captive to the law of ſin, and neither could do good nor avoid evil. Two caſes more diſſimilar are hardly to be found among men on earth.

[*To be continued.*]

SERMON

SERMON LVII.

On HEBREWS v. 4.

[*Concluded from page* 235.]

13. IT was ſeveral years after our Society was formed, before any attempt of this kind was made. The firſt was, I apprehend, at *Norwich*. One of our Preachers there, yielded to the importunity of a few of the people, and baptized their children. But as ſoon as it was known, he was informed, it muſt not be, unleſs he deſigned to leave our connexion. He promiſed to do it no more: and I ſuppoſe he kept his promiſe.

14. Now as long as the Methodiſts keep to this plan, they cannot ſeparate from the Church. And this is our peculiar glory. It is new upon the earth. Revolve all the hiſtories of the Church, from the earlieſt ages, and you will find, whenever there was a great work of God in any particular city or nation, the ſubjects of that work, ſoon ſaid to their neighbours, "Stand by yourſelves, for we are holier than you!" As ſoon as ever they ſeparated themſelves, either they retired into deſarts, or they built religious houſes; or at leaſt formed parties, into which none was admitted but ſuch as ſubſcribed both to their judgment and practice. But with the Methodiſts, it is quite otherwiſe. They are not a Sect or Party. They do not ſeparate from the Religious Community, to which they at firſt belonged. They are ſtill members of the Church: ſuch they deſire to live and to die. And I believe, one reaſon why God is pleaſed to continue my life ſo long, is to confirm them in their preſent purpoſe, Not to ſeparate from the Church.

15. But, notwithſtanding this, many warm men ſay, "Nay, but you *do* ſeparate from the Church." Others are equally warm,

warm, "Becauſe, they ſay, I *do not*." I will nakedly declare the thing as it is.

I hold all the Doctrines of the Church of *England*. I love her Liturgy. I approve her plan of Diſcipline, and only wiſh, it could be put in execution. I do not knowingly vary from any rule of the Church, unleſs in thoſe few inſtances, where I judge, and as far as I judge, there is an abſolute neceſſity.

For inſtance 1. As few Clergymen open their Churches to me, I am under the neceſſity of *preaching abroad.*

2. As I know no Forms that will ſuit all occaſions, I am often under a neceſſity of *praying extempore.*

3. In order to build up the flock of Chriſt in faith and love, I am under a neceſſity of uniting them together, and of dividing them into little Companies, that they may provoke one another to love and good works.

4. That my fellow-labourers and I may more effectually aſſiſt each other, to ſave our own ſouls and thoſe that hear us, I judge it neceſſary to meet the Preachers, or at leaſt, the greater part of them, once a year.

5. In thoſe Conferences we fix the ſtations of all the Preachers for the enſuing year.

But all this is not ſeparating from the Church. So far from it, that whenever I have opportunity, I attend the Church Service myſelf, and adviſe all our Societies ſo to do.

16. Nevertheleſs as the generality even of religious people, who do not underſtand my motives of acting, and who on the one hand hear me profeſs that I will not ſeparate from the Church, and on the other, that I do vary from it in theſe inſtances, they will naturally think, "I am inconſiſtent with myſelf." And they cannot but think ſo, unleſs they obſerve my two principles. The one, that I dare not ſeparate from the Church, that I believe it would be a ſin, ſo to do: the other, that I believe it would be a ſin, not to vary from it, in the points above mentioned. I ſay, put theſe two principles together,

together, firſt, I will not ſeparate from the Chruch; yet, ſecondly, In caſes of neceſſity, I will vary from it (both of which I have conſtantly and openly avowed, for upwards of fifty years,) and inconſiſtency vaniſhes away. I have been true to my profeſſion from 1730 to this day.

17. "But, is it not contrary to your profeſſion to permit Service in *Dublin* at Church hours? For what neceſſity is there for this? Or what good end does it anſwer?" I believe it anſwers ſeveral good ends, which could not ſo well be anſwered any other way. The firſt is, (ſtrange as it may ſound) to *prevent a ſeparation* from the Church. Many of our Society were totally ſeparated from the Church: they never attended it at all. But now they duly attend the Church every firſt Sunday in the month. "But had they not better attend it every week?" Yes; but who can perſuade them to it? I cannot. I have ſtrove to do it, twenty or thirty years; but in vain. The ſecond is, the weaning them from attending Diſſenting Meetings, which many of them attended conſtantly; but have now wholly left. The third is, the conſtantly hearing that ſound doctrine, which is able to ſave their ſouls.

18. I wiſh all of you who are vulgarly termed Methodiſts, would ſeriouſly conſider what has been ſaid. And particularly you, whom God hath commiſſioned, to call ſinners to repentance. It does by no means follow from hence, that ye are commiſſioned to baptize, or to adminiſter the Lord's Supper. Ye never dreamed of this, for ten or twenty years, after ye began to preach. Ye did not then, like *Korah, Dathan* and *Abiram, ſeek the prieſthood alſo.* Ye knew, *No man taketh this honour unto himſelf, but he that is called of God, as was Aaron.* O contain yourſelves within your own bounds. Be content with preaching the goſpel. *Do the work of Evangeliſts.* Proclaim to all the world the loving kindneſs of God our Saviour: declare to all, *The kingdom of heaven is at hand: repent ye and believe the goſpel.* I earneſtly adviſe you, abide in your place: keep your own ſtation. Ye were

fifty

fifty years ago, thoſe of you that were then *Methodiſt Preachers*, *Extraordinary Meſſengers* of God, not going in your own will, but *thruſt out*, not to ſuperſede, but to *provoke to jealouſy* the *ordinary meſſengers*. In God's name, ſtop there! Both by your preaching and example, provoke them to love and to good works. Ye are a new phenomenon in the earth: a body of people, who being of no ſect or party, are friends to all parties, and endeavour to forward all, in Heart Religion, in the knowledge and love of God and man. Ye yourſelves were at firſt called in the Church of *England*: and though ye have and will have a thouſand temptations to leave it, and ſet up for yourſelves, regard them not. Be Church of *England* men ſtill. Do not caſt away the peculiar glory which God hath put upon you, and fruſtrate the deſign of Providence, the very end for which God raiſed you up.

19. I would add a few words to thoſe ſerious people, who are not connected with the Methodiſts: many of whom are of our own Church, the Church of *England*. And why ſhould *ye* be diſpleaſed with us? We do you no harm: we do not deſign or deſire to offend you in any thing. We hold your Doctrines: we obſerve your Rules, more than do moſt of the people in the kingdom. Some of you are Clergymen. And why ſhould *ye*, of all men be diſpleaſed with us? We neither attack your character, nor your revenue. We honour you for *your work's ſake!* If we ſee ſome things, which we do not approve of, we do not publiſh them. We rather caſt a mantle over them, and hide what we cannot commend. When ye treat us unkindly or unjuſtly, we ſuffer it. *Being reviled, we bleſs.* We do not return railing for railing. O let not *your* hand be upon us!

20. Ye that are *rich* in this world, count us not your enemies, becauſe we tell you the truth: and it may be in a fuller and ſtronger manner, than any others will or dare do. Ye have therefore need of us, inexpreſſible need. Ye cannot buy ſuch friends at any price. All your gold and ſilver

cannot purchaſe ſuch. Make uſe of us while ye may. If it be poſſible, never be without ſome of thoſe, who will ſpeak the truth from their heart. Otherwiſe ye may grow grey in your ſins. Ye may ſay to your ſouls, "Peace, peace!" while there is no peace! Ye may ſleep on, and dream ye are in the way to heaven, till ye awake in everlaſting fire.

21. But whether ye will hear, or whether ye will forbear, we by the grace of God, hold on our way: being ourſelves ſtill members of the Church of *England*, as we were from the beginning, but receiving all that love God in every Church, as our brother, and ſiſter, and mother. And in order to their union with us, we require no unity in opinions, or in modes of worſhip, but barely that they *fear God and work righteouſneſs*, as was obſerved. Now this is utterly a new thing, unheard of in any other Chriſtian Community. In what Church or Congregation beſide, throughout the Chriſtian world, can members be admitted upon theſe terms, without any other conditions? Point any ſuch out, whoever can: I know none in *Europe*, *Aſia*, *Afric*, or *America!* This is the glory of the Methodiſts, and of them alone! They are themſelves no particular Sect or Party: but they receive thoſe of all parties, who *endeavour to do juſtly, and love mercy, and walk humbly with their God.*

Cork, May 4, 1789.

A ſhort Account of Mr. GEORGE SHADFORD.

[Written by Himſelf.]

[*Continued from page* 240.]

A Remarkable circumſtance happened juſt as I was leaving *Philadelphia*. When I went to the inn where my horſe was, and had juſt entered into the yard, I obſerved a man fixing

fixing his eyes upon me, and looking earneſtly until he ſeemed aſhamed, and bluſhed very much. At length he came up to me, and abruptly ſaid, "Sir, I ſaw you in a dream laſt night. When I ſaw your back as you came into the yard I thought it was you; but now that I ſee your face, I am ſure you are the perſon. I have been wandering up and down this morning until now ſeeking you." Saw *me* in a dream, ſaid I, What do you mean? "Sir, ſaid he, I did. I am ſure I did. And yet I never ſaw you with my bodily eyes before. Yeſterday in the afternoon I left this city and went as far as *Schoolkill River*, intending to croſs it; but began to be very uneaſy and could not go over it; I therefore returned to this place, and laſt night, in my ſleep, ſaw you ſtand before me; when a perſon from another world bade me ſeek for you until I found you, and ſaid you would tell me what I muſt do to be ſaved. He ſaid alſo that one particular mark by which I might know you was; that you preached in the ſtreets and lanes of the city." Having ſpoken this, he immediately aſked, "Pray Sir, are not you a Miniſter? (by which name they frequently call the Preachers in *America*.) I ſaid, "Yes, I am a Preacher of the Goſpel; and it is true that I preach in the ſtreets and lanes of the city, which no other Preacher in *Philadelphia* does. I preach alſo every Sunday morning at nine o'clock in *Newmarket*." I then aſked him to ſtep acroſs the way to a friend's houſe, where I aſked him from whence he came? He anſwered "From the *Jerſeys*." I aſked, Had he any family? He ſaid, "Yes; a wife and children." I aſked, Where he was going? He ſaid, "He did not know." I likewiſe aſked, Does your wife know where you are? He ſaid, "No. The only reaſon why I left home was I had been very uneaſy and unhappy for half a year paſt, and could not reſt any longer but muſt come to *Philadelphia*."

I replied, "I firſt adviſe you to go back to your wife and children, and take care of them by obeying God in the order of his Providence. It is unnatural to leave them in this

manner: for even the birds of the air provide for their young. Secondly, you ſay you are unhappy; therefore the thing you want is religion; the love of God, and of all mankind; righteouſneſs, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghoſt. When this takes poſſeſſion of your heart, ſo as to deſtroy your evil tempers, and root out the love of the world, anger, pride, ſelf-will, and unbelief, then you will be happy. The way to obtain this is, you muſt forſake all your ſins, and heartily believe in the Lord Jeſus Chriſt. When you return to the *Jerſeys*, go to hear the Methodiſt Preachers conſtantly, and pray to the Lord to bleſs the word; and if you heartily embrace it, you will become a happy man."

While I was exhorting him, the tears ran plentifully from his eyes. We then all kneeled down to pray, and I was enabled to plead and intercede with much earneſtneſs for his ſoul, and to commend them all to God. When we aroſe from our knees, I ſhook him by the hand: he wept much and had a broken heart; but did not know how to part with me. He then ſet out to go to his wife in the *Jerſeys*; and I for *Baltimore*, in *Maryland*; and I ſaw him no more; but I truſt I ſhall meet him in heaven.

I cannot but remark here that God ſometimes ſteps out of the common way of his Providence to help ſome ſouls; eſpecially a poor ignorant perſon, who wants to ſerve him, but knows not how, (and hath a degree of his fear.) When ſuch perſons pray ſincerely to the Lord, he will direct, by his Providence, to ſome perſon, or book, to ſome means or other, by which they may be inſtructed and brought to the knowledge of the truth.

That night I preached at *Cheſter*, and in two days I arrived on the borders of *Maryland*. I then croſſed *Suſquehannah* River, and preached to a loving congregation of Blacks and Whites, who were remarkably affected; and the next day at *Deer Creek* to a large company of Negroes and others. I had

hurt

hurt my leg by a fall, and was obliged to preach ſitting; but the Lord made his word ſpirit and life to the people.

Soon after this I came to *Baltimore*, where I had not been many weeks before a young man came to me with two horſes and intreated me to go to his father's houſe, about four miles from *Baltimore*, to viſit his poor diſtreſſed brother, who was chained in bed, and whoſe caſe they did not underſtand, ſuppoſing him to be mad, or poſſeſſed with a devil. When I entered the room I found the young man in the depth of deſpair. I told him Chriſt died for ſinners; that he came to ſeek and to ſave loſt ſinners; yea, that he received the chief of ſinners, and added, "There is no other name given under heaven, whereby men can be ſaved, but in and through our Lord Jeſus Chriſt." The young man laid hold of thoſe words "The name of Jeſus Chriſt;" and ſaid he would call upon Jeſus Chriſt as long as he lived, and found ſome little hope within him; but knew no more how he muſt be ſaved than an Indian.

I ſang a verſe or two of a hymn, and then his father and mother, and brethren joined me in prayer. The power of God was amongſt us of a truth: we had melted hearts, and weeping eyes, and indeed there was a ſhower of tears amongſt us. I know not when I have felt more of the Divine preſence, or power to wreſtle with God in prayer than at this time. After we roſe from our knees, I gave an exhortation, and continued to go to preach in their houſe every week or fortnight for ſome time. They looſed the young man that was bound; and the Lord ſhortly after looſed him from the chain of his ſins, and ſet him at perfect liberty. He ſoon began to warn his neighbours, and to exhort ſinners to flee from the wrath which is to come: and before I left the country, he began to travel a Circuit; and was remarkably ſucceſsful. I followed him in *Kent* in *Delaware*; and verily believe he was inſtrumental in awakening an hundred ſinners that year.

I was

I was appointed the next year for *Virginia*, and was much dejected in ſpirit. I often felt much of this before a remarkable manifeſtation of the power and preſence of God. In preaching and prayer the Lord ſtrips and empties before he fills. I ſaw myſelf ſo vile and worthleſs as I cannot expreſs; and wondered that God ſhould employ me in his work. I was amazed when I firſt began to preach in *Virginia*, for I ſeldom preached a ſermon but ſome were convinced and converted, often three or four at a time. I could ſcarcely believe them when they told me.

Among theſe was a dancing maſter, who came firſt to hear on a week day dreſſed in ſcarlet; and came ſeveral miles again on Sunday dreſſed in green. After preaching he ſpoke to me and aſked, if I could come to that part where he lived ſome day in the week? I told him I could not, as I was engaged every day. I ſaw him at preaching again that week, and another man of his profeſſion. When I was going to preach one morning, a friend ſaid to me, "Mr. *Shadford*, you ſpoiled a fine dancing-maſter laſt week. He was ſo cut under preaching, and feels ſuch a load of ſin upon his conſcience, that he moves very heavily; nay, he cannot ſhake his heels at all. He had a large profitable ſchool; but hath given it up, and is determined to dance no more. He intends now to teach reading, writing, and arithmetic." I ſaid it is very well, what is his name? He ſaid, "He is called *Madcap*." I ſaid "A very proper name for a dancing maſter;" but I found that this was only a nickname, for his real name was *Metcalf*. He began to teach ſchool, joined our Society, found the guilt and load of ſin removed from his conſcience, and the pardoning love of God ſhed abroad in his heart by the Holy Ghoſt given unto him. He lived ſix or ſeven years after, and died a great witneſs for God, having been one of the moſt devoted men in our connection.

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

An

An Account of the Life and Death of E. RICHARDSON.

[By Mr. A. Mather.]

ELIZABETH RICHARDSON had a meaſure of the fear of God even from her youth. The firſt wages ſhe received was in part laid out in the purchaſe of a Prayer-book, as a kind of thank-offering to God, who had provided her a good place at ſervice.

In the year 1771, ſhe came to live in a family where the Houſe-keeper was a hearer of the Methodiſts, for which ſhe was oppoſed by the reſt of the ſervants, who ſpoke againſt the way of ſalvation by faith alone. With theſe *E. Richardſon* alſo joined; and no wonder, as this laid the axe to the root of all her phariſaic hopes! Her great ignorance too increaſed her oppoſition to the way of finding mercy freely by grace. The Houſe-keeper pitied, bore with, and continued to adviſe her; till at length ſhe was prevailed on to hear for herſelf. The firſt time ſhe went, ſhe laughed, not only during the preaching; but even while the Preacher was in prayer. The other woman ſtill ſtrove to do her good. She read books to her; and among the reſt Mr. *Nelſon's* Journal, which made ſome impreſſion on her mind, though at the firſt ſhe was unwilling to own it. Mr. *Nelſon* ſoon after coming into the Circuit, ſhe had a deſire to hear him, as ſhe had heard of his ſufferings. Her prejudice was ſoon removed, and ſhame covered her, on account of the part ſhe had taken in oppoſing and ſpeaking evil of what ſhe did not underſtand.

She became now truly in earneſt, and was very conſtant in every means of grace, making the word of God her daily delight. She was now oppoſed, as well as the Houſe-keeper, by the other ſervants; and, as they attended the morning-preaching, the footman, to prevent them, uſed to lock the door, and carry the keys into his own room. And that they might

might not go through the garden undiſcovered (there being a way into the ſtreet by it, when the river was low) he covered thoſe ſteps with ſand. Yet they ventured one morning, and as he got up before they returned, he called up his maſter, and informed him of their having going out upon that buſineſs. The maſter was greatly diſpleaſed, and on their return, ſaid a great deal to the Houſe-keeper (though he had a regard for her as a ſervant.) *E. Richardſon* ſtanding by, encouraged her, bidding her remember *Caleb*, and *Joſhua*, whoſe ſpirit and behaviour the Preacher had been deſcribing that morning. They both ſtood firm; and the Houſe-keeper, in a becoming manner, aſſured her maſter, that ſhe was reſolved, through grace, to ſave her ſoul; and as ſhe found theſe means of grace uſeful to her, ſhe could not deſiſt from uſing them, whenever her duty in his ſervice would admit: and if he could not allow it, ſhe muſt provide for herſelf otherwiſe. However, ſhe continued in her place till ſhe married.

E. Richardſon being more expoſed, and confined, reſolved to leave her place; and try to get her bread ſome other way, purpoſing to live on bread and water, rather than be hindered from the uſe of the means. Therefore ſhe learned the mantua-making buſineſs, bought up every opportunity, and joined the Society. She was now more and more earneſt in ſeeking God; but did not know him as a ſin-pardoning God for ſome years. She was often indeed attracted by the drawings of his love; which encouraged her; but ſhe could not reſt ſatisfied without a clear ſenſe that all her paſt ſins were freely pardoned. The Lord was pleaſed at length to reveal himſelf ſo fully to her, as to remove all doubt of her acceptance. She then with confidence invited others to the blood of atonement, aſſuring them, they need not fear, ſeeing God had been gracious to *her*.

She was ſtrictly conſcientious, and never (as far as I could learn) loſt a ſenſe of her firſt love. She was wont to ſay (notwithſtanding her natural reſerve) "None has more cauſe than I have to ſpeak good of the Lord." Yet, when ſhe was deſired either

either in Claſs or Band, to declare it, ſhe could only expreſs it by tears. Nor was ſhe for a long time delivered from this temptation, or ſnare of the Devil, (for ſuch it ſurely is, leſt poor ſouls ſhould get aſſiſtance by diſcloſing their minds.) She walked very cloſely with God, and made all her wants known to him, who comforts and relieves thoſe, who depend upon him. He ſhewed her what ſtill remained in her heart; and therefore ſhe felt the need of an intire deliverance from it. She groaned, and ſtruggled to get free; but, like many others, knew not how to attain that liberty. She endeavoured after much watchfulneſs, devotion, ſelf-crucifixion, and diligence; which though all good in themſelves, yet it is by looking through them to Jeſus only, as the author and finiſher of this great work, that the ſoul is delivered.

While ſhe found her nature quiet, and her mind ſteady in the diſcharge of every duty, and had nothing great to accuſe herſelf of, ſhe was confident ſhe ſhould attain: but when the fleſh luſted powerfully againſt the ſpirit, and rendered the path of duty more difficult, ſhe thought the attainment of ſuch a change was at a vaſt diſtance, and ſcarce likely ever to be attained by her. Thus ſhe continued (like many others) full of hopes and fears for many years; ſhewing manifeſtly that ſhe expected the bleſſing, not as the free gift of God, through faith in the Lord Jeſus Chriſt alone. Of this ſhe ſeemed to have little, or no idea till about February 1785, being married ſhe was put into a married woman's Band; and her Leader, after ſome time, took an opportunity of ſpeaking to her about her particular exerciſes; to whom ſhe opened her mind freely, though ſhe had been reſerved before. She now began to underſtand the way of expecting and receiving all ſhe felt the need of from God, and an inſtantaneous deliverance from all the evil in her heart, by ſimple faith in the Lord Jeſus Chriſt. She alſo ſaw that ſhe was not to expect this deliverance firſt, and then to believe it, as ſhe had formerly done; but to believe now on the Lord Jeſus, and then be ſaved from what ſhe felt,

or from whatever burden ſhe brought to the Lord, deſiring to be delivered from it. She had not waited long in this way, before ſhe was made a happy partaker of *that* ſalvation.

From the time her ſoul was ſaved from inward evil, ſhe was no longer reſerved; but ſpoke in Claſs, Band, Select Society, and in converſation, as freely and chearfully as any of her brethren, of the things pertaining to God, and her own experience. She now became pregnant, and in the various exerciſes incident to that ſtate, ſhe was ſupported with much patience, and ſweet ſubmiſſion to the will of God. She looked, without any horror or dread, to the time of her travail, and the natural pains attendant thereon, and the peculiar difficulty to thoſe, who arrive at an age above forty, before they have a child. Yet it appeared by her converſation that ſhe had the deepeſt apprehenſions of the manner wherein it would iſſue; for, to ſome of her friends, after ſhe had mentioned her want of ſeveral neceſſaries for herſelf, as well as houſehold furniture; ſhe ſaid, "but I will wait till I ſee whether I ſhall recover." She alſo gave directions how ſhe would have her apparel diſpoſed of, in caſe of her death; and all this without any ſeeming diſcompoſure, as one who was going to exchange a life of woe for one of never-ending bliſs.

It was the views and foretaſte ſhe had of this, which made her ſee the emptineſs of all ſhe was about to leave behind, and to exult in full confidence and aſſurance of the all-ſufficiency and permanency of thoſe ſhe was going to. As her communion with God, through faith in Chriſt, was very cloſe; ſo the nearer the time of her diſſolution ſeemed to approach (though ſhe was in as good health as any in her condition uſually are) the more chearful, ſatisfied, and joyful ſhe was; and attended every means of grace with more than common delight.

Thus prepared, when her travail began, though it was attended with circumſtances that made it difficult, and tedious; yet ſhe bore all with patience, and perfect reſignation to the divine will;

will; for, ſhe had an unſhaken confidence, that all would be well, whether life or death. Accordingly, after many hours of hard labour, it pleaſed God that ſhe was ſafely delivered of a living child. She continued for ſome time after her delivery ſeemingly in a way of recovery, though very weak. She was ſtill exceeding happy, truſting in God, and triumphing in hope of being ſhortly with him for ever. She could not refrain from ſpeaking of the goodneſs of God to all, who came near her, and exhorting them to make ſure their ſalvation; particularly ſome, of whom ſhe ſtood in doubt. She alſo encouraged her huſband much, who was himſelf greatly ſupported by the preſence of God. Being deſired to refrain from ſpeaking ſo much, becauſe it hurted her; ſhe ſaid, "I muſt ſpeak for God: I muſt praiſe him, he is ſo good, and has been ſo to me, and you, my dear huſband."

She continued thus for ſeveral days: and on Sunday morning, when one of our ſiſters went into the room, ſhe ſaid, "Oh! what a bleſſed morning is this! I am in the ſpirit on the Lord's-day! What hath the Lord done both for my ſoul and body! I have no ſin! I feel no pain!" Thus ſhe continued inviting all, who came near her, to praiſe the Lord with her, and deſiring they might exalt his name together, for what he had done for her ſoul. About two o'clock, a particular friend (with whom ſhe had often taken ſweet counſel, and to whom ſhe had ſpoken freely) going into the room, as ſoon as ſhe ſaw her, ſhe broke out, "O! Siſter, is not this what I have always deſired, that I might preach Chriſt to *all*, when I came to die! and now I can ſay, "My Father, God, with an unwavering tongue!"

She then ſaid to her huſband, looking with pleaſure and heavenly delight upon him, "My dear, praiſe God! He is a great God! a faithful God! a God true to his promiſe! Oh! what has he done for me!" When he begged ſhe would not ſpend herſelf, as it increaſed her diſorder; ſhe ſaid "I cannot help it. I muſt praiſe thee, O Lord, who dealeſt ſo bountifully

with me!" To another, coming in, whom ſhe loved, and with whom ſhe met in Band, ſhe ſaid, "My dear, here is an heir of ſalvation going to glory to-day! I have begun a glorious Sabbath on earth, which I ſhall for ever ſpend in heaven. Oh! praiſe the Lord with me! praiſe him for what he hath done for my ſoul! I ſhall ſoon be with him, whom my ſoul loveth." Shortly after, her Leader going in, and encouraging her ſtill to look to Jeſus, who, as he had been with her, would now bring her off more than conqueror; ſhe ſaid "O my dear, you have been a great encourager; and have helped to bear me up ever ſince I knew you." She then fell aſleep in Jeſus, a living and dying witneſs of his power to ſave to the uttermoſt all who come to God through him, on the ninth of April, 1786.

A. M.

An Account of the Revival of the Work of God at PETERSBURG, *in* VIRGINIA.

[By Mr. R. Garrettſon.]

FOR many years religion in theſe parts ſeemed to be at a ſtand. Sinners had heard the goſpel till they had become goſpel-wiſe, and only appeared to hear for form ſake; till they could ſit under the moſt pathetic ſubjects, and remain unaffected. Laſt ſpring we introduced Prayer-meetings once, and in ſome places twice a week wherever we had a Claſs; and I think this was the means God bleſſed in commencing the preſent revival of religion. In *Peterſburg* (where I reſide) laſt ſpring we agreed to meet twice in the week to join in prayer for the proſperity of our own ſouls, and the cauſe of God. Our Claſs conſiſted then of eleven in number; we ſoon got more cloſely united in love, and religion revived in the Claſs. We were

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full of life and zeal; hence it was, that conviction ſeized the ungodly; and they were conſtrained to cry for mercy, and to forſake vice.

One day in time of preaching I ſaw a girl of about fourteen years of age ſeem to ſwell as if ſhe would burſt; and after the people were diſmiſſed, ſhe ran into a back room, and fell on her knees and cried aloud for mercy. The ſiſters followed her, and laid hold of her, and brought her into the Preaching-room (the people all preſent.) We fell down to pray for her, and God ſet her ſoul at liberty, and the power of God come down on all the people, old and young; many of the children, as well as adults, cried aloud for mercy, under a ſenſe of the wrath of God: ſinners all around were aſtoniſhed, and we continued wreſtling with God in prayer for four or five hours, till the Lord bleſſed another girl of ten years of age.

Thus the work began in our town, and continues to ſpread with rapidity to this day. Our little Claſs of eleven in number has increaſed to forty-five converted zealous ſouls. I believe the revival generally began in the Claſſes; and then broke out among the wicked as fire among dry ſtubble. The people by their Prayer-meetings got their ſouls glowing with love to God; and when the ſermon was over, one and another would break out and pray in the congregation. Some times the Preachers deſired two or three to pray in the congregation, when the divine preſence generally filled the place; and when the Claſs withdrew, we admitted the mourners to ſtay, and then a divine power came down: ſome praiſing God aloud, and others crying for mercy, the people without were ſo eager to get in, that they were ready to burſt the door open.

When this power came down, we could not ſpeak to the Claſs; ſo we opened the door, and let all in. The whole company were affected, and numbers ſo wrought upon, that they fell down on their knees; and others dropped down on their faces, having the uſe of their limbs intirely ſuſpended. Commonly, in theſe meetings, from one to ten were converted

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in a day. Saints were praiſing God aloud, and mourners crying for mercy as from the depth of hell; ſo that the noiſe of the people could be heard afar off. This induced numbers of people to come, ſo that in places where we uſed to have but twenty or thirty on a week day, now there will be a thouſand, and ſometimes more. Many, who came out perſecuting and ſwearing bitter things, went home praiſing God, from a knowledge of their ſins forgiven.

One day I preached at *Goſhen* from "Who is a God like unto thee; that pardoneth iniquity, and paſſeth by tranſgreſſions?" In my application, a divine power came down, ſo that I could not be heard at four feet diſtance, for the noiſe of the people crying for mercy. There were about three hundred people in the houſe, and as many out of doors. Numbers in the houſe and out of doors were ſtruck down with a ſupernatural power. I ſtood by a window and looked out; when one man aimed to beat my brains out with a ſtone; but as he drew back his hand to throw it at me, the wickedeſt man in the place caught his hand, and ſaved my life. Another man came up, and, as the poor negroes were crying for mercy, ſtruck one of them, and was going to drive them all away; but he was prevented by the people. The ſame man (bleſſed be God) at the next meeting got ſuch a blow himſelf, as cauſed him to roar aloud, and to go home as a ſaint, and as innocent as a lamb. I now have acceſs to the hearts of almoſt every perſon in this neighbourhood. The Lord grant that they may all have acceſs to Him by faith!

Laſt ſpring brother *G.* came into this Circuit (being weak as to his gifts and knowledge) but O! how wonderfully was the power of God manifeſted in that man! He was a common bleſſing to the Society all round the Circuit. I believe his labours were bleſſed more in ſix months, than all the reſt of the travelling Preachers we have had in this Circuit for twelve months; but after ſix months he went to *Brunſwick*, and by his laborious preaching he is broken down and unable

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to preach. Does God require of his ſervants more than they can perform? The Lord direct in this matter!

The Society is all alive to God: prayer-meetings are now uſed in every place; five, eight, and ten are often converted at one meeting, where there are no Preachers. The meetings often hold ſix or ſeven hours together. Laſt July we had a quarterly meeting at *Mabry's* Chapel, where the power of God was among the people of a truth; many hundreds being cut to the heart and crying for mercy as from the depth of hell. By what I could learn, there were about one hundred and fifty converted at that meeting; perhaps there were four thouſand people preſent.

The next quarterly meeting was held at *Jones's* Chapel. This meeting was aſtoniſhing to all that were preſent beyond deſcription, and what had never entered into my mind to conceive. At this meeting the ſight of the mourners penetrated my heart with the greateſt view of hell that I ever had; likewiſe the ſaints ſtruck my mind with the deepeſt views of heaven, and the love of God to man. At this meeting the power came down on the people before one Preacher got there. When the people met (ſometimes before they ſpoke) the ſight of each other cauſed their eyes to melt in tears, and their cups ran over; ſo that they broke out in loud praiſes to God. Others, when they met, would hang on each other, and weep aloud, and praiſe God. Others, when they began to talk of what God was doing, were melted down, and the flame ran through the whole company.

The Preachers all came up together; and by the time we got within half a mile of the Chapel, we heard the people praiſing God. When we came up, numbers being out of doors weeping, ſome down crying for mercy, others in extaſies; we ruſhed in, and tried to ſilence them; but though we ſpoke as loud as we could, we could not be heard above five feet diſtant. Then we ſent ſome to go through the people, to try to ſtop them, to have preaching; but we found it was all

all in vain. I then got into the pulpit, and looked round, and ſuch a ſight I never had before; numbers of ſaints in extaſies, others crying for mercy, ſcores lying with their eyes ſet in their heads, the uſe of their powers ſuſpended, and the whole congregation in agitation.

All the Preachers could do, was to go among the diſtreſſed, and encourage them. This likewiſe the old members did. Some lying as in the pangs of death, numbers as cold as clay, and as ſtill as if dead; ſo that among ſix or ſeven thouſand people, there were not many that had the proper uſe of their bodily powers, ſo as to take care of the reſt; and to encourage the mourners. Hundreds of ſaints were ſo overcome with the power of God, that they fell down as in a ſwoon, and lay for twenty or thirty minutes, and ſome for an hour. During this time, they were happy beyond deſcription; and when they came to themſelves, it was with loud praiſes to God, and with tears, and ſpeeches enough to break a rock, or melt the hardeſt heart. When we looked round, the righteous appeared to be in heaven, and the wicked in hell. The Preachers then went off into the woods, and preached to thoſe that could, or deſired to attend.

The next day we met at nine o'clock to adminiſter the ſacrament, and whilſt this was doing in the houſe, we went into the woods to preach to thoſe that did not communicate. I ſuppoſe we had about one thouſand five hundred. I preached from "The Spirit and the Bride ſay come, &c." and when I got to the application, the power of God fell down on the people, and ſuch bitter lamentations were heard, that I was obliged to deſiſt. Many ſcores of black as well as white people fell to the earth, and lay in agonies till evening; and ſome, eſpecially the blacks, lay ſtruggling till they beat the earth with their hands, head and feet, while others kicked holes in the ground.

In the evening we got as many of the mourners together as we could, and put them under an arbour. I went into the pulpit,

pulpit, and looked down through a window (they being under it.) This ſight, I think, was a dreadful reſemblance of hell, numbers of poor creatures being in every poſture that diſtreſt ſouls could get into, and doleful lamentations heard juſtly comparable to the lamentations of the damned. They commonly obtained peace in one moment: roſe up out of this diſtreſs when their burden fell off, and clapped their hands and praiſed God aloud. Many of theſe people came out perſecuting and railing againſt this ſtir (as they called it) and were cut down as St. *Paul* was.

That evening I rode to brother *Bonner's* on my way home, and after dinner ſiſter *B.* went up ſtairs to pray, and got ſo happy that ſhe ſunk down in a ſwoon. We heard her after ſome time, and went up; and ſeveral blacks and whites went up with us, when prayers and praiſes aſcended from all preſent. One young woman ſeeing ſiſter *B.* ſo happy, was tempted to think ſhe had loſt her religion; and was two hours in deſpair, and fell to the floor, ſcreamed and cried in a horrid manner, till at length we raiſed her on her feet. I encouraged her, by reminding her of what God had done for her; then ſhe got a gleam of hope, and prayed, and ſaid, "I will believe in ſpite of all the devils in hell." That moment her unbelief was gone, and ſhe praiſed God with rapture, as when firſt converted.

By this time, three unconverted women, and two men (who were all the unconverted people that were preſent) were lying on the floor, crying for mercy. I fell on my knees to pray for them, and when I roſe up from prayer, one luſty man was in an agony, and ready to beat himſelf to pieces againſt the floor. I took him round the middle, and raiſed him up; when he ſtruggled in ſuch a manner, that I thought his back bone was coming aſunder. Then in a moment his guilt was removed, and his ſoul was at reſt. He clapped his hands and praiſed God; felt a calm in his heart, and joy unſpeakable. Next morning, I and my wife rode home with

a heaven in our breaſts. I think I never felt ſo happy, and ſuch ſweet union with God in all my life. O! my ſoul, why art thou not always in this heavenly frame?

After this I preached at *Jones-Hole* Church to a crouded congregation, whilſt ſome crouded about the doors. The people all devoured the word as faſt as it was delivered. Half of them, I ſuppoſe, were converted, and their hearts glowing with love to God. I begged of them to be ſtill for the ſake of the reſt that wanted to hear preaching. Many of them were ready to break out in praiſes to God. Some were ſo full, that the reſt held them down faſt on their ſeats, knowing that if they looked up, and ſaw others in like heavenly frames, they muſt inevitably cry out aloud, ſo that the people could not hear preaching; but in the application of my ſermon, one of them irreſiſtibly broke out in praiſes. In one minute this ran through the congregation, and I ſuppoſe five hundred at once broke out in loud praiſes, whilſt ſinners were ſtruck with a divine power. Many of them cried for mercy, ſome on their knees, others ſtretched on the ground. In the height of this ſtir eleven rafters of the houſe broke down at once, with a dreadful noiſe; and what was amazing, not one perſon ſeemed to hear it; ſo mighty was the power of God among the people! Many were converted, but how many I cannot tell.

Two weeks after I preached at the ſame place; and whilſt about twenty-five ſaints came up to the Church in a body, praiſing God, and ſpeaking of his wonderful works, they appeared to the wicked as terrible as an army with banners. It was a time of pouring out of the Spirit of God indeed, for ſeveral were converted, and ſinners generally ſtruck with a divine power. Generally (after preaching is over) if any ſeemed to be diſtreſſed, the Preachers talked to them, and joined in prayer for them before the people diſperſed, and ſometimes deſired the mourners to ſtop to be prayed for. This was a

bleſſed

bleſſed means of reviving the work, and converting ſouls; for God bleſſed and owned it of a truth.

It was amazing to ſee how great the ſtir was, and yet what little perſecution we had; but the reaſon was, the wicked were ſtruck with ſuch a ſupernatural power, that they were conſtrained to ſay, "The work is of God." The young converts have ſtood faſt beyond expectation. In *Suſſex* Circuit, in the courſe of the ſummer, there have been about ſixteen hundred people converted; and in *Brunſwick* perhaps eighteen hundred, and I ſuppoſe eight hundred in *Amelia*.

My ſoul is happy, not only in ſeeing and hearing of the work of God going on; but in the enjoyment of his love in my own ſoul. I am not without trials, common to one of my function; yet I am determined to promulge the word of God as long as I am able. O that God may ſo direct my ways, that after my laborious years are ended, I may meet thoſe, among whom I have laboured, and enter into the joy of our Lord! O that the thoughts of this may ſo raiſe my affections, and thoſe of all who labour in the goſpel; that we may have freſh reſolution and fortitude to diſcharge the important duty that we owe to God and our own ſouls!

R. G.

Peterſburg, Feb. 1788.

The Experience of SAMUEL PAYNTER, *a Negroe of* ANTIGUA.

ABOUT the year 1770, I aſſembled among ſeveral perſons who went to hear the Rev. *Nathaniel Gilbert* preach; more through curioſity than any thing elſe: (for I was at that time a conſtant Churchman, and did not conceive that any thing more than a few good works, with what I already profeſſed, was neceſſary to conſtitute me righteous before God.) He preached from the 11th chapter of St. Matthew's goſpel

and 28th verſe, "Come unto me all ye that labour, and are heavy laden, and I will give you reſt!"

From the earneſt manner of giving out the text, it ſtruck me that there was ſomething more implied in the words than I was aware of: and through the proſecution of the whole ſermon, the exhortation being frequently introduced, and the neceſſity of coming to Chriſt ſeriouſly recommended, I found I had need to come to Chriſt.

I continued from time to time to be a conſtant hearer of Mr. *Gilbert's* preaching; and I well remember a ſermon of his on theſe words, "Except ye repent, ye ſhall all likewiſe periſh." This ſermon convinced me of ſin, and I determined to endeavour to eſcape for my life. I then applied to Mr. *Gilbert*, and joined the Society; and by the grace of God having inliſted I have been fighting under Chriſt's banner ever ſince; and find his grace is ſtill ſufficient to bear me conqueror through the oppoſitions I daily meet with.

The many ſevere conflicts I have had with the world are well known to the brethren; for, being at that time a Slave, and my owner holding the Methodiſts in the light of a deceitful Sect, juſt ſtarted up in the iſland, and their ringleader Mr. *Gilbert* as a fanatick, becauſe he ſacrificed his honours and profits in the Community (for he ſtood high in the Legiſlature, and as a Lawyer was a Preſident) to preach to a ſet of ignorant low people; he therefore laid every ſtumbling-block he could find in the way betwixt me and the means, and ſometimes proceeded to open violence againſt me; but the 28th verſe of the 10th chapter of St. Matthew's goſpel, being uppermoſt in my mind, carried me through the whole of this trying ſcene with very great fortitude; though at the ſame time I behaved with all humility, from St. Paul's exhortation to that effect, till it pleaſed God to ſoften the rigour of the treatment, ſo that by degrees it abated, and at laſt ſubſided.

Through many ſhifting ſcenes of life, during the period of the nineteen years that I was in the Society, I at laſt obtained my

my freedom, by purchaſing it for a ſum of money, which, by induſtry in my profeſſion as a Wheel-wright, and frugality, with the bleſſing of God upon my labours, I obtained. But my wife and children continuing Slaves to this day, and ſubject to the viciſſitudes of the ſtate I eſcaped from, I ſtill ſuffer on their account; and find the neceſſity there is for my cleaving cloſe to God, and to receive out of his fullneſs. I have this conſolation in my journeying, that my maſter Jeſus Chriſt, both by his example and precept, taught that it is through tribulation we muſt enter into his kingdom: and I look forward with joy to the inheritance divine, which they that overcome ſhall be made partakers of. Through all my journey I have never once ceaſed to declare what the Lord hath done for my ſoul.

In reſpect to the commands of God made known in his holy word, they are holy, juſt and good; fitted to the happineſs and well being of his creatures, even without the annexed reward of a future ſtate. This frequently cauſes my heart to exult, according to the Pſalmiſt, in the 1ſt verſe of the 97th Pſalm, "The Lord reigneth, let the earth rejoice, let the multitude of the iſles be glad thereof, &c." and I do find that Religion's ways are ways of ſafety and happineſs. And although the world, the fleſh, and the devil, like the mighty waves of the ſea, lift up themſelves; yet there is, according to the Pſalmiſt, "a river, the ſtreams whereof ſhall make glad the city of God;" that crimſon fountain, that flowed from Jeſu's ſide, in which I waſh and am clean.

S. P.

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

GENERAL REFLECTIONS.

Of Metals, Minerals, and other Foſſils.

[*Continued from page* 197.]

13. IT is certain, that water impregnated with metallic particles, when falling on wood or other vegetables, will coagulate upon it, as was obſerved above, and cover it with a metallic coat. It is alſo certain, that the vegetables included therein, are gradually deſtroyed, till the ſame matter which firſt formed the cruſt, takes up the whole ſpace which they occupied before. But it is not only wood and other vegetables, which are capable of being thus acted upon, firſt cruſted over and then deſtroyed. A ſhovel of iron ſome years ſince lying in the water, in the county of Wicklow, in Ireland, was obſerved to be incruſted with copper, which gave occaſion to an important diſcovery. A gentleman, who viſited the place on purpoſe to examine the truth of what was commonly reported, obſerves, "I ſaw the iron bars impregnated with copper. I was an eye witneſs to the change in all its progreſs; and ſo were thouſands beſides. I ſaw the maſons laying a chain of new ſtone troughs, for the copper water to run through. I ſaw the men alſo laying the iron bars, on wooden rafters, in thoſe troughs. I ſaw the iron bars lifted up out of ſome troughs, where they had lain from one to eight months; and ſaw them incruſted over with copper, and corroded more or leſs, (ſome of them to very thin plates) according to the time they had lain in the water. I ſaw ſome of the troughs emptied: wherein the bars were wholly diſſolved: and the labourers were throwing up with ſhovels the copper, which lay

on

on the ſtones in the bottom of them. It was like mud, as it lay wet in the heap, but became duſt as it dried. I alſo ſaw ſeveral pieces of copper, which had been made out of their copper-mud.

"This water is ſuppoſed to flow over a vein of copper in the neighbouring mountain. It is of a ſharp, acid taſte, and of a blue colour. It is received and collected in thoſe troughs, wherein the iron bars are placed; which after lying in the water, often not above three months, are entirely conſumed: then at the bottom of the troughs, a quantity of copper is found, in the form of coarſe ſand. And it is remarkable, that there is a greater quantity of this copper, than there was of iron.

"But by what principle is this effect produced? In order to diſcover this, I made the following experiments.

"1. Some ſmall iron nails put into the water, were in four minutes covered with a ſubſtance of copper colour. And during that time the nails gained four grains in weight. The water had the very ſame effect on ſilver and tin, but not on gold. Hence we obſerve, the colour and increaſe of weight were owing to the adheſion of the particles of the matter diſſolved in the water by an acid, which could not penetrate gold.

"2. In order to determine the quantity and quality of this matter, I put two drachms of ſmall iron nails into three ounces of the water. After they had lain therein four and twenty hours, I found the ſurface of the water covered with a thick ſcum, exactly like that which uſually covers a chalybeate ſpaw. I obſerved likewiſe, it had loſt the blue colour, and ſharp, vitriolic taſte. It was quite tranſparent, and at the bottom lay a brown powder, which when dried, weighed fourteen grains. This powder, melted without any flux, produced twelve grains of pure copper. The nails alſo (which had loſt eight grains) were in ſeveral places covered with a ſolid

ſolid lamina of pure copper. The water being afterward filtrated and evaporated, afforded a pure green vitriol.

" 3. From the ſpring water treated in the ſame manner, I obtained a blue vitriol, the baſis of which is copper. From all theſe experiments it appears, that a mineral acid is the active principle in this water, which being diffuſed through the copper ore, unites itſelf with that metal, and forms a vitriol. This is diſſolved by the water, and remains ſuſpended therein, till it meets with the iron in the trough, and by which it is more ſtrongly attracted, than by the copper. Therefore it quits the copper, corrodes the iron, and changes it into a vitriol, which is again diſſolved and carried off in the ſtream. Meantime the copper, deſerted by its acid, falls by its ſpecific gravity to the bottom of the trough.

" It appears then upon the whole, that this admirable proceſs of nature, whereby one metal ſeems to be turned into another, is no more than a ſimple precipitation of the copper, by means of them."

In the Lower Egypt, there is a vaſt ſandy deſart, called The Deſart of St. Macarius. One large plain herein is called by a name which ſignifies, *The ſea without water*. This is ſtrewed over with limbs of trees which are entirely petrified: very probably by means of the nitre, with which this whole country abounds.

The change of wood into ſtone is not the only wonder here. The ſand alſo is changed into Eagle Stones. Theſe ſtones are found two or three fingers breadth beneath the ſurface of the earth, in little mines, ſome paces long and broad, about half a mile from each other. It is thought that in theſe places, there oozes out of the earth, a ſort of metallic matter, which ferments with the burning ſand, and in fermenting aſſumes ſome kind of roundiſh figure, and attaches to itſelf more and coarſer ſand. Afterward it hardens by degrees, and grows black through the heat of the ſun.

The

The Eagle Stone when in the mine is ſoft and brittle as an egg, and of a bright yellow or violet colour, but after being expoſed to the air, it turns brown or black, and hardens gradually. Likewiſe after a few days, moſt of theſe ſtones will, if ſtruck, ſound like little bells.

Not far off is a vaſt heap of ſand, which they call the Eagle Stone Hill, becauſe it is covered over with great rocks of the very ſame matter, whereof the ſmall Eagle Stones are formed.

[*To be continued.*]

The TWO COVENANTS *of* GOD *with* MANKIND.

[By Thomas Taylor, A. M.]

CHAP. II.

A conſideration concerning the inſcrutability of Divine Providence.

[*Continued from page* 256.]

THERE can now be no longer any doubt, but that God would have all men ſaved, and that he has done all that is poſſible for his vineyard, when he has appointed ſuch a cauſe as *incarnate wiſdom*, filled with immenſe *love* for mankind to determine, the general efficacy of grace, to our perſonal neceſſities. How much greater care has he expreſſed for the government of the *moral* than the *natural* world! In this, the general laws of motion are fixed and determined by ſuch occaſional cauſes, as have neither liberty nor reaſon: for example; the colliſion of bodies adjuſts their motions by certain and invariable rules: pains and pleaſures are the neceſſary attendants, on the reſpective motions of the nerves and ſpirits: and whatever inconveniences may happen by reaſon of their

ſimplicity, on particular occaſions, there is no remedy to be ordinarily expected: and for this reaſon, nature is ſubject to imperfections: monſters and abortions mingle themſelves amongſt the perfect works of God. But in the *other*, the laws of grace are executed by a cauſe endued with ſupreme wiſdom and perfect freedom: and therefore the benefits of heaven are impartially managed, and diſpenſed by a diſtinguiſhing hand. The good uſe and improvement of grace will be a grand occaſion of receiving more: a neglect and abuſe of mercies, will be avenged with a denial of them, and the unprofitable ſervant's ſingle talent will be taken away, and given to him that hath ten; *For to him that hath ſhall be given, and from him that hath not ſhall be taken away, even that he hath.*

Men might hence learn where to place the blame of their ill conduct; and conclude, that if they enter not into the heavenly Jeruſalem, it is becauſe after all the care that has been taken by the divine architect, to poliſh and prepare them, they reſemble thoſe ſtones, whoſe uncompliant grain refuſes to yield to the hand of the artiſt. Their obſtinate ſelf-will will caſt them aſide as uſeleſs and unprofitable rubbiſh. *For there ſhall in no wiſe enter into it, any thing that defileth, neither whatſoever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie.* This being a city that will be built with unerring wiſdom, will admit of nothing refuſe in its ſtructure: for we may be certain, St. *John* has not aſcribed to it greater ornaments than it will be enriched with: gold and pearls, and all manner of precious ſtones, are but faint reſemblances of thoſe glories of the Church, which Chriſt is to *preſent to himſelf, without ſpot, and wrinkle, or any ſuch thing, but holy and without blemiſh.*

This being the work he is to accompliſh, let us behold the method he takes to perfect it; and we ſhall find all the influences he derives upon his Church, are the immediate conſequences of his *interceſſion:* it is his deſire that gives it its variety, beauty, and magnificence; it is the perpetuity of his prayers, which never return empty, which furniſhes all the ſtrength

ſtrength and glory it receives; and therefore his prayers are inceſſant for his Church, and the members that compoſe it.

The many ſignal providences that every good man is able to recount in the courſe of his life, where the hand of God was more eminently apparent, for their protection and aſſiſtance, whether againſt ſpiritual, or corporeal miſchiefs, though they cannot demonſtrate to our reaſon, yet they give ſufficient teſtimony to our faith, that our particular actions are under the divine inſpection; and that ſuch *impreſſions* are communicated to the ſouls of men, and perhaps to their bodies, and external matter, on many occaſions, as tend to ſecure their happineſs. So that if thoſe things may be reckoned miraculous, that are not brought about by nature, left to its ordinary laws; but as they are accelerated or retarded on particular occaſions, by an over-ruling power, we may ſay the age of miracles is not ceaſed; and there may not be a day but affords numerous inſtances of theſe ſort of graces of Jeſus Chriſt: graces that depend purely on his munificence and bounty, and which we are ſo far from having aſked, that we commonly have been equally ignorant both of our own and the ſupplies of them. In a word, our Redeemer has nature at his command, now he is in heaven, as well as on earth; and can determine its general efficacy for the particular advantage and intereſt of his ſervants: and the graces of ſenſation, which are deſigned for the conqueſt of concupiſcence, are not only merited, but continually diſpenſed by him, and ſhall be till he has deſtroyed all enemies, and ſhall put all things under his feet; when he ſhall reſign up his great truſt and ſtewardſhip, *deliver up the kingdom to God the Father*, and *the Son himſelf ſhall be ſubject to him that put all things under him, that God may be all in all.*

There is no doubt but prayer is a part of natural religion: and men can no ſooner underſtand there is a God, but their wants will put them upon ſeeking the redreſs of them, from this ſuperior Being. But whether God will vouchſafe to hear

the prayers, and conſult the neceſſities of ſinful creatures, is a queſtion not eaſily reſolved by reaſon; they might pray, but it could not be without doubting of the ſucceſs: they could not aſk with a full aſſurance of receiving, if they had not been encouraged by Revelation: this is an advantage peculiar to Chriſtianity, aſſuring us *that if we aſk we ſhall receive, if we ſeek we ſhall find, and if we knock it ſhall be opened unto us.* Prayer then is certainly a great privilege of human nature in this ſtate of impotence; the petitioning for grace, is a great grace itſelf, and an eminent purchaſe of our Saviour's blood; in virtue of whoſe all-ſufficient ſacrifice and powerful interceſſion, we are encouraged *to come boldly to the throne of grace, and receive help in time of need:* and it is by virtue of the ſame ſacerdotal offices, that all the prayers of holy men from the fall of *Adam* to the end of the world, are made acceptable to his Father.

Prayer is deſigned by the admirable wiſdom of God, for the advantage of mankind, both with relation to temporal and ſpiritual goods: and therefore, if it were not poſſible for us to diſcover the manner how our prayers became effectual; we ſhould nevertheleſs own it our duty to pray continually for the ſupply of our neceſſities, becauſe God both permits, and encourages us to this performance.

We cannot conceive that we are commanded to pray in order to inſtruct God, in the nature of our wants, who knows our neceſſities before we aſk; nor muſt we imagine that his goodneſs, and all-ſufficiency need to be extorted by mere importunity. The juſt ſenſe of our wants ought to actuate our deſires, with that fervour and vehemence, with that zeal and contention, as if our Almighty patron, were to be conquered by a holy violence, and heaven were to be taken by force.

And for the ſame reaſon there ought to enter into our prayers faith and hope, love, reverence and humility, and whatever beſpeaks our dependence, and ſubjection, and the ſovereignty and goodneſs of God; when our ſupplications are ſo

hearty,

hearty, and affectionate, and full of this divine temper, we may aſk with confidence, and be ſecure of prevailing, becauſe it is our faith, hope, and our other Chriſtian virtues that pray.

Mean while, that which is the greateſt confidence of ſinful creatures, in approaching the throne of a God of infinite purity, is the mediation of our Redeemer, who being God, and man, in one perſon, receives at our hands, and preſents to his Father thoſe addreſſes, which could not become acceptable any other way. Our prayers are only ſucceſsful, becauſe his are always heard, who as an eternal High Prieſt is entered into the Holy of Holies, not made with hands, *to appear in the preſence of God for us, where he offers up the prayers of all ſaints upon the golden altar of incenſe, which is before the throne.* As his mediation is the only ground for our faith to reſt upon, for the return of our prayers, ſo it is the only ſtand for our reaſon, to diſcover the method by which they are returned: which is the more neceſſary to be conſidered; becauſe thoſe ſchemes which ſome have laid to account for the conduct of God in this particular, are ſo far from giving ſatisfaction to one's thoughts, that were there no other way to reſolve it, we ſhould be apt to conclude, that prayer was either an act of fate and neceſſity, or elſe was uſeleſs and inſignificant.

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

An extract from a Courſe of SERMONS, *upon Death, Judgment, Heaven, and Hell.*

[By a late Author.]

[*Continued from page* 259.]

WHEN the grand ſolemnity of judgment is now cloſed, and the good and the bad have had their places of abode everlaſtingly aſſigned to them; then is to come the great and mighty concluſion of the whole, the execution of the ſentence

ſentence of God. Then are all the good, then are all the bad, to be ſent immediately to their ſeveral places. And heaven and hell are to receive their new colony of inhabitants. A train of the angels of God will be ordered to drive their revolted brethren of heaven, and the condemned ſons and daughters of Adam, to their allotted manſions of miſery. "The Son of Man," we are told by our Saviour himſelf, "ſhall ſend forth his angels, and they ſhall gather out of his kingdom all things that offend, and them which do iniquity, and ſhall caſt them into a furnace of fire." "At the end of the world," ſays our Saviour in another place, "the angels ſhall come forth, and ſever the wicked from among the juſt, and ſhall caſt them into a furnace of fire." Armed with all the power of God, they ſhall drive theſe wretched children of deſpair before them. And they ſhall caſt them into that furnace of fire, which was prepared for the devil and his angels before the foundation of the world.

In the mean time, the reſt of the angels of God ſhall aſcend with their Lord and Maſter, and with their new companions of earth, to that awful place which is (as it were) the peculiar abode of God. This lies far above thoſe heavens, which form a kind of canopy over our heads, and appear ſo beautiful to our eyes. It lies far beyond the place of the ſun and moon, far beyond all the ſtars. And it is the great and glorious palace of the dread Sovereign of the univerſe. There he diſcloſes himſelf in ſuch wonderful brightneſs to the ſight of his creatures, that the angels themſelves are repreſented in ſcripture, as unable to bear the blaze of it, and as covering their dazzled eyes with their wings. And thus he is (as it were) the Sun of that higher world, and the cauſe of infinite ſatisfaction to the hearts of angels.

God indeed, we muſt remember, is every where preſent to his creatures. He is as preſent to us now in this world, as he will be to us in the next. And he will then be as preſent to the devils and condemned ſouls in hell, as to angels and good men

men in heaven. But his preſence here is ſecret to us, unperceived by our ſenſes. His preſence there will be plain and ſtriking, as plain as the ſun in a cloudleſs day, and as ſtriking in its influences on our ſpirits. His preſence to the condemned in hell will only add to their torments, and they will ſhrink into their flames (as it were) to hide themſelves from him. But his preſence in heaven will be an inexhauſtible and overflowing fountain of bliſs to the ſouls that are admitted to the ſight of it, will be ever acting as an enlivening principle on their ſpirits, and will be ever going in a tide of tranſport to their hearts.

To this place, then, will the mighty Judge of heaven and earth now carry all the faithful children of God. He will probably go before them, as the "Captain of their ſalvation," to introduce them to their new abode. They will follow immediately behind. And the angels will naturally cloſe the rear. The glorious proceſſion goes on, making towards the kingdom of heaven, and leaving the earth, the air, and the ſkies all in one flame below. And God the Father muſt look down delighted from his throne, to ſee ſo many of his fallen creatures now for ever recovered from the fall, and added for ever to the number of his holy angels.

The train arrives at the gates of heaven. And the gates fly open to receive them. The whole work of their Saviour-God is now concluded in glory. His coming down upon earth as a man, his inſtructions, his exhortations, his life, and his death, have now had their happy effect, in the reſcue of millions from the jaws of ruin. Theſe millions are now come with their divine Deliverer, to enjoy the bleſſings promiſed them, and to be happy with him for ever and ever. They enter into this place of wonders and of bliſs. And he leads them, we may ſuppoſe, immediately to the throne of "his Father and their Father, and of his God and their God."

This throne is thus magnificently deſcribed in the Book of Revelations. "Behold, a throne was ſet in heaven, and One

One ſat on the throne. And He that ſat was to look upon like a jaſper and a ſardine ſtone. And there was a rainbow round about the throne, in ſight like unto an emerald. And round about the throne were four and twenty ſeats, and upon the ſeats I ſaw four and twenty elders ſitting, clothed in white raiment; and they had on their heads crowns of gold. And out of the throne proceeded lightnings and thunderings and voices; and there were ſeven lamps of fire burning before the throne, which are the ſeven ſpirits of God. And before the throne there was a ſea of glaſs like unto chryſtal; and in the midſt of the throne, and round about the throne, were four living creatures, full of eyes before and behind.—And the four beaſts had each of them ſix wings about him, and they were full of eyes within. And they reſt not day and night, ſaying, Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty, which was, and is, and is to come. And, when theſe beaſts give glory and honour and thanks to him that ſat on the throne, who liveth for ever and ever; the four and twenty elders fall down before him that ſat on the throne, ſaying, Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory and honour and power, for thou haſt created all things, and for thy pleaſure they are, and were created."

Such is the appearance of God on the throne of heaven. And ſuch is the manner, in which the holy angels are day and night employed before it! At this awful center of heaven, at this Holy of Holies above, at this glorious ſhrine of the ever adorable Godhead, will our Judge and Saviour probably preſent his redeemed ſervants, immediately on his carrying them into heaven. There they will receive the approbation of their God, and the applauſe of their Creator. That approbation will inſtantly begin an exceſs of bliſs to their ſouls. And that applauſe will inſtantly ſeal an eternity of bliſs to their beings.

[*To be continued.*]

An Extract from the Succeſs of two DANISH MISSIONARIES *to the* East-Indies: *in ſeveral Letters to their Correſpondents in* Europe.

LETTER VII.

[*Continued from page* 263.]

THE order I obſerve daily in the management of my paſtoral function, is as follows: after morning prayer, I explain the heads of our Catechiſm, from ſix to ſeven. From ſeven to eight, I repeat my *Malabarick* Vocabulary, and the phraſes gathered in this language. From eight to twelve, I am employed about reading ſuch *Malabar* books as I have never read before; a *Malabarick* Poet and Writer being preſent at the ſame time to aſſiſt me. The Poet is to give me a fuller inſight into all the circumſtances of each ſtory recorded in the book, and to clear up the more intricate paſſages of their poems: but the Writer is to take down in writing ſuch expreſſions as I am yet unacquainted with. At twelve o'clock, I go to dinner, having appointed one to read to me all this while out of the Holy Bible. Betwixt one and two, I uſually reſt a little, the exceſſive heat in theſe countries not permitting a man to enter upon ſerious buſineſs immediately after dinner. The hours from two to three, I ſpend in Catechizing; and then again read *Malabarian* books till five, when we begin an exerciſe of piety in our native tongue, for the edification of the *Germans* reſiding here.

From ſix to ſeven we meet for a mutual *conference*, every one giving an account of the management of that particular charge, which is committed to his truſt.

After this, we conſider of proper *means* to remove ſuch things as retard the work, and endeavour to order the whole

matter to the beſt advantage. When this is over, a *Malabarian* reads to me out of one of their books, till eight o'clock: but choice is made of ſuch books only, as are done in a plain and familiar way. From eight to nine, I am at ſupper; which being done, I enter upon a ſhort examination, both with my children and myſelf, about the things of that day, and then I conclude my day's work with ſinging and praying.

This is a ſuccinct draught of the management of my labours, which, however, is interrupted in thoſe days wherein I preach; and beſides this, by many viſits from the *Malabarians* and *Moors*, being unwilling to put away any one that comes to confer with me on religious ſubjects. Some of their Poets come now and then a great way off for this purpoſe; whoſe viſits I return, whenever I can conveniently. But beſides this, I often ſtep into the adjacent towns and villages, and take a view of the Schools of the Heathens. Wherever I come, I am crowded with *Moors* and *Malabarians*, with whom I diſcourſe about the way to ſalvation. I muſt needs ſay, that notwithſtanding this people are led away by a world of errors, they give ſo pertinent anſwers in matters of religion, as I ſhould have never thought on before. Some of our learned in *Europe* have writ entire books upon *Methods of converting Heathens:* but well may they write methods of converting Heathens, whilſt they argue with themſelves only, and fetch both the *objections* and the *anſwers* from their own ſtock. Should they come to a cloſer converſe with the Pagans, and hear their *ſhifts* and *evaſions* themſelves, they would not then find them ſo deſtitute of arguments as we imagine. They are often able to baffle one proof alledged for chriſtianity, with ten others brought in againſt it.

It requires an experimental wiſdom to convey a ſaving knowledge into their mind, and convince them of the *truth* of chriſtianity. And this wiſdom is not to be had in the barren Schools of *Logic* and *Metaphyſics*; but muſt be learned at another Univerſity, and derived from God himſelf. The beſt way is, to keep the mind

mind conſtantly in that temper, that the great God may influence it himſelf, and qualify it for ſo important a work.

The Heathens have abundance of *Subterfuges*, whereby they endeavour to vindicate themſelves, and to fruſtrate the deſign of a miſſionary. If Chriſtians find *one* error in the *doctrine* of the Heathens, theſe will find *ten* in the *life* of the Chriſtians. It would be infinitely better, if no Chriſtian had been among them; then their mind would be leſs prepoſſeſſed againſt Chriſtianity, the free reception whereof is now hindered by many ſins they have all along obſerved among Chriſtians.

Great efforts muſt be beſtowed on the *Education of children*. In theſe a ſolid foundation may be laid. For this reaſon, ſoon after our arrival, we ſet up a Charity-School, which afterwards was followed by another, and hitherto both are managed ſucceſsfully by the bleſſing of God. My Colleague is taken up with a *Portugueſe* School; (where alſo *Daniſh* and *German* are taught) as I am with a *Malabarick* one, being aſſiſted therein by two Uſhers. Eight children are freely boarded and provided with all neceſſaries; and we are reſolved to maintain all the children of ſuch parents as come over to Chriſtianity, that hereby we may gain the full management of them.

I have often ſent ſome *Malabarick* writers a great way into the country, to buy *Malabarian* books from the widows of the deceaſed *Bramins*; that I may be able to unravel the fundamental principles of their idolatrous religion. However, my preſent deſign is chiefly to *tranſlate* the word of God into the language of the Heathens: and my daily prayer is, that the Lord would qualify me for ſo important an undertaking.

There is a vaſt difference betwixt this, and all our *European* languages: but notwithſtanding, I find it *expreſſive* enough for uttering and explaining the oracles of God. It happens often that a verſe is to be placed in the end, which nevertheleſs in the *Greek* and *Hebrew* text is put in the beginning: and again, what was in the end here, muſt there come in about the beginning. But there is neither comma, nor colon, nor

ſemicolon, to be met with in the conſtruction of that language; and therefore no verſe can be concluded, but where there is a full point in our *European* languages. And this is the reaſon that now and then two or three verſes muſt be contracted into one, when they come to be tranſlated into *Malabarick*. And in this work of tranſlating, I am to embark quite alone, there being not one man I know of, either among Chriſtians or Heathens, here, qualified for lending me a hand therein, or for compoſing even one entire ſentence without faults.

[*To be continued.*]

A genuine LETTER *from an Italian Gentleman, concerning the Bite of the* TARANTULA.

[Tranſlated from the Italian Original.]

Sir,

ACCORDING to your deſire I ſend you an account of the effect the Bite of a Tarantula has upon the human body. I ſhall only give a diſtinct detail of all the circumſtances that I have ſeen, having once been inſtrumental in the cure of a poor Plowman, who was bit by that inſect.

I will not undertake to give you an account of the Tarantula itſelf, being ſure you are perfectly acquainted with it: I ſhall only tell you what has happened in my country, at a ſmall village called *La Torre della Annuziata*, about ten miles from *Naples*, where I was at the time the affair I am going to relate happened: it was in the month of October, a ſeaſon of the year when all the ſtudents in *Naples*, that have any relations in the country, have leave to viſit them. I was one of thoſe that enjoyed the privilege of viſiting the place of my nativity; and as I was then ſtudying muſic in the College of *Naples*, generally (whenever I went into the country) brought my violin with me.

It

It happened one day that a poor man was taken ill in the ſtreet, and it was ſoon known to be the effect of the Tarantula; becauſe the country people have ſome undoubted ſigns to know it, and particularly (they ſay) that the Tarantula bites on the tip or under lip of one's ear, becauſe it bites one when ſleeping on the ground, and the wounded part becomes black, which happens three days after one is bit, exactly at the hour the hurt was received: and they further aſſert, that if no one was to undertake to cure him, he would feel the effect of it every day at the ſame hour for the ſpace of three or four hours, till it would throw him into ſuch a madneſs, as to deſtroy him in about a month's time; ſome (they ſay) have lived three months after they have been bit; but the latter I cannot believe, becauſe it never happens that any man is ſuffered to die by ſuch a diſtemper, the Prieſt of the pariſh being obliged to play on the fiddle in order to cure them; and it has not been known in the memory of man that any one died of it. But to proceed.

A poor man was taken ill in a ſtreet (as I ſaid before) and as the Prieſt was out of the way, ſeveral gentlemen begged of me to play for that poor fellow. I could not help going without offending a number of my friends; when I was there, I ſaw a man ſtretched on the ground, who ſeemed as if he was juſt going to expire: the people at the ſight of me cried out, "Play, play the Tarantula," which is a tune made uſe of on ſuch occaſions. It happened that I had never heard that tune, conſequently could not play it. I aſked, what ſort of a tune it was? They anſwered, that it was a kind of jig. I tried ſeveral jigs, but to no purpoſe, for the man was as motionleſs as before; the people ſtill called out for the Tarantula; I told them I could not play it, but if any would ſing it, I would learn it immediately. An old woman preſented herſelf to me to do the good office; but ſung it in ſuch an unintelligible ſound of voice, that I could have no idea of it; but another woman came, and helped me to learn it, which I did

in

in about ten minutes' time, being a ſhort one; but you muſt obſerve, that while I was learning the tune, and happened to feel the ſtrain of the firſt two bars, the man began to move accordingly, got up as quick as lightning, and ſeemed as if he had been awakened by ſome frightful viſion, and wildly ſtared about, ſtill moving every joint of his body.

As I had not yet learned the whole tune, I left off playing, not thinking it would have any effect on the man; but the inſtant I left off playing, the man fell down, and cried out very loud; his face, legs, arms and every other part of his body was diſtorted; he ſcraped the earth with his hands, and was in ſuch contortions, that clearly indicated him to be in miſerable agonies. I was frightened out of my wits, and made all the haſte I could to learn the reſt of the tune, which done, I played near him, I mean about four yards from him. The inſtant he heard me, he roſe up as he did before, and danced as faſt as any man could do. His dancing was very wild; he kept a perfect time in the dance, but had neither rule nor manner, only jumping and running to and fro, and making very comical poſtures, ſomething like the Chineſe dances we have ſometimes ſeen on the ſtage, and otherwiſe every thing that he did was very wild. He ſweated all over, and then the people cried out, "Faſter, faſter," meaning that I ſhould give a quicker motion to the tune, which I did ſo quick that I could hardly keep up playing, and the man ſtill danced in time. I was very much fatigued, and though I had ſeveral perſons behind me, ſome drying the ſweat from my face, others blowing with a fan to keep me cool (for it was about two o'clock in the afternoon) others keeping the people off ſo that they might not throng about me, yet, notwithſtanding all this, I ſuffered much to keep up for ſo long a time; for, I played, without exaggeration, above two hours without the leaſt interval.

When the man had danced about an hour, the people gave him a naked ſword, which he applied with the point in the palm of his hands, and made the ſword jump from one hand into

into the other, which ſword he held in equilibrium, and he kept ſtill dancing. The people knew he wanted a ſword, becauſe, a little before he got it, he ſcratched his hands very hard, as if he would tear the fleſh from them.

When he had well pricked his hands, he got hold of the ſword by the handle, and pricked alſo the upper part of his feet, and in about ſix minutes' time his hands and feet bled in great abundance. He continued to uſe the ſword for about a quarter of an hour, ſometimes pricking his hands and ſometimes his feet, with little or no intermiſſion, then he threw it away, and kept on dancing.

When he was quite ſpent with fatigue, his motion began to grow ſlower; but the people begged of me to keep up the ſame time, and as he could not dance accordingly, he only moved his body, and kept time; at laſt, after two hours' dancing, he fell down quite motionleſs, and I gave over playing; the people took him up, carried him into a houſe, and put him into a large tub of tepid water; a ſurgeon bled him while he was bathing (he was let blood in both his hands and feet) and took from him a great quantity of blood; after he had tied up the orifices, they put the poor man to bed, and then gave him a cordial, which they were obliged to force down, becauſe he kept his teeth very cloſe. About five minutes after, he fell aſleep, and ſweated a great deal, which he did for five or ſix hours; when he awoke, he was perfectly well, only weak from the great loſs of blood he had ſuſtained! and four days after he was entirely recovered, for I ſaw him walking in the ſtreets; and what is remarkable, he hardly remembered any thing that happened to him, and has never felt any other pains ſince, nor does any one, except they are bit again by the Tarantula.

This is what I know of the Tarantula, which, I hope, will ſatisfy your curioſity; and as you are a great Philoſopher, you may philoſophize as you pleaſe. I need not make any apology

apology for my bad writing; you muſt excuſe it, conſidering that it was only to obey your commands; if you have any other, you may diſpoſe of,

Sir, your humble Servant,

STEPHEN STORACE.

A WORD *to whom it may Concern.*

IN Auguſt 1788, Mr. *Atlay* wrote me word, "I muſt look out for another ſervant, for he would go to *Dewſbury* on September the 25th." So far was I from "bidding him go," that I knew nothing of it till that hour. But I then told him, "Go and ſerve them:" ſeeing I found he would ſerve me no longer.

He ſent me word, that I had in *London* 1375*l* 18*s* 5*d* ſtock in books. Deſiring to know exactly, I employed two Bookſellers to take an account of my ſtock. The account they brought in October 31, 1788, was,

"Value of ſtock, errors excepted, 4827*l* 10*s* 3d½

JOHN PARSONS,
THOMAS SCOLLICK."

Why did *John Atlay* ſo wonderfully over-rate my ſtock? Certainly to do me honour in the eyes of the world.

I never approved of his going to *Dewſbury*: but I ſubmitted to what I could not help.

With regard to *Dewſbury* Houſe, there never was any diſpute about the *Property of Preaching Houſes*. That was an artful miſrepreſentation: but merely the *Appointing of Preachers* in them.

If *John Atlay* has a mind to throw any more dirt upon me, I do not know, I ſhall take any pains to wipe it off. I have but a few days to live: and I wiſh to ſpend thoſe in peace.

JOHN WESLEY.

London, City-Road, Feb. 25, 1790.

LETTERS.

LETTER DXXXIII.

[From Miſs H. A. Roe, to the Rev. J. Wefley.]

April 7, 1782.

Rev. and dear Sir,

GLORY be to Him, to whom all glory is ever due. I find him an ocean of love without bottom or ſhore. He fills my happy ſoul with humble joy unknown. I *dwell* in his ſacred preſence; *He dwells* in my worthleſs heart, and all wrapped up in Him I am.

Your laſt Sermon on the Monday morning was made a peculiar bleſſing to very many precious ſouls, who ſay, they are ſure *God* directed you to ſpeak juſt as you did. Some others indeed ſay, you preached a new doctrine, which they never heard before, except from Couſin *Robert Roe*, reſpecting a *preſent* ſalvation; for they cannot believe a perſon can be juſtified or ſanctified, unleſs they have undergone a *long* preparation, &c. Nay, they have even affirmed that He or myſelf *deſired* you to preach that Sermon, and to mention the perſon who was convicted, juſtified and ſanctified in twelve hours.

Why ſhould we wonder at theſe things? The remains of the carnal mind in myſelf would once have ſtrongly oppoſed the ſimplicity of faith. But O, how precious do I now prove the experience of thoſe words, "I am crucified with Chriſt, nevertheleſs I live, yet not I, but Chriſt liveth in me, and the life that I now live in the fleſh, I live by faith in the Son of God, who hath loved me, and given himſelf for me." How miſtaken are thoſe who ſay, to ſpeak much of living by faith, or of coming to be juſtified or ſanctified by faith alone, is ſetting

aſide good works? For, can there be a goſpel faith, which does not work by love? and does not love work all holy obedience? Excuſe me, my dear Sir, I have been led to ſay more on this ſubject than I intended; my ſoul being peculiarly bleſſed ſince I began to write. Indeed I often find it ſo, when I write to you. He makes you various ways an inſtrument of much good to my ſoul. How unworthy am I of his innumerable mercies? Praiſe the Lord, O my ſoul, and all that is within me praiſe his holy name!

A dear young woman, who received ſanctification about three months ago (who has been a follower of God ſix years, and found his pardoning love at fourteen years old) is now to all appearance on the borders of eternity; and no pen can deſcribe the holy triumphs of her ſoul. It is a bleſſing to be near her. On Tueſday laſt as I was repeating and enforcing ſome of the paſſages in your laſt Sermon, and a few parallel promiſes, another young woman, who has been ſeeking the bleſſing two years by works, was by faith brought into full liberty, and ſtill retains the clear witneſs that ſhe is cleanſed from all ſin. And while Mr. *S*—— offered a preſent ſalvation, a young woman was juſtified. *J*— *S*— writes word he has reaſon to praiſe God for his journey to *Macclesfield*, and is determined to preach an inſtantaneous preſent ſalvation from all ſin. I truſt your going to *Cheſter* will ſtrengthen his hands. I cannot tell you how much I am filled with a ſpirit of prayer for you, and a ſweet aſſurance that God is about to uſe you as a more peculiar inſtrument of good than he has ever done. I look for an abundant out-pouring of the ſpirit. Whenever I hear of ſouls being bleſſed, thoſe words are applied, "Ye ſhall ſee greater things than theſe." May the fulneſs of the Triune God ever fill your happy ſoul! and may you ſtill help me to love him more, prays your moſt unworthy, but ever affectionate, H. A. R.

LETTER

LETTER DXXXIV.

[From Mr. J. Allen, to the Rev. J. Wesley.

April 24, 1782.

Rev. and dear Sir,

SINCE you were with us we have had a very remarkable occurrence, concerning which, I thought it proper to give you some information.

A Jeweller's wife, in *Manchester*, has been a person of very low spirits for some years, so that she could not enjoy company, or find any pleasure in the enjoyment of the world. She frequently went to Church, but returned home dissatisfied, as she could not meet with what she wanted (indeed she hardly knew what she did want) but frequently concluded, that they did not shew her the right way to eternal life.

Some months since, Mr. *Smith* of *Ardwick-Green*, talked to her and her husband, and told them it was a "pity they were Jewellers, and yet strangers to the best Jewel," and wished they would read Mal. iii. 17. and in short prevailed upon them to come to our Preaching, of which the wife was glad, as she wanted happiness, but could not tell where to find it. I preached that evening from "Behold I stand at the door and knock, &c." She was well pleased with what she heard, and believed the truths that were delivered. From that time she has attended preaching whenever she could, and has been more in earnest, and is more fully instructed in the way of salvation.

On Sunday, April 14, she was in great distress, but hoped she should be better, when she got to the preaching in the evening. Yet she found no relief, but was as much distressed when she went home, as she was when she came. As she was in great trouble, and appeared to be very ill, she wished to go early to bed. When her husband followed her, he found her in an agony of trouble, and bitterly weeping. After some time, I think, they went to sleep, though not till he had talked a good deal to her, concerning her taking a wrong method to be religious, &c.

Between four and five o'clock ſhe waked in ſore diſtreſs, and began to cry to God with the greateſt earneſtneſs. Her huſband got up, and in a moment ſhe appeared to be in a fit, and, as he ſuppoſed, dying. Her eyes were fixed and ſhe lay motionleſs, only he could perceive ſhe breathed. He ſtrove to make her move, and to unfix her eyes, but in vain. After ſome time he heard her ſay, with a loud voice, "Lord help me, Lord, ſave me, Lord pardon my ſins." In a few minutes, ſhe came to herſelf, in a tranſport of joy, and cried out, "Glory be to God, he has pardoned all my ſins, I can die as chearfully, as I can go to ſleep," with a great many more expreſſions, that indicated the happineſs ſhe felt in her ſoul.

While ſhe lay inſenſible, and apparently like one that was dying, ſhe ſays, ſhe had loſt all ſenſe of this world, and ſuppoſed that ſhe had got into eternity. She thought ſhe was at the mouth of hell, that the door was open, and ſhe ſaw one ſtirring up a moſt diſmal fire, in order to make it burn with the greater fierceneſs. As ſhe was afraid every moment of dropping in, ſhe turned her head to the right, and at a diſtance ſaw the Redeemer ſitting on a throne of glory, ſurrounded with angels and archangels. She ſuppoſed ſhe was too far from him to cry to him, and too vile and unworthy to go nearer to him; however ſhe ventured to go a little nearer, and fell upon her knees; but not thinking that poſture humble enough, ſhe fell upon her face, and cried, "Lord, help me, Lord, ſave me, Lord, pardon all my ſins, for thy name's ſake."

No ſooner had ſhe thus cried, than ſhe heard the Redeemer ſay, "Woman thy ſins are forgiven thee." She then came, in a moment to herſelf, and loſt ſight of the eternal world, and was more happy than words can expreſs; and remains truly happy ſtill, without a doubt of her acceptance, or a fear that torments her mind. Wiſhing you much peace and proſperity, I remain, Rev. and dear Sir, your affectionate Son in the goſpel,

J. A.

POETRY.

POETRY.

SHORT HYMNS

[By the late Rev. C. Wesley.]

HYMN XIII.

On MATT. v. ver 14.—*A city that is set on a hill cannot be hid.*

CAN we from the world conceal
A Church that's built on thee?
Seated on thy holy hill
They must the city see:
Pride may frown, and prudence chide,
Bid us keep our faith unknown:
Faith no more it's light can hide,
Than the meridian sun.

An EPISTLE *to a* FRIEND.

[By Miss T.]

YOU ask me, Philo, to describe the state
Previous to perfect love, which casts out fear:
The labours, conflicts, fervors to relate
Of those, who seek for full salvation here?

State of desire, and of conviction keen!
The mental sense is quite awake to *see*;
To *feel* the workings of inherent sin,
In all its poisonous, latent energy.

Deep

Deep in the foldings of the mazy breaſt,
Mixtures of ſin and vanity retire:
There "wily pride," in artful ſemblance dreſt,
Seeking its own, bewrays the faint deſire.

Still, when it would do good, is evil there!
Still ſecret ſhame, with dire defeat, deſtroys
The upright purpoſe, and the holy fear,
And blaſts the fruit of ripe internal joys.

Commences hence the agonizing ſtrife,
Commences hence the angel-wreſtling pow'r:
The ſtruggling ſpirit eyes the port of life,
And ardent aſks, that it may *ſin no more.*

Ardent it aſks, and weeping, faſts, and prays;
Bleeds, ſuffers, dies, upon the daily croſs:
The power of potent friendſhip oft aſſays;
Yet friends, and life, and all things counts but loſs.

And is there dew in that fair heaven of love?
And is there love enough in Jeſu's heart,
The ſin of nature fully to remove?
The mind of Jeſus fully to impart?

Yes, whilſt we plead the promiſe, we attain,
The ſoul now breathes the ever-longing "Come!"
Inceſſant ſearch the pearl of price will gain,
And expectation gaſps to make it room.

"O thou, who haſt theſe ſacred ardors given,
"Theſe longings, theſe unutterable ſighs:
"O thou, who art the ſoul's full heaven of heaven,
"Thee I conjure by all love's ſacred ties,

"To bring me to *the ſabbath* of thy love:
"Thou know'ſt I ſeek it at the morning's dawn:
"When evening ſhades the day's bright lamp remove,
"My reſtleſs ſighings are but juſt begun,

"I ſeek

" I ſeek thee in the temple of the ſkies,
And here, amidſt the flowery meads purſue:
In ev'ry place I pour my tears and ſighs,
O, when wilt thou create my ſoul anew!"

'Tis thus the ſoul, deep wounded from above,
Thirſts, as the panting hart, with ſtrong deſire;
Awaits the piercing touch of powerful love:
Elijah's God muſt anſwer it by fire.

My Philo, have you felt this ſacred flame,
Or pants your heart to Jeſus thus to bow?
Say, do you *ſearch*, or have you overcame,
And in this ſtate begun your heaven below?

O, what a ſtate of friendſhip! what a friend!
Two walk together ſweetly now agreed:
Mixtures of ſin, and vanity now end:
Pure, perfect peace, and filial love ſucceed.

The fiery temper, and the baſe deſire,
The love of earth, of grov'lling low delight:
The love of fame, and creature love expire,
'Tis God, and God alone attracts the ſight.

" No more the creature's glow-worm-luſtre charms,
" The tongue all eloquent enchants no more;
" The ſun, the ſun itſelf my boſom warms,
" My ranſom'd powers ſhall only God adore."

What erſt could tempt the ſoul, as good or fair,
As much to be deſired, or excellent:
It ſpurns as bubbles in the empty air,
That cannot an immortal ſoul content.

Whate'er of beauty or of wiſdom ſhines,
Or in the human form, or in the ſoul;
It ſees a ſpark ſtruck from th' unfathom'd mines,
The beauteous, wiſe, originating whole.

O what

O what a ſtate of friendſhip! what a friend!
Cloſeſt communion with the three-one God!
Then does the ſoul in deepeſt awe deſcend!
"A proſtrate awe fills all the low abode."

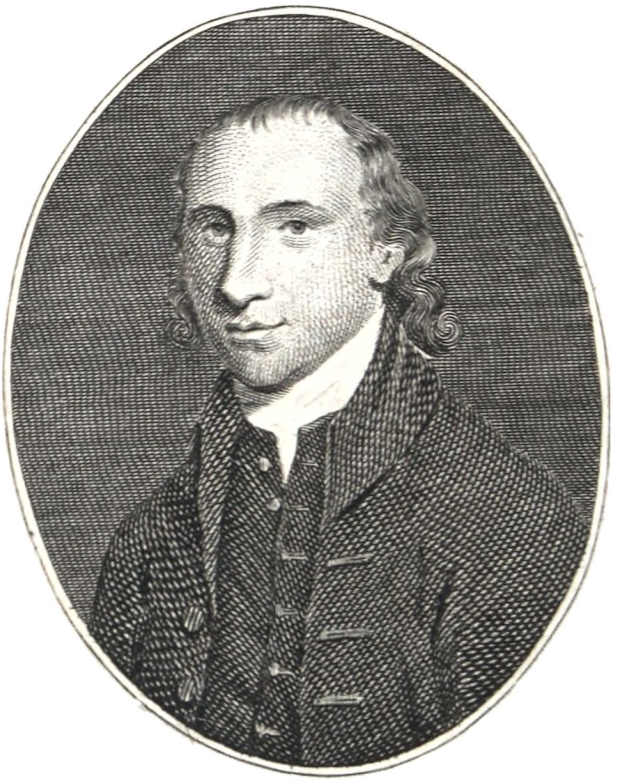
Philo, lament with me, ſo very few
The ſayings of the men of God receive!
Who hath believed the goſpel tidings? who
The tidings of *ſalvation now* believe?

Yet, ſeals there are to prove their miſſion here:
There live, who flames of pureſt love have known:
Who ſtill the glorious teſtimony bear:
Seraphic ardor marks them for its own.

Obedient angels let us imitate:
(His will be done on earth as 'tis in heaven)
Here in pure love to live inviolate:
The victor's meed to conquering love is given!

ANAGRAM.

IF you tranſpoſe what Ladies wear, veil.
'Twill plainly ſhew what harlots are: vile.
Again, if you tranſpoſe the ſame,
You'll ſee an ancient Hebrew name: Levi.
Change it again, and it will ſhew
What all on earth deſire to do: live.
Tranſpoſe the letters yet once more,
What bad men do, you'll then explore. evil.



Mr. John King.

Æt 36.

THE Arminian Magazine,

For JULY 1790.

An Illuſtration of Part of the Seventh Chapter of the Epiſtle to the Romans, from verſe 14, to the end of the Chapter.

By JAMES SMITH, *Miniſter in* DUMFERMLINE.

[*Continued from page* 285.]

A more particular Explanation of the ſeveral Verſes.

Ver. 24. *O wretched man that I am, who ſhall deliver me from this body of death?*

NO wonder, although the apoſtle, in this deſcription of his unconverted ſtate, cry out, *O wretched man that I am!* To bring the unbelieving Jews to the conviction of their miſery and danger was his ultimate deſign. Every thing here ſaid tends to this. Here the Gentiles ſaw as in a glaſs their own faces, and could read their own hearts: conſcience accom-

panied every ſentence, and witneſſed that it was a truth; and every unbelieving Jew could adopt the language of our apoſtle. Thus he led them, as by the hand, to ſee and confeſs their guilt, and then dictates for them the language of an awakened conſcience, "O wretched man that I am, who ſhall deliver me from the body of this death?" The whole need not a phyſician, but they who are ſick. They only, who ſee their guilt in all its aggravations, hear, with ſatisfaction, of mercy through Chriſt. Hence St. Paul anſwers this earneſt enquiry, by mentioning the remedy in the beginning of the next verſe. According to ſome copies of the original, the words are, "The grace of God through Jeſus Chriſt." In this verſe the man is repreſented as ſubject to the ſecond death: "Who ſhall deliver me from this body of death." The body of death, ſignifieth death in all her vigour, even that death which is the penalty of a broken law; the body of ſin ſignifieth the ſtrength of ſin: the greatneſs and inſupportable weight of death is its body; and the man here deſcribed is repreſented as expoſed to that death, which is the wages of ſin. This is the object which chiefly alarms the guilty. When the remonſtrances of the conſcience are not heard againſt ſin at firſt, yet after it is committed, conſcience raiſeth her voice in more awful accents, and proclaims God's wrath through the whole ſoul; then there is a fearful looking for of fiery indignation and awful judgments from God. The ſtate of this man is preciſely that which is expreſſed in this paſſage; the man is labouring under the ſpirit of bondage again to fear. Thus, as he ſaid in ver. 5. when he was in the fleſh, the motions of ſin wrought in his members to bring forth fruit unto death.

In this, as in every other verſe of this paſſage, we ſee the uſual interpretation, not only foreign to the words, but fatal in its conſequences, and alſo attended with inſurmountable difficulties. As the word *death* will not anſwer the purpoſe, *ſin* muſt be ſubſtituted in its place, while nothing can be more evident than that it is not ſin, but the wages of ſin, or the conſequences of being led captive to the law of ſin, which is here meant

meant by a *body of death*. Then this verſe is made an *infallible mark* of a true Chriſtian: perhaps, there are few texts in ſcripture more frequently quoted as a diſtinguiſhing character of a child of God, than this. According to this opinion, every man, who is afraid of death and hell, every man whoſe preſumptuous crimes raiſe in his breaſt "a certain fearful looking for of fiery indignation which ſhall devour the adverſary," hath a diſtinguiſhing character of a child of God; and will carry it down with him to Tophet, where it will become ſtill brighter and ſtronger. What dreadful deluſions may not this occaſion! The people have this grand mark ever in their memory, and often in their mouth; which, in place of ſending them to the Saviour for repentance and forgiveneſs, tends to harden them in vice. Their convictions, in place of exciting them to fly to Jeſus for mercy, only diſpoſe them to rejoice in their preſent ſituation as perfectly ſafe; the more wretched, and the more they are troubled with an evil conſcience, the more certain of heaven. Such are the awful deluſions, which neceſſarily accompany that interpretation! I am now to ſhew the neceſſary conſequences of aſſerting, that what St. Paul ſaith of himſelf in ver. 19. is a diſtinguiſhing mark of a regenerate ſtate, and can be ſaid by no unregenerate perſon.

It will not be denied, that the hearers of the goſpel, who have a name to live but are dead, deceive themſelves. "I was alive without the law," ſaid St. Paul, ver. 9, "but when the commandment came, ſin revived, and I died." Univerſally in the ſcriptures, this is mentioned as a chief reaſon, why they cannot be perſuaded to leave their evil ways, and embrace ſalvation in Chriſt. To ſhew the ſtrength and extent of this deluſion, they are repreſented as ſaying to the Judge, when about to receive their final ſentence, "Lord, Lord, have we not propheſied in thy name, and in thy name done many wonderful works?" Matt. vii. 22. The ſcriptures intimate that there is a very great number in this condition: "Many (ſaith Jeſus) will ſay to me in that day, Lord, Lord;" for, "many are called, but few are choſen." Every doctrine which flatters this deluſion is ſweet to

ſuch, and they greedily embrace it; hence the univerſal reception of, and fondneſs for this opinion. One thing diſturbs theſe profeſſors at times, and that is their conſcience. They need a ſalve for the ſore, in order to render their ſtate eaſy, and their deluſion complete. That doctrine which tends to anſwer this purpoſe will be very acceptable; the more plauſible it is, the more eagerly it will be embraced. No contrivance of the grand foe could better anſwer this fatal purpoſe than this opinion. "Comfort ye, comfort ye, my people," ſaith the preacher: "See how ſin and corruption troubled the apoſtle himſelf. Though ye often fail and come ſhort of doing your duty, yet if ye deſire to do better, all is well: for St. *Paul* confeſſeth, that when he would do good, evil was preſent with him; ſo that he declares, "the good I would I do not, but the evil I would not, that I do." Corruption is in the beſt, and it grieveth them moſt, becauſe they are moſt ſenſible of it; the ſinner dead in treſpaſſes and ſins, neither ſees nor feels ſin as a burden." All this looks well; ſome real truths are here aſſerted; theſe ſerve the purpoſe of gilding the pill to the unregenerate; it goes down ſweetly, and proveth a temporary relief to the conſcience. The ſinner's fears are, for the time, converted into joy. He is now taught to argue with his conſcience: "If then I do that which I would not, this is not I, it is ſin dwelling in me. If I will to do the good which is not done, and not to do the crimes, which I commit, then I am like the apoſtle himſelf: take eaſe, my troubled ſoul, and ceaſe to fear; for I am aſſured, that none can ſay this in truth but the children of God."

It cannot be denied, that the more the ungodly are acquainted with the moral law, the more they ſee its uſefulneſs; the more their conſciences will urge them to obſerve it, or to do good; and the more inward oppoſition will be felt againſt the commiſſion of flagrant crimes.

It is a general maxim, The more knowledge man hath of his duty, the greater is the guilt of diſobedience: the more therefore

therefore a man willeth to do good, and yet doth it not; the more he willeth not to do evil, and yet doth it, the greater is his guilt. So far as he willeth it, he ſees his duty, and approveth of it as good; he renders himſelf therefore inexcuſable, if, notwithſtanding this, he doth it not. It is vain for men here to plead the power of corruption. The queſtion will be, Why didſt thou indulge thy corrupt inclinations in oppoſition to God's authority, not only ſeen with thy own eyes, but felt on thy own conſcience? That, which many give as an infallible mark of grace, is the very circumſtance which aggravates the ſinner's guilt. The more clear any mark is, the greater the certainty of the thing of which it is the evidence. If this be, as is very generally affirmed, an infallible mark of grace, then it neceſſarily follows, the more the man can ſay, "The good that I would, I do not; but the evil I would not, that I do," the more certain his evidences of ſonſhip; that is, the more he acts contrary to his light and conſcience, in neglecting the good he would, and in doing the evil he would not, the more certain he is of eternal life! How prophetic were thy words, O Peter, of what was to come! Thou ſaidſt of thy beloved brother Paul, "His epiſtles are hard to be underſtood; the unlearned and unſtable wreſt them, as they do alſo the other ſcriptures unto their own deſtruction," 2 Pet. iii. 16. The amount of the whole is clearly this: According to this doctrine, the more guilty a man is, and the more frequent his crimes, the clearer his evidences of being an heir of glory!

Ver. 25. *I thank God through Jeſus Chriſt our Lord. So then with the mind I myſelf ſerve the law of God, but with the fleſh the law of ſin.*

A cool and rational inveſtigation of the ſcriptures, in order to comprehend the mind of the Spirit, is not ſo frequent among the teachers of Chriſtianity as could be wiſhed. Pre-conceived

conceived notions of a text before we examine, and the dread of weakening any part of our favourite ſyſtem, not only prevent the mind from the exertions, of which ſhe is capable, but alſo powerfully incline the man rather to ſearch for his own favourite principles, than for the mind of God in the text. On this account, I am afraid, that in ſupporting the general ſcope of this paſſage, I ſhould either miſtake the true ſenſe of ſome ſentences, or erect upon them an argument broader than the foundation. I ſhall, however, continue the ſame freedom of inquiry to the cloſe, though oppoſite to the ſentiments of my fathers.

"I thank God through Jeſus Chriſt our Lord." For what doth St. Paul here thank God through Jeſus Chriſt? It ſurely cannot be that he was carnal, ſold under ſin, and therefore tormented with the body of death! My opponents dare not ſay, that it was becauſe God had delivered him from it; for that would be to renounce their favourite opinion. He continued, we are told by them, in that very ſtate here deſcribed, while he abode on earth. The anſwer, therefore, uſually given is, He thanked God who had begun that deliverance. But the difficulty ſtill remains; if St. Paul knew this, why then did he cry out ſo violently, *Who ſhall deliver me?* In the 24th verſe with which the ſentence is connected? The earneſt enquiry of the apoſtle is expreſſed in the words, "Who ſhall deliver me?" The cauſe of this earneſt enquiry was his wretchedneſs and body of death. Had he earneſtly deſired to depart hence and be with God, and anxiouſly enquired when that time would come, that would have been conſiſtent with this opinion. But to know his deliverer, to experience the progreſs of this deliverance, to rejoice in his deliverer, and to thank him, in the full aſſurance, that in due time it would be compleated; yea to be able to ſay, that he was actually freed from the law of ſin and death, ch. viii. 2. and ſtill to continue daily crying out of wretchedneſs, and enquiring how and where a deliverer ſhall be found, is of all

things

things the moſt abſurd. But if we view the apoſtle, in the 24th verſe, as deſcribing his ſituation when the commandment came, ſo that ſin revived and he died, ver. 9. then there is a ſuitable connection between it and the 25th, where he thanks God that he was not left to periſh in that condition, but was delivered from it.

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

SERMON LVIII.

On JEREMIAH viii. 22.

Is there no balm in Gilead? Is there no phyſician there? Why then is not the health of the daughter of my people recovered?

1. THIS queſtion, as here propoſed by the prophet, relates only to a particular people, the children of *Iſrael*. But I would here conſider it in a general ſenſe, with relation to all mankind. I would ſeriouſly inquire, Why has Chriſtianity done ſo little good in the world? Is it not the balm, the outward means, which the Great Phyſician has given to men, to reſtore their ſpiritual health? Why then is it not reſtored? You ſay, Becauſe of the deep and the univerſal corruption of human nature. Moſt true. But here is the very difficulty. Was it not intended by our all-wiſe and almighty Creator, to be the remedy for that corruption? An univerſal remedy for an univerſal evil. But it has not anſwered this intention. It never did. It does not anſwer it at this day. The diſeaſe ſtill remains in its full ſtrength: wickedneſs of every kind, vice inward and outward in all its forms, ſtill overſpread the face of the earth.

2. O Lord God, *righteous art thou! Yet let us plead with thee!* How is this? Haſt thou forgotten the world which thou haſt

haſt made? Which thou haſt created for thy own glory? Canſt thou deſpiſe the work of thy own hands, the purchaſe of thy Son's blood? Thou haſt given medicine to heal our ſickneſs: yet our ſickneſs is not healed. Yet darkneſs covers the earth, and thick darkneſs the people. Yea,

> " Darkneſs, ſuch as devils feel,
> Iſſuing from the pit of hell."

3. What a myſtery is this? That Chriſtianity ſhould have done ſo little good in the world! Can any account of this be given? Can any reaſons be aſſigned for it? Does it not ſeem that one reaſon it has done ſo little good is this, Becauſe it is ſo little known? Certainly it can do no good, where it is not known. But it is not known at this day to the far greater part of the inhabitants of the earth. In the laſt century our ingenious and laborious countryman, Mr. *Brerewood*, travelled over great part of the known world, on purpoſe to enquire, ſo far as was poſſible, what proportion the Chriſtians bear to the Heathens and Mahometans. And according to his computation (probably the moſt accurate which has yet been made,) I ſuppoſe mankind to be divided into thirty parts, nineteen parts of theſe are ſtill open Heathens, having no more knowledge of Chriſtianity, than the beaſts that periſh. And we may add to theſe the numerous nations, which have been diſcovered in the preſent century. Add to theſe ſuch as profeſs the Mahometan Religion, and utterly ſcorn Chriſtianity: and five parts out of thirty of mankind are not ſo much as nominally Chriſtians. So then five parts of mankind out of ſix, are totally ignorant of Chriſtianity. It is therefore no wonder, that five in ſix of mankind, perhaps nine in ten, have no advantage from it.

4. But why is it, that ſo little advantage is derived from it to the Chriſtian world? Are Chriſtians any better than other men? Are they better than Mahometans or Heathens? To ſay the

the truth, it is well if they are not worſe: worſe than either Mahometans or Heathens. In many reſpects they are abundantly worſe: but then they are not properly Chriſtians. The generality of theſe, though they bear the Chriſtian name, do not know what Chriſtianity is. They no more underſtand it than they do *Greek* or *Hebrew:* therefore they can be no better for it. What do the Chriſtians, ſo called, of the Eaſtern Church, diſperſed throughout the *Turkiſh* dominions, know of genuine Chriſtianity? Thoſe of the *Morea*, of *Circaſſia*, *Mengrelia*, *Georgia?* Are they not the very dregs of mankind? And have we reaſon to think that thoſe of the Southern Church, thoſe inhabiting *Abyſſinia*, have any more conception than them, of *worſhipping God in ſpirit and in truth?* Look we nearer home. See the Northern Churches, thoſe that are under the patriarch of *Moſcow*. How exceeding little do they know, either of outward or inward Chriſtianity? How many thouſands, yea, myriads of thoſe poor ſavages, know nothing of Chriſtianity but the name? How little more do they know than the heathen *Tartars* on the one hand, or the heathen *Chineſe* on the other?

5. But is not Chriſtianity well known at leaſt to all the inhabitants of the weſtern world? A great part of which is eminently termed *Chriſtendom*, or the land of Chriſtians. Part of theſe are ſtill members of the Church of *Rome*: part are termed *Proteſtants*. As to the former, *Portugueſe*, *Spaniards*, *Italians*, *French*, *Germans*, what do the bulk of them know of ſcriptural Chriſtianity? Having had frequent opportunity of converſing with many of theſe, both at home and abroad, I am bold to affirm, that they are in general totally ignorant, both as to the theory and practice of Chriſtianity: ſo that they are *periſhing* by thouſands *for lack of knowledge*, for want of knowing the very firſt principles of Chriſtianity.

6. "But ſurely this cannot be the caſe of the *Proteſtants* in *France*, *Switzerland*, *Germany* and *Holland?* Much leſs in *Denmark* and *Sweden*?" Indeed I hope it is not altogether.

I am perſuaded, there are among them many knowing Chriſtians. But I fear we muſt not think that one in ten, if one in fifty is of this number: certainly not, if we may form a judgment of them, by thoſe we find in *Great Britain* and *Ireland*. Let us ſee how matters ſtand at our own door. Do the people of *England* in general (not the higheſt or the loweſt; for theſe uſually know nothing of the matter: but people of the middle rank) underſtand Chriſtianity? Do they conceive what it is? Can they give an intelligible account, either of the ſpeculative or practical part of it? What know they of the very firſt principles of it? Of the natural and moral attributes of God? Of his particular Providence? Of the redemption of man? Of the offices of Chriſt? Of the operations of the Holy Ghoſt? Of juſtification? Of the new birth? Of inward and outward ſanctification? Speak of any of theſe things to the firſt ten perſons you are in company with: and will you not find nine out of the ten ignorant of the whole affair? And are not moſt of the inhabitants of the Scotch Highlands, full as ignorant as theſe? Yea, and the common people in *Ireland*? (I mean, the Proteſtants, of whom alone we are now ſpeaking) Make a fair enquiry, not only in the country cabins, but in the cities of *Cork*, *Waterford*, *Limerick*? Yea, in *Dublin* itſelf. How few know what Chriſtianity means? How ſmall a number will you find, that have any conception of the analogy of faith? Of the connected chain of ſcripture truths, and their relation to each other! Namely, The natural corruption of man; juſtification by faith, the new-birth, inward and outward holineſs? It muſt be acknowledged by all competent judges, who converſe freely with their neighbours in theſe kingdoms, that a vaſt majority of them know no more of theſe things, than they do of *Hebrew* or *Arabic*. And what good can Chriſtianity do to theſe, who are ſo totally ignorant of it?

7. However, in ſome parts, both of *England* and *Ireland*, ſcriptural Chriſtianity is well known: eſpecially in *London*, *Briſtol*,

Briſtol, *Dublin*, and almoſt all the large and populous cities and towns of both kingdoms. In theſe every branch of Chriſtianity is openly and largely declared: and thouſands upon thouſands continually hear and receive *the truth as it is in Jeſus*. Why is it then, that even in theſe parts Chriſtianity has had ſo little effect? Why are the generality of the people in all theſe places Heathens ſtill? No better than the Heathens of *Africa* or *America*, either in their tempers or in their lives. Now how is this to be accounted for? I conceive thus. It was a common ſaying among the Chriſtians in the primitive Church, "The ſoul and the body make a man: the ſpirit and diſcipline make a Chriſtian:" implying that none could be real Chriſtians, without the help of Chriſtian diſcipline. But if this be ſo, is it any wonder that we find ſo few Chriſtians, for where is Chriſtian diſcipline! In what part of *England* (to go no farther) is Chriſtian diſcipline added to Chriſtian doctrine? Now whatever doctrine is preached, where there is not diſcipline, it cannot have its full effect upon the hearers.

8. To bring the matter cloſer ſtill. Is not ſcriptural Chriſtianity preached, and generally known among the people commonly called *Methodiſts?* Impartial perſons allow it is. And have they not Chriſtian diſcipline too, in all the eſſential branches of it regularly and conſtantly exerciſed? Let thoſe who think any eſſential part of it is wanting, point it out, and it ſhall not be wanting long. Why then are not theſe altogether Chriſtians? Who have both Chriſtian doctrine and Chriſtian diſcipline? Why is not the ſpiritual health of the people called *Methodiſts* recovered? Why is not all that *mind in us, which was alſo in Chriſt Jeſus?* Why have we not learned of him, our very firſt leſſon, to be meek and lowly of heart? To ſay with Him, in all circumſtances of life, *Not as I will, but as thou wilt! I come not to do my own will, but the will of him that ſent me?* Why are not we *crucified to the world, and the world crucified to us? Dead to the deſire of the*

flesh, the desire of the eyes, and the pride of life? Why do not all of us live *the life that is hid with Christ in God?* O why do not we, that have all possible helps, *walk as Christ also walked?* Hath he not *left us an example that we might tread in his steps?* But do we regard either his example or precept? To instance only in one point. Who regards those solemn words, *Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth?* Of the three rules which are laid down on this head, in the sermon on *the mammon of unrighteousness*, you may find many that observe the first rule, namely, *Gain all you can.* You may find a few that observe the second, *Save all you can*: but how many have you found, that observe the third rule, *Give all you can?* Have you reason to believe, that five hundred of these are to be found among fifty thousand *Methodists?* And yet nothing can be more plain, than that all who observe the two first rules without the third, will be twofold more the children of hell, than ever they were before.

9. O that God would enable me once more, before I go hence and am no more seen, to lift up my voice like a trumpet to those who *gain* and *save* all they can, but do not *give* all they can. Ye are the men, some of the chief men, who continually grieve the Holy Spirit of God, and in a great measure stop his gracious influence from descending on our assemblies. Many of your brethren, beloved of God, have not food to eat; they have not raiment to put on; they have not a place where to lay their head. And why are they thus distrest? Because *you* impiously, unjustly, and cruelly detain from them, what your Master and theirs lodges in *your* hands, on purpose to supply *their* wants! See that poor member of Christ pinched with hunger, shivering with cold, half naked! Meantime you have plenty of this world's goods, of meat, drink and apparel. In the name of God, what are you doing? Do you neither fear God, nor regard man? Why do you not deal your bread to the hungry? And cover the naked with a garment? Have you laid out in your own costly apparel,

apparel, what would have anſwered both thoſe intentions? Did God command you ſo to do? Does he commend you for ſo doing? Did he intruſt you with *his* (not *your*) goods for this end? And does he now ſay, "Servant of God, well done." You well know he does not. This idle expence has no approbation, either from God or your own conſcience. But, you ſay, "You can *afford* it!" O be aſhamed, to take ſuch miſerable nonſenſe into your mouths. Never more utter ſuch ſtupid cant, ſuch palpable abſurdity! Can any ſteward *afford*, to be an errant knave? To waſte his Lord's goods? Can any ſervant *afford* to lay out his Maſter's money, any otherwiſe than his Maſter appoints him? So far from it, that whoever does this, ought to be excluded from a Chriſtian Society.

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

A ſhort Account of Mr. GEORGE SHADFORD.

[Written by Himſelf.]

[*Concluded from page* 294.]

GOING to preach one day, I was ſtopped by a large flood of water, and could not come at the bridge. I therefore returned back about half a mile to a large plantation; and having found the planter, I told him my caſe, and aſked if I could ſleep at his houſe? He ſaid, I was welcome. After I had taken a little refreſhment, I aſked if that part of the country was well inhabited; and on his anſwering in the affirmative, I ſaid, "If it is agreeable, and you will ſend out to acquaint your neighbours, I will preach to them in the evening." He ſent out, and we had many hearers; but they were as wild as bears. After I reproved them, they behaved very well under

under preaching. When I converſed with the planter and his wife, I found them entirely ignorant of themſelves and of God. I laboured to convince them both, but it ſeemed to little purpoſe. Next morning I was ſtopped again, when he kindly offered to ſhew me a way, ſome miles about, and go with me to preaching. I thanked him, and accepted his offer. As I was preaching that day I ſaw him weeping much. The Spirit of God opened the poor creature's eyes, and he ſaw the wretched ſtate he was in. He ſtaid with me that night, and made me promiſe to go again to preach at his houſe. In a ſhort time he and his wife became deep penitents, and ſoundly converted by the power of God. A very remarkable work began from that little circumſtance, and before I left *Virginia*, there were ſixty or ſeventy raiſed up in Society in that ſettlement. There were four travelling Preachers that year in the Circuit. We added eighteen hundred members, and had good reaſon to believe that a thouſand of them were converted to God.

The ſpirit of the people began now to be agitated with regard to politics. They threatened me with impriſonment when I prayed for the King; took me up, and examined me, and preſſed me to take the teſt oath to renounce him for ever. I thought then I had done my work there, and ſet out (after I had been a year and a half amongſt them) for *Maryland*. But it being in the depth of winter, I was one night loſt in the woods, when it was very cold, and the ſnow a foot deep on the ground. I could find no houſe, nor ſee any traveller, and I knew I muſt periſh if I continued there all night. I alighted from my horſe, kneeled down upon the ſnow, and prayed earneſtly to God to direct me. When I aroſe I believed I ſhould have ſomething to direct me. I ſtood liſtening a ſhort ſpace, and at laſt heard a dog bark at ſome diſtance, ſo followed the ſound, and after ſome time, found a houſe and plantation.

The

The next ſummer and winter I ſpent in *Maryland*; the winter on the Eaſtern ſhore, where I could labour and be at peace; but as the teſt oath muſt take place there alſo, I was brought to a ſtrait. I had ſworn allegiance to the King twice, and could not ſwear to renounce him for ever. I dare not play with faſt and looſe oaths, and ſwallow them in ſuch a manner. We could not travel ſafe without a paſs; nor have a paſs without taking the oaths.

At our quarterly meeting I ſaid to Brother *Aſbury*, let us have a day of faſting and prayer, that the Lord may direct us; for we never were in ſuch circumſtances as now, ſince we were Methodiſt Preachers. We did ſo, and in the evening, I aſked him how he found his mind? He ſaid, he did not ſee his way clear to go to *England*. I told him I could not ſtay, as I believed I had done my work here at preſent; and that it was as much impreſſed, upon my mind to go home now as it had been to come over to *America*. He replied, "Then one of us muſt be under a deluſion." I ſaid, "Not ſo; I may have a call to go, and you to ſtay;" and I believed we both obeyed the call of Providence. We ſaw we muſt part, though we loved as *David* and *Jonathan*. And indeed theſe times made us love one another in a peculiar manner. O! how glad were we to meet, and power our grief into each other's boſom!

Myſelf and another ſet off, having procured a paſs from a Colonel to travel to the General; and arriving at the head quarters, we enquired for General *Smallwood's* apartments: and being admitted to his preſence, and aſked our buſineſs; we told his Excellency that we were Engliſhmen, and both Methodiſt Preachers; and, as we conſidered ourſelves ſubjects of *Great Britain*, we could not take the teſt oaths: therefore ſhould be very glad to return home to our native land. "We caſt ourſelves (we added) wholly upon your Excellency's generoſity, and hope, as you profeſs to be fighting for your liberties, you will grant us a paſs to have liberty to return to

our

our own land in peace." He anſwered roughly, "Now you have done us all the hurt you can, you want to go home." I told him our motive had been to do good: for this end we left our own country, and had been travelling through the woods for ſeveral years, to ſeek and to ſave that which was loſt. It was true, we could not beat the political drum in the pulpit; preaching bloody ſermons; becauſe we conſidered ourſelves meſſengers of peace, and called to preach the goſpel of peace. At laſt he told us he would give us a paſs to the *Engliſh*; if we would ſwear we would go directly to *Philadelphia*, and from thence embark to *Great Britain*. He then ſwore us, and generouſly gave us our liberty without any further trouble.

That evening, however, I was in great danger of loſing my life. A man leaped from behind a buſh, with his gun loaded, cocked and preſented at my breaſt, and ſwore like a fiend, and ſaid, "If I did not ſtop, I ſhould be a dead man; and called out as if he had more men in ambuſh. I ſtopped and ſaid very boldly where are your men? If you will take us, let them come up. He ſwore again, If I did not diſmount he would ſhoot me dead upon the ſpot. I diſmounted, and ſaid boldly to him again, "You have no right to ſtop me, I have a paſs from the General." All this while he had his piece at my breaſt, yet I had no fear or dread; but I have often thought ſince, what a mercy it was that the piece did not go off, while he kept me ſo long at the end of it. At laſt he was ſtruck with fear, and as no one came to his help, and we were two, and he did not know but we might have piſtols; he ſaid, "I will drop my gun, if you will not hurt me." I ſaid, I have not threatened to hurt you; I do not want to hurt a hair of your head; but why do you ſtop me on the road, and threaten my life, when I told you I had a paſs from the General? The fellow ſeemed aſhamed and confounded. If he had any deſign to rob us, his heart failed him; and the Lord delivered us out of his hands.

We

We left our horſes at a poor little inn; (for they had taken down the end of the large bridge that goes into *Cheſter*) and, with our ſaddle-bags upon our backs, we crept on our hands and knees on a narrow plank to that part of the great bridge that remained ſtanding, and got our horſes over the next morning. Thus, through the mercy and goodneſs of God, we got ſafe into *Cheſter* that night, and the next night into *Philadelphia*. Here we met three or four of our Preachers, who like ourſelves were all refugees. I continued near ſix weeks before I got a paſſage, and then embarked for *Cork* in *Ireland*; from thence to *Wales*, and then croſſed the paſſage to *Briſtol*. I felt a very thankful heart, when I ſet my foot on *Engliſh* ground, in a land of peace and liberty, where was no alarm of war and bloodſhed. They, who have never been ſick, do not properly know the value of health. Neither are we in this land ſufficiently thankful for the laws which protect our perſons and property; and above all, for our religious liberty to worſhip God, according to our conſcience, in the beauty of holineſs.

I have received abundant mercies from a kind and indulgent Father ſince I came home; but have made ſmall returns for them all, and feel greatly aſhamed of myſelf, and deeply humbled for my coming ſhort, and living beneath my privilege for years that are paſt. I am now determined, through grace, to give my whole heart to God more than ever: to be more conſtant and regular in my walk: and to caſt all my care upon Him, who careth for me.

Laſt year indeed was a year of afflictions and trials to me. I was poorly in body moſt of the year, often very unable to travel, and ſometimes had thoughts of deſiſting on that account. But I bleſs God things are changed; it ſeems as if the Lord hath given me a new commiſſion, and added ſtrength to body and mind. Since I came into the *Kent* Circuit, I ſet apart ſome hours in order to pray, that God might deepen the work of grace in my own ſoul, and make me more uſeful to

others. He ſoon heard and anſwered, and hath brought my ſoul into ſuch a liberty and fellowſhip with himſelf, that he is always preſent. There is no time when my beloved is abſent by day or by night; neither do I feel that propenſity within me to ſin as before. "As the hart panteth after the water-brooks, ſo panteth my ſoul after God, yea, thirſteth for the living God."

I ſee more than ever the preciouſneſs of time; and the wiſdom of improving it to the beſt purpoſes: the living every moment for God, the buying up every opportunity; the neceſſity of being more ſpiritual in my converſation, in order to grow in grace: the talking in company not about worldly things; but about our ſouls, God and Chriſt, heaven and eternal glory. O how ſad a caſe is it when we go to viſit, to eat and drink with our friends, and ſay nothing, or that which is next to nothing, about their ſouls! If we had more of God in our hearts, there would be more of him on our tongues, and ſhining in our lives; for, out of the abundance of the heart the mouth ſpeaketh. We ſhould be often ſpeaking, reproving for ſin, labouring to bring ſouls to God, when we are out of the pulpit, as well as when we are in. Lord make me more faithful in this, and in every reſpect, than ever I have been, for Chriſt's ſake! Amen!

GEORGE SHADFORD.

Canterbury, Oct. 15, 1785.

Some Account of Mrs. MAHONY, *of* CORK.

MARY MAHONY was very young, when her carnal relations forced her to marry a man, for whom ſhe had no affection. He proved a very wicked and bad huſband; but the God of wiſdom and love even out of this evil brought forth good. The trials ſhe daily endured led her to ſeek

ſeek reſt and happineſs in God, the ſource of bliſs. When ſhe began to hear the Methodiſts, her mind was drawn out in ſtrong deſires after God; but her huſband often followed her, and dragged her out of the preaching-houſe by the hair of the head. After ſome time he left her entirely, and ſhe ſaw him no more.

She joined the Society about ten years ago, and ſoon found peace with God, which ſhe never loſt; and about three years after obtained alſo a clear witneſs that her ſoul was cleanſed through the blood of Jeſus Chriſt from *all* ſin. In this ſalvation ſhe walked irreprovably to the day of her death; and though, at ſome ſeaſons, ſhe was buffeted with various temptations, yet ſhe always emerged out of them more fully purified. She was called outwardly to follow her heavenly Lord in the way of the croſs; but ſhe joyfully took it up, and bore it with the meekneſs of her lamb-like Saviour. Like him, her language was, "Not as *I will*, but as *thou wilt*." Her love to Jeſus, and her zeal for the glory of God, as well as her love for precious ſouls, was very peculiar; and over thoſe committed to her care ſhe watched faithfully, and diligently, with tears and faſtings, and much prayer, on their behalf.

In her laſt ſickneſs (thought to be a rheumatic fever) her agony of pain in every limb was extreme. But ſhe ſaid "When theſe hands and feet are tortured with ſuch anguiſh as ſeems almoſt inſupportable, I look up to my precious Saviour, and *ſee* by faith *his* dear hands and feet pierced, bleeding and nailed to the accurſed tree for *my* ſins; and the view of that mangled body, and precious head torn with thorns, and that precious blood ſtreaming for my ſoul, ſweetens all my pain, and makes me willing to bear all he pleaſes to inflict."

After ſuffering thus about nine days, and conſtantly witneſſing the goodneſs of God to her ſoul, ſhe became delirious. But, a few hours before her departure the Lord reſtored her

reaſon. She was, however, ſpeechleſs, till at laſt, after ſtruggling ſometime as in an agony to ſay ſomething, ſhe cried aloud, "Jeſus is precious! Jeſus is precious!" And then ſweetly fell aſleep in him, Feb. 11, 1789, in the 26th year of her age.

[*The following is an Extract from her Journal. We could not give the particular dates of the days, as they were not ſpecified in the Manuſcript.*]

1788. THIS day I happened unguardedly to ſpeak what was not true. When I reflected on what I had ſaid, immediately my ſoul was filled with horror and deep diſtreſs. I felt fear, and was much aſhamed to come to God; and though a pardon was offered to me, and many promiſes brought to my mind by his Spirit, I *would not* lay hold on them. I felt ſuch an abhorrence of myſelf, that I thought it was juſt in God to abhor me. Therefore I felt my faith weakened, and for ſome days was very juſtly left to grapple with unbelief. The vigour of my ſoul was retarded. I could not fly with that delight and alacrity to Jeſus, that my ſoul was wont to do. How did I mourn the abſence of my Beloved! My ſoul was reſtleſs after God. As the hart panteth after the water-brooks, ſo did my ſoul for thee, O God, and thy refreſhing grace. At length I come to thee, O my God. What folly was I guilty of, in not receiving a free pardon at thy gracious hand! I now find my faith ſtrengthened, by pleading with God the greatneſs of the atonement. Lord, thou knoweſt I cannot make the leaſt atonement for any ſin I ever committed, nor purchaſe the leaſt of thy favours:

"Rivers of tears, and ſeas of blood,
Alas! they all muſt flow in vain!"

But

But thou haſt found a ranſom, Jeſus the Son of thy love, whoſe precious blood is for the healing of the nations: and though I was ever ſo defiled, (I cried) yet waſhed in the Saviour's blood I ſhall be whiter than ſnow: immediately the Lord Jeſus was evidently ſet forth as crucified to the eye of my faith. I could view him tortured, bleeding, groaning, and expiring for *me*.

Bleſſed be God, who has enabled me to ſay, "My Beloved is mine and I am his." I feel Jeſus is the object of my love, delight, and deſire. O what near acceſs and oneneſs did I find with him this day! O how did beams of love and rays of divinity fill my heart! I ſee my own emptineſs, and the neceſſity of coming to Jeſus every moment for freſh ſupplies of grace! Mine eyes and expectations are upon that Saviour, who is all my help and happineſs: and, glory be to his name, he is juſt ſuch a Saviour as I want, a Saviour to the uttermoſt.

I feel a conſtant neceſſity of coming to the fountain, that I may waſh away every defilement, and *keep* my blood-waſhed-garments unſpotted by ſin. O may I ever feel the efficacy of the healing ſtream! I feel a delight in ſitting like *Mary* at the Saviour's feet, there to hear the voice of the heavenly Charmer ſpeaking to my heart, and wait for the ſecret teachings of his Spirit. O may my ſoul be ever all attention to the divine preſence!

I had ſweet views of the heavenly tempers and graces that ſhone forth in the life of my divine Lord and Maſter. I was led to meditate on his humility, meekneſs, gentleneſs, patience, and heavenly-mindedneſs. What a beauty did I ſee in holineſs! I ſee that I bear but a faint reſemblance to Chriſt! But O! I long for a greater conformity to him in all things, and a deeper impreſſion of his bleſſed Spirit.

Auguſt 1. This has been a day of conſolation, God has been pleaſed to pour down ſuch glorious comforts into my ſoul in every means of grace. I feel a conviction of the neceſſity

ceſſity of being inwardly and outwardly ſuch as Jeſus. I reſolve, in the ſtrength of God, that my converſation ſhall be as becometh the goſpel of Chriſt, and tend to the edification of thoſe with whom I have to do; and that my outward life and conduct ſhall beſpeak a mind inwardly engaged in deep communion with God. O may I feel an *idle* word, as actual wickedneſs!

October. Through the whole of this day I found a dwelling in God, and God in me, by his bleſſed Spirit. Divine Love ſo filled my whole ſoul, that I felt its ſweet conſtraining force. I felt a ſinking into deeper communion with God. I had alſo great diſcoveries of the wonders of redeeming Love. O what did it coſt the bleſſed Jeſus to purchaſe pardon, holineſs, and heaven, for *me?* Nothing leſs than the blood of the Lamb would atone for my ſins. O the greatneſs of that price, that was paid for the redemption of fallen man! O Jeſus, teach me with all ſaints, and ſtrengthen me to comprehend, the length, and breadth, and depth, and height of thy redeeming Love! Indeed the condeſcending Love of God does overpower my ſoul with aſtoniſhment. Notwithſtanding my many ſhort comings, and deviations from the pure and perfect law of God; yet inſtead of ſpurning me from his preſence, he graciouſly viſits me with his love.

I adore him that counts me worthy to be a partaker of the merits of the bleeding Jeſus. I ſee that there is a fulneſs of every grace in Chriſt. Of mercy to pardon, and of grace to ſanctify my nature: and glory to him, he has bruiſed the ſerpent's head, and deſtroyed the man of ſin in my ſoul. May I ever live dependant on him, and hang continually on a crucified God!

January 1, 1789. Upon a review of my experience, I feel I have cauſe to adore my God, that I find no decreaſe of his love in my heart, but rather a cloſer union with my beloved Jeſus. At the concluſion of the old year, while waiting upon God, I found my faith ſtrengthened, my heart ſweetly melted

melted and humbled, from a ſenſe of the mercies I have enjoyed the laſt year. None is more indebted than I am to free grace. Surely God has multiplied both mercies and pardons to me. O who is a God like unto thee! I find language too faint to expreſs thy praiſe; but this ſhall be my happy employment through an eternal duration. "When nature fails, &c." While many of my fellow-mortals are gone to the world of ſpirits, I am ſpared another year. O may my lengthened life be devoted to his glory! I found, while I ſolemnly appealed to God, that I had taken him for my portion, and was making a freſh ſurrender of my worthleſs heart to Jeſus, thoſe words were put in my heart and mouth

"Here's my heart, O take and ſeal it,
Seal it for thy courts above."

I found as if a ray of divine glory filled my ſoul, and thoſe words ſpoken into my heart, "I have ſealed thee *eternally mine*." For ſome moments I ſeemed quite loſt to all below, while on the mount with Jeſus. O what views had I of the Saviour's love! Yea, my whole ſoul was wrapped up in love to him.

"Henceforth may no profane delight
Divide this conſecrated ſoul;
Poſſeſs it thou, &c."

When I awoke, I found my heart filled with the divine preſence. I was ſweetly led to meditate on redeeming love. My ſoul did taſte the hidden manna, while I fed on Chriſt by faith. On hearing of two ſouls, who received a ſenſe of the forgiving love of God at the watch-night, I found much union of ſoul with them, and my gratitude overflowed to the Lover of ſouls. I found, through the courſe of this day, my ſoul to centre in God, particularly in ſecret prayer. O what

ſweetneſs

ſweetneſs did I enjoy, while in communion with my Beloved! I find that nothing leſs than *all* the fulneſs of God, brought into my ſoul, will or can ſatisfy me. While converſing with a true Chriſtian, O how did our hearts burn with divine love, while we talked of Jeſus! What heavenly excellencies did the Saviour diſplay to our raviſhed ſouls! While our united ſpirits ſeemed almoſt ready to take their flight to glory!

I feel my ſoul reſting this day as in the embraces of Divine Love. Jeſus is indeed the ſource of calm repoſe. O the ſweet ſerenity and heavenly tranquility I do enjoy, and that ſacred peace that the world knows not of! Satan raiſes many ſtorms. I have many outward trials, but I feel them all as ſo many friendly blaſts to waft me nearer to Jeſus, and ſettle me more firmly on the Rock of Ages.

This day my ſoul ſunk deeper into God, its centre. Through a multiplicity of buſineſs, and outward engagements the Lord does keep my mind ſweetly diſengaged from every created object. I ſee ſo much excellence in Jeſus, as engages all my affections and captivates powerfully all my heart. I daily feel the ſanctifying graces of his Spirit, and my ſoul longs to be *more* conformable to the meek and lowly Jeſus. I feel he is my hiding-place from every ſtorm. My heart cleaves to him continually. I ſee he will have me dependant on him continually, and that it is by momentary faith in the blood of the Lamb, that I am ſaved from ſin.

O Jeſus, thou art altogether lovely, the faireſt among ten thouſand: thy beauties have powerfully engaged my heart, and filled my ſoul with chaſte and pure deſires. O may I ever drink deeper of the ſtreams of redeeming love, and find them ſweeter than honey, or the honey-comb!

Thou, O Jeſus, art the object of my wiſhes, my heart cleaves to thee continually. This day my ſoul has been waſted on the wings of faith and prayer nearer to Jeſus. O how did I feel the *outgoings* of my heart *after him*, and the ſweet

incomings

incomings of his love. My ſoul did feed on the unknown grace with pleaſure and ſurprize.

" Inſatiate to the ſpring I fly,
I drink, and yet am ever dry,
Ah! who againſt ſuch charms is proof?
Ah! who that loves can love enough?"

I find the mercies of God renewed not only every morning, but every moment. O my God, with the morning light let me renew my covenant and enter into freſh engagements with thee. I find my only deſire is to live *to* and *for* Jeſus alone. O my Saviour, I am thine, bought with thy precious blood; let me feel continually its precious effects upon my ſoul!

For ſome days I felt an increaſe of faith and love. The Lord gives me enlarged views of that *full* ſalvation there is in Jeſus. I ſee he is the ſin-atoning, ſin-conſuming Saviour. I *feel* he has deſtroyed the power and inbeing of ſin in me. I am enabled to come out of myſelf, continually and wholly to depend on Jeſus: to hang on that mighty Saviour, who has wrought ſalvation for me. I feel my heart expanded, and enlarged for *all* that holineſs, which this nature is capable of receiving; and glory to God, he does cauſe his grace to widen and diffuſe itſelf through all my ranſomed powers.

This day I had affecting views of my ſuffering Saviour; I could ſee (by faith) his bleeding wounds, and ſtreaming blood; every wound ſeemed to ſend forth a voice and ſay, "All this I bore for thee." I found my ſoul fired with his love and could cry out,

" O ſee for me the victim bleeds,
For me his wounds ſtand open wide!
For me the blood of ſprinkling pleads,
And ſpeaks me juſtified." yea ſanctified.

O what a meaſure of divine love did I feel? even ſuch a meaſure as overpowered my weak frame. It was the new wine of the Saviour's love; tears of love overflowed mine eyes. I cannot find words to praiſe him. I longed to join the immortal hoſts. Yea my heart panted and ſtruggled to be free. Surely the angels deſire in vain to look into this myſtery of redeeming love.

"Ceaſe, ye angels, gaze no more;
But fall, and ſilently adore!"

The whole day my ſoul was wrapped up in flames of love and pure deſire. O may I ever live a life concealed in him.

"Through all eternity to thee, &c."

O what ſweetneſs did I feel while waiting upon my God this day. Surely thy precious word is dearer to my ſoul than thouſands of gold and ſilver. Thy ordinances are as wells of ſalvation to my ſoul, and glory be to God, he does water me from his ſacred preſence. I found much gratitude to God that he ever gave me a lot, or a name amongſt his people. Surely I am a companion of them that fear thee, O God. My delight is with them that excel in virtue. O may I be numbered with them in time, and dwell with them in life everlaſting!

This has been a glorious ſabbath to my ſoul: the intercourſe was open between me and my Beloved. O how did I feel my ſoul as it were lean on his bleeding heart: O what a great meaſure of love did I feel to the bleſſed Jeſus, who bought my happineſs, and ſalvation, my holineſs and my heaven, with blood divine! I had glorious views of the land of promiſe, and could read my title clear to manſions in the ſkies. I found a ſecret longing to be with Jeſus. The language of my heart was, "O that I had wings like a dove, then would I flee away

away and be at reſt!" Not from a deſire to be away from ſuffering ſooner than it was the will of God; but only from the ſecret love I felt to him, who purchaſed all this bliſs for me, and groaned beneath my load of ſin. I longed to ſee that glorious face that had once ſtreamed with blood for me.

" See from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
Did e'er ſuch love and ſorrow meet,
Or thorns compoſe ſo rich a crown?"

The glorious Sun of Righteouſneſs does ariſe and diſpel the gloom that for ſome days hung over my mind. My ſoul was ſenſible of the divine approach of its Beloved: yea, my heart expanded itſelf to receive the bleſſed Jeſus. Surely this has been a day of ſacred peace: I felt ſuch a ſweet ſacrificing and reſigning my all to Jeſus, and my whole will loſt in the will of God. I could look back at his gracious dealings with my ſoul ſome time paſt, and acknowledge that what he does is beſt, however contrary to my wiſh or deſire, therefore, I could ſay with my heart in every point, " Not my will but thine be done."

I have found ſince the above a conſtant ſunſhine of the divine preſence. I never found my heart ſo called off from all things here below. The Lord has favoured me with ſweet manifeſtations and divine communications of light, love, and purity. I have ſeen the glory of God, in the face of Jeſus Chriſt; and that I dwell in God and God in me. I have taſted of thoſe rivers of pleaſure, that proceed from the throne of God and of the Lamb. I have found ſo much of the divine preſence as hath often overpowered my whole frame, particularly in my ſecret approaches to my God. O! language fails to expreſs thoſe raptures of happineſs, which I enjoy, while on the mount with Jeſus. My ſoul, in thoſe ſacred moments, ſeems ready to burſt from its priſon of clay to behold the

uncreated glory of him whom unſeen I love. Indeed ſuch diſplays of the heavenly excellencies of my Redeemer, as he reveals to me, do enrapture my whole ſoul, and create a fervent longing to be with him. The more I enjoy of God, the more I long to enjoy him more perfectly; and O! when I join the enraptured hoſts above, and mingle with the innumerable company of heaven, then I ſhall tell to liſtening angels, what Love, Almighty Love, has done for my ſoul!

On hearing of the death of an acquaintance, who was ſuddenly called away, I found a ſolemn ſenſe of, and nearneſs to an awful eternity. Time appeared but as a moment, and eternity, a long eternity at hand. I feel that I am but a ſtranger and exile here from my heavenly home. I had alſo views of the purity neceſſary to prepare a ſoul for the enjoyment of God. My ſoul ſtill aſpires after that holineſs of heart, which only can qualify me for the immediate viſion of the Deity: O my lovely Jeſus! I languiſh to be all holy, even as thou art holy. Nothing in earth, or heaven, O my God, do I deſire, but to feel the ſweet conſtraining force, of thy ſoul-tranſporting love.

Thou, O Jeſus, art my Prophet, my Prieſt, and my King; and

"Lo! I ſit in willing bonds beneath thy feet."

O bleſſed Jeſus, reign ſole monarch of my ſimple heart! O may I be a Chriſtian indeed, and ever partake of thy precious graces! May I ever "follow the heavenly Lamb, and after his image aſpire." May I daily grow in that purity, which only can qualify me for the paradiſe of God!

With the morning light my health and peace is renewed. Thou, O God, art the guardian of my ſleeping and waking hours. Thou art renewing the inſtances of thy goodneſs to an unworthy worm. Thou doſt cover me with the ſhadow of thy wing, and hideſt me in the ſecret of thy pavillion. I am kept

kept by a divine power: if I ceaſe to look on my Jeſus for a moment, I feel my own weakneſs and the ſtrength of my enemies: they ſcorn to ſubmit to any inferior power. Nothing but the power of God, who is omnipotent, can ſubdue them. But *glory* be to *thee*, thou conquering King of ſaints thou *canſt* deſtroy them by the breath of thy mouth; thou *doſt* conſume them by the brightneſs of thy coming!

" Great God, indulge my humble claim,
Thou art my hope, my joy, my reſt:
The glories, which compoſe thy name,
Stand all engaged to make me bleſt."

An Account of the Death of Mrs. MATHER: *in a Letter from her Huſband, to the Rev.* J. Weſley.

Wakefield, Nov. 26, 1789.

Rev. and very dear Sir,

THE relation in which I ſtand to you requires that you ſhould have the earlieſt information of every thing which nearly concerns me. I therefore cannot refrain from giving you an immediate account of the very great loſs which I ſuſtained this morning, in my dear partner's being removed from me into the world of ſpirits.

You have frequently heard of the long and ſevere affliction, with which ſhe has been exerciſed for fourteen months paſt; and have ſincerely ſympathized with us. Indeed the pains in her bowels, attended with frequent and violent vomitings (which the advice of the ableſt Phyſicians could not remove) were very great, and for the laſt ten days excruciating, ſo as to bring her to the end of her probation this morning about ſeven o'clock. Amidſt the bitters in this cup, however, there were ſome ſweets intermingled, of which ſhe and I were feelingly ſenſible. She had ſometimes a night's reſt undiſturbed,

turbed, and when it was not entirely ſo; yet we were unfeignedly thankful. Our temporal wants were all amply ſupplied, and that without being particularly burdenſome to the dear affectionate people, among whom we lived. Our ſpiritual conſolations were not few, nor ſmall, of which many of our friends were witneſſes, who called in their way to and from Conference; who, as they watered by their counſel and prayers, ſo they were refreſhed again by ſeeing her conſtancy, and confidence, as well as by her clear and experimental converſe about the deep things of God. She manifeſted an entire reſignation, a ſteady patience, and a childlike ſpirit, willing to be, or do any thing, and thankful for every office of kindneſs, which ſhe received from thoſe about her. She had not, indeed, any particular extatic tranſports, either at the laſt, or during the whole of her affliction; yet ſhe had a ſtrong, clear confidence in God, through Chriſt, whoſe blood ſhe knew had cleanſed her from all ſin.

When I now look back for nearly thirty-ſeven years which we have ſpent together, and review her life, conduct and converſation, a thouſand things occur to me, which add an additional luſtre to her character, endear her memory, and ſerve to make her appear more amiable than even whilſt ſhe lived with me.

As to her life; ſhe ſpent more than thirty years of it in the world, without the experimental knowledge of God, though ſhe had the advantage of knowing the ſcriptures from her youth. During that period ſhe had paſt through many ſcenes, had been expoſed to many dangers both by ſea and land; and had learned many uſeful leſſons, which ſhe improved afterwards to our mutual advantage, as well as to that of the community to which ſhe belonged. And though her œconomy, and management reſpecting temporals, may ſeem a ſmall thing to ſome; yet it is a thing needful to be attended to by all, eſpecially thoſe who are called to an itinerant life.

She

She was particular in the care and management of all our apparel. This ſhe had good in its kind, though not dear, as ſhe choſe always to pay ready money for this, and for every other neceſſary uſed in the family; and if ſhe had not money, ſhe choſe to wait, rather than run in debt. She obſerved the ſame rule, reſpecting the things found by the Society; and, when we ſucceeded any who had uſed a contrary method, ſhe always found cauſe to approve and follow her own. She uſed often to ſay, "When I have my money, I can chuſe not only my article, but my ſhop, and, on moſt occaſions, my price; but, if I have not, I muſt give up theſe at leaſt." Nor was ſhe leſs careful of the furniture belonging to the houſes wherein we lived; which ſhe always left, and kept clean, and whole, and in good repair, and in ſufficient quantity for a family of the ſame ſize. As ſhe had a particular place for every thing, ſo it was replaced as ſoon as it had been uſed, and therefore her houſe, or apartment, however ſmall, was never in confuſion. She was remarkably induſtrious, always doing her own work, and for upwards of twenty years attending upon ſuch of the Preachers as were with us in the houſe; nor did ſhe keep a ſervant till 1785, when her niece came to live with her. And though ſhe was thus buſily employed in houſehold matters, yet it did not prevent her attendance upon, or uſefulneſs to the ſouls ſhe had under her care.

Her natural underſtanding was good; her memory ſtrong and retentive; her ſpirit active and reſolute. Her experience was deep, ſound, ſcriptural, and rational. In 1753, ſhe had a clear ſenſe of the pardon of all her ſins that were paſt, even before ſhe heard the Methodiſts; which ſhe retained, with very few and ſhort interruptions, to her dying moment. About the year 1756 or 57, under the miniſtry of the late eminent Mr. *Thomas Walſh* (whoſe memory was ever dear to her) ſhe was fully convinced of the remains of evil in her nature; even while ſhe retained a clear ſenſe of her acceptance, and power over all inward ſin. She then ſaw alſo clearly the abſolute neceſſity,

neceſſity, as well as the poſſibility of being *now* ſaved from all *indwelling* ſin; whereof, under the ſame miniſtry (while treating on Iſaiah xxvi. 1.) ſhe had a clear evidence; and that her ſoul was *ſo* ſaved, as to prove ſalvation for walls and bulwarks.

It was in conſequence of this, that ſhe ſo freely gave me up to my preſent work. And, if ever, by any means, this confidence was clouded, ſhe gave the Lord no reſt, till it was fully cleared up again to her ſoul's comfort. And ſo far was ſhe from becoming independent on Chriſt by this profeſſion; or ſuppoſing that any profeſſion would do, which was not productive of perſonal holineſs; that ſhe often declared, "her whole dependance was only upon Jeſus; that they were miſtaken, who ſuppoſed heaven to be merely a place, and not a ſtate: that ſhe was well aſſured, if we did not carry heaven with us, (meaning thereby the ſoul's conformity to God, in conſequence of its union with Chriſt) we ſhould not find heaven hereafter."

She was ever eager and ſolicitous to ſhew, that all our ſalvation was by the means of faith alone, and therefore inſtantaneous; not barely as it reſpected the *reception*, but *intention* of every branch thereof. This ſhe could conceive to be no longer retained, than the ſoul was in the act, or exerciſe of faith; yet, ſhe could not allow by any means that faith is to be ſubſtituted in the place of holineſs, in thoſe who were the ſubjects of it, being well aſſured that the heart is purified thereby.

Thus ſhe lived, and thus ſhe taught, to the comfort of many, whom ſhe ever led to that Rock, which was higher than they. And ſhe ſometimes blamed even me, ſaying, "My dear, you are too abſtruſe: you go too far about the matter: poor ſouls want to ſee Chriſt their *all* for ſalvation: were *I* to direct the people ſo in my Claſs and Band, they would be ſtrangers to the dying Lamb; but bleſſed be God, we have not *now* an unbeliever amongſt us; though there were many when

when I firſt took it." This was abſolutely true, eſpecially in a very large Claſs at *York*, and another at *Sheffield*; in which there were many, when ſhe began to meet both; as well as divers new members, who were joined to both after ſhe took the Claſſes. Indeed ſhe always travailed in birth for thoſe under her care; and gave neither them, nor herſelf any reſt, till they felt their need of, and came to enjoy either pardoning or perfect love, of which many can bear their teſtimony.

It is true, that even this gift of God rendered her ſubject to the envy of many, both Leaders and Preachers. Nay, I myſelf was ready to wonder, that ſhe ſhould herein excel me; yet ſo it was, and none could deny the facts. Not a few had imbibed very wrong ideas of her, and conſequently repreſented in an unfavourable light the inſtrument, whom God condeſcended ſo to honour, by making this uſe of her. Indeed I myſelf (with ſhame I confeſs it) was wont to paſs a haſty cenſure upon her *manner* in ſome things: particularly in ſpeaking her mind freely to all, when called to defend what ſhe judged to be truth. I too often overlooked the noble principle, and pure intention of ſuch conduct; namely, an abhorrence of all that was evil, or had the appearance of it, in *all* men, but eſpecially profeſſors; and alſo a ſincere deſire to promote the honour of God, the good of his cauſe, yea, and do real good to thoſe ſhe ſo plainly dealt with. From this unfavourable impreſſion, (or ſnare of the devil) which I had given way to, I was wholly, as in a moment delivered on the morning of the 22d inſtant, four days before her death; God, in mercy, giving me a view of the brighter ſide of the ſcene; while he brought to my mind her zeal, diligence, labour, grace, ſufferings, trials, oppoſitions, unſhaken confidence in God, together with her remarkable uſefulneſs for more than thirty years.

This, as it produced much conſolation on the one hand, ſo it cauſed not a little ſhame, ſelf-abaſement, and confuſion on

the other. I was now led, from what I felt in myſelf, to think that her departure was at hand; and I cannot expreſs with what ſolemn ſatisfaction I was led by this bright ray of the Sun of Righteouſneſs (for ſuch I may call it) to the Eaſt, Weſt, North, and South, to call to mind the numbers, to whom God had made her the happy inſtrument of conviction, converſion, edification, and ſanctification. This gently ſoothed my riſing ſorrows, and at the ſame time more than ever united and endeared her to me; whilſt I found a willingneſs to reſign her to Him, who was now going to reward her with the crown prepared for them who turn many to righteouſneſs.

As to the cauſe of her death, I might perhaps date it from the time of our coming to *Sheffield* in Auguſt 1786, or ſoon after. As the manner of her meeting a Claſs had been much ſpoken of, and many who had occaſionally met with her, had found much conſolation, ſome Leaders requeſted her to meet their Claſſes. She went out one evening in November (the weather being ſevere) to meet a Claſs, and caught cold, which brought on a cough, which no means uſed could totally remove. This laid the foundation of ſundry diſorders, and a ſevere fever in the ſpring. And though ſhe recovered from the fever; yet her ſtrength did not return; her legs ſwelled and her cough became very troubleſome.

Her conſtitution having received ſuch a ſhock at that time, I had thoughts of leaving my dear friends there, thinking a change of air might be of uſe; but when I mentioned it to her, ſhe ſaid, "My dear, I am happy: I may be ill at any other place: my large and proſperous Claſs is very dear to me: and you may be more uſeful the ſecond year. We are the Lord's, and he can and will take care of me. I am his whether I live or die. If he takes me from you, he is ſtill able to preſerve you, while you are devoted to him and his work; which I hope you ever will be." We therefore remained, and ſhe was tolerably well the next year, though weakened much by the cough, and exceedingly apt to catch cold.

After

After we came to *Wakefield*, the firſt time I went round the Circuit, I was ſent for, as ſhe was taken with a violent bilious cholic. I found her very ill, but perfectly reſigned, and her mind was calmly ſtayed upon God, and ſweetly at reſt in him. By the bleſſing of God on the means then uſed ſhe grew better for a time; but in the ſpring the diſorder returned, attended with ſevere vomiting, and violent purging. In the midſt of all this ſhe preſerved an unſhaken confidence, her mind undiſturbed, and her ſoul in patience. A change of air being adviſed, ſhe went to *York*, partly to be near her ſon, and alſo to have ſuch advice as might be procured there. She bore her journey pretty well (being ſupported in the chaiſe by her daughter on one ſide, and her ſiſter on the other; but eſpecially by the conſolations of God.) Having ſtaid there a few weeks, ſhe returned much weaker, having had many ſevere attacks whilſt there.

Theſe continued ſtill more frequent, and more ſevere during the ſummer, under all which ſhe ſtill preſerved an undiſmayed confidence, of which many of the Preachers who called were witneſſes. And my dear colleague, Brother *Highfield*, had a more particular opportunity of ſeeing this, and the divine ſupport which ſhe experienced as ſhe drew nearer to her end; and (as he ſaid) of profiting by her converſation. "What a ſad thing (ſhe ſaid) would it be, if I had a God to ſeek now? but I experience him to be ever ever nigh." Being truly ſenſible of her approaching diſſolution, ſhe gave directions concerning her funeral, and the week before ſhe died laid out every thing that might be wanting at her death. When her daughter, who was now with her, was much affected at this; ſhe ſaid, "Why do you weep? I am preparing for my wedding day: it will be my happieſt day." She then took to her bed, from which ſhe was moved only once or twice afterwards. During the laſt week ſhe ſuffered much; but was more patient, and more reſigned than ever: ſtill confident in God, and wholly diſengaged from all things below,

till ſhe ſhook off the earthly tabernacle, and went to taſte of the joys prepared in the manſions above.

I now enter upon a ſtate of probation, to which I am practically a ſtranger; therefore I know not how I ſhall act; but my deſign and deſire is ſo to act as may tend moſt to the glory of God, for which end I ought only to live. I remain, as ever,

Your very affectionate, and dutiful Son in the Goſpel,

ALEXANDER MATHER.

The TWO COVENANTS *of* GOD *with* MANKIND.

[By Thomas Taylor, A. M.]

CHAP. II.

A conſideration concerning the inſcrutability of Divine Providence.

[*Concluded from page* 317.]

THE Predeſtinarian hypotheſis brings in God deſigning ſome *particular* perſons to ſalvation, and determining the means *preciſely*, by which they ſhall arrive to it. Theſe ſhall not only pray, but ſhall pray at ſuch ſeaſons, with ſuch circumſtances, for ſuch things, and receive ſuch anſwers, as have been fatally reſolved on, before the beginning of ages. Here it is impoſſible not to pray, and not to be heard, becauſe in this caſe, God does all in all; and who ſhall withſtand his decree? But then the caſtaway and the reprobate, are in a miſerable condition; becauſe being veſſels of wrath, created and reſerved to diſhonour, they can neither have the will nor power to any acceptable duty: which could we be induced to believe, I know not why religion ſhould be our care or concern, unleſs we imagined we could unravel eternal decrees, and alter the counſels of deſtiny: for what *muſt be, will be*, and there can be no avoiding it.

But

But let us enquire after what manner our prayers for temporal things are anſwered, ſince we pray for rain or fair weather, for health and proſperity, and other things which depend upon natural cauſes, and look upon them frequently as the fruit of our prayers.

There is no ſubject of a more abſtruſe nature than this, or which requires a more nice, and cautious explication; becauſe it cannot be treated of as it ought, without a thorough view into the ſecrets of Providence, which the wiſdom of God has made inſcrutable to human reaſon: I ſhall therefore only venture to give a few hints which are countenanced by ſcripture, and leave it to God to be juſt in his promiſes of anſwering our petitions, when we aſk as we ought, though we know not in all caſes, preciſely how it is done.

In order to which, I lay down this as a probable concluſion; *That our prayers for temporal good things, commonly receive their effect, not by any ſuſpenſion of natural laws, but by a providential application, and timing of means and endeavours to the courſe of nature*: this I confirm by thoſe conſiderations which the ſcripture directs us to, concerning the holy angels, whom God has appointed to be the miniſters of his Providence. *They are miniſtring ſpirits for our good*; Heb. i. 14. and perhaps we reap the benefit of their miniſtry, in many more things than we imagine: we find them cautioning and inſtructing us in dreams and viſions: and we have reaſon to believe them peculiarly aſſiſtant at the prayers of the faithful, and that they contribute very much to the ſucceſs of them.

Let us ſuppoſe then that a man in his ſickneſs prays for the recovery of his health: but health depends upon food and phyſic, which work an alteration in the blood, and reſtore it, when viciated, to a due temper and circulation. Theſe things have a natural agency, and operate in a limited meaſure, according to the greater or leſs reſiſtance of the ſubject. How then

then become our prayers effectual, if *matter and motion* work in the ſame manner as if no prayers were made?

The difficulty perhaps would immediately vaniſh, if we were acquainted with the nature of angels, and knew how one ſpiritual ſubſtance acted upon another: and what motions and impreſſions ſpirits could give to a human mind: but that they can, and actually do operate upon our ſouls, we are well aſſured; and there is no greater cauſe to imagine that evil ſpirits can inſinuate evil ſuggeſtions, than that the good can fortify us againſt them, by imprinting ſalutary thoughts on our underſtandings; or inclining our wills, to courſes proper to our welfare. Thus let us but ſuppoſe an angel, who intimately perceives the frame and contexture of the body, and knows what alterations it is capable of, and how they are to be wrought, ſhall ſuggeſt to the mind of the patient or the aſſiſtants ſuch a *diet*, or ſuch a *medicine*, the effect may be obtained by the way of nature, and yet be wholly owing to our prayers.

I add farther, that the preſidential angels of countries or perſons, will not exceed their commiſſion; that they will not act but by the rules of *order* and *juſtice*, which they conſtantly contemplate; and conſequently, if the glory of God, or ſome eminent advantage of his Church require it, will over-rule natural cauſes, in ſome extraordinary caſes, for the benefit and ſafety of his ſervants. Thoſe remarkable providences which ſometimes good men experience give teſtimony to ſuch appointment; as when in the heat of a battle the arrows of death encompaſs a man round, and he owes his life to ſome minute, inconſiderable circumſtance, which he could neither foreſee, nor expect. How eaſy is it on ſuch an occaſion, to believe the protecting angel employed, in giving ſome declination to his body, or direction to the arm of his enemy, when the breadth of a ſingle hair, in the *projection* of a bullet, may either ſave or deſtroy! I know not whether ſuch effects may be properly termed miraculous; becauſe we appropriate that

term.

term to thoſe ſtupendous contradictions to the powers of nature, *evidently* wrought for the confirmation of divine truths; yet they may be ſaid to be ſomething *more* than natural; and though not viſibly tranſacted; yet of the ſame *ſpecies* of Providence with thoſe related in Holy Writ; where the meſſengers of heaven were employed in puniſhing and rewarding the virtues and vices of men: as when the angels laid hold of *Lot*, and his wife, and daughters, and reſcued them from the impending judgment. The preſence and interpoſition of angels, ſo frequently intimated in ſcripture, makes it undeniable, that their offices are wiſely conſtituted in the order of grace, to aſſiſt in the ſpiritual building of the Church; and that they give an account of their miniſteries to him, who is the Prince of angels as well as men, Chriſt Jeſus.

Since we are certain they have been always employed in miniſtring to God's Church and people, what offices can we more properly aſcribe to them, than the ſuccouring us with temporal bleſſings, in conſequence of our prayers to God; the delivering us from dangers, the removing temptations, the promoting our virtues, and aſſiſting us in our way to heaven? And this is agreeable to the doctrine of our excellent Church, which prays *that God, who has conſtituted the ſervices of men and angels, in a wonderful order, will mercifully grant that as his holy angels always do him ſervice in heaven, ſo by his appointment they may ſuccour and defend us on earth through Jeſus Chriſt our Lord.*

At the ſame time, ſuch an expoſition gives no encouragement to the paying divine honour to theſe miniſters of heaven, who profeſſing themſelves our *fellow-ſervants*, acknowledge *worſhip to be only due to God*; and therefore good and wiſe men, whatever opinion they have of the ſervices of angels, in the work of their ſalvation, will always aſcribe the glory of it to God, the fountain of all graces, through the merits of their Saviour: nor will they be leſs encouraged to pray to him

in

in all their neceſſities, than if they were aſſured of an immediate return from God himſelf: for all is an effect of that *Love* wherewith *himſelf loveth us, becauſe we have loved the Son, and believe that he came out from God.*

An extract from a Courſe of SERMONS, *upon Death, Judgment, Heaven, and Hell.*

[By a late Author.]

[*Continued from page* 320.]

THEN will follow thoſe rapturous ſcenes of triumph, which are ſo frequently and livelily painted in the Revelation, and which are ſo very animating to every pious ſpirit. "I beheld," ſays St. John, "and lo! a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, ſtood before the throne and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and with palms in their hands; and cried with a loud voice, ſaying, Salvation to our God which ſitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb. And all the angels ſtood round about the throne, and about the elders and the four beaſts, and fell before the throne on their faces, and worſhipped God, ſaying, Amen, bleſſing and glory and wiſdom and thankſgiving and honour and power and might be unto our God for ever and ever, amen." "I heard," ſays St. John in another place, "a loud voice ſaying in heaven, Now is come ſalvation and ſtrength, and the kingdom of our God, and the power of his Chriſt; for the accuſer of our brethren is caſt down, which accuſed them before our God day and night. And they overcame him by the blood of the Lamb, and by the word of their teſtimony. —Therefore rejoice, ye heavens, and ye that dwell in them." "And there were great voices in heaven, ſaying, The kingdoms

doms of the world are become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Chriſt, and he ſhall reign for ever and ever. And the four and twenty elders, which ſat before God on their ſeats, fell upon their faces, and worſhipped God, ſaying, We give thee thanks, O Lord God Almighty, which art, and waſt, and art to come, becauſe thou haſt taken to thee thy great power, and haſt reigned; and—thy wrath" hath "come, and the time of the dead that they ſhould be judged, and that thou ſhouldeſt give reward unto thy ſervants the prophets, and to the ſaints, and them that fear thy name, ſmall and great." "And they ſung a new ſong, ſaying, Thou art worthy——; for thou waſt ſlain, and haſt redeemed us to God by thy blood out of every kindred and tongue and people and nation; and haſt made us unto our God kings and prieſts; and we ſhall reign" for ever. "And I beheld, and I heard the voice of many angels round about the throne, and the beaſts and the elders; and the number of them was ten thouſand times ten thouſand, and thouſands of thouſands; ſaying with a loud voice, Worthy is the Lamb that was ſlain to receive power, and riches, and wiſdom, and ſtrength, and honour, and glory, and bleſſing. And every creature which is in heaven—heard I ſaying, bleſſing, and honour, and glory, and power be unto him that ſitteth on the throne, and unto the Lamb, for ever and ever."

In this burſt of exultation how muſt the hearts of the good leap within them. Heaven breaks in upon their admiring ſouls in an overwhelming flood of rapture. And they feel their ſpirits rejoicing within them "with glory unſpeakable and full of glory."—They then receive their ſeveral allotted habitations. "In my Father's houſe," ſays our Saviour, "are many manſions." And from them they will go forth in their courſes, it ſeems, to offer up their prayers of thankſgiving, reſpect, and affection at the foot of the throne of God. "They are," ſays the Book of Revelation concerning the ſouls of good men made perfect, "They are before the

throne of God, and ſerve him day and night in his temple." They unite with the angels, in taking their turns of devout attendance, at this the peculiar, the angelic temple of God; and feel their refined ſpirits kindling into higher and higher degrees of happineſs, as they awfully tremble and adore there. And theſe acts of devotion ſhed a ſtrong luſtre of joy over all the reſt of their time. They wind up their ſpirits to the higheſt pitch of tranſport, that even heaven is capable of giving. And their frequent returns to the throne become at once an exerciſe of duty to their God, and an inſtrument of happineſs to themſelves; again renewing the ſlackened ſpring of their ſpirits, and winding them up again to their former extaſies.

Thus employed, and thus actuated, they find themſelves happy beyond all that their warmeſt imaginations had before held out to them. "Eye hath not ſeen," ſays the ſcripture, "nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive, the things that God hath prepared for them that love him." And, as we are more particularly told in other ſcriptures, "God ſhall wipe away all tears from their eyes—; they ſhall hunger no more, neither thirſt any more; neither ſhall the ſun light on them, nor any heat.—There ſhall be no more death, neither ſorrow, nor crying; neither ſhall there be any more pain; for the former things are paſſed away." "I heard," ſays St. John, a great voice from heaven, ſaying, Behold the tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with them, and they ſhall be his people; and God himſelf ſhall be with them, and be their God." "He that ſitteth on the throne ſhall dwell among them——. The Lamb," alſo, "which is in the midſt of the throne, ſhall feed them, and ſhall lead them unto living fountains of waters." And this everlaſting city of God, as we are alſo told, ſhall "have no need of the ſun, neither of the moon, to ſhine in it; for the glory of the Lord ſhall lighten it, and the Lamb ſhall be

be the light thereof. And the nations of them that are ſaved ſhall walk in the light of it."

Such then is that heaven, which is held forth to your faith here, and aſſured to your enjoyment hereafter! And is not this a prize worth all your aims, all your efforts to obtain? Is it not a recompence vaſtly ſuperior to all the trials and troubles of a religious life? Is it not a reward infinitely great and high, for all the little ſervices we can perform on earth? Yes, certainly it is all this. And ſhall not you and I, then, determine by the grace of God to ſeize this glorious ſtake before us, and to ſecure this bright inheritance in heaven? What, what ſhall keep us, my brethren, from doing ſo? Shall the poor temptations of a world, that can afford us no ſubſtantial comfort here, and would rob us of every joy hereafter? Shall the mean allurements of our ſenſes, thoſe low and inſignificant appendages of our nature? Or ſhall the ſeducing arts of that wicked archangel, who is for ever ruined himſelf, and tempts only to involve us in his ruin? Surely they ſhall not. They ſhall not, if we have one grain of regard for our own intereſt, if we have one principle of underſtanding that is able to diſtinguiſh it, if we have one ſpark of ſpirit that is capable of purſuing it. Nothing leſs than heaven ſhould be the exchange for heaven. Nothing leſs than an intereſt as ſure, as ſubſtantial, as laſting, ſhould be accepted in lieu of it. And all that earth can give, all that ſenſe can afford, all that even the fallen angels can make us hope for, will be no more in the balance with what God hath prepared for us, than mere toys and trifles, the beads, the gewgaws, and the trinkets, of an ideot, accepted in purchaſe for gold and diamonds.

[*To be continued.*]

An Extract from the Succeſs of two DANISH MISSIONARIES *to the* Eaſt-Indies: *in ſeveral Letters to their Correſpondents in* Europe.

[*Continued from page* 324.]

Two other Miſſionaries arrive at the Cape *of* Good-Hope.

WE have begun on board our ſhip to learn both *Portugueſe* and *Malabarick*; theſe being the two languages that will prepare us to propagate the goſpel in theſe parts. I am ſorry we were not provided at our departure with more *Portugueſe* books, and thereby enabled to read and practice this language betimes. I have heard from ſome on board our ſhip, and who had been before great travellers in many *Eaſt-India* countries, that the *Portugueſe* is of far more extenſive uſe, than the *Malabarick* language itſelf; going almoſt through all the parts of the Eaſt; whereas the *Malabarick* is confined to a certain tract only.

Here at the *Cape*, we got one copy of the New Teſtament in the *Portugueſe* tongue, printed at *Amſterdam*, in the year 1681. And another ſmall treatiſe, in the ſame language, was preſented us, containing the Catechetical Principles of the Chriſtian Religion. We deſign to apply ourſelves entirely to this language theſe two months, which we are like to ſpend on ſhip-board, before we reach *Tranquebar*, in hopes that in a few weeks after our arrival there, we ſhall be ſerviceable to thoſe that are gone before us.

The aforeſaid New Teſtament was tranſlated in *Batavia*, by ſome *Dutch* Miniſters there; but the firſt impreſſion proving very faulty, it was remitted to *Amſterdam*, and printed the ſecond time, after it was reviſed.

We

We have found here abundance of *Germans*, many whereof are of the *Lutheran* confeſſion. One of theſe preſented me with ſixteen guilders, for the promoting our deſign in the *Eaſt-Indies*. This gentleman was bred a ſcholar, and had ſtudied at the Univerſity of *Jena*. In the year 1700, he liſted himſelf into the *Dutch* ſervice, and being arrived at the *Cape*, he ſettled himſelf here, and is now in very good circumſtances. He had read here the *Narrative of the Hoſpital at Hall*, and the wonderful *Footſteps of Providence* attending it; and being particularly affected with the account, he offered me the aforeſaid ſum. The Governor here hath entertained me twice at dinner, and is a gentleman of an eaſy and obliging converſation.

A LETTER *from a Friend at* Copenhagen, *concerning the Progreſs of the* MISSION.

THE letters that are ſent over bring an account, that the Miſſionaries gain ground more and more among the Heathens in *Malabar*, and that God hath opened them a door to ſpeak the myſteries of Chriſt; though they meet with various oppoſitions from the common enemy of ſouls. Their congregation is increaſed to above one hundred ſouls, and they have hopes of a conſiderable addition. The *Malabarians* did not only reſort from very diſtant places, to hear the word, but had alſo many private conferences with the Chriſtian Miſſionaries, on the ſalvation of their ſouls.

Mr. *Ziegenbalgh*, who is the greateſt proficient in the *Malabarick* tongue, has ſent over ſeveral treatiſes compoſed by himſelf in that language. (1.) Twenty-ſix Sermons preached at their Jeruſalem-Church, upon the Articles of the Chriſtian Religion. (2.) A Form of Examination of ſuch as are to be baptized. (3.) A Book of Pſalms, uſually ſung in their Church. But theſe books are of a quite different dreſs from thoſe

thoſe in *Europe*. There is neither paper nor leather, neither ink nor pen uſed by the natives at all, but the characters are by iron tools impreſſed on the leaves of a tree, which is much like a palm-tree. At the end of every leaf a hole is made, and through the hole a ſtring drawn, whereby the whole ſet of leaves is kept together; but then they muſt be untied or looſened, whenever the prints of theſe characters are read.

Both *Malabarians* and *Moors* much frequent their ſermons, but particularly their Catechetical Exerciſes. Beſides this, they had many viſits from the *Malabarian* Poets, and from ſuch as make up the learned body among them. Thoſe often come from very diſtant places, and put abundance of intricate queſtions to them. The Miſſionaries take an opportunity to interſperſe their anſwers with good and edifying reflections.

Some time ago, one of the Miſſionaries taking a journey to a large town, called *Nagapatnam*, was every where kindly received by the *Malabarians*. In this place he made a ſtay of ſix days. Having contracted an acquaintance with ſome of the leading men, he obtained that a ſolemn diſputation might be ſet on foot, and held in the Caſtle of that town. Abundance of *Bramins*, *Pantares* and *Poets*, and generally all the learned of the town, with a multitude of common people, flocked together. It laſted from morning till one o'clock in the afternoon. The Miſſionary began with a ſhort oration in *Malabarick*, and then levelled his diſcourſe againſt the idolatrous worſhip ſo much in vogue among the Heathens. But there was but one that would venture to give an anſwer to what he ſaid; and he is generally looked upon as one of the greateſt ſaints in that place.

After the diſputation, the Miſſionary concluded with a ſhort monitory oration. This was anſwered by one of the oldeſt *Bramins*, who at the ſame time returned thanks, in the name of the whole company, and expreſſed a great ſatisfaction at the

the kind invitation offered them by the Miſſionary. All this cauſed a great joy and commotion in the whole town.

Of the Divinity and Philoſophy of the *Malabarians*, the Miſſionary adds the following particulars: "They have a very regular language, which may be reduced to an exact ſtandard, or rules of Grammar. As our learned men in *Europe* have their courſe of Philoſophical ſciences, ſo have the *Malabarians* too, and treat them in as regular a manner, as our ſcholars in *Europe*. They have a *written law*, from whence, as from the fountain-head, they derive all their theological determinations."

Concerning God, they tell you, they worſhip but one divine Being, as the original cauſe of all things; calling it accordingly *Barabara Waſtu*, or the *Supremeſt Being of all*. Of this they expreſs themſelves in the following manner: "The Supreme Being doth not concern himſelf immediately about things of little moment, either in this or ſome other world; but having created ſome other great gods as his vicegerents, he thereby moves all the worlds, and all the creatures contained therein. Theſe gods have again their ſubordinate gods, who have their particular ſtation aſſigned: by this middling ſort of gods, men are created according to the order of the Supreme Being; and therefore it is but reaſonable, they ſhould alſo have ſome kind of worſhip allotted them, not excluding even the loweſt order of gods."

[*To be continued.*]

THOUGHTS *on* MEMORY.

THERE is a near relation between Memory, Reminiſcence, and Recollection. But what is the difference between them? Wherein do they differ from each other? Is not Memory a natural faculty of the mind, which is exerted various ways? And does it not exert itſelf, ſometimes in ſimply *remembering*, ſometimes in *Reminiſcence* or *Recollection*? In ſimply *remembering* things, the mind of man appears to be rather

rather paſſive than active. Whether we will or no, we *remember* many things which we have heard or ſeen, ſaid or done: eſpecially if they were attended with any remarkable pleaſure or pain. But in *Reminiſcence*, or recalling what is paſt, the mind appears to be active. Moſt times at leaſt, we may or may not recall them as we pleaſe. *Recollection* ſeems to imply ſomething more than ſimple *Reminiſcence*: even the ſtudious collecting and gathering up together all the parts of a converſation or tranſaction, which had occurred before, but had in ſome meaſure eſcaped from the Memory.

But there is one ſort of Memory, which it ſeems more difficult to underſtand than any other. You pronounce or hear a diſcourſe, or copy of verſes, which fixes upon your Memory. Afterwards you can repeat, in your mind, the words you ſpoke or heard, without ever once opening your lips, or uttering any articulate ſound. There is a kind of inward Voice (ſo we may term it, for want of a better expreſſion) which, like an echo, not only repeats the ſame words without the leaſt variation, but with exactly the ſame accent, and the ſame tone of voice. The ſame echo repeats any tune you have learnt, without the leaſt alteration. Now how is this done? By what faculty of the mind, or the body, or both conjointly? I am as ſure of the fact, as I am that I am alive. But who is able to account for it? O! how ſhall we comprehend the ever-bleſſed God, when we cannot comprehend ourſelves?

Yarmouth, Oct. 21, 1789. J. W.

EPITAPH *on* JOHN VISCOMTI, *an* ITALIAN PRINCE.

PASSENGER, wouldſt thou know the nothingneſs of all human power and grandeur, learn what I was! And behold what I am. I was in poſſeſſion of immenſe treaſures; vaſt palaces; ſuperb cities; my name alone made all *Italy* tremble! Of what uſe is all this to me now? Behold me ſhut up within a ſtone and devoured by worms!

LETTERS.

LETTER DXXXV.

[From Miſs A. Loxdale, to the Rev. J. Weſley.]

June 1, 1782.

Rev. and very dear Sir,

I Should not have deferred thanking you for your kind letter till this period, had I not hoped ere this to have done it in perſon: but, having been diſappointed by various cauſes, I beg leave to take this method of ſaying ſomething to you of the ſtate of my ſoul.

From the time I received juſtification, I experienced nothing but the moſt unremitted love. Yet I knew there was a deeper work of grace to paſs upon me, for I could never doubt that God was not only faithful and juſt to forgive me my ſins, but to cleanſe me from *all* unrighteouſneſs. I therefore had not thoſe hinderances which many have. I received the bleſſing near a year and half ago, but by the devices of Satan, and through my own inexperience, I very ſoon loſt it. God, in great condeſcenſion, made me a partaker once more of this precious ſalvation, and I had a heaven upon earth, enjoying a *conſtant* communion with Him; but I have long loſt that *very cloſe* and ſweet intercourſe. Some times I have thought it was owing to my weakneſs and indiſpoſition of body, the overwhelming preſence of God always overcoming me; but whether it is that, or my own unfaithfulneſs, I cannot ſay. I have always enjoyed the ſweeteſt peace, and the fulleſt evidence that I poſſeſſed the bleſſing.

About laſt Chriſtmas a friend, whoſe converſation, &c. had been always bleſſed to me in a particular manner, gave me a

book, which I eagerly read, as it ſet forth a much higher ſtate of perfection, and my heart was full of gratitude to God for putting this book into my hands. I was now much tempted to think I had not enjoyed a ſtate of ſanctification before; but I could never give up that evidence. I read the book with much prayer, and was delighted while reading, but the contents made little impreſſion on my memory. I now uſed abſtinence, mortification, and ſelf-denial, but I could not find delight in them. Hitherto I had *rejoiced under the croſs*, but now I found it a real burden. It grieved me to think I loved myſelf better than my God. I ſpent much of my time in ſighs and tears; but when I layed all my griefs and cares before my compaſſionate Lord, he filled me with his love; ſo that I had ſweet ſeaſons, and uſed to rejoice in the knowledge that I did love God; and I looked forward to that time, when I ſhould have the ſame experience which that book ſet forth.

After ſome months, I thought I was juſt as before, and had made no progreſs in the paths of holineſs; nay, I thought I had gone back. About this time, I had heard many accounts of the friend before mentioned, which grieved and ſhocked me prodigiouſly. I knew, if the things which I heard were true, he was not guided by the Spirit of God. I was told too he was a myſtic, and I had heard myſticiſm exploded very much; but till now I did not know what it was, nor that I was one. I had undeſignedly omitted reading another book of the ſame author for ſome time, and I ſoon found I was much happier in my ſoul. I now began to examine whether this doctrine was of God. I was ready to believe it was not, but thought it was owing to the difficulties I had to ſurmount. Again, I thought that the work of ſanctification muſt be a work of God, as well as juſtification; and if ſo, God could effect it in a moment: and though I knew I could not do any thing without the grace of God; yet I thought I was making myſelf

ſelf in part a ſaviour with Chriſt, ſeeking the bleſſing by the works of the law, rather than by ſimple faith.

Two dear friends wrote to me at this time on the ſubject, which ſtrengthened me in the belief that this doctrine was erroneous. I have, however, at times ſome doubts and fears on this head. You ſee, my dear Sir, I have availed myſelf of the privilege you gave me of writing, as if I was ſpeaking to you; and I believe you will regard the contents of this in too ſerious a light, to think there needs an apology. And I now entreat you, my dear Sir, as you value the peace and proſperity of the leaſt of Jeſu's followers, refuſe me not an intereſt in your prayers, that God may be my wiſdom and guide. I muſt add, in reſpect to my preſent experience, that I enjoy much peace, and can ſay with unſhaken confidence, I love my God above all in earth or heaven; but I do not find that my *thoughts* are continually fixed upon him; yet this in times paſt I did experience. I have at this time, and have had for this week the moſt earneſt deſire to be wholly the Lord's; and to have every thought, word, and action brought into ſubjection to the will of God; and have found great power to wreſtle with him. I feel a deep want of humility, and ſimplicity, and all the graces of the Spirit. I want to be a child in ſimplicity, and a mother in faith and love.

O my dear Sir, excuſe the liberty I take in praying you to help me forward. Oh! do tell me how I can love Jeſus, and live wholly to his glory. O for ſimple faith working by humble, burning love! Is it not my privilege to enjoy *conſtant* communion with God? Why do I not attain it? Search to the bottom of my heart, and tell me what are my hinderances? My very dear Sir, I hope you will pardon my giving you ſo much trouble, and taking up ſo much of your precious time. With great reſpect and eſteem, I beg leave to ſubſcribe myſelf, your very affectionate and loving Servant in a precious Chriſt,

A. L.

LETTER DXXXVI.

[From Mr. J. Wood, to the Rev. J. Wesley.

June 6, 1782.

Rev. and dear Sir,

IN respect to the work at Thurlton, I can give you only a brief account. In this, as in most revivals, a great deal of wild fire is mixed with the genuine; and it appears to me, and many others, that Satan has been permitted to work in an astonishing manner. On the second of May at Haddiscoe, three persons, who had been convinced for some time, were clearly set at liberty, who still rejoice in God their Saviour. A fourth professed the same, who on the Friday following fell into violent fits, shrieking out as if sometimes in heaven, at other times in hell; which continued all night, most of the next day, and the day after. Brother K. and his wife from Yarmouth being then present, and suspecting this was partly affected, laboured to check it, which, in a few moments he effected. I think four other persons were affected much in the same manner, whose experience, I strongly suspect; not from their fainting, fits, &c. but from an inability to give any clear, rational account of their conviction or conversion. When this happened, I was laid up by sickness. But I advised Brother T. to observe their motions, words, tempers, and conduct, as far as he could; and observed to him, that it is our business, where there is any appearance of wildness, &c. mildly to check that which is wrong, and cherish that which is of God.

As soon as I was able, I went and conversed with those persons singly, and found their experience not at all satisfactory; but since that, the Lord has greatly displayed his goodness. On Sunday, May 13, at Thurlton, Brother T. preached,

preached, and the Spirit was poured from on high. Three were clearly juſtified, and one convinced of ſin. The Wedneſday following, two at Wheatacre (near Thurlton) found peace, and one at Thurlton, perfect love. Sunday 20, I was at Loddon, where one found peace in time of preaching, another as ſhe walked home; and the next evening at Thurlton, one received the ſecond bleſſing. Sunday, May 27, Brother T. was again in thoſe parts, when four were ſet at liberty, three at Thurlton, and one at Beccles. The next evening, four more were enabled to declare that God had blotted out all their ſins, and adopted them into his family.

Laſt night at Stratton (on the London road) four more found peace, and went home rejoicing. About a fortnight ago, four in Norwich were happily delivered from the burden of ſin, and are happy in God their Saviour. One of theſe came to me one morning on the brink of deſpair. He had been for four years tempted to think he had committed the ſin againſt the Holy Ghoſt. After I converſed and prayed with him, he began to feel a hope ſpringing up, and that afternoon found peace with God. Others in divers places have been ſet at liberty within a few weeks. But what appears to me remarkable is, that few outward hearers in theſe places have been convinced of ſin: the work has been principally on thoſe in Society. But I truſt this will follow, and that there will be a glorious harveſt in theſe parts.

It really ſeems as if the Lord were gathering in the fulneſs of the Gentiles, and haſtening the fulfilment of his promiſe, "That all ſhall know him from the leaſt unto the greateſt."

I am, Rev. Sir, your affectionate loving Son in the Goſpel,

J. WOOD.

LETTER

LETTER DXXXVII.

[From Mrs. Fletcher, to the Rev. J. Wesley.]

Very dear Sir, Madeley, July 7, 1782.

AS I shall probably not have the pleasure of seeing you, I find a desire of informing you how we go on, which I had not room for in my last.

The people you joined when here are, I trust, coming forward. The men I have not conversed with, but the women are more in number than at that time. Some have been clearly justified, I think five; and three or four restored to that communion with God, which they had for some years lost. A few are athirst for a clean heart; and on the whole, there is a good increase of freedom and liberty in our Class-meetings. We have now also a Band, into which I gather the most lively; all that are newly blest, or that have any light into sanctification; and indeed we have much of the presence of God with us.

My dear Mr. Fletcher spares no pains. I know not which is greatest, his earnest desire for souls, or patience in bearing with their infirmities and dullness. His preaching is exceeding lively: and our sacraments the most like those in the London Chapels, of any thing I have seen since I left it. Yet I find a great difference between the people here and those in Yorkshire: however, the Lord has little ones here also; and last Friday, after riding two hours in the rain, we came to a good congregation, where there was neither house nor Church to cover us; but I have not seen more of the Yorkshire attention since I left that place; nor had a more solemn time, though we were under a wet cloud all the while, and our poor servant waiting for us, who brought us safe home by ten o'clock the same night.

This is one of the old congregations, which my husband has visited for years; and where he joined sixty persons. Next Friday we are to see them again, and he purposes to enquire into the state of those which remain. There are in many parts about here some serious hearers, and we wish them all

to

to be brought into a regular diſcipline. My huſband has been at near five hundred pounds expence to build a ſmall preaching-houſe, that if he ſhould be removed, they may have a fold to preſerve them from being ſcattered. But were they joined *now*, it would be far more likely to anſwer the end; on this ſubject we wiſh to have a little converſation with you. I am your affectionate Servant, M. F.

POETRY.

SHORT HYMNS

[By the late Rev. C. Weſley.]

HYMN XIV.

On MATT. v. ver. 17.—*Think not that I am come to deſtroy the law, &c.*

SAVIOUR inſpire, with unknown awe,
The ſouls who fondly dream
Thou cam'ſt t' aboliſh thine own law,
Fulfilling it for them:
Put them in fear; and then diſplay
The counſel of thy will;
The law thou didſt *for* man obey,
In man again fulfil.

The PRODIGAL'S RETURN.

[By the Rev. Mr. G.]

OH! Where ſhall I fly to ſecure
A refuge from harraſſing care?
Or muſt my ſad ſpirit endure
The torments of endleſs deſpair?
If ſtill there is mercy with thee,
Compaſſionate father of all!
In pity extend it to me,
While laden with ſorrow I fall.

But

But how, in this deſolate ſcene,
Can hope to a prodigal come,
Bewilderèd in deſarts of ſin,
And far from his heavenly home?
Shut out from all proſpect of peace,
With tears unavailing I mourn;
O ſhall I be taken to grace,
If humbly at laſt I return?

Then let me this moment ariſe,
Abandon this dreadful abode,
And lift up my languiſhing eyes,
To plead with a merciful God:
"My heart is oppreſs'd, I will ſay;
With tender relentings I come;
O purge my tranſgreſſions away,
And take a poor wanderer home."

On the POPE, *written by* Buchannan, *when he was travelling in* Italy.

LAUS tua, non tua fraus, virtus, non copia rerum
Scandere te fecit hoc decus eximium.

TRANSLATED.

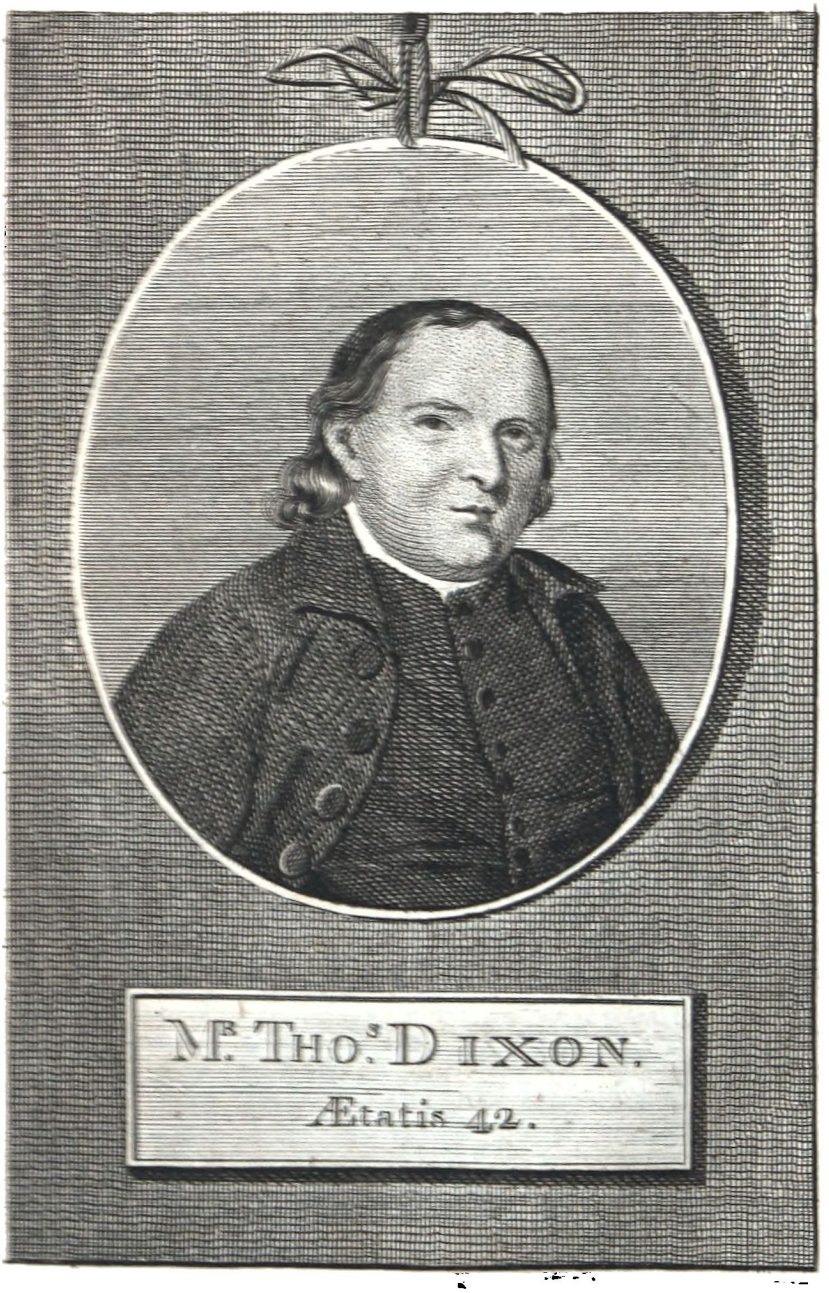
THY praiſe, not fraud, thy virtue, not thy ſtore,
Made thee to climb that height which we adore.

[*The ſame read thus backward by* Buchannan *when he was out of the* POPE's *juriſdiction.*]

EXIMIUM decus hoc fecit te ſcandere rerum
Copia, non virtus, fraus tua, non tua laus.

TRANSLATED.

THE height which we adore what made thee climb?
Not virtue, nor thy worth, rather thy crime.



Mr. Thos. Dixon.
Ætatis 42.

THE Arminian Magazine,

For AUGUST 1790.

An Illuſtration of Part of the Seventh Chapter of the Epiſtle to the Romans, from verſe 14, to the end of the Chapter.

By JAMES SMITH, *Miniſter in* DUMFERMLINE.

[*Concluded from page* 348.]

THE concluſion of this chapter contains the ſum of all the apoſtle had ſaid from the 14th verſe to the 25th: "So then with the mind *I myſelf* ſerve the law of God, but with the fleſh the law of ſin." The emphaſis here lies on theſe words, *ſo then I myſelf.* The chief thing of importance here is, that this was done by the apoſtle himſelf. Had he related this of another, or if any other man had ſaid, "With my mind I ſerve the law of God, but with my fleſh the law of ſin," neither Jew nor Gentile could derive any uſeful inſtruction from it. The uſefulneſs, therefore, of this confeſſion,

aroſe from the conſideration, that this was the ſituation of St. Paul himſelf. The queſtion then is, What inſtruction could the Church obtain by attending to all this as St. Paul's conduct and ſituation? We are not to ſuppoſe that the apoſtle confeſſed all theſe things, without ſome important deſign. It could not be that of example; as when he ſaith; "Be ye followers of me, as I am of Chriſt." Here no duty is performed, no good thing ſaid to be done; the whole is an acknowledgment of guilt and miſery. We are told, "that the apoſtle here illuſtrates, in his own perſon, the imperfections of the preſent ſtate; leſt, when he ſaid of Chriſtians that they were free from ſin, and ſervants of righteouſneſs, chap. vi. 22. it ſhould have been thought that ſaints, in this ſtate, could arrive at perfection." The argument here againſt this ſuppoſed hereſy is, that if the apoſtle himſelf had theſe imperfections, (though an eminent example of holineſs) none can pretend to perfection on earth. This remedy appears to me more dangerous than the diſeaſe. The great danger to which all men are ſubject is, to think too lightly of corruption; and, on that account, to indulge it: not doubting of the poſſibility of gratifying corrupt inclinations, and yet obtaining heaven. To convince thoſe who are under this deluſion, that they who thus walk after the fleſh, by continuing to indulge their corrupt inclinations, are under the ſentence of condemnation, is the chief deſign of this epiſtle: "For if ye live after the fleſh ye ſhall die," chap. viii. 13. But this method of arguing hath an obvious tendency to counteract this deſign; eſpecially if it be conſidered, that he is ſaid to confeſs more than is true concerning his corruption. For my opponents maintain, "That St. Paul was not actually carnal and ſold under ſin; that he was not actually a captive to corrupt inclinations, that he did not actually ſerve them, as we are told in the paſſage:" but "That a man in the bitterneſs of his heart may ſay very ſtrong things concerning himſelf and his condition, which it were unjuſt and abſurd for another to ſay of him." But if

St. Paul's

St. Paul's language be a rhapſody thrown out in the bitterneſs of his heart, it cannot be the foundation of any argument; no doctrine can be founded upon it; but it is highly calculated to miſlead. It appeared not ſo to the apoſtle himſelf in the concluſion of this deſcription. The apoſtle is here labouring to convert thoſe unbelieving Jews, who went about to eſtabliſh their own righteouſneſs. He ſhews them, in his own caſe, that he had followed after the law of righteouſneſs like them, but attained it not, chap. ix. 31. St. Paul could boaſt of as high attainments under the law as thoſe who expected ſalvation by it. "If any man," ſaid he to the Philippians, "hath whereof he might boaſt in the fleſh, I more." After mentioning his attainments, he aſſures the Church, that all theſe he "counted loſs, that he might be found in Chriſt, not having his own righteouſneſs, which is of the law," Phil. iii. 4.—9. In that ſtate the apoſtle declares, that he now ſees he was wretched, and under a body of death. The change which the goſpel wrought on him was immenſe: "Old things with him were entirely done away, and all things were become new." Therefore, he here requires them to conſider, that if the ſame change was not wrought in them, they were ſtill wretched and under condemnation. He particularly ſolicits their attention to this circumſtance; that he himſelf, while not inferior to themſelves, at beſt but ſerved the law of God with his mind, by conſenting to it as good, but with his fleſh ſerved the law of ſin. The deſign was, that by contemplating in St. Paul's caſe their own character, they might deſiſt from ſeeking after righteouſneſs by the law, and embrace the goſpel of Jeſus Chriſt. The argument was ſtill ſtronger with the Gentiles, who truſted in their moral virtues, as ſufficient to make their peace with God. They could not ſay that they exceeded the apoſtle in his unconverted ſtate. The paſſage is equally calculated to awaken irreligious profeſſors, who, in every age, hope by their zeal for religion, to obtain heaven. If neither

their heart nor life go beyond what St. Paul here ſays he was before converſion, then, like him too, they are ſtill wretched, and neither delivered from ſin nor death. But they ought not to deſpair; the grace which delivered him was equally free and ſufficient for them.

We have ſhewn from the former verſes how the reaſon and conſcience even of an unregenerate man ſerves the law of God: both acknowledge God's authority, and approve of the law; this is not diſputed: both alſo put forth what force and liberty they poſſeſs in obeying this law. St. Paul employed his reaſon in ſtudying the law of God; and his conſcience urged the ſubmiſſion of the inward and outward man: the light of his mind diſcovered what was ſin, and what was duty, ſo far as it could go; and his conſcience, in many caſes, urged obedience. His conſcience ſerved the law as a witneſs for God's authority; and the deciſions of the judgment ſerved the law, by declaring, in many inſtances, that it was good, and ought to be obeyed. Both together put forth all the power they had over the paſſions and outward man, to bring them under ſubjection to it; but they were overpowered by a prevailing contrary principle. Thus, with the mind St. Paul ſerved the law of God; but with his fleſh the law of ſin. As the mind is taken for the inward man, which delighted in the law of God; ſo the fleſh is the outward man, which is ſaid to ſerve the law of ſin. But "By the fleſh is meant remaining corruption," ſay they, who underſtand the apoſtle here ſpeaking of his ſtate after converſion; "and the tendency of corruption, or its operations in the ſoul, ſerve the law of ſin." It is granted that *the law of ſin* ſignifieth the power or authority of corruption in our members. Corruption and ſin are alſo the ſame thing; they ſignify all thoſe vicious paſſions and inclinations in the man, which are not yet fully mortified. As the word *fleſh* is ſaid to ſignify corruption, and as the word *ſin* alſo ſignifieth the ſame thing, it is fair to put the thing ſignified in the place of theſe two words,

and

and then the ſentence is, With my corruption I ſerve my corruption; or, the authority of my corruption ſerves the authority of my corruption. That ſhews the abſurdity of this interpretation. It is impoſſible to make ſenſe of the ſentence any other way, than by underſtanding the word *fleſh* in its literal ſignification, the outward man, or the body. This is moſt natural and obvious, when we conſider its connection with the former part of the verſe: and at the ſame time it ſhews the impoſſibility of admitting the uſual interpretation of the former part of the verſe. If the mind ſerve the law of God by a true conformity to its holineſs, and an habitual endeavour to fulfil its precepts, then the fleſh muſt alſo ſerve the law of God, contrary to what St. Paul here expreſsly aſſerts, "but with the fleſh the law of ſin." The more we examine that opinion, the more we ſee the abſurdities with which it darkens the words of the Holy Ghoſt. The ſenſe of this expreſſion is clear; the paſſions and corrupt inclinations prevailing, employ the outward man in gratifying them, in oppoſition to the light of reaſon and the remonſtrances of conſcience. The fleſh thus ſerves the law of ſin, by ſubmitting to the authority of corruption in its members; theſe his members, being governed by ſinful paſſions and luſts, become the inſtruments of unrighteouſneſs. This is perfectly conſiſtent with what St. Paul ſaith in chap. vi. 19. "Ye have yielded your members ſervants to uncleanneſs and iniquity:" but when the man is made free from the dominion of ſin, then he is the ſervant of righteouſneſs; "he yields his members ſervants to righteouſneſs, and unto holineſs." His fleſh is the temple of the Holy Ghoſt; he ſerveth God with his body and ſpirit, for they are his. The apoſtle having finiſhed this deſcription of his unconverted ſtate, proceeds to ſhew the manner in which he was delivered from it; and that it was vain for ſinners to embrace the goſpel, in hopes of being delivered from wretchedneſs and death, if they continued to live as he did when carnal, or in the fleſh; "There is (ſaith he, chap. viii. 1.)

viii. 1.) " no condemnation to them who are in Chriſt Jeſus, who walk not after the fleſh, but after the Spirit."

Thus it hath been ſhewn from uncontroverted principles applied to the paſſage, what the general ſcope muſt neceſſarily be; and that it is impoſſible to apply thoſe things which are here ſaid to St. Paul's ſtate after his converſion. The ſeveral expreſſions uſed in this paſſage have been compared with texts, which are acknowledged to contain the chief traits of the unbeliever's character; and they not only expreſs the ſame ſenſe, but in general are the very ſame words. The paſſage hath alſo been compared with the characteriſtic marks of Chriſtians, as expreſſed by the Spirit of God in the ſcripture; and it is found to be as contrary to theſe as words can poſſibly be. In illuſtrating the ſeveral verſes, the expreſſions uſed have been applied to a number of known facts, familiar to mankind in general, and univerſally allowed to belong in particular unto the ungodly; with which facts, it hath been ſhewn, theſe expreſſions perfectly agree. The phraſes, which were thought inapplicable to the wicked, have been compared with paſſages which are acknowledged to reſpect the ungodly, and are found not only to be ſimilar, but almoſt the very ſame words. Other expreſſions have been ſhewn to be perfectly conſiſtent with the known diſpoſitions and practices of the unregenerate; and that they actually are the circumſtances, which aggravate their guilt. It hath alſo been proved, that thoſe who maintain a contrary opinion, explain almoſt every ſentence of the paſſage in a manner perfectly foreign to the genuine ſenſe of the words, and their uniform ſignification in the ſcriptures; and that hardly any thing can be more abſurd or unwarrantable, than the method which hitherto hath been uſed to ſupport this opinion. Its fatal conſequences, as they affect the ſcriptures and the ſouls of men, have therefore been deſcribed: and, upon the whole, it appears, that Euclid's demonſtration of a theorem cannot be more convincing of its truth, than all

theſe

theſe things taken together are of the truth of the opinion, reſpecting the general ſcope of this paſſage. Though the ſubject admits not of the ſame demonſtration with a theorem, yet this proof of its truth appears to be equally irreſiſtible.

SERMON LVIII.

On JEREMIAH viii. 22.

[*Concluded from page* 349.]

10. "BUT is it poſſible, to ſupply all the poor in our Society with the neceſſaries of life?" It *was* poſſible once to do this, in a larger Society than this. In the firſt Church at *Jeruſalem, there was not any among them that lacked, but diſtribution was made to every one, according as he had need.* And we have full proof that it may be ſo ſtill. It is ſo among the people called *Quakers.* Yea, and among the *Moravians* ſo called. And why ſhould it not be ſo with *us?* "Becauſe they are ten times richer than us." Perhaps fifty times. And yet we are able enough, if we were equally willing to do this.

A gentleman (a Methodiſt) told me ſome years ſince, "I ſhall leave forty thouſand pounds among my children." Now, ſuppoſe he had left them but twenty thouſand, and given the other twenty thouſand to God and the poor; would God have ſaid to him, "Thou fool?" And this would have ſet all the Society far above want.

11. But I will not talk of giving to God, or leaving half your fortune. You might think this to be too high a price for heaven. I will come to lower terms. Are there not a few among you that could give a hundred pounds, perhaps ſome

ſome that could give a thouſand, and yet leave your children as much as would help them to work out *their* own ſalvation? With two thouſand pounds, and not much leſs, we could ſupply the preſent wants of all our poor, and put them in a way of ſupplying their own wants, for the time to come. Now ſuppoſe this could be done, are we clear before God, while it is not done? Is not the neglect of it one cauſe, why ſo many are ſtill ſick and weak among you? And that both in ſoul and in body? That they ſtill grieve the Holy Spirit, by preferring the faſhions of man to the commands of God? And I many times doubt whether we Preachers are not in ſome meaſure partakers of their ſin? I am in doubt, whether it is not a kind of partiality. I doubt, whether it is not a great mercy to keep them in our Society? May it not hurt their ſouls, by incouraging them to perſevere, in walking contrary to the Bible? And may it not in ſome meaſure intercept the ſalutary influences of the bleſſed Spirit, upon the whole Community?

12. I am diſtreſt. I know not what to do. I ſee what I might have done once. I might have ſaid preremptorily and expreſsly, "Here I am: I and my Bible. I will not, I dare not vary from this book, either in great things or ſmall. I have no power to diſpenſe with one jot or tittle of what is contained therein. I am determined to be a Bible Chriſtian, not almoſt but altogether. Who will meet me on this ground? Join me on this, or not at all." With regard to dreſs in particular I might have been as firm (and I now ſee it would have been far better) as either the people called *Quakers*, or the *Moravian* Brethren. I might have ſaid, "This is *our* manner of dreſs, which we know is both ſcriptural and rational. If you join with us, you are to dreſs as we do: but you need not join us unleſs you pleaſe." But alas! the time is now paſt. And what I can do now, I cannot tell.

13. But to return to the main queſtion. Why has Chriſtianity done ſo little good, even among us? Among the Methodiſts?

thodiſts? Among them that hear and receive the whole Chriſtain Doctrine, and that have Chriſtian Diſcipline added thereto, in the moſt eſſential parts of it? Plainly becauſe we have forgot, or at leaſt, not duly attended to thoſe ſolemn words of our Lord; *If any man will come after me, let him deny himſelf, and take up his croſs daily and follow me.* It was the remark of a holy man ſeveral years ago, "Never was there before a people in the Chriſtian Church, who had ſo much of the power of God among them, with ſo little ſelf-denial." Indeed the work of God does go on, and in a ſurprizing manner, notwithſtanding this capital defect; but it cannot go on in the ſame degree, as it otherwiſe would: neither can the word of God have its full effect, unleſs the hearers of it *deny themſelves and take up their croſs daily.*

14. It would be eaſy to ſhew, in how many reſpects the Methodiſts in general, are deplorably wanting in the practice of Chriſtian Self-denial: from which indeed they have been continually frighted by the ſilly outcries of the Antinomians. To inſtance only in one. While we were at *Oxford*, the rule of every Methodiſt was, (unleſs in caſe of ſickneſs) to *faſt* every Wedneſday and Friday in the year, in imitation of the Primitive Church, for which they had the higheſt reverence. Now this practice of the Primitive Church is univerſally allowed. "Who does not know, ſays *Epiphanius*, an ancient writer, that the faſts of the fourth and ſixth days of the week (Wedneſday and Friday) are obſerved by the Chriſtians throughout the whole world?" So they were by the Methodiſts for ſeveral years; by them all, without any exception. But afterwards ſome in *London* carried this to exceſs, and faſted ſo as to impair their health. It was not long before others made this a pretence for not faſting at all. And I fear there are now thouſands of Methodiſts ſo called, both in *England* and *Ireland*, who, following the ſame bad example, have entirely left off faſting: who are ſo far from faſting twice in the week

(as all the ſtricter Phariſees did,) that they do not faſt twice in the month. Yea, are there not ſome of you who do not faſt one day, from the beginning of the year to the end? But what excuſe can there be for this; I do not ſay for thoſe that call themſelves members of the Church of *England*; but for any who profeſs to believe the ſcripture to be the word of God? Since, according to this, the man that never faſts, is no more in the way to heaven than the man that never prays.

15. But can any one deny that the members of the Church of *Scotland* faſt conſtantly? Particularly on their ſacramental occaſions. In ſome pariſhes they return only once a year, but in others, ſuppoſe in large cities, they occur twice, or even thrice a year. Now it is well known there is always a faſt-day in the week preceding the adminiſtration of the Lord's Supper. But occaſionally looking into a book of accounts in one of their veſtries, I obſerved, "So much ſet down, *for the dinners* of the Miniſters on the faſt-day!" And I am informed, there is the ſame article in them all. And is there any doubt, but the people faſt juſt as their Miniſters do? But what a farce is this? What a miſerable burleſque upon a plain Chriſtian duty! O that the general aſſembly would have regard to the honour of their nation! Let them roll away from it this ſhameful reproach, by either inforcing the duty, or removing that article from their books. Let it never appear there any more! Let it vaniſh away for ever!

16. But why is ſelf-denial in general ſo little practiſed at preſent among the Methodiſts? Why is ſo exceeding little of it to be found even in the oldeſt and largeſt Societies? The more I obſerve and conſider things, the more clearly it appears, what is the cauſe of this in *London*, in *Briſtol*, in *Birmingham*, in *Mancheſter*, in *Leeds*, in *Dublin*, in *Cork*. The Methodiſts grow more and more ſelf-indulgent, becauſe they *grow rich*. Although many of them are ſtill deplorably poor,

(*Tell*

(*Tell it not in Gath; publiſh it not in the ſtreets of Aſhkelon!*) yet many others, in the ſpace of twenty, thirty, or forty years, are twenty, thirty, yea a hundred times richer than they were when they firſt entered the Society. And it is an obſervation which admits of few exceptions, that nine in ten of theſe, decreaſed in grace, in the ſame proportion as they increaſed in wealth. Indeed, according to the natural tendency of riches, we cannot expect it to be otherwiſe.

17. But how aſtoniſhing a thing is this? How can we underſtand it? Does it not ſeem (and yet this cannot be!) that Chriſtianity, true ſcriptural Chriſtianity, has a tendency, in proceſs of time, to undermine and deſtroy itſelf? For, wherever true Chriſtianity ſpreads, it muſt cauſe diligence and frugality, which, in the natural courſe of things, muſt beget riches. And riches naturally beget pride, love of the world, and every temper that is deſtructive of Chriſtianity. Now if there be no way to prevent this, Chriſtianity is conſiſtent with itſelf, and of conſequence, cannot ſtand, cannot continue long among any people: ſince, wherever it generally prevails, it ſaps its own foundation.

18. But is there no way to prevent this? To continue Chriſtianity among a people? Allowing that diligence and frugality muſt produce riches, is there no means to hinder riches from deſtroying the religion of thoſe that poſſeſs them? I can ſee only one poſſible way: find out another who can. Do you gain all you can, and ſave all you can? Then you muſt in the nature of things grow rich. Then if you have any deſire to eſcape the damnation of hell, *give* all you can; otherwiſe I can have no more hope of your ſalvation, than for that of *Judas Iſcariot*.

19. I call God to record upon my ſoul, that I adviſe no more than I practice. I do, bleſſed be God, gain, and ſave, and give all I can. And ſo, I truſt in God, I ſhall do, while the breath of God is in my noſtrils. But what then? I count

all things but loſs, for the excellency of the knowledge of Jeſus, my Lord! Still

I give up every plea beſide,
Lord, I am damn'd! but thou haſt died!

Dublin, July 2, 1789.

A ſhort Account of Mr. WILLIAM ASHMAN.

[Written by Himſelf.]

I Was born at *Colford*, in the pariſh of *Kilmerſdon*, in the county of *Somerſet*, in the year of our Lord 1734. My father and mother were very honeſt people, but had no religion. My mother had ſomething of the form of godlineſs, and in that ſhe truſted; but my father had neither the form nor power. He was much addicted to ſwearing, and paid little or no regard to the ſabbath-day, for which my mother did often reprove him; but to little purpoſe, till on receiving the news that his brother, a very wicked man, was killed by falling down a coal-pit, he was cut to the heart. Then I ſaw him drop a tear, and wring his hands, ſaying, "What is become of his poor ſoul?"

About this time Providence brought the Rev. Mr. *Weſley* into our pariſh to preach, and great numbers of people flocked to hear, among whom were my father and mother. I was then preſent with my mother, who was greatly affected with the preaching, and ſaid to my father, "I never ſaw or heard ſuch a man before: I think there has not been ſuch a man on the earth ſince the days of the apoſtles: I believe he is raiſed up for ſome very great work, and that the end of the world is near at hand." My father now began to attend to what he heard, and the word made a laſting impreſſion on his

his mind; ſo that he was quite reformed, and began to pray in his family. A Society began to be formed, and a mighty outpouring of the Spirit fell on the people, ſo that there was a great ingathering of ſouls to Jeſus Chriſt. The poor people began to build a preaching-houſe at *Colford*, though they had not a ſhilling in hand to do it with. One or two ſaid, "What are we going about? We cannot go on with it." One ſaid, "Let us begin as if the King was to pay for it." It was then agreed, that every member of the Society ſhould pay one penny a week at leaſt, and others what they thought proper. There was alſo a weekly collection towards the building, and the people were of one heart and one ſoul. As there was a great reformation from ſwearing, drunkenneſs, and ſabbath-breaking, the money that built the preaching-houſe was ſaved out of the ale-houſes; and many uncomfortable families were made truly happy.

The firſt perſon, I think, that received a clear ſenſe of the pardon of ſin, and, I believe, a clean heart at the ſame time, was the wife of *Joſeph Wilcoks*, at *Holcombe*, who died in a ſhort time after in the full triumph of faith, her ſoul being filled with perfect love that caſteth out all fear. Many being preſent at her death caught the heavenly flame, which began now to ſpread in all the meetings; ſo that in a few months many were juſtified, and, I believe, many of them ſanctified; though they did not know what juſtification or ſanctification meant, only they expreſſed themſelves thus, "I am very happy; I love God with all my heart, and with all my ſoul, and I know God loves me, and that Jeſus Chriſt died for me, and that all my ſins are forgiven." This was not in word only, but in power, and in the Holy Ghoſt, and in much aſſurance, as was evident in their lives; for the lions became lambs.

Among this number was my father, who became a new creature in Chriſt Jeſus: all old things were done away, and all things became new. I have heard him ſay, that for many years

years together he did not loſe a comfortable ſenſe of the preſence of God; and that it was his meat and drink to do the will of God, and his whole delight was to give his heart to God, and to ſet his affections on things above. In his lying down and in his riſing up his heart was full of prayer and praiſe to God. He continued a very uſeful and faithful member of Society above forty years; and always paid threepence a week to his Claſs, which he never failed to meet during all that time. He always gave a ſhilling a quarter when he received his ticket, which he never once failed to receive, and alſo gave freely at every other collection. He thought he never could do too much for ſo good a cauſe; and as he lived, ſo he died in the full aſſurance of faith, leaving a clear teſtimony that he was a ſincere Chriſtian. Some of his laſt words to my brother, and thoſe that were then preſent were, "Weep not for me, for I am going to heaven:" and juſt as he departed, my brother perceived a very bright light ſhine on the bed, which far exceeded all the light that was in the room. And he was ſo overwhelmed with the Divine preſence, that he ſunk down on his knees by the bed-ſide, where he remained filled with ſuch a ſenſe of the preſence of God, that he was not able to ſpeak or move for ſome time, and then broke out in a flood of tears, giving praiſe to God.

My mother died three or four years before my father in the 86th year of her age. She had not ſo great a degree of faith as my father; yet ſhe feared the Lord and wrought righteouſneſs, was diligent in all the means of grace, and was a ſincere lover of all the Preachers, and all good people; was a good wife, a tender mother, a good neighbour, and a ſincere friend. The Lord favoured her with a very eaſy death. She roſe as uſual and walked about the room, and finding herſelf faint ſat down in her chair. My brother being preſent took her in his arms, when ſhe ſaid, "Into thy hand I commend my ſpirit, O thou God of my ſalvation: come Lord Jeſus," and

ſpake

ſpake no more. She always roſe early, never uſed tea, had five children, was diligent in buſineſs, and it never coſt her twenty ſhillings for medicines in her whole life.

I well remember the Lord was ſtriving with me ever ſince I was four or five years old, inclining me to love good perſons, and good things. I thought all Miniſters were good men, and were ſure of going to heaven, therefore I had a deſire in my heart to be a Miniſter, that I might go to heaven. Now the Lord began to pour out his Spirit on the children, and a great number of different ages were truly convinced of ſin, and many found the pardon of ſin, and could rejoice in God, amongſt whom I was one. There were prayer-meetings almoſt every night in the week, and many were juſtified in thoſe meetings. It was in one of thoſe meetings that the Lord was pleaſed to cut me to the heart, under my father's prayer, when I was between eleven and twelve years old. The work continued to increaſe, and many were converted daily, ſome under the preaching, ſome in private meetings, and ſome without any outward means. Several very wicked men were convinced while they were in the bowels of the earth, working in the coal mines. Thus the Lord was pleaſed to pour out his Spirit, in a wonderful manner, in public and private, on the ſurface of the earth, and in the bowels of it, to ſhew his almighty power.

I have often thought, if I had been taken proper care of, and put to a Chriſtian ſchool, I might have been far more uſeful than I am. I went to ſchool to the Diſſenting Miniſter in *Colford*, who was a Welſhman, and exceeding warm in his temper. I think he meant to do good, for he ſtudied very hard to make ſermons, and preached twice on Sundays, morning and afternoon, for near two hours together, but to very little purpoſe; for, there were very few, if any in the congregation, that had the fear of God; and not one boy in the ſchool, except myſelf, that had any deſire to love and ſerve God. This was a very great hurt to me. Mrs. — took notice

tice of me, and desired to know what was the matter, and why she did not see me playing with the boys? She said, "I hear you go to the Methodist Meetings, and hold a meeting with the children, and that you pray with them. I am afraid you will hurt your mind, if you study too much about such deep things."

Sometime after, my master said, "So *William*, I am told that your father is converted, and that he prays in public, and that you pray also." I was as much afraid as if I had stole something, and trembled greatly; but recovering myself a little, I said, "Yes, Sir, and don't you pray with us every morning?" He said, "Yes, I do, but how can you pray?" I said, "When I kneel down, I speak what God puts into my mind." He said, "What! are you inspired then?" I said, "I don't know what you mean: I know that I love God, and that God loves me." He said, "What is God?" I said, "I love to read the Bible, and other good books." He said, "What good books have you?" I said, "Some of Mr. *Wesley's*." On his desiring to see one of them, I lent it, which he read, and when he came to those words, "He that is born of God sinneth not," he smiled and said to Mrs. — "You see, my dear, what an error!" Mrs. — said, "Error, my dear, I think St. *John* makes use of the same words in his epistle:" she took the Bible, and found it so. They then read, and compared what they read with the Bible, and soon after they both attended the preaching, and continued so to do while they continued at *Colford*; for, soon after, he began to alter his manner of preaching, and then some of the heads of the Meeting were displeased, therefore he left them, and I heard they both died in the true Christian faith.

[*To be continued.*]

An Account of the WORK *of* GOD *at* Baltimore, *in a Letter to* ———.

Sept. 10, 1789.

Reſpected Sir,

IT has been for ſome days impreſſed on my mind to write to you: I wiſh the reading of my Letter may not prove a taſk, and take you from a more profitable employment; but, conſidering the ſubject-matter is the glorious work of God, and that you wiſh to hear of Zion's proſperity; I am perſuaded you will, if poſſible, make it a ſatisfaction.

I expect to continue yet ſome time in this town; the work of the Lord appears as lively as ever: the brethren are alive and preſſing forward after more of that mind which was in Chriſt Jeſus: a number lately have experienced that his blood cleanſeth from all ſin; and not a week paſſes, but there are converſions, and frequently every day for days together.

At our quarterly-meeting the 8th and 9th of Auguſt and the following week Satan's kingdom ſuffered great loſs. I did not know but he would be quite conquered in this town; however, he was caſt out of many hearts by the ſtronger than the ſtrong man.

The firſt day of the quarterly-meeting we had a melting time: many cried bitterly for mercy; and ſome ſouls were born of God, among whom there was a young lady, who thought before, that ſhe would never cry out in public, at any rate; but bleſſed be God, ſhe was converted that day, and lifted up her voice aloud with others.

Sunday, the ſecond day of the quarterly-meeting, was, I think, as awful and glorious a day as ever I ſaw. In the love-feaſt at eight o'clock we truly had a little pentecoſt, and dwelt as it were in the ſuburbs of heaven. Glory appeared to reſt on every countenance, while one after another feelingly declared what God had done for their

ſouls, as if their tongues were touched with a live coal from the heavenly altar.

In public preaching the word was ſo accompanied by the energy of the Holy Ghoſt, that there were few but felt its mighty power. Some of the moſt unlikely to turn to God were brought to tremble and weep. We broke up on Sunday night, very late; many being converted. Some were two, three, and four hours on their knees, and on the floor, in bitter cries and agonies for mercy, till they could rejoice in God their Saviour. What power! What awe reſted upon the people

Some, after they went home, could not ſleep, but wept and prayed all night. The next day was ſuch a time as I know not how to deſcribe, ſo as to give you a juſt idea of it. The Lord took the cauſe into his own hand, and ſhewed us, that he could and would work for his glory, and the ſalvation of ſouls.

I was ſent for early in the morning to viſit a reſpectable young lady, who had not cloſed her eyes the whole night. When I went into the room, ſhe was in the arms of a young woman, who had lately found peace, weeping and praying, but almoſt exhauſted. My heart was much affected at ſeeing her penitential ſorrow. She now ſaw the vanity of this world, and the need of a Saviour; ſhe felt her miſery and loſt condition, and her cry and prayer was, "Save Lord, or I periſh." I exhorted her to believe, and then ſung and prayed with her. She continued thus for ſeveral hours, when a number of friends full of faith were collected to ſupplicate heaven in her behalf; and the Lord broke into her ſoul, and ſhe lifted her voice with others in loud praiſes to God. O Lord, how wonderful art thou, and thy ways paſt finding out!

This is only a ſmall part of this day's work. About ten o'clock in the morning, a number of mourners got together in a private houſe, where the work of converſion began; firſt one, then another, found the Lord: the news ſpread: the people

people collected, till the houſe and ſtreet were filled with numerous believers, and a wondering multitude, and continued ſo without the leaſt intermiſſion till night: we then repaired to the Church, and preſently had it full (though no previous appointment had been made for meeting that night) and we did not break up till two o'clock the next morning; which made ſixteen hours without intermiſſion, excepting while we went from the private houſe to the preaching-houſe.

Some, who came quite careleſs, and indeed making diverſion, were converted before they returned. Many hard-hearted oppoſers are conquered at laſt, and are now engaged in ſeeking their ſalvation. Tueſday was like unto Monday, though there were not ſo many converſions. The meeting began at eight in the morning, and continued till ten at night. Wedneſday and Thurſday the work went on. I cannot, with any certainty tell how many were brought in, that week, though they were many, and they ſtill continue coming.

Religion is the general topic of converſation now in town, among all kinds of people; ſome aſperſing, ſome wondering, others enquiring, rejoicing, &c. The people appear panic-ſtruck; and our reverend neighbours are warning their flocks to take care of theſe wild ſort of people, the Methodiſts; but the people have got ſenſe enough, I truſt, to judge for themſelves.

The Country-Circuits are flaming: the Preachers are much alive: the fire runs as in ſtubble. On the other ſide of the *Cheaſapeak*-Bay there is a mighty work; hundreds I hear of in different parts turning to God. I don't know but theſe earthquakes of the Lord's power and love will ſoon run through the Continent. O Lord! haſten the time!

I am, reſpected Sir, yours affectionately,

EZEKIEL COOPER.

A ſtrange Account of THOMAS PLUMMER, *of* Frederick-County *in* Maryland.

[By Mr. James Toole.]

ABOUT the month of Auguſt 1781, I became acquainted with *Thomas Plummer* and his family, by moving into the neighbourhood where they lived; and having frequent opportunities (through Chriſtian inſtruction and converſation) of being together, I plainly diſcerned that he had loſt that faith, which, I was informed, he formerly profeſt; inſomuch that he was in a ſtate of deſpondency. This gradually increaſed upon his mind, ſo that by the latter end of October he was a mere ſpectacle of miſery; being burthened with a ſenſe of the wrath of God.

From this time he ſhunned all company and converſation, even that of his moſt intimate friends and acquaintances; ſo that when they would come to ſee him, he thruſt them from him by opprobrious ſpeeches and abuſive words.

Notwithſtanding things went thus far; there were a few in the neighbourhood, who mourned for him as a dove for its mate; but above all the partner of his boſom was concerned. She was a loving and affectionate wife; a tender mother, a kind neighbour, and a humble follower of the *meek and lowly Jeſus*. I have often heard her expreſs ſuch a lively ſenſe of the gracious dealings of the Lord with her, (although under the diſtreſſing circumſtances of her family) that ſhe was made a bleſſing to many of her friends: and unbelievers were ſtruck with amaze. Indeed it was enough to pierce the hardeſt heart, to hear her in her family, and in Claſs-meetings, pouring out her cries and tears to the Lord in behalf of her huſband and her children, who were going the broad road to deſtruction.

But

. But he was ſo fearful of ſeeing any perſon, and leſt any ſhould come to his houſe, and have an opportunity of ſeeing him, that he would frequently ariſe from his bed by the break of day, and go into the mountains or woods until it was night; by which he was ſo far waſted by faſting, and his mind filled with horror, that he was reduced, like unto a ſkeleton.

He continued in this diſtreſs, without ſeemingly any intervals of quiet, until late in the ſpring following; when his wife applied to ſome Phyſicians for their advice. They gave her ſome medicines for him to take, which he being appriſed of, ran away unknown to the family. When he was miſſed they expected nothing elſe but that he was gone to put an end to his wretched life. Whereupon the neighbourhood was alarmed, and many perſons went in ſearch of him; but all in vain, for two days and two nights. It happened that the ſecond night his daughter, a young woman, dreamed that her father was found in his barn; whereupon when it was morning, ſome neighbours and the family going to ſearch for him, called at the barn and there found him in an empty caſk covered over with boards. I was one of the company, who was in ſearch of him and ſaw this; his poor wife with cries and tears clinging round her huſband, and his children in like condition, made it a very moving and affecting ſight to me.

After this he was kept confined in his own houſe, but the horror of his mind was in no ways abated, in appearance, until about the latter end of the month of April 1784, when he again ran away from his family.

Diligent ſearch was made but to no purpoſe. His poor diſtreſſed wife bore up under her troubles as well as could be expected; and it was the general opinion of people that he had put an end to his wretched life.

Eleven days had elapſed, when late in the night, as the family was in bed, he knocked at the door. For ſome time they thought

thought that thieves were at the door, and wanted to get into the houſe, (his ſpeech being altered.) When, after ſome queſtions aſked, to their amazing ſurpriſe they found it to be him, whom they judged to be dead. The ſurpriſe was ſo great, and his wife was in ſuch an extaſy, eſpecially when ſhe found her huſband to be reſtored to his former reaſon and judgment, that a pain ſtruck her heart, from which ſhe got not free to her departing hour.

The news of his return was quickly ſpread abroad. I ſoon went to ſee him, and he joyfully received me, whereupon I requeſted of him to give me an account of his recovery, and in what manner he was reſtored to his judgment and reaſon. He told me, that for ſome time before his laſt departure from his family, he was inwardly anxious to go to ſome place where he was not known, and never to return again to his family: whereupon he took the beſt opportunity, and ſet off without any money, and was very bare in clothes. He told me he travelled generally about thirty miles a day, until he came to a river at *Juniatta*, where he found himſelf ſo much recovered, that he bent his courſe homeward. He likewiſe told me that from his firſt ſetting off from home he perceived himſelf to amend, and ſays, through the mercy of God, he is as a man in another world, towards what he was ſome time paſt. "Providence, ſaid he, has been very kind to me, for although, I had no money with me; yet at each houſe where I called they refreſhed me kindly, although an utter ſtranger: and as to my health, I am in and do enjoy as good a degree of it as ever I did, except my feet, which are a little ſore through walking ſo much."

His wife being preſent at our diſcourſe ſaid to me, "My brother, the Lord has heard and anſwered my prayers; this I was made to believe for a ſhort ſpace about three months ago; but through my trials and troubles I loſt a ſenſe of it, yet a remembrance of it is ſtill on my mind. And now I know that my Lord will not let me ſtay long here. He is my comfort

comfort and hope by day and night, and I do believe ere long, he will wipe all tears from my eyes, and ſorrow from my heart; and even now I know no ſorrow but for my children; and although I may not ſee them turn to the Lord, and I have been praying for them theſe eight years paſt, and ſee no amendment; yet I will not be diſcouraged; but perſevere in it to my lateſt day." This pain, added ſhe, which I feel around my heart, is, I believe, the meſſenger of death.

On the next Sabbath-day ſhe ſent for me to our Meeting (being unable to come there herſelf.) I went, and with me a few friends. I found her lying on her bed very ſick, and ſaid to her, "Siſter, I believe the Lord is about to refine you as gold in the fire, faint not, the everlaſting arms are underneath you." O! (ſaid ſhe, with tears of love flowing down her cheeks) I bleſs him! It is his dear hand, let him do what ſeemeth him good. Do you believe, ſaid I, that God for Chriſt's ſake has ſaved you from all ſin? I do, ſaid ſhe, that loving faith, that he has given me particularly under my preſent affliction of body, enables me to look into the dear Jeruſalem, where my Jeſus is, and I hope to be with him ere long." We were much comforted together; and when I ſaid, "We will leave you in the Lord's hand!" I know you do, ſaid ſhe, and I truſt we ſhall meet above.

During the next week ſhe was ſomewhat recovered, and rode out with ſome of her friends to take the air. On the next Sabbath-day, as ſhe was preparing to go to Meeting, there fell a heavy rain, yet ſhe was very anxious to go; and could ſcarcely be prevailed on to ſtay at home and not venture out in the wet. However ſhe conſented at laſt, and ſent her family; but on their return home from preaching, they found her very ill, being taken with a violent vomiting which continued for four hours. After that ſhe ſtrove to ſing part of a hymn, "Still out of the deepeſt abyſs Of trouble I mournfully cry," but while ſhe was ſtriving to do this, ſhe fell into a doze

a doze, and as it appeared to thoſe preſent that ſhe was dying, they ſtrove to awake her but could not. After continuing about three hours in this doze, ſhe was obſerved to breathe her laſt, and then fell aſleep in Jeſus.

There was but three weeks between the Lord raiſing him as a father to his family, and that pious woman's deceaſe; and ſince that time her eldeſt ſon has got a great concern for his ſoul, which I truſt will end in a ſound converſion.

JAMES TOOLE.

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

GENERAL REFLECTIONS.

Of Metals, Minerals, and other Foſſils.

[*Continued from page* 313.]

BUT what ſhall we judge of thoſe Petrified Shells, which have been dug up in many places? Some indeed are not petrified. Near Reading, in Berkſhire, for ſucceeding generations, a continued body of oyſter-ſhells has been found through the circumference of five or ſix acres of ground. Beneath is a hard, rocky chalk, on which the ſhells lie in a bed of green ſand, about two feet thick. Above are various ſtrata for at leaſt eighteen feet. The ſhells are ſo brittle, that in digging, one of the valves will frequently drop from its fellow. But ſeveral are dug out intire: nay, ſome double oyſters, with all their valves united.

In a quarry at the eaſt end of Broughton, in Lincolnſhire, there is a clay under the ſtone, in which there are numberleſs fragments of the ſhells of ſhell-fiſh of various kinds. And there are ſometimes found whole ſhell-fiſh, with their ſhells on,

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in their natural colours, only bruiſed and broken, and ſome ſqueezed flat by the weight of earth, which was caſt upon them at the deluge.

There is another quarry, ſouth of the town, of a blue, hard ſtone, (probably a pure clay in ſome antedeluvian lake) in which are numberleſs ſhell-fiſh of various ſorts, but ſo united to the ſtone, that it is hard to get them out whole. They are all in the ſurface of the quarry, within a foot of the top. On the ſurface, there are many ſhell-fiſh half in the ſtone, half out. That part which is within the quarry is whole, but is a hard ſtone. That which is without, is all conſumed, but a little of the edges, which are plain ſhell.

Some of the ſhell-fiſh in this quarry are half open, and filled with the matter of the bed on which they lie. Some of them are broken, others bruiſed: the edge of one fiſh is ſometimes thruſt into the ſides of another. One ſhell of ſome is thruſt half way over the other, and ſo they are petrified together.

Among theſe there are ſeveral great Horſe-muſcles, ſuch as breed in rivers and ponds. And in the fields and ſtones near Bramby and Fordingham is found a ſort of fiſh bending like a ram's horn, and creaſed like one on the outſide. The bed wherein, it ſeems, this fiſh bred, is about a foot thick: in which are millions of the fiſh, ſticking half within the ſtone, half without. And this ſhell being extremely durable, even the part ſticking out, is not conſumed, as it uſually is in others, but remains whole and entire.

From ſtone burnt to duſt ariſes Lime, which has this remarkable property, that if cold water be poured upon it, it preſently heats and boils up. In order to account for this, ſome have ſuppoſed, that ſome ſubtle matter is lodged in the pores of the Lime, (perhaps many of thoſe particles of fire, whereby the ſtone was reduced to duſt) which, when the water inſinuates into thoſe pores, occaſions the ſame kind of ebullition, as if it was poured on any other burning ſubſtance.

Moſt Precious Stones are tranſparent, and ſtrike the eye with vivid and various colours. Probably they were once fluid bodies, which while in that ſtate were mixed with metallic or mineral juices. Their tranſparency likewiſe makes this probable, and ſo does their outward configuration. For many bodies hardening into ſolids ſhoot into Chryſtals, juſt as is obſerved of ſeveral kinds of precious ſtones: and to this their inward ſtructure anſwers. For in many we may obſerve the thin plates or coats one over the other, juſt as we ſee in thoſe mineral ſubſtances, which were once fluid. Their colours might be owing to ſome mineral juice or exhalation, which tinctured them before their pores were fully cloſed. This is the more probable, becauſe many gems loſe their colour, if they lie long in the fire: and becauſe generally coloured gems are found over metallic or mineral veins.

Dr. Boerhaave takes chryſtal to be the baſis of all precious ſtones, which aſſume this or that colour, from the metallic or mineral ſtreams mixed with the primitive chryſtalline matter. But how is chryſtal itſelf formed? An Italian writer gives a particular account of this. In the Val Sabbia (ſays he) I obſerved ſome parts of a meadow bare of all herbs. Here, and no where elſe thereabouts, the chryſtals are generated. And whenever there is a ſerene and dewy ſky, if all the chryſtals that can be found over night, are taken away, others will be found in the ſame place in the morning. Having obſerved, there is no ſign of any mineral ſtream near, I conclude they are produced by ſteams of nitre. Theſe may at the ſame time hinder vegetation in thoſe places, and coagulate the dew that falls thereon. As nitre is the natural coagulum of water, ſo it ever retains its ſexangular figure. The largeſt chryſtals known were found in the mountains of Grimiule, between vaſt ſtrata of ſtones. The biggeſt of them was near three feet in length, and little leſs in circumference. It weighed two hundred and fifty pounds: others weighed leſs and leſs, to thoſe of ten pounds, which were the ſmalleſt there-

there. They were of the ſame figure; ſexangular columns, terminated by ſexangular pyramids at one end, and at the other fixed to the rock. They were in general perfectly clear throughout, but in ſome the baſe was foul, in others the point.

If a ſolution of Alum is permitted to chryſtalize quietly, it ſhoots into planes of eight, ſix, four and three ſides. But beſide this, its particles, when excited to action by a certain degree of heat, arrange themſelves into regular and delightful ſtar-light figures of different ſizes. Many of theſe have long ſtreaming tails, and reſemble comets. Others ſhoot into an infinite number of parallel lines, beautiful beyond deſcription. Theſe configurations are no leſs conſtant in their forms, than the chryſtals on which they grow. And they are equally tranſparent, but the figures produced extremely different, that every conſiderate obſerver muſt judge them to be owing to ſome very different property in nature. But what property? Who can determine? Indeed how little do we know of the moſt common things? The very elements that ſurround us, the fire, the water, the air we breathe, the earth we tread upon, have many properties beyond our ſenſes to reach, or our underſtanding to comprehend.

[*To be continued.*]

[*Some Account of this very remarkable Tranſaction was publiſhed in a preceding Magazine. But this, being far more circumſtantial, will, I truſt, be more acceptable to the Reader.*]

A full Account of the ATTEMPT *to Aſſaſſinate the* KING *of* POLAND.

[Extracted from a late Author.]

DURING the late tranſactions in *Poland*, the king, without influence, and conſequently without a ſhadow of authority, was ofte while hurried down the popular current, and

the next moment forced by the mediating powers to accede to all the conditions which they laid before him. A wretched ſituation for a prince of his ſpirit and magnanimity, and below which it is ſcarce poſſible for any ſovereign to be reduced. But more grievous ſcenes yet awaited the unfortunate monarch. He was doomed to behold his country torn to pieces by the moſt dreadful of all calamities, a religious war; to be frequently deprived almoſt of common neceſſaries, and to be indebted for his very ſubſiſtence, to the voluntary contributions of his friends; to be little better than a ſtate priſoner in his capital; to be carried off, and nearly aſſaſſinated; to ſee his faireſt provinces wreſted from him; and finally to depend for his own ſecurity, and that of his ſubjects, upon the protection of thoſe very powers, who had diſmembered his empire.

The *Poliſh* malecontents could certainly alledge ſome very plauſible cauſes of diſſatisfaction. The laws paſſed at the laſt Diet bore a greater reſemblance to the abſolute mandates of a *Ruſſian* Viceroy than to the reſolutions of a free aſſembly. The outrage committed upon the Biſhop of *Cracow* and his adherents entirely ſubverted all liberty of debate; while the authoritative manner, in which the mediating powers of *Berlin* and *Peterſburgh* ſtill continued to interfere in the affairs of *Poland*, threatened more grievous ſubjection. The ſpecious grounds of diſguſt, joined to an ill-timed ſpirit of diſcontent, which had gone forth throughout the nation againſt the king, occaſioned the inteſtine commotions that ſoon reduced *Poland* to the moſt dreadful ſtate of deſolation.

The Diet had not long been diſſolved, before the indulgences granted to the *Diſſidents* firſt excited a general diſcontent among the *Roman Catholic* party. Several confederacies made their appearance towards the frontiers of the *Turkiſh* empire, in defence of the ſacred Catholic Faith. They carried ſtandards before them highly calculated to inflame the zeal of the populace. Upon ſome of theſe ſtandards images

of

of the Virgin Mary, and the infant Jeſus were delineated; upon others, the ſpread eagle of *Poland*, with the mottos, "Conqueſt or Death."—"For Religion and Liberty."* Some banners bore, as a device, a red croſs, under which was inſcribed "The ſymbol of victory." The private ſoldiers of the confederacy, like the cruſaders of old, wore a croſs interwoven in their clothes. One party of theſe inſurgents ſeized upon the fortreſs of *Bar*, in *Podolia*; and another got poſſeſſion of *Cracow*. The royal troops who were ſent againſt them were either routed, or prevailed upon to join them. In this dreadful criſis of affairs the ſenate petitioned the Ambaſſador from the court of *Peterſburgh* not to withdraw the *Ruſſian* troops from the kingdom; as they afforded the only ſecurity againſt the confederates. The requeſt was readily complied with, and *Poland* became a ſcene of bloodſhed and devaſtation. In the various conflicts between the two parties, ſuperiority of *Ruſſian* diſcipline generally prevailed. The confederates, however, at firſt, ſecretly encouraged by the houſe of *Auſtria*, aſſiſted by the *Turks*, and ſupplied with money and officers by the *French*, were able to protract hoſtilities from the diſſolution of the Diet in 1768 to the diviſion of *Poland* 1772. To enter into a detail of military operations falls not within the deſign of this work. From the various acts of cruelty and revenge, which diſtinguiſh and diſgrace this part of the *Poliſh* hiſtory, I ſhall ſelect only one event too remarkable to be omitted. I allude to the attempt made by the confederates to aſſaſſinate the king.

The following circumſtantial account of this ſingular occurrence was communicated to me by my ingenious friend *Nathaniel Wraxal*, Eſq; whoſe name is well known in the literary world; and who, during his reſidence at *Warſaw*, obtained the moſt authentic information upon ſo intereſting

* Aut vincere, aut mori, —Pro religione & libertate,

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a tranſaction: as he has obligingly permitted me to enrich my work with this narration, I am happy to lay it before the reader in his own words.

" In the midſt of theſe turbulent and diſaſtrous ſcenes, the confederates (who ever conſidered the king as unlawfully elected, and who imputed to his fatal elevation and direction, or approbation, all the various ills under which the kingdom groaned from the *Ruſſian* oppreſſion) planned and executed one of the moſt daring enterprizes, of which modern hiſtory makes mention. I mean the attempt to aſſaſſinate the king. It is remarkable that in an age, ſo humaniſed, ſo free from the enormous crimes common in barbarous centuries, ſo enlightened as is the preſent, this is the third attempt on a crowned head in my remembrance. *Louis* XV. *Joſeph* I. of *Portugal*, and *Staniſlaus Auguſtus*, all narrowly eſcaped aſſaſſination. As the attempt on his *Poliſh* Majeſty was perhaps the moſt atrocious, and his eſcape certainly the moſt extraordinary and incredible of the three, I ſhall be as minute as poſſible in the enumeration of all the principal circumſtances which led to, and which attended this remarkable event.

" A *Poliſh* Nobleman, named *Pulaſki*, a General in the army of the confederates, was the perſon who planned the atrocious enterprize; and the conſpirators, who carried it into execution, were about forty in number, and were headed by three Chiefs, named *Lukawſki*, *Strawenſki*, and *Koſtnſki*. Theſe three Chiefs had been engaged for that purpoſe by *Pulaſki*, who in the town of *Cyetſchokow* in *Great Poland* obliged them to ſwear in the moſt ſolemn manner, by placing their hands between his, either to deliver the king alive into his hands, or, in caſe that was impoſſible, to put him to death. On the 2d of November, about a month after they had quitted *Cyetſchokow*, they obtained admiſſion into *Warſaw* unſuſpected, by the following ſtratagem. They diſguiſed themſelves as peaſants who came to ſell hay, and concealed their ſaddles, arms,

arms, and clothes under the loads of hay which they brought in waggons, the more effectually to eſcape detection.

" On Sunday night, the 3d of November 1771, a few of theſe conſpirators remained in the ſkirts of the town; and the others repaired to the place of rendezvous, the ſtreet of *Capuchins*, where his Majeſty was expected to paſs by, about his uſual hour of returning to the palace. The king had been to viſit his uncle prince *Zartoriſki*, Grand Chancellor of *Lithuania*, and was on his return from thence to the palace between nine and ten o'clock. He was in a coach, accompanied by at leaſt fifteen or ſixteen attendants, beſide an aid-de-camp in the carriage. Scarce was he two hundred paces from prince *Zartoriſki's* palace, when he was attacked by the conſpirators, who commanded the coachman to ſtop on pain of inſtant death. They fired ſeveral ſhots into the carriage, one of which paſſed through the body of a heyduc, who endeavoured to defend his maſter from the violence of the aſſaſſins. Almoſt all the other perſons, who preceded and accompanied his Majeſty, were diſperſed; the aid-de-camp abandoned him, and attempted to conceal himſelf by flight. Mean while the king had opened the door of his carriage, with the deſign of effecting his eſcape under ſhelter of the night, which was extremely dark. He had even alighted, when the aſſaſſins ſeized him by the hair, exclaiming in *Poliſh* with horrible execrations, " We have thee now; thy hour is come." One of them diſcharged a piſtol at him ſo very near, that he felt the heat of the flaſh; while another cut him acroſs the head with his ſabre, which penetrated to the bone. They then laid hold of his Majeſty by the collar, and mounting on horſeback, dragged him along the ground between their horſes at full gallop for near five hundred paces through the ſtreets of *Warſaw*.*

" All

* It is aſtoniſhing, that none of the balls which paſſed through the carriage ſhould hurt or wound the king. Several went through his *peliſſe*, or fur great coat.

"All was confuſion during this time at the palace, where the attendants had ſpread the alarm. The foot-guards ran immediately to the ſpot from whence the king had been conveyed; but they found only his hat all bloody, and his bag; this increaſed their apprehenſions for his life. The whole city was in an uproar. The aſſaſſins profited by the univerſal confuſion, terror, and conſternation, to bear away their prize. Finding however that he was incapable of following them on foot, and that he had already nearly loſt his reſpiration, they ſet him on horſeback; and then redoubled their ſpeed for fear of being overtaken. When they came to the ditch which ſurrounds *Warſaw*, they obliged him to leap his horſe over. In the attempt the horſe fell twice, and at the ſecond fall broke his leg. They then mounted his Majeſty on another, all covered as he was with dirt.

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

coat. I have ſeen this, and the holes made in it by the piſtol bullets. It is no leſs wonderful, that the aſſaſſins ſhould carry him through ſuch a number of ſtreets without being ſtopped. A *Ruſſian* centinel did hail them, but as they anſwered in *Ruſſian*, he allowed them to paſs, imagining them to be a patrole of his nation. The night beſides was exceeding dark, and *Warſaw* has no lamps. All theſe circumſtances contribute to account for this extraordinary event.

An extract from a Courſe of SERMONS, *upon Death, Judgment, Heaven, and Hell.*

[By a late Author.]

[*Continued from page* 379.]

THE miſeries of hell now lie before me. Theſe I am to deſcribe to you as clearly as I can. And a very unpleaſing taſk it is. The joys, the glories of heaven the mind reſts upon with pleaſure. But from the terrors of hell what

ſpirit

ſpirit is there that does not turn back with diſmay? Yet the ſubject muſt be gone through. It is a neceſſary part of my ſcheme. And the very terribleneſs of it will make it more uſeful. This will carry it with greater force to the heart. This will leave it in a ſtronger impreſſion there. And this will cauſe it to go, with a more lively and a more laſting influence, through the whole habit of your lives.

When the fearful ſolemnity of the laſt judgment is over with the wicked, and they are condemned with their tempters, the devils, to their everlaſting reſidence in hell; the angels will then put the dreadful ſentence in execution. The wretched numbers of the damned will be driven like a flock of ſheep before them, having the terms of their condemnation ſtill ſounding in their ears, having the preſence of their Condemner ſtill appearing before their eyes, and ſhuddering with conſternation in every limb. They ſtill hear his awful words, though no longer pronounced by him. They ſtill ſee his looks, though he is now gone with his faithful children to heaven. And they find themſelves driven haſtily to their place of condemnation, by the outſtretched arm of their Judge, and by a band of his holy angels.

How powerfully the terrible appearance of the Judge muſt work upon their ſunken ſouls, we may conclude from the two deſcriptions, which I have already given of that appearance out of the ſcriptures themſelves. And I ſhall now add another from the ſame writings, that may bring the whole ſcene more freſh before your minds. "I ſaw," ſays St. John, "One like unto a ſon of man, clothed with a garment down to the foot, and girt about the paps with a golden girdle. His head and his hairs were white like wool, as white as ſnow; and his eyes were as a flame of fire, and his feet like unto fine braſs, as if they burned in a furnace; and his voice as the ſound of many waters. And out of his mouth went a ſharp two-edged ſword, and his countenance was as the ſun ſhineth in his ſtrength. And, when I ſaw him, I fell at his feet as

dead." How ſtrongly muſt moſt of theſe circumſtances dwell upon the ſouls of the damned, as they are driven from the throne of condemnation to the place of execution. They muſt ſtill ſee his "eyes" bent "as a flame of fire" upon them. They muſt ſtill hear his "voice as the ſound of many waters" in their ears. They muſt ſtill behold "a ſharp two-edged ſword" proceeding "out of his mouth," in the direful ſentence pronounced upon them. And his countenance muſt be ſtill beaming before them, "as the ſun ſhining out in his ſtrength."

Their condemner thus ſeems to go along with them, though abſent, and to attend them to their dreadful abode in the deep. This lies ſomewhere on the outſide of the creation, and below the deepeſt foundations of the earth; as much indeed below the earth in all probability, as the heaven of heavens is above it. Thus our Saviour calls it repeatedly "the place of outer darkneſs;" and St. Peter ſays that God caſt his revolted angels "down to hell." Thus a fire, we are told in Deuteronomy, "ſhall burn to the loweſt hell." And the ſecrets of God's Providence, ſays the Book of Job, "are as high as heaven, and deeper than hell." To this place, then, they are driven. They reach it. They ſee the gates inſtantly fly open to admit them. And all the nature of this horrible dungeon burſts out at once upon their ſenſes. St. John ſaw the ſame ſcene in a viſion, and thus deſcribes it. "An angel—opened the bottomleſs pit, and there aroſe a ſmoke out of the pit, as the ſmoke of a great furnace; and the ſun and the air were darkened by reaſon of the ſmoke of the pit." The whole diſcloſed gulph appears merely as a mighty furnace, and ſends forth a thick cloud of fire and ſmoke. And well may they all, therefore, turn back inſtantly with dread and diſmay at the heart-chilling ſight. But the ſtronger terrors of their Judge are upon them. The angels alſo puſh them on. And however weeping, however ſtruggling, however ſhrieking, they are driven into the mouth of the flaming

flaming furnace, and lodged in the depths of the nethermoſt hell.

The angels have now diſcharged their commiſſion. They have put theſe ſons and daughters of perdition in their place of torments. And the leading angel will now cloſe the gates upon them. As theſe turn upon their hinges to ſhut them in, what a ſullen ſound of horror muſt run through all their ſouls! The gates turn. The gates ſhut. And then the archangel applies his maſſy key to the lock. It goes through all its wards. It drives faſt all its bolts. And the depths of hell muſt re-echo to the diſmal ſound of their ſhooting.

He then fixes the ſeal of God upon the gates. That ſeal not all the combined powers of hell can break. That ſeal not even all the angels of heaven can diſſolve. It carries the voice of their almighty Judge in its power. And it ſtamps an eternity of continuance upon their miſery. This done he throws away the key, as never more to be uſed, as never to unlock the gates of hell again. Never, never ſhall the ſound of its turning be heard again there. Never, never ſhall it again be applied to the lock. Thoſe bolts have been now ſhot for ever: And they ſhall be left to reſt in their holds, throughout the whole eternity of God.

The angels have now done the awful buſineſs that was intruſted to them. They therefore return to heaven, to enjoy ſcenes very different from theſe, and to be happy with their brethren of heaven, and with their friends of earth, in the ſight, in the ſmiles, and in the happineſs of God. Meanwhile the children of miſery, whom they have left behind them in hell, enter upon their everlaſting round of wretchedneſs. And what they feared, what they ſaw, what they left before, is greatly exceeded by their preſent afflictions. They are now in the midſt of that vaſt furnace, which opened upon them in a cloud of fire and ſmoke. They now lie weltering on that lake of fire and brimſtone, which ſent it forth upon them. And O! what

words can ſpeak, what pen deſcribe, or what heart conceive, the big, big horrors of their ſituation?

Their whole priſon, then, will appear around them, as they turn their frighted eyes on every ſide, nothing but one vaſt lake of flames below, and nothing but one vaſt cloud of ſmoke above. A dreadful "blackneſs of darkneſs" reigns in every part, except that it is faintly enlightened by the pale reflection of the flames. And this diſmal gleam muſt ſerve only to make the darkneſs more dreadful.——They therefore turn with ghaſtly eyes, and look at the companions of their ruin near them. They ſee them rolling their eyes about in the ſame confounding ſurvey of their priſon-houſe. They ſee them turning to look at them. And they receive additional terror from one another's countenances.

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

An Extract from the Succeſs of two DANISH MISSIONARIES *to the* Eaſt-Indies: *in ſeveral Letters to their Correſpondents in* Europe.

A LETTER *from a Friend at* Copenhagen, *concerning the Progreſs of the* MISSION.

[*Continued from page* 383.]

"THEY pretend, that wiſe men among them perform their worſhip without images; theſe being deſigned for children only, and the duller ſort of people, who know not what ideas or repreſentations to frame of the heavenly beings. After the Supreme Being, there are 3300000 gods, all depending upon the firſt or primary ſubſtance. They ſay, there are forty-eight thouſand Riſhi, or great Prophets, and an infinite number of angels, and other inferior officers. The ſeries of their gods is as follows;

1. "The

1. "The ſupreme God created eternity. 2. Eternity brought forth Tſchiwen. 3. By Tſchiwen the goddeſs Tſchaddy was created. 4. This goddeſs Tſchaddy produced Putadi, or the elementary world. 5. By Putadi, ſound was framed. 6. The ſound's offspring was nature. 7. Nature begat the great god Tſchatatſchiwen, and 8. this brought forth another great god, called Mageſhurn. 9. From Mageſhurn ſprung up Ruddiren or Iſpuren; and 10. from Ruddiren the great god Wiſchnum. 11. This created Bruma, which 12. proved the productive principle of the ſoul. 13. The ſoul created at laſt the heaven, or that vaſt expanſion betwixt heaven and earth, which makes up the fifth element, according to the *Malabarick* Philoſophy, or rather, the receptacle of the other four elements. 14. This heaven begat the air. 15. The air begat the fire. 16. The fire begat the water, and 17. The water begat the earth. As for the reſt of their gods and prophets, they furniſh out a large and long-linked roll or genealogy, too prolix and tedious to be inſerted in this place.

"They confeſs their gods are ſubject to various changes, as well as creatures themſelves, and that each of them hath his fixed term both of life and government allotted him. After the expiration of theſe times, every thing ſhall return into the Being of all Beings, and then there ſhall follow a new creation. They ſay there are fourteen worlds, ſeven ſuperior and ſeven inferior ones, with as many huge ſeas moving betwixt them. This notion furniſhes their Poets with abundance of fictions.

"As for the creation of man, they tell us, that ſixty thouſand men were created at firſt, but that thirty thouſand turned devils ſoon after, and thirty thouſand remained men, both of them being in proceſs of time multiplied to infinite numbers. Their *Bramins* tell you, they are no ſinners at all, but the offspring of the great god *Bruma*; and conſequently think themſelves to be a perfectly pure and ſinleſs generation.

"The

" The greateſt part of them think, that every one hath two ſouls; a good one, and a bad one. Touching the ſenſes of man, they maintain there are five inward, and five outward ſenſes; whereof they hold the latter to be bad, and the former good and holy. They are generally for the tranſmigration of the ſoul out of one body into another, in order to obtain a full purification. But ſuch as have lived a holy life, they tell you, are immediately tranſlated to a ſtate of compleat happineſs.

" Thoſe that have been defiled by many ſins, during their ſtay in the world, they hold, muſt wander from one body into another, and by this means be born over and over again, till they gain a perfect purification. It is then they are admitted to the holy company of the gods. From this principle they farther infer, that thoſe that have indulged themſelves in lewdneſs and vanity, are forced into wild and venomous beaſts, or elſe born again into the world in a very poor and vile condition: whereas thoſe that have done good in the world, but want higher degrees of perfection, are born again, ſome like kings, ſome like great ſcholars, or other men of conſiderable quality.

" In this vaſt multitude of people, hurried about with ſo many odd notions, I have never yet met with one atheiſt. On the other hand, I have ſeen many that will undergo a deal of pain and labour, to fit themſelves for a better ſtate. Many will quit all they have; wife, children, and eſtate, and retire into ſome diſtant ſolitude, to do penance for their former life. Some will employ themſelves entirely about offices of humanity, erecting numbers of Charity-houſes, wherein both indigent travellers, and other poor people, may find reſt and refreſhment. There are likewiſe many ſpacious buildings, like Cloyſters or Colleges, to be ſeen in ſome places, wherein often a thouſand poor people are entertained at once.

" Concerning the ſtate of happineſs after this life, our *Malabarians* inform us of four degrees of manſions, prepared for the

the better ſort of people. The firſt degree is termed by them, Tſchalogum, ſignifying paradiſe. The ſecond is, Tſchalmibum, importing a very near acceſs to the great God. The third is called, Tſcharubum. Such as arrive to this degree are made the very image of God. The fourth manſion is called Tſchauſchium, and unites its inhabitants entirely to the ſupreme Being. Many, to render themſelves worthy of ſo glorious a ſtate, live a very preciſe and virtuous life. Some have ſo far thrown off all manner of idolatrous worſhip, that they do not ſo much as come near a Pagode.

"The notion of the tranſmigration, and the various revolutions of the ſoul, makes one of the ſtrongeſt prejudices againſt the Chriſtian Faith among the *Malabar* Heathens: and it is beſides, one of the greateſt ſtratagems of the devil, whereby he makes many think ſlightly of the moſt horrid ſins and pollutions. For, whilſt they do not believe any other puniſhment to be inflicted upon the wicked, than the being born again and again into the world, many of them grow quite familiar with this fancy about the rambles of the ſoul, and fall away into a looſe and diſorderly life.

"Many of the Heathens, it is true, are convinced of the ſoundneſs of the doctrine we have all along propoſed to them; but caſting their eyes upon the profligate manners of thoſe that profeſs it, they are at a ſtand, and do not know what to betake themſelves to. They ſuppoſe that a good religion and a diſorderly converſation, are things utterly inconſiſtent one with another. And becauſe they ſee the nominal Chriſtians purſue their wonted pleaſure preſently after divine ſervice; ſome of the Heathens have from thence taken up a notion, as if we Preachers, in our ordinary ſermons, did teach people all thoſe debaucheries, and encourage them in ſo diſſolute a courſe of life."

[*To be continued.*]

PROFANATION

PROFANATION *of the* SABBATH.

IN the year 1598, the town of *Tiverton* in *Devonſhire*, was often warned and adviſed by its godly Paſtor, that God would bring ſome heavy curſe upon the inhabitants of that place for their impious profanation of the Lord's-day, by buying and ſelling thereon; and, not long after their Miniſter's death, God ſent a terrible fire, which in leſs than half an hour, conſumed the whole town, except the Church, the Court-houſe, alms-houſe, and a few poor peoples' dwellings. Above fifty perſons periſhed in the flames. Alſo in the year 1612 it was again wholly burnt, except a few poor houſes, the inhabitants not being warned by the former judgment, but continuing in the ſame ſin.

Mr. *Adderly*, a pious Miniſter in *Burton upon Trent*, frequently took occaſion to reprove, and threaten thoſe that profaned the Lord's-day, eſpecially thoſe that bought and ſold meat thereon. However, there was a taylor in the town, a very nimble active fellow, who lived at the upper end of the town, who had the impudence to go through the long ſtreet to the other end of it, and fetch ſome meat on the Lord's-day, before morning-prayer: but as he came back with his hands full, he fell down dead in the middle of the ſtreet. The judgment was ſo viſible, that it wrought ſome reformation, both in the butchers and others. Doctor *Teat* informs us he was an eye witneſs both of his fall and burial.

At *Alceſter* in *Warwickſhire*, a luſty young woman went to a green in the neighbourhood, where ſhe ſaid ſhe would dance as long as ſhe could ſtand; but while ſhe was dancing, it being the Lord's-day, God ſtruck her with a violent diſeaſe, whereof ſhe ſhortly after died.

An Original LETTER *from the younger* VILLIERS *Duke of* BUCKINGHAM *upon his death-bed to Dr.* BARROW.

Dear Doctor,

I Always looked upon you as a man of true virtue: and know you to be a perſon of ſound judgment. For, however I may act in oppoſition to the principles of religion, or the dictates of reaſon, I can honeſtly aſſure you, I had always the higheſt veneration for both. The world and I may ſhake hands: for, I dare affirm, we are heartily weary of each other. O Doctor, what a prodigal have I been of the moſt valuable of all poſſeſſions, Time! I have ſquandered it away, with a perſuaſion it was laſting: and now, when a few days would be worth a hecatomb of worlds, I cannot flatter myſelf with a proſpect of half a dozen hours.

How deſpicable is that man, who never prays to his God, but in the time of his diſtreſs! In what manner can he ſupplicate that Omnipotent Being in his affliction, with reverence, whom, in the tide of his proſperity, he never remembered with dread? Do not brand me with infidelity, when I tell you I am almoſt aſhamed to offer up my petitions to the throne of grace; or of imploring that divine mercy in the next world, which I have ſo ſcandalouſly abuſed in this. Shall ingratitude to man be looked on as the blackeſt of crimes, and not ingratitude to God? Shall an inſult offered to the king be looked on in the moſt offenſive light; and yet no notice taken when the King of kings is treated with indignity and diſreſpect?

The companions of my former libertiniſm would ſcarce believe their eyes, were you to ſhew them this epiſtle. They would laugh at me as a dreaming enthuſiaſt, or pity me as a timorous wretch, who was ſhocked at the appearance of futurity.

turity. They are more entitled to my pity than my reſentment. A future ſtate may very well ſtrike terror into any man, who has not acted well in this life; and he muſt have an uncommon ſhare of courage indeed, who does not ſhrink at the preſence of his God!

You ſee, my dear Doctor, the apprehenſions of death will ſoon bring the moſt profligate to a proper uſe of their underſtanding. I am haunted by remorſe, deſpiſed by my acquaintance, and, I fear, forſaken by my God. There is nothing ſo dangerous, my dear Doctor, as extraordinary abilities. I cannot be accuſed of vanity now, by being ſenſible that I was once poſſeſſed of uncommon qualifications; as I ſincerely regret that I was ever bleſt with any at all. My rank in life ſtill made theſe accompliſhments more conſpicuous; and, faſcinated with the general applauſe which they procured, I never conſidered about the proper means, by which they ſhould be diſplayed. Hence, to purchaſe a ſmile from a blockhead, whom I deſpiſed, I have frequently treated the virtuous with diſreſpect; and ſported with the holy name of heaven, to obtain a laugh from a parcel of fools, who were entitled to nothing but my contempt.

Your men of wit, my dear Doctor, look on themſelves as diſcharged from the duties of religion; and confine the doctrines of the goſpel to people of meaner underſtandings: and look on that man to be of a narrow genius, who ſtudies to be good. What a pity that the holy Writings are not made the criterion of true judgment. Favour me, my dear Doctor, with a viſit as ſoon as poſſible. Writing to you gives me ſome eaſe. I am of opinion this is the laſt viſit I ſhall ever ſolicit from you. My diſtemper is powerful. Come, and pray for the departing ſpirit of the unhappy

BUCKINGHAM.

THOUGHTS

THOUGHTS *on that phraſe (in the* 110*th Pſalm)* "*Thy people ſhall be willing in the day of thy power.*"

[Extracted from an ancient Author.]

"THE paſſage ſeems to be a prophetic alluſion to one of thoſe ſolemn feſtivals, in which conquerors and their armies, on their return from battle, offered to God, from whom the victory came, a part of their ſpoil, which they had taken from their enemies.

"Theſe free-will offerings were carried in grand proceſſion. They were *holy*, becauſe agreeable to the œconomy under which the Jews lived: and they were *beautifully* holy, becauſe they were not exacted, but proceeded from the *voluntary* gratitude of the *army*. In large conqueſts, the offerings of the troops were out of number; like the drops of ſuch a ſhower of *dew* as the *morning* brought forth in the *youth* or *ſpring* of the year. Thus the Meſſiah ſhall cloſe the ſcene of his glorious atchievements. His followers and their offerings ſhall be numerous as the drops of *dew*, which the morning brings forth in the *youth*, or *ſpring* of the year. Compare Judg. v. 2, 9. 2 Chron. xiv. 13—15. and xv. 11."

To the above we may add the words of Mr. *Henry*, reſpecting the ſame paſſage. "Excellent things (ſaith he) are here ſpoken of Chriſt: that he is advanced to the higheſt dignity: all his enemies ſhall in due time be made his foot-ſtool: he ſhall have a kingdom in this world, beginning at *Jeruſalem*: his kingdom ſhall prevail in ſpite of his foes: he ſhall have a great number of ſubjects: they ſhall be a *willing* people; alluding to ſervants that *chooſe* their ſervice; or to *ſoldiers*, that are *volunteers*, not *preſſed* men: they ſhall be ſo in the day of his *muſter*: when he is enliſting ſoldiers, he ſhall find a number of volunteers: or, when he is drawing

them out to battle, they ſhall be willing to follow the Lamb: they ſhall be ſo in the *beauty of holineſs*; either allured by the beauty of holineſs; or admitted by him into the holieſt by Jeſu's blood; or ſhould wait upon him in the beautiful attire of ſanctification: he ſhall have a multitude of people devoted to him; or abundance of young converts, like the drops of dew in a ſummer's morning."

A ſtrange Providence in an EARTHQUAKE, *at* CALLAO *in* PERU.

THE plains, in which *Lima*, the capital city of *Peru* is placed, are the moſt beautiful in the world. They are of vaſt extent, reaching from the foot of the *Andes* or *Cordelier-Mountains*, to the ſea; and are covered with groves of olive-trees, of oranges, and citrons, watered by many ſtreams; one of the principal among which, waſhing the walls of *Lima*, falls into the ocean at *Callao*; in which latter place is laid the ſcene of this enſuing hiſtory.

To this city, *Don Juan de Mendoza* had come over with his father from *Old Spain*, when an infant. The father, having borne many noble employments in *Peru*, died much eſteemed and honoured rather than rich. This young gentleman had, in early youth, conceived a very ſtrong paſſion for *Donna Cornelia di Perez*, daughter to a very wealthy merchant, who dwelt in the city of *Callao*, at that time the beſt port in the whole Weſtern world.

But, although the young lady, who was reputed the moſt accompliſhed perſon in the *Indies*, returned his affection; yet he met with an inſuperable difficulty in the avarice and inflexible temper of the father, who, preferring wealth to every other conſideration, abſolutely refuſed his conſent. At length the unfortunate lover ſaw himſelf under the neceſſity of returning

turning to his native country, the moſt miſerable of all mankind, torn away for ever from all that he held moſt dear. He wa snow on board, in the port of *Callao*, and the ſhip ready to ſail for *Spain*. The wind fair: the crew all employed; the paſſengers rejoicing in the expectation of ſeeing again the place of their nativity.

Amid the ſhouts and acclamations, with which the whole bay reſounded, *Mendoza* ſat upon deck alone, overwhelmed with ſorrow, beholding thoſe towers, in which he had left the only perſon who could have made him happy, whom he was never more to behold: a thouſand tender, a thouſand melancholly thoughts poſſeſſed his mind. In the meantime, the ſerenity of the ſky is diſturbed; ſudden flaſhes of light'ning dart acroſs, which increaſing fill the whole air with flame.

A noiſe is heard from the bowels of the earth, at firſt low and rumbling, but growing louder, and ſoon exceeding the roaring of the moſt violent thunder. This was inſtantly followed by a trembling of the earth: the firſt ſhocks were of ſhort continuance; but in a few minutes they became quicker, and of longer duration. The ſea ſeemed to be thrown up into the ſky, the arch of heaven to bend downwards. The *Cordeliers*, the higheſt mountains of the earth, ſhook, and roared with unutterable noiſes, ſending forth from their burſting ſides rivers of flame, and throwing up immenſe rocks The houſes, arſenals, and Churches of *Callao* tottered from ſide to ſide, and at laſt tumbled upon the heads of the wretched inhabitants.

Thoſe who had not periſhed in this manner, you might ſee of every age and ſex, ruſhing into the ſtreets and public roads, to eſcape from the like ruins. But even there, was no ſafety: the whole earth was in motion; nor was the ocean leſs diſturbed: ſome of the ſhips in the harbour were torn from their anchors, ſome of them ſwallowed up in the waves, ſome daſhed on rocks, many thrown ſeveral miles up into the land. The whole town of *Callao* late ſo flouriſhing, filled with half

the

the wealth of the *Indies*, diſappeared, being partly ingulphed, partly carried away in exploſion by minerals burſting from the entrails of the earth. Vaſt quantities of rich ſpoils, of furniture, and precious goods, were afterwards taken up floating ſome leagues off at ſea.

In the midſt of this aſtoniſhing confuſion, *Mendoza* was perhaps the ſole human creature unconcerned for himſelf. He beheld the whole tremendous ſcene from the ſhip's deck, frighted only for the deſtruction falling on his beloved *Cornelia*. He ſaw, and mourned her fate as unavoidable, little rejoicing at his own ſafety, ſince life was now become a burthen.

After the ſpace of an hour this terrible hurricane ended; the earth regained her ſtability, and the ſky its calmneſs. He then beholdeth, cloſe by the ſtern of his ſhip, floating upon an olive-tree, to a bough of which ſhe clung, one in the dreſs of a female. He was touched with compaſſion, and ran to her relief: he findeth her yet breathing, and raiſing her up, how unſpeakable was his aſtoniſhment, when he beheld in his arms, his beloved, his lamented *Cornelia!* The manner of whoſe miraculous deliverance is thus recorded.

In this univerſal wreck as it were of nature, in which the elements of earth and water had changed their places, fiſhes were borne up into the mid-land; trees, and houſes, and men into the deep; it happened, that this fair one was hurried into the ſea, together with the tree, to which in the beginning of the commotion ſhe had clung, and was thrown up by the ſide of that veſſel, wherein her faithful *Mendoza* was, which was one of the few that rode out the amazing tempeſt. I cannot paint to you the emotions of his mind, the joy, the amazement, the gratitude, the tenderneſs:—words cannot expreſs them.

Happy pair! The interpoſition of Providence in your favour was too viſible, for any man to diſpute your being at laſt united

for

for ever. And O thrice happy *Mendoza*, how wonderfully was thy conſtancy crowned, and thy merit rewarded! Lo, the wind is fair! Haſte, bear with thee to thy native *Spain* this ineſtimable prize. Return, no leſs juſtly triumphant, than did formerly the illuſtrious *Cortez*, loaded with the ſpoils of *Montezuma*, the treaſures of a newly-diſcovered world.

LETTERS.

LETTER DXXXVIII.

[From Mr. John Baxter, to the Rev. J. Weſley.]

Antigua, June 10, 1782.

Rev. and dear Sir,

I Take this opportunity, by a lady from Antigua, to inform you of the ſtate of the Society. The critical ſituation we have been in for ſome months paſt was very alarming, expecting daily to fall into the hands of our enemies: but our God has been gracious, and delivered us out of their hands. The fatal expedition of St. Kitt's was intended for Antigua; but the enemy were driven to leeward. When that iſland was captured, we expected to be ſoon in the ſame ſituation; and every Sunday we expected it would be the laſt opportunity. But we are at preſent free from all apprehenſion from this quarter. Mrs. Gilbert will write by the fleet. We have reaſon to thank God for ſending her amongſt us, as it proves a peculiar bleſſing. We are much in want of Leaders. It is dangerous to let too great a number meet with one; for, being ignorant of the word of God, they run into many ſuperſtitions: to prevent which Mrs. Gilbert and myſelf meet Claſſes at all opportunities. The work is not deep, but very

ſuperficial

ſuperficial in many. There is a great outward reformation among the Negroes, and a deſire to be thought religious. I bleſs God, ſome know in whom they have believed, and adorn the goſpel. There is at St. John's Church near thirty coloured perſons that receive the Lord's Supper, and their number increaſes. I ſhall not attempt to mend the Rules of the Society, but endeavour to keep them. We have no Bands at preſent. I have been ſo much employed in the King's ſervice lately, that I have not had time to ſettle matters as I could wiſh. I conſult Mrs. Gilbert on all occaſions. We have now a proſpect of building; but materials are very dear. I hope to ſend you a more full account ſoon. I have not one white man beſide myſelf in connexion. I am at a loſs to find truſtees for our houſe; I ſhall be glad of your ſpeedy direction how to proceed. The houſe we now have is a life eſtate of my wife's, ſo during her life I am not diſtreſt; but I want to ſee a houſe of our own that the work may ſtand. As ſoon as this is accompliſhed, and we can maintain a Preacher, I hope ſome of our Brethren will come to our aſſiſtance. If you think it expedient, I will come to Conference next year, if there is peace. I hope you will continue to pray for us. I ſtill continue to travel, though I find it hard to the fleſh, to work all day, and ride at night ten miles. I long to be holy: I labour to forget the things that are behind, and preſs forward to the things that are before. I know that God hears and anſwers prayer; and truſt that he will ſpare your uſeful life, and permit me to ſee you once more in the body; or be found at your feet at that day when you will enter into the joy of your Lord. I am Hon. and Rev. Sir,

Your unworthy Son in the Goſpel,

JOHN BAXTER.

LETTER

LETTER DXXXIX.

[From Miſs H. A. Roe, to the Rev. J. Weſley.]

June 13, 1782.

Rev. and dear Sir,

I Have been very ill, and my body brought very low ſince I ſaw you; but thoſe ſweet words continually applied cauſed me to rejoice with joy unſpeakable and full of glory, viz. "According to my earneſt expectation, and my hope, that in nothing I ſhall be aſhamed, but with all boldneſs, as always, ſo *now alſo* Chriſt ſhall be magnified in my body, whether it be *by life* or *by death*, for to me to live is Chriſt, and to die is gain." O my dear Sir, I never dwelt ſo much in God as I have done of late. My whole ſoul has been ſwallowed up in communion with the eternal Trinity: and peculiarly, within this laſt fortnight, with the holy Spirit. I have been led to pray in faith for a univerſal and pentecoſtal outpouring of his divine fulneſs: and it ſurely will deſcend.

Being lately on a viſit to Nantwich, the dear people there, who knew me formerly, flocked around me with eagerneſs, and I had a prayer-meeting with twelve or fourteen of them, for which I believe we ſhall praiſe God through eternity. A poor backſlider was reſtored, and all preſent were filled with humble love and joy. I left five or ſix earneſtly crying for a clean heart, and determined to meet among themſelves, for all the Claſſes were broken up, or torn by diviſions. When I came to Congleton on my return home, I found a young man, who lately withſtood couſin Robert Roe to his face, reſpecting ſanctification by faith, now rejoicing in it, and declaring it boldly to all around. I ſpoke with ſeveral who felt the need of holineſs, and two of them are able to teſtify "the blood of Jeſus cleanſeth them from all ſin."

In this place, thoſe, who enjoy Chriſtian Perfection, have had much oppoſition from ſome of their brethren. Four or

five met conſtantly together to revile couſin Robert and all who profeſs it. But, one of them now has been truly humbled before God, and received it himſelf in the very way he ſo much reviled, even by ſimple faith. And another of them ſays in his Claſs, and publickly to all, that, if he had continued to revile them, he believes he ſhould have been damned for it; but he is now determined never to reſt till he receives it himſelf. Since you were with us, ſix or ſeven have been juſtified, and four or five ſanctified. Couſin Robert preached at Ketleſum, about eight miles off, where one was juſtified and another ſanctified. At Burſlem he found many thirſting for holineſs, ſome enjoying it, and others ſtirred up to ſeek it.

The children, who profeſſed ſanctification when you were here, ſtand ſtedfaſt and walk irreprovably; though they have much oppoſition from thoſe who do not believe the doctrine. Indeed I believe it is a means of good to them, conſtraining them to walk and cleave ſo much the nearer to God, that he may give them wiſdom and ſtrength. For my own part, I find every trial or affliction has this bleſſed tendency; and as when a man is toſſed in the ſea, every boiſterous wave ſinks him lower; ſo when loſt in the ocean of love, every ſevere trial, temptation, or afflictive diſpenſation ſerves to plunge me deeper into God. Still pray for me, dear Sir, and believe me ever your moſt affectionate, though unworthy Child.

H. A. R.

LETTER DXL.

[From Mrs. M. Ward, to the Rev. J. Weſley.]

Paſſage, July 15, 1782.

Rev. and dear Sir,

SINCE I laſt wrote to you, I have been exerciſed with very ſevere trials; and was ſo beſet within and without, that I could ſee no proſpect of eſcape. My inward trial was a temptation

temptation that I was deceived myſelf, and then had deceived others, by profeſſing to be juſtified and born again, and renewed by the all-powerful grace of God. Many others beſet me on all ſides; but I bleſs God I was not left in this ſore conflict, for, he enabled me to look ſtill to him, to cleave to him, and to poſſeſs my ſoul in patience.

Having been for ſome time thus exerciſed, ſtill ſorrowful, ſtill fighting, but though diſtreſſed, ſtill conqueror; at laſt my ſpirit failed: I grew ſtupid and inſenſible; my ſpirits were depreſſed, and health forſook me. My Phyſician was apprehenſive of a conſumption. For ſome days the ſymptoms were alarming, and my family was terrified. I diſcovered their terror, and ſaw by the Phyſician's countenance, that he thought me in danger. I then was rouſed from the ſtupor that had ſeized my ſenſes, and aſked myſelf what had been the ſubject of my prayer? It was that God would make a way for my eſcape. Now, ſaid I, he is anſwering my petitions; he is perhaps about to remove me where the wicked ceaſe from troubling, and where the weary are at reſt. I love Jeſus Chriſt; I ſhall behold him whom I have only ſeen by the eye of faith; and ſhall ſoon join the general aſſembly of the juſt made perfect.

The ideas of my children then came into my mind. I thought I might ſtill be wanting, and uſeful to them; but this thought was ſoon repreſſed. I conſidered them the creatures of God, who had ſhed his blood for them. I knew my love for them could not be compared to his, and I reſigned them to him, whoſe mercy is over all his works. O! to tell of the glorious hope, and the ſight of eternal things that then opened on my ſoul, is impoſſible. For two days I was full of ſuch a ſublime, calm, quiet bleſſedneſs, or a ſomething which I cannot deſcribe. After this I began to recover, and was ordered to the country, where I am now.

Bleſſed be God, I find my health returning, and am ſtruck with awe and aſtoniſhment, at his love to me. O how ſhall

I glorify him, who has done ſo much for me! I am here cut off from all means of grace, except prayer, reading, and retirement; but the Lord even makes the wilderneſs to ſmile. May I ſtill love, and follow him who is the way, the truth, and the life!

What great and awful events are taking place! How idly do our boaſted politicians talk! The Lord is King, and his hand appears in the government of this world. My mind is all expectation to ſee the end of theſe great events, which ſeem ready to break in upon the earth. How different are the thoughts of men from what they have been formerly! Religion was then the word. They pulled different ways; and different opinions were the ſubject of diſpute. Now deiſm takes the place of bigotry and ſuperſtition; and men of all denominations begin to ſtile themſelves citizens of the world. The religion of Jeſus has little part in this change. How will this end! Surely the Lord will direct even this great change, though we know not how, to his own glory. My dear Sir, ſtill continue to pray for your unworthy, though affectionate Daughter,

M. WARD.

POETRY.

SHORT HYMNS

[By the late Rev. C. Weſley.]

HYMN XV.

On MATT. v. ver. 18.—*Till heaven and earth paſs, one jot or one tittle ſhall in no wiſe paſs from the law, till all be fulfilled.*

CAN a law from God proceed,
Uſeleſs ſoon, and null, and void?
No: when earth and heaven are fled,
This continues undeſtroy'd;

On

On the hearts of all mankind,
Graven by it's Author's hand,
Copy of th' eternal mind,
Firm it muſt for ever ſtand.

ELEGY *on the Death of Mrs.* MAHONY, *of* Cork.

YE weeping nymphs of Zion, lead my way;
To you the painful-pleaſing ſtrains belong:
'Tis yours to ſwell the ſoft elegiac lay;
Maria claims the tribute of my ſong.

We mount the ſtage of life, and ere we roll
Our wondring eyes, death gives the quick alarm:
So bounding arrows meet the diſtant goal,
When ſhot reſiſtleſs by the nervous arm.

The flow'ret breathes th' ambroſial breath of morn,
And bares its boſom to the orient ſun:
But ere the humid ſhades of eve return,
It droops the head, and mourns its beauty gone.

Ah! can ye e'er forget the heavenly ſmile,
That dwelt enam'ring on her modeſt cheek?
Who ever gaz'd, and felt not, all the while,
The living language heaven-born ſeraphs ſpeak?

As glares the meteor, through the ſhades of night,
And chears the earth with inſtantaneous blaze;
So Mary ſhot the pure, but tranſient light,
And ſo the gloom of death abſorp't her rays.

Abſorp't her rays! Ah no! It cannot be:
The gloom of death hath but eclips'd her beams:
Loſt in the Godhead's beatific ſea;
Whelm'd in the bright, immortalizing ſtreams.

Lent

Lent us awhile, high heaven demands the loan,
The precious loan reluctantly we yield;
And late we find the bleſſing not our own,
When call'd to drink the cup his wiſdom fill'd.

Yet, deareſt ſaint! to thy departed ſhade,
The heart-felt ſigh, the filial tear is due:
Thy ſhining grace the deep impreſſion made,
Which (though departed) holds thee to our view.

Still we behold the dear Redeemer's mind,
His ſpotleſs mind, which ſhone in thee complete;
When all his hallowing graces were combin'd
In thy devoted breaſt, their welcome ſeat.

Thy active faith, that could the mountains move,
Thy ardent hopes, and breathings now are o'er:
Plung'd in the ſource of everlaſting love,
And all immers'd in God for evermore.

Now Iſrael's flaming ſteeds have caught thee up;
And now thou mingl'ſt with the glorious blaze:
Early partaker of thy ardent hope,
On Jeſu's unveil'd lovelineſs to gaze.

How long'd thy ſpirit for a quick releaſe,
And chid the tarrying chariot-wheel's delay!
On ſtretch for glory, yet reſign'd in peace,
Enjoying Chriſt, but crying, "Come away!"

In deepeſt union with the triune God,
How cloſely dwelt thy humble loving ſoul!
While Jeſu's precious, all-atoning blood
Was ſtill thy only boaſt—thy all in all.

Thy

Thy conſtant views of God, in Jeſu's face,
Reflected all its excellence on thine;
And, *Moſes* like, the meekeſt of the race,
Unconſcious thou, and ſimple, though divine.

Illuſtrious tranſcript of thy deareſt Lord!
How glow'd thy heart with pure celeſtial fire!
To all his ſpotleſs image here reſtor'd,
And fill'd thy large, thy infinite deſire.

What zeal for God! What ardour for his cauſe!
Still Zion's welfare warm'd thy faithful heart!
The mourning Church thy fervent labour knows,
Nor leſs each mourning ſoul that ſhar'd a part.

Upheld by Jeſu's all-ſuſtaining grace,
We ſaw thee walking through the lambent flame:
And heard the Chriſtian, having run her race,
With exultation bleſs his precious name.*

Ah, happy ſoul! we trace thy ſudden flight,
In early life eſcap'd from human woe:
We trace thee lodg'd in glorious realms of light,
No longer held a captive here below.

O for a walk like *Enoch's*, and for thine,
In deep communion with the God of love!
Adorn'd and fill'd with holineſs divine,
And meet and ready for our ſeats above!

All ripe for glory, like thy pious ſoul,
On eagle wings we then ſhall tour away;
And claſping thee, beyond the ſtarry pole,
Shall reign in bliſs through an eternal day!

* Alluding to her laſt words.

On the Happy RECOVERY *of His* MAJESTY.

[By a journeyman Shoe-Maker.]

WHAT *Britiſh* heart can chuſe but ſing,
When God reſtores a gracious King,
To cheer a drooping land?
What meaneſt Bard, that knows to rhyme,
Or range his thoughts to muſic's time,
A mute ſpectator ſtand?

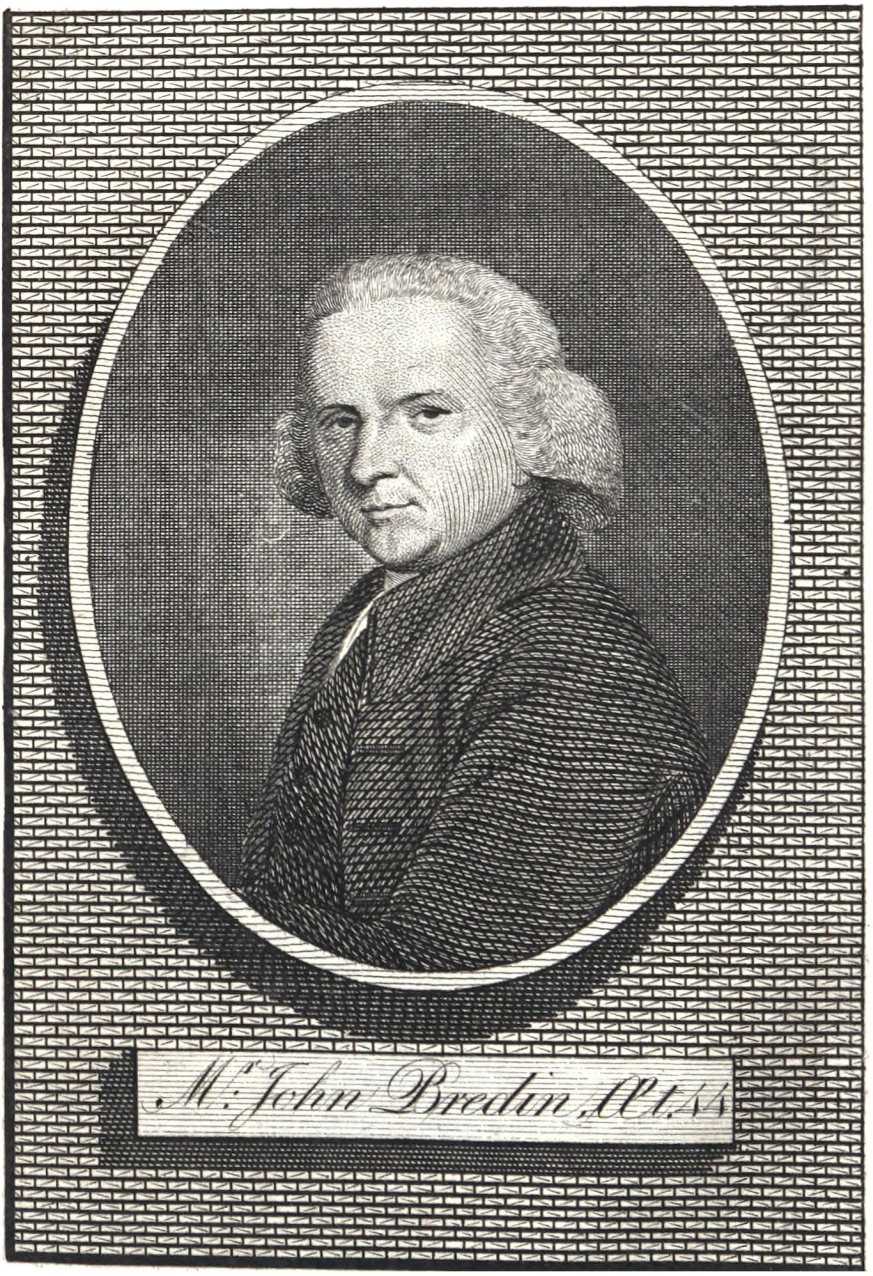
Though ſmall poetic gift I boaſt,
Perhaps a jingling ſound the moſt
I can as tribute pay;
Yet pleas'd to act my humble part,
I add herewith a thankful heart,
And bid it ſpeed its way.

To ſee a King maturely grown,
Well qualified to fill a throne,
Muſt needs afford delight;—
But his bleſs'd reign to end ſo ſoon,
A ſun ſo bright go down at noon,
Ah, who can bear the ſight!

But He, whoſe arm yon heav'ns did rear,
And hung that lamp of ſplendor there,
With all the twinkling throng;—
He bade the gather'd miſt ſubſide,
And light, broke forth on every ſide,
Did ſtill the day prolong.

To Him all honours be addreſs'd,
And grateful thanks from ev'ry breaſt,
As daily incenſe riſe:
Let ev'ry voice, and tube, and ſtring,
In concert join *his* praiſe to ſing,
Who reigns through earth and ſkies.

Henceforth may ev'ry murmur ceaſe,
And plenty, join'd with downy peace,
Attend GREAT GEORGE's ſway;
Till, far beyond the verge of Weſt,
The *Britiſh* Sun retire to reſt,
And riſe in endleſs day.


Mr. John Bredin Aet. 84

THE Arminian Magazine,

For SEPTEMBER 1790.

PREDESTINATION *clearly Stated.*

By Dr. KING, *Archbiſhop of* Dublin, *in a Sermon on Romans* viii. 29, 30.

For whom he did foreknow, he alſo did predeſtinate to be conformed to the image of his Son; that he might be the firſt-born among many brethren. Moreover, whom he did predeſtinate, them he alſo called; and whom he called, them he alſo juſtified; and whom he juſtified, them he alſo glorified.

IN theſe words the apoſtle lays down the ſeveral ſteps, by which God proceeds in the ſaving of his elect. 1ſt, He knows and conſiders thoſe, whom he deſigns for ſalvation. 2dly, He decrees and predeſtinates them to be like his Son Jeſus Chriſt, in holineſs here and glory hereafter, that he might be the firſt-born among many brethren. 3dly, He calls them to the means of ſalvation. 4thly, He juſtifies. And laſtly, He glorifies them. This is the chain of God's dealing with his beloved; in which he is repreſented to us as firſt

deſigning, and then executing his gracious purpoſes towards them.

I am very ſenſible, that great contentions have happened in the Church of God about *Election* and the *Decrees* of God; that learned men have engaged with the greateſt zeal and fierceneſs in this controverſy, and the diſputes have proved ſo intricate, that the moſt diligent reader will, after all his labour in peruſing them, be but little ſatisfied by the greateſt part of all that has been written upon this ſubject. And hence it is, that conſidering men of all parties ſeem at laſt, as it were by conſent, to have laid it aſide.

Not but the doctrine laid down in my text, is undoubtedly true, if we could but light on the true way of treating it; for our Church has told us in her ſeventeenth article, That *as the godly conſideration of Predeſtination is full of ſweet, pleaſant and unſpeakable comfort to godly perſons, ſo for curious and carnal perſons lacking the Spirit of Chriſt, to have continually before their eyes the ſentence of God's predeſtination, is a moſt dangerous downfall, whereby the devil doth thruſt them either into deſperation, or into wretchedneſs of moſt unclean living.*

The caſe therefore being thus, I ſhall endeavour to lay before you that which I take to be the edifying part of the doctrine of *Predeſtination*; and in ſuch a manner as to avoid every thing, that may give occaſion to ignorant or corrupt men to make an ill uſe of it. In order to this, I ſhall,

Firſt, Conſider the repreſentation that the text gives of God, as contriving our ſalvation; and ſhall endeavour to explain how theſe terms of *foreknowing* and *predeſtinating* are to be underſtood, when attributed to God.

Secondly, Why the holy ſcriptures repreſent God to us after this manner.

Thirdly, What uſe we are to make of this doctrine of God's foreſeeing, freely *electing*, and *predeſtinating* men to ſalvation.

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As to the firſt of theſe, you may obſerve, that in the repreſentation here given of God's dealing with men, there are five acts aſcribed to him, *foreknowing*, *predeſtinating*, *calling*, *juſtifying*, and *glorifying*. And about each of theſe great diſputes have ariſen among Divines. However, as to the three laſt, Proteſtants ſeem now pretty well agreed; but as to the two firſt, the difference is ſo great, that on account thereof, there yet remain ſeparate parties, that refuſe to communicate with one another: though I believe, if the differences between them were duly ſtated, they would not appear to be ſo great as they ſeem at firſt view; nor conſequently, would there appear any juſt reaſon for thoſe animoſities, that yet remain between the contending parties.

In order to make this evident, we may conſider,

(1.) It is in effect agreed on all hands, that the nature of God is incomprehenſible by human underſtanding; and not only his nature, but likewiſe his powers and faculties, and the ways and methods in which he exerciſes them, are ſo far beyond our reach, that we are utterly incapable of framing exact and adequate notions of them. This the ſcriptures frequently teach us, particularly St. *Paul* in his epiſtle to the *Romans*, chap. xi. ver. 33. *O the depth of the riches both of the wiſdom and knowledge of God! How unſearchable are his judgments, and his ways paſt finding out!*

(2.) We ought to remember, that the deſcriptions which we frame to ourſelves of God, or of the Divine attributes, are not taken from any direct or immediate perceptions that we have of him or them; but from ſome obſervations we have made of his works, and from the conſideration of thoſe qualifications, that we conceive would enable us to perform the like. Thus obſerving great order in all the parts of the world, and perceiving that every thing is adapted to the preſervation and advantage of the whole; we conſider, that we could not contrive and ſettle things in ſo excellent a manner without great wiſdom: and thence conclude, that God who has thus

concerted and ſettled matters, muſt have wiſdom. And having then aſcribed to him wiſdom, becauſe we ſee the effects of it in his works, we conclude, that he has likewiſe foreſight and underſtanding; becauſe we cannot conceive wiſdom without theſe, and becauſe if we were to do what we ſee he has done, we could not perform it, without the exerciſe of theſe faculties.

It doth truly follow from hence, that God muſt either have theſe, or other faculties equivalent to them, and adequate to theſe mighty effects which proceed from them. And becauſe we do not know what his faculties are in themſelves, we give them the names of thoſe powers, that we find would be neceſſary to us in order to produce ſuch effects, and call them wiſdom, underſtanding, and foreknowledge: yet at the ſame time we cannot but be ſenſible, that they are of a nature altogether different from ours, and that we have no direct and proper notion or conception of them. Only we are ſure, that they have effects like unto thoſe, that proceed from wiſdom, underſtanding, and foreknowledge in us: and that when our works fail to reſemble them in any particular, it is by reaſon of ſome defect in theſe qualifications.

Thus our reaſon teaches us to aſcribe theſe attributes to God, by way of analogy to ſuch qualities as we find moſt valuable in ourſelves.

Thirdly, If we look into the holy ſcriptures, and conſider the repreſentations given us there of God or his attributes, we ſhall find them plainly borrowed from ſome reſemblance to things, with which we are acquainted by our ſenſes. Thus when the holy ſcriptures ſpeak of God, they aſcribe hands, and eyes, and feet to him: not that we ſhould believe, he has any of theſe members, according to the literal ſignification; but the meaning is, that he has a power to execute all thoſe acts, to the effecting of which theſe parts in us are inſtrumental: that is, he can converſe with men, as well as if he had a tongue and mouth; he can diſcern all that we do or ſay, as perfectly as if he had eyes and ears; he can reach us as well,

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as if he had hands and feet; he has as true and ſubſtantial a being, as if he had a body; and he is as truly preſent every where, as if that body were infinitely extended. And in truth, if all theſe things, which are thus aſcribed to him, did literally belong to him, he could not do what he does near ſo effectually as he doth them by the faculties which he really poſſeſſes, though what they are in themſelves be unknown to us.

After the ſame manner, we find him repreſented as affected with ſuch paſſions as we perceive to be in ourſelves, viz. as angry and pleaſed, as loving and hating, as repenting and changing his reſolutions, as full of mercy and provoked to revenge. And yet on reflection we cannot think, that any of theſe paſſions literally affect the Divine Nature. But the meaning is, he will as certainly puniſh the wicked, as if he were inflamed with the paſſion of anger againſt them: he will as infallibly reward the good, as we will thoſe for whom we have a particular affection; when men turn from their wickedneſs, and do what is agreeable to the divine commands, he will as ſurely change his diſpenſations towards them, as if he really repented and changed his mind.

And as the paſſions of men are thus by analogy aſcribed to God, becauſe theſe would in us be the principles of ſuch outward actions, as we ſee he has performed; ſo by the ſame condeſcenſion to the weakneſs of our capacities, we find the powers and operations of our minds aſcribed to him.

As for example, it is the part of a wiſe man to conſider beforehand what is proper for him to do, to prescribe means to obtain his ends, to lay down ſome ſcheme or plan of his work before he begins, and to keep to it in the execution; for if he ſhould deviate in any thing from his firſt purpoſe, it would argue ſome imperfection in laying the deſign, or want of power to execute it. Therefore it is after this manner the ſcripture repreſents God, as purpoſing and contriving beforehand all his works: and for this reaſon wiſdom and underſtanding, and counſel, and foreknowledge are aſcribed to him, becauſe

becauſe both reaſon and ſcripture aſſure us, that we ought to conceive of God as having all the perfection that we perceive to be in theſe attributes, and that he has all the advantages that theſe faculties could give him.

The advantages that underſtanding and knowledge give a man, are to enable him to order his matters with conveniency to himſelf, and conſiſtency in his works, ſo that they may not hinder or embarraſs one another. And inaſmuch as all the works of God are ſo ordered, that they have the greateſt congruity in themſelves, and are moſt excellently adapted to their ſeveral ends, we are ſure there is a power in God, who orders them equivalent to knowledge and underſtanding; and becauſe we know not what it is in itſelf, we give it theſe names.

Laſtly, The uſe of foreknowledge with us, is to prevent any ſurpriſe when events happen, and that we may not be at a loſs what to do by things coming upon us unawares. Now inaſmuch as we are certain that nothing can ſurpriſe God, and that he can never be at a loſs what to do: we conclude that God has a faculty to which our foreknowledge bears ſome analogy, therefore we call it by that name.

But it does not follow from hence, that any of theſe are literally in God, after the manner they are in us, any more than hands or eyes, than love or hatred are; on the contrary we muſt acknowledge, that thoſe things, which we call by theſe names, when attributed to God, are of ſo very different a nature from what they are in us, and ſo ſuperior to all that we can conceive, that in reality there is no more likeneſs between them, than between our hand and God's power. Nor can we draw conſequences from the real nature of one to that of the other, with more juſtneſs of reaſon, than we can conclude, becauſe our hand conſiſts of fingers and joints, therefore the power of God is diſtinguiſhed by ſuch parts.

So that to argue, "becauſe foreknowledge, as it is in us, if ſuppoſed infallible, cannot conſiſt with the contingency of events,

events, therefore what we call ſo in God cannot," is as far from reaſon, as it would be to conclude, becauſe our eyes cannot ſee in the dark, therefore, when God is ſaid to ſee all things, his eyes muſt be enlightened with a perpetual ſunſhine; or becauſe we cannot love or hate without paſſion, therefore, when the ſcriptures aſcribe theſe to God, they teach us, that he is liable to theſe affections as we are.

We ought therefore to interpret all theſe things, when attributed to God, only by way of condeſcenſion to our capacities, in order to help us to conceive what we are to expect from him, and what duty we are to pay him. Particularly, the terms of foreknowledge, predeſtination, nay, of underſtanding and will, when aſcribed to him, are not to be taken ſtrictly or properly, nor are we to think that they are in him in the ſame ſenſe that we find them in ourſelves; on the contrary, we are to interpret them only by way of analogy and compariſon.

Thus when we aſcribe foreknowledge to him, we mean, that he can no more be ſurpriſed with any thing that happens, than a wiſe man, that foreſees an event, can be ſurpriſed when it comes to paſs; nor can he any more be at a loſs what he is to do in ſuch a caſe, than a wiſe man can, who is moſt perfectly acquainted with all accidents which may obſtruct his deſign, and has provided againſt them.

So when God is ſaid to predetermine and foreordain all things according to the counſel of his will, the import of this expreſſion is, that all things depend as much on God, as if he had ſettled them according to a certain ſcheme, which he had framed in his own mind, without regard had to any other conſideration beſides that of his own mere will and pleaſure.

If then we underſtand predetermination and predeſtination in this analogous ſenſe, to give us a notion of the irreſiſtible power of God, and of that ſupreme dominion he may exerciſe over his creatures; it will help us to underſtand what that

that ſovereignty is that God has over us, the ſubmiſſion that we ought to pay him, and the dependence we have upon him.

But it in no wiſe follows, that this is inconſiſtent with the contingency of events or free-will. And hence it appears what it is, that makes us apt to think ſo; which is only this, that we find in ourſelves when we determine to do a thing, and are able to do what we have reſolved on, that thing cannot be contingent to us: and if God's foreknowledge and predetermination were of the ſame nature with ours, the ſame inconſiſtency would be juſtly inferred. But I have ſhewed that they are not of the ſame kind, and that they are only aſcribed to him by way of analogy, as our paſſions are; that they are quite of another nature, and that we have no proper notion of them, any more than a man born blind has of colours; and therefore that we ought no more to pretend to determine what is conſiſtent or not conſiſtent with them, than a blind man ought to determine, from what he hears or feels, to what objects the ſenſe of ſeeing reaches: for this were to reaſon from things that are only comparatively aſcribed to God, and by way of accommodation to our capacities.

If we would ſpeak the truth, thoſe powers and operations, the names of which we transfer to God, are but faint ſhadows, or rather emblems and parabolical figures of the Divine attributes, which they are deſigned to ſignify; whereas his attributes are the originals, the real things, of a nature ſo infinitely ſuperior to any thing we diſcern in his creatures, or that can be conceived by finite underſtandings, that we cannot with reaſon pretend to make any other deductions from the natures of one to that of the others, than thoſe he has allowed us to make, or extend the parallel any farther than that very inſtance, which the ſcripture mentions.

Thus foreknowledge and predeſtination, when attributed to God, are deſigned to teach us the obligations which we owe to him for our ſalvation, and the dependence we have on his

favour, and ſo far we may uſe and preſs them: but to conclude from thence, that theſe are inconſiſtent with free will, is to ſuppoſe, that they are the ſame in him and us; and juſt as reaſonable as to infer, becauſe wiſdom is compared in ſcripture to a tree of life, that therefore it grows in the earth, hath its ſpring and fall, is warmed by the ſun, and fed by the rain.

[*To be continued.*]

SERMON LIX.

On 2 CORINTHIANS V. 16.

Henceforth know we no man after the fleſh: yea, though we did know Chriſt after the fleſh, yet now henceforth know we him no more.

1. I Have long deſired to ſee ſomething clearly and intelligibly wrote on theſe words. This is doubtleſs a point of no ſmall importance: it enters deep into the nature of Religion: and yet what treatiſe have we in the *Engliſh* language, which is written upon it? Poſſibly there may be ſuch; but none of them has come to my notice, no, not ſo much as a ſingle ſermon.

2. This is here introduced by the apoſtle in a very ſolemn manner. The words literally tranſlated run thus: *He died for all, that they who live*—all who live upon the earth, *might not henceforth*—from the moment they knew him, *live unto themſelves*—ſeek their own honour, or profit, or pleaſure, *but unto him*—in righteouſneſs and true holineſs, ver. 15. *So that we from this time*—that we know him by faith, *know no one*, either the reſt of the apoſtles, or you, or any other perſon, *after the fleſh*. This uncommon expreſſion, on which the whole doctrine depends, ſeems to mean, We regard no man, according to his former ſtate, his country, riches, power or

wiſdom. We conſider all men only in their ſpiritual ſtate, and as they ſtand related to a better world. *Yea, if we have known even Chriſt after the fleſh,*—which undoubtedly they had done, beholding and loving him as a man, with a natural affection, *yet now we know him ſo no more.* We no more know him as a man, by his face, ſhape, voice, or manner of converſation. We no more think of him as a man, or love him under that character.

3. The meaning then of this ſtrongly figurative expreſſion, appears to be no other than this. From the time that we are created anew in Chriſt Jeſus, we do not think, or ſpeak, or act, with regard to our bleſſed Lord, as a mere man. We do not now uſe any expreſſion with relation to Chriſt, which may not be applied to him not only as he is man, but as he is *God over all, bleſſed for ever.*

4. Perhaps in order to place this in a clearer light, and at the ſame time guard againſt dangerous errors, it may be well to inſtance in ſome of thoſe, that in the moſt plain and palpable manner *know Chriſt after the fleſh.* We may rank among the firſt of theſe the *Socinians*, thoſe who flatly *deny the Lord that bought* them; who not only do not allow him to be the ſupreme God, but deny him to be any God at all. I believe the moſt eminent of theſe that has appeared in *England*, at leaſt in the preſent century, was a man of great learning and uncommon abilities, Dr. *John Taylor*, for many years Paſtor at *Norwich*, afterwards Preſident at the Academy at *Warrington*. Yet it cannot be denied, that he treats our Lord with great civility: he gives him very good words: he terms him "a very worthy perſonage," yea, "a man of conſummate virtue."

5. Next to theſe are the *Arians*. But I would not be thought to place theſe in the ſame rank with the *Socinians*. There is a conſiderable difference between them. For, whereas the former deny Chriſt to be any God at all, the latter do not: they only deny him to be *the great God*? They willingly allow,

nay,

nay, contend, that he is a *little God.* But this is attended with a peculiar inconvenience. It totally deſtroys the unity of the Godhead. For, if there be a great God and a little God, there muſt be two Gods. But waving this, and keeping to the point before us. All who ſpeak of Chriſt as inferior to the Father, though it be ever ſo little, do undoubtedly *know him after the fleſh:* not as *the brightneſs of the Father's glory, the expreſs image of his perſon,* as *upholding,* bearing up *all things,* both in heaven and earth, *by the word of his power,* the ſame powerful word, whereby of old time he called them all into being.

6. There are ſome of theſe, who have been bold to claim that great and good man Dr. *Watts,* as one of their own opinion: and in order to prove him ſo, they have quoted that fine Soliloquy, which is publiſhed in his poſthumous works. Yet impartial men will not allow their claim, without ſtronger proof than has yet appeared. But if he is clear of this charge, he is not equally clear, of *knowing Chriſt after the fleſh,* in another ſenſe. I was not aware of this, but read all his works with almoſt equal admiration, when a perſon of deep piety as well as judgment was occaſionally remarking, "That ſome of the Hymns printed in his *Horæ Lyricæ,* dedicated to Divine Love, were (as he phraſed it) too *amarous,* and fitter to be addreſt by a lover to his fellow-mortal, than by a ſinner to the moſt High God." I doubt, whether there are not ſome other Writers, who, though they believe the Godhead of Chriſt, yet ſpeak in the ſame unguarded manner.

7. Can we affirm, that the Hymns publiſhed by a late great man (whoſe memory I love and eſteem) are free from this fault? Are they not full of expreſſions, which ſtrongly ſavour of *knowing Chriſt after the fleſh?* Yea, and in a more groſs manner, than any thing which was ever before publiſhed in the *Engliſh* tongue. What pity is it, that thoſe coarſe expreſſions ſhould appear in many truly ſpiritual Hymns! How often in the midſt of excellent verſes, are lines inſerted which diſgrace thoſe that precede and follow? Why

ſhould not all the compoſitions in that book, be not only as poetical, but likewiſe as rational and as ſcriptural as many of them are acknowledged to be?

8. It was between fifty and ſixty years ago, that by the gracious Providence of God, my brother and I in our voyage to *America*, became acquainted with the (ſo called) *Moravian Brethren*. We quickly took knowledge what ſpirit they were of, ſix and twenty of them being in the ſame ſhip with us. We not only contracted much eſteem, but a ſtrong affection for them. Every day we converſed with them, and conſulted them on all occaſions. I tranſlated many of their Hymns for the uſe of our own congregations. Indeed, as I durſt not implicitly follow any men, I did not take all that lay before me, but ſelected thoſe which I judged to be moſt ſcriptural, and moſt ſuitable to ſound experience. Yet I am not ſure, that I have taken ſufficient care, to pare off every improper word or expreſſion, every one that may ſeem to border on a familiarity, which does not ſo well ſuit the mouth of a worm of the earth, when addreſſing himſelf to the God of heaven. I have indeed particularly endeavoured, in all the Hymns which are addreſſed to our bleſſed Lord, to avoid every *fondling* expreſſion, and to ſpeak as to the moſt High God, to him that is "in glory equal with the Father, in majeſty co-eternal."

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

A ſhort Account of Mr. WILLIAM ASHMAN.

[Written by Himſelf.]

[*Continued from page* 408.]

FROM the time I was convinced, under my father's prayer, I began to ſeek the Lord in all the means of grace, and found it very comfortable to my ſoul. Sometimes four or five of us boys met together in the corner of ſome field,

field, to ſing and pray, and ſometimes in a ſtable, barn, or hay-loft; and it was my meat and drink to do the will of God. In this ſtate I continued till I was fourteen years old, and then went into a family that were profeſſed Methodiſts, to learn the ſtocking buſineſs. The family conſiſted of a maſter and miſtreſs, and a young man three or four years older than myſelf; but their deportment was very unbecoming the goſpel. Sometimes they were full of levity, and at other times full of evil tempers, and often made uſe of very unbecoming words. This grieved me very much, and for a time it hurt my mind; but after awhile I was determined to live more cloſe to God than ever, and to make a good uſe of bad example, which the Lord was pleaſed to enable me to do, and my ſoul was truly alive to God.

When I was about ſixteen, I was truly and deeply convinced of inbred ſin, the evil of my heart, and how offenſive it was to God; and ſaw the neceſſity of a clean heart, and a right ſpirit, and had a very great deſire to be wholly renewed after the image of God in righteouſneſs and true holineſs. Under the burden of my evil nature I groaned for ſome time; but having no one that underſtood my caſe, I did not make ſo proper a uſe of the bleſſing, which God was pleaſed to confer upon me, and which he would have conferred more abundantly, if I had retained what he had given me. I continued in this family about three years, and ſoon after I left it, my maſter failed in buſineſs, left the country, went into the army, and farther and farther from God; but as he died abroad, I do not know what end he made. The young man I ſpoke of married, went into buſineſs, and ſoon failed alſo; he left the country, went into the army, and died abroad, ſo I am equally ignorant of the manner of his death; but there were many circumſtances in their ſhort lives, too ſhocking to mention. I am a witneſs that they were triflers with God, and with their own ſouls, and the means of grace. Let this be a caution to all thoſe, who have taſted the good word of God,

God, and have felt the powers of the world to come, to take care how they draw back in their hearts from God. "Be not deceived, God will not be mocked, for whatſoever a man ſoweth, that ſhall he alſo reap. Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."

From the time I was eighteen till I was twenty I loſt ground in my ſoul; but when I was about twenty-one, being then married to my preſent wife, I began to ſeek the Lord again with all my heart, and with all my ſtrength; and I ſoon found him as good as his word; for, he filled my ſoul with perfect love that caſteth out all ſlaviſh fear. I then entered into a ſolemn covenant with God, that I would be his and ſerve him all the days of my life. My wife willingly joined with me, and we ſet out for the kingdom of heaven with all our hearts, and I ſoon found power to love God with all my heart, and with all my ſoul, and with all my ſtrength. My body and ſoul were wholly given up to God; and I think no common man ever enjoyed more ſweet and cloſe union and communion with God than I did. I hated ſin with a perfect hatred, and loved God and holineſs with a perfect heart. I can truly ſay I lived a life all devoted to God, and it was my delight to give God all my heart. It was my element to love God and delight in him, and to do his will; and as I loved him, ſo I feared to offend him. Indeed I felt no inclination to offend the God I loved. At this time I went into buſineſs, and the Lord was pleaſed to bleſs me in all I ſet my hands unto.

From twenty-one until I was thirty I was Leader of two, and ſometimes three Claſſes, and a Band, and Steward of the Society, and General Steward of the Circuit. I often met the people in public, and read Mr. *Weſley's* Notes on the New Teſtament over and over, and his Sermons in public and private. The Lord was with me and bleſſed me in all I did, gave me favour in the eyes of the people, and made my weak endeavours uſeful to many. My ſiſter was juſtified under my prayer,

prayer, and died very happy ſoon after. When I was about thirty-one, the Lord inclined and conſtrained me to ſpeak in public. Nothing but the mighty power of God could cauſe me to do this, for I am naturally of a fearful, baſhful, and ſhy diſpoſition. Indeed it is a miracle that I ever faced a congregation; but there is nothing too hard for God, who can out of the ſtones raiſe up children to *Abraham*. I was a local Preacher about three years, during which time the Lord pleaſed to bleſs the word, which he enabled me to deliver, to the conviction and converſion of many; and to the encouragement of ſeekers, and the building up of believers in their moſt holy faith. Many declared on their death-bed that at ſuch a time, while I was preaching, the word took ſuch hold of them, as never to leave them afterwards.

When I was thirty-four years old I wrote to Mr. *Weſley* to let him know that I had a mind to give up myſelf more fully to the work of God; when he was pleaſed to accept of me weak and unworthy as I was. This was not done becauſe I could not live at home, or for any temporal advantage, for I had a good houſe of my own, and good buſineſs, by which I cleared fifty pounds a year with half the labour I have had ſince I left home. I had alſo a kind father, a tender mother, a loving wife, and many friends; but I took up my croſs, and a great one it was to me and my wife. We went, according to appointment, into the Eaſt of *Cornwall*, and with great difficulty I could get a place for her to live in. At laſt I agreed with Mr. *Holmes*, near *Taviſtock*, to board her for ſo much a week. He had three daughters and a ſon, all very kind and loving: they ſpent the year very comfortably together, and were made a bleſſing to each other. From that time to the preſent, which is twenty-one years, I have always gone where I was appointed without the leaſt objection; and as I had no other motive in leaving my buſineſs and country, but to do good to the ſouls of my fellow-creatures, I have made it my ſtudy to be as uſeful as poſſible in the ho-

lineſs

lineſs of my life, and ſetting a good example before all, in every Circuit where I have gone; and the Lord has been pleaſed to favour me with the affections of all good people.

With reſpect to my wife, from the time we entered into a ſolemn covenant with the Lord, to ſerve him all the days of our lives, ſhe has never repented of it, but has held faſt the engagement. She loves God, and her bleſſed Saviour, with an upright heart, and ſerves him with a willing mind. She is a ſincere lover of the doctrine and diſcipline of the Methodiſts, loves all the Preachers, and eſteems a connection with them above any people on earth. With regard to myſelf, the Lord has made me an inſtrument in his hand, in every Circuit where I have laboured, for the conviction, and converſion of many ſouls; and I have never ſpent one year without ſeeing more or leſs fruit of my labour, and ſome happy deaths.

I believe the Preachers called Methodiſts to be one of the moſt uſeful body of men in theſe kingdoms; and the plan hitherto followed by them to be the beſt that ever was laid down ſince the apoſtles' days: I pray God it may ever continue, and that each of us who are in connection may labour to be more and more uſeful. I believe there is more real religion among the Methodiſts than among any other body of people in theſe kingdoms; but there is not half enough, conſidering the means they enjoy. This is the fourth year I have ſpent in this country; and I obſerve many things that hinder vital religion, viz: ſmuggling, drinking to exceſs, lewdneſs, and a worldly ſpirit. It is no wonder that real religion is at a low ebb; whilſt the more of this world's goods many people have, the cloſer they hold them, and are leſs uſeful and leſs alive to God than when they were worth far leſs. What a pity that three or four thouſand pounds ſhould make men leſs uſeful and leſs happy; yet this is too often ſeen and known by ſad experience, and will be a great hurt to the Methodiſt cauſe.

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

An

An Account of the Death of SAMUEL NEWMAN.

[By Mr. William Horner.]

SAMUEL NEWMAN was born at *Whittlebury* in 1761. The former part of his life was ſpent in ignorance of God, and an entire neglect of the concerns of his ſoul. In his youth he had been taught the alphabet, but through want of opportunity and inclination, he made very little improvement in learning; conſequently, not being able to read the ſcriptures, he could form no proper notions of the evil of ſin, the worth of his ſoul, or the way of ſalvation revealed therein. And having a ſettled enmity in his mind to the things of God, and the people of God, he ſtopped his ears, and ſteeled his heart againſt the repeated reproofs, and inſtructions, which ſome of his pious relations endeavoured to inforce upon him.

Though he was reſolved to have nothing to do with religion; yet at ſeaſons ſome ſlight convictions faſtened upon his mind; but being of a trifling ſpirit, and addicted to a kind of jocoſe lies, which he often confirmed with an oath to divert his companions in ſin, and to gain applauſe, ſoon ſtifled all his convictions. For ſome years paſt, he frequently attended at our preaching-houſe, with ſome more of his giddy companions, to ſpend an hour; but not with an intention of reducing to practice what he there heard and felt. The devil and his own heart prevailed on him to believe, that it was time enough for years to come to become ſerious. Thus he continued, till about twelve months ago, it pleaſed the Lord to viſit him with affliction of body, under which he felt ſome awful apprehenſions of death and judgment, that forced him to form a reſolution of future amendment, if it ſhould pleaſe the Lord to reſtore him to health and prolong his days.

The Lord gave him the deſire of his heart in raiſing him up; and being recovered, he paid ſome ſmall regard to his promiſe for a few days. Being out on buſineſs, and coming home late at night, upon finding the door locked, and it not being opened immediately, he fell into a paſſion, and uttered ſome horrid oaths. Immediately he felt ſuch an inward ſhock, as made him tremble, and he thought he ſhould have fallen under it. But, inſtead of humbling himſelf on account of his wickedneſs, and breach of promiſe, he hearkened to the voice of Satan, who whiſpered to his mind, "Your promiſes are all in vain! you have now broken them; therefore you may go on and ſin." He gave way to the enemy, and ſuffered himſelf to be led as an ox to the ſlaughter, and as a fool to the correction of the ſtocks, without paying any regard to his promiſes, or to the voice of conſcience.

Sin was again purſued with greater eagerneſs than before; yet with leſs pleaſure. His miſery increaſed, but he was unwilling to acknowledge that his miſconduct was the procuring cauſe, and not the Almighty, whom he blamed for croſſing his deſires of being happy in a courſe of ſin. At theſe ſeaſons he felt (as he hath ſince acknowledged) ſuch an enmity in his heart to the Almighty, as could not be expreſſed. He has frequently ſtood, when in the field at his work, and looking upward, would as it were, quarrel with him, reſpecting the diſpenſations of his Providence.

Sometime in November 1788, as he was lifting a piece of wood, the Lord permitted it to fall upon him, which broke three of his ribs. This cauſed his thoughts of death and judgment to return; with which, his convictions were again renewed, and purpoſes to reform and to ſeek the ſalvation of his ſoul. But in all his reſolutions of amendment, he depended on his own ſtrength; therefore they all proved ineffectual. While his ſickneſs continued, and death ſeemed near, he was much in earneſt; but when he grew better, and there appeared a proſpect of his life being prolonged, he grew

grew careleſs. Yet, the effects of the hurt he received never wore off: it brought on ſuch a decline of his natural ſtrength, and ſuch frequent pain, as made the approaches of death, and the ſhortneſs of life, more certain than ever.

A dreadful eternity opened, in a more convincing manner, upon his mind than before, and that he muſt ſhortly appear before the judgment ſeat of Chriſt; but feeling himſelf unprepared, he knew not what to do. Now he became willing to receive inſtruction, and to know how he might be put into a ſtate of readineſs. Nevertheleſs, he had but very imperfect views of the nature of ſin, and the evil of his own heart; but the Lord did not let him remain long in that ſtate. One ſabbath-day having gone to Church, hearing the Miniſter read the exhortation preparatory to receiving the ſacrament, and that the unworthy receivers are guilty of the body and blood of Chriſt; he then reaſoned with himſelf thus: "I have not been a partaker of this ſacrament; yet I am guilty of the body and blood of Chriſt: I have ſinned, and am under condemnation: the law of God condemneth me, and my own heart alſo."

Soon after he opened his mind to one of our Society, who adviſed him to cry to the Lord for mercy, and not to reſt till he received a ſenſe of his pardoning love. It was then the Lord gave him to ſee more perfectly, what he was by nature and practice. Then ſorrow for ſin filled his heart, and increaſed daily; he was drawn out in earneſt deſires after God and happineſs, beyond what he ever felt before. Satan then perceiving he was likely to loſe his prey, ſuggeſted to his mind, that his day of grace was paſt, and that there was no mercy for ſuch a ſinner as he was: that his ſins were too great to be forgiven. The ſenſe he then had of his own ſinfulneſs, and views of God's purity and juſtice, tended to confirm the ſuggeſtion, and to deepen his diſtreſs. He then began to expreſs himſelf thus: "Is thy mercy clean gone for ever? and wilt thou no more be gracious? O! what ſhall I do to

be ſaved?" After a little converſation with a friend, he felt a degree of hope, but ſoon loſt it, and ſunk again into diſtreſs. Others of the Society, hearing of his convictions, and diſtreſs, viſited him and prayed with him; his hope of mercy again returned, but it was not of long continuance; his diſtreſs ſoon became greater than before; ſin appeared more ſinful. He then ſaid, "It is well that I am out of hell."

Sunday morning the 18th of January a member of the Society viſited him, and found him full of doubts, that God would not accept of ſuch a ſinner as he was, even though he ſhould ſeek. She informed him, That Jeſus Chriſt came to ſave the chief of ſinners. He endeavoured to lift up his heart and voice in prayer, and exclaimed, "Surely none but madmen and fools would put off this work to a death-bed, as I have done!"

Other friends viſited and adminiſtered ſome ſuitable inſtructions to him. He then began to feel ſuch an affection for the Society, and deſire to be united to them, if he ſhould recover, as made him to charge his wife not in the leaſt to oppoſe him in his purpoſe, declaring, "I ſhall be undone, if you do not conſent that I ſhould join that people."

The two following days, he ſeemed to be a little compoſed, and comfortable; but not having a clear evidence of his acceptance, he was ſtill in doubt.

Wedneſday 21, *S*— *R*— had been with him, till about the middle of the night (when he was calm) ſhe returned to reſt. About an hour afterward, he felt a change in his diſorder for the worſe. (I believe at that time a mortification began, which cauſed inexpreſſible pain the few days he ſurvived.) He then ſaid to his wife, "O *Sukey* pray for me, I am dying, I cannot pray for myſelf." Our ſiſter was ſent for who had been with him laſt. When ſhe came he ſaid, "I ſlumbered a little, and awoke with theſe words, *My ſoul is exceeding ſorrowful even unto death.* All my ſins are brought to my remembrance, *and are a burden too heavy for me to bear.* My

hope

hope is all loſt! I am cut off from all parts! O what ſhall I do! O! that body and ſoul could be diſſolved into nothing! but this cannot be; I have an immortal ſpirit, and this muſt be caſt into the pit, where hope never will come! O! let me look wherever I will, I ſee nothing but hell and judgment! O! this flaming fire, which cannot be quenched! I muſt be baniſhed from God! There is not a promiſe for me: nor for a death-bed repentance. My loins are filled with a ſore diſeaſe! I am feeble, ſurely I am dying!" He then roared by reaſon of his diſtreſs of ſoul, crying out, "O what ſhall I do to be ſaved?"

Our ſiſter repeated to him the following promiſes, *Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you reſt.* And, *Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wiſe caſt out.* Theſe promiſes are applicable to you; and if you come to him he will not reject you: yea he cannot caſt you out. Moreover God hath ſaid, *To this man will I look, that is poor, and of a contrite ſpirit, and that trembleth at my word.* O call upon the Lord, *for he is near to all that call upon him:* call upon him now with your whole heart; *He will be found of them that ſeek him.*" He then began to cry aloud, "O Lord I come to thee, caſt me not out! *I am the chief of ſinners,* for whom thou haſt died. O Lord have mercy upon me! O Lord hear my prayer, and caſt me not from thy preſence for ever! Lord ſave, or I periſh!" At that time he was in ſuch diſtreſs of ſoul, and ſuch earneſtneſs, that the bed ſhook under him. His attitude, his looks, his tears, as well as his words, all ſpoke the language of a ſincere heart.

Now the day began to dawn upon his ſoul, and the ſhades of darkneſs to diſappear. The Lord, by the power of his Spirit, applied theſe words to his ſoul, *Thy ſins which are many are all forgiven thee: go in peace.* He was then enabled to believe that God was reconciled to his ſoul for Chriſt's ſake, All his condemnation and tormenting fears were removed. Heaven opened upon his ſoul in ſuch a manner, that he rejoiced

joiced with joy unſpeakable and full of glory. His countenance diſcovered his inward feelings. There was a viſible change. Never did a criminal at the place of execution, upon receiving the royal pardon, give ſuch a proof of his joy and gratitude. He cried out, "*My ſoul doth magnify the Lord, and my ſpirit rejoiceth in God my Saviour.* Come, let us praiſe the Lord together."

Our ſiſter and his wife kneeled down to return God thanks for his happy deliverance; but his voice prevailed over theirs. As he had the greateſt mercy to ſpeak of, ſo he had moſt to ſay in his own behalf, however, each ſenſibly felt that God was preſent in an inexpreſſible manner. He then expreſſed himſelf as follows, "*Lord what is man that thou art mindful of him, or the ſons of men that thou doſt viſit them! God is love!* and he is altogether lovely! O that all the ends of the earth would praiſe him!" After a little ſilence he ſaid, "It ſeemeth to me as if I were well: my bodily pain is abated, with the pain of my mind; I feel as if I were another man, to what I was before. Now the fear of death is gone! *O death, where is thy ſting! O grave where is thy victory!* The ſting of death is gone! Jeſus Chriſt hath taken it away!"

Soon after, perceiving his wife much affected at the thoughts of parting with him, he earneſtly exhorted her not to weep for him, but for herſelf, and her ſins; informing her farther that ſhe had abundant cauſe to rejoice on his account, as he was a brand plucked out of the fire. He moſt earneſtly exhorted her to be much in earneſt in the improvement of time, and opportunities, that ſhe might be ready to follow him to the manſions of bliſs.

Thurſday 22, he ſaid, "O Lord! *I hunger and thirſt after righteouſneſs*, fill my ſoul with the riches of thy grace. *My ſoul thirſteth after God, the living God!* I long to behold him in his glory." Feeling death in its effects advancing ſwiftly in his frame, he cried out, "Come, Lord Jeſus, when thou wilt; but I deſire to wait as long as thou pleaſeſt. I thank

the

the Lord for theſe pains; for *It is good for me that I have been afflicted.* The Lord has taken away the uſe of my limbs; but he has filled my heart with his precious love, which is ſweeter than life. What are the riches, honours, and pleaſures of this vain world to me? Were they all offered to me, and could I enjoy them, I would not part with what I poſſeſs on this death-bed for them all! O my friends, it is worth ten thouſand worlds! *God is love!* O! that I could worthily ſhew forth his praiſe, for he hath dealt bountifully with me. O that my bed were in the ſtreet, that I might tell every one that paſſeth by, what God hath done for my ſoul. Come unto me, all the ends of the earth, and you in particular that fear God, and I will tell you what God hath done for my ſoul."

As the love of God was ſhed abroad in his heart, ſo it burned in him like a mighty flame, carrying him out beyond himſelf in earneſt deſires for the ſalvation of others: and though tortured with inexpreſſible pain, he cried out, "I ſhould be willing to endure theſe pains for twenty years, could I be in any wiſe ſerviceable to the converſion of mankind. O! that I could make my tongue to ſpeak that all the world might hear me; then I would tell what God had done for my ſoul. *God is love!* Chriſt is precious!" After a little ſilence, he looked upward, and ſaid, "*Who are theſe which are arrayed in white robes? and whence came they? Theſe are they which came out of great tribulation, and have waſhed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.*" He added, "This is *my* tribulation that I am paſſing through; and my ſoul is waſhed in the blood of Jeſus."

Saturday 24, his brother *George* coming in to ſee him, and aſking him how he did? He anſwered, "I am dying, and dying is hard work; but heaven is in view; and my ſoul is happy! The Lord hath done great things for my ſoul." He earneſtly exhorted him to ſeek the Lord, ſaying, "Dear brother, do not live as you have done, and now do; nor put

off

off repentance as I have done: God has given *me* a death-bed repentance; but he may not give it to *you*; therefore begin to-day: now is the accepted time." He continued exhorting him, and reaſoning till he prevailed upon him to promiſe he would fulfil his dying requeſt; and he left him much affected.

After a ſhort ſpace he broke out in the following expreſſions of gratitude and love, "Bleſſed be God for giving me my ſenſes, and for the uſe of my tongue. *I love him becauſe he firſt loved me*: and I love him with all my heart, my mind, my ſoul and my ſtrength. My heart is filled with love! O Lord, enlarge my heart, or ſtay thy hand."

To another, who had been a member of our Society, he ſaid, "O *Kitty*, ſee what the Lord has done for me a poor miſerable ſinner; he has brought me out of darkneſs into his marvellous light. The Lord has done great things for me! O *Kitty*, be in earneſt; never think of turning back, after having put your hand to the goſpel-plow: O never think of turning your back upon the goſpel; but ſet out afreſh, and ſeek the Lord in good earneſt." She replied, "I wiſh I was as happy as you." He anſwered, "It is the will of the Lord to make you ſo." She wept much: to whom he ſaid, "I charge you to meet me at the right-hand of God."

To one of his old companions, who entered the room, he ſaid, "O *William!* the world is a dangerous ſea; ſee that you do not give way to it; be in earneſt that you may meet me in the realms of bliſs." Another of his acquaintances coming in, upon hearing him exalt his voice in the praiſes of God, ſaid, "Don't ſpend yourſelf ſo much," to which he made anſwer, "I will praiſe the Lord as long as I have breath."

Several young people coming in to ſee him, he ſpoke to them in the following manner, "*It is time* for you *to ſeek the Lord:* you are not too young to die, therefore *Remember your Creator in the days of your youth.*" Seeing them much affected, and ſtanding round the bed weeping, he ſaid to them,

them, "I charge you all to meet me at the right-hand of God. O! that I could carry you all with me!" He continued happy the remaining part of the night, exhorting thoſe which were about him, to fight the good fight of faith manfully, to love God with all their heart: to love him above all, adding, *For he that loveth father, or mother, wife, or children more than me, is not worthy of me.* He frequently called his friends, who were in the next room, to join with him in the praiſes of God; and expreſſed his affection for them by ſhaking hands with them repeatedly.

Sunday morning about five o'clock he called upon one of his brothers, who ſat up with him (a member of our Society, whom he deſired to be with him as much as poſſible) and aſked, "Do you think I am dying?" to which he anſwered, "Yes: I think you have had death pains upon you for ſome hours." He claſped his hands together and ſaid, "You have cured me: my pain ſeemeth all gone! Come, Lord Jeſus, come quickly! Why tarry the wheels of thy chariot?" Looking upon his wife, he ſaid, "My dear, have you given me up into the hands of the Lord? I have freely given you and my little babe into his hands; and he will take care of you." To a friend he ſaid, "I ſhall ſoon be with my friends in paradiſe." One aſked him, if he found any thing contrary to love, he anſwered, "No, my heart is filled with love. The Lord hath ſanctified me throughout, body, ſoul, and ſpirit." About ſix o'clock he ſeemed full of deſire to depart, and to be with Chriſt. Being informed that God might have ſome uſeful end in view, in ſparing him a little longer, he anſwered, with ſweet compoſure and chearfulneſs, "I am willing to wait as long as he pleaſeth." To a brother coming in he ſaid, "I will praiſe my Maker while he lends me breath. O what hath Jeſus bought for me!" He added, "What do I hear!" and turned his face toward the wall, and lay for ſome time very attentive. When one aſked what he heard, he anſwered, "The ſweeteſt muſic I ever heard in my life: did you not

hear it?" His brother anſwered, "No: it is not for us, it is for your encouragement. The angels wait to conduct you ſafe to the heavenly manſions." He cried out, "O the pearly gates of the New Jeruſalem! How I long to behold them, and ſee God in glory!"

A nephew of his coming in, he exhorted him not to ſpend his time as he had done; but to remember his Creator in the days of his youth, and ſaid, "God may call upon you before you are aware: go into the Church-yard and look round the graves, and ſee how many youths are laid in the duſt; and who can tell but it may be your turn next: therefore *ſeek the Lord while he may be found.*" He ſpake much to the ſame purpoſe to ſome more that came to ſee him, who were much affected. To a neighbour that called to ſee him and aſkep how he did? he anſwered, "I am dying." When the other replied, "Poor creature!" He immediately informed him, "I am not poor. The Lord hath given me a kingdom, which fadeth not away; and he hath given me the ſeal of my eternal inheritance."

He was ſoon ſeized with a convulſion fit. When it was a little abated, and one aſked if he would take a little wine? he anſwered, "I will drink no more wine *till I drink it new in my Father's kingdom.*" A little after, he expreſſed his fears leſt he ſhould ſlumber; and when one adviſed him to take a little ſleep, that he might be refreſhed; he anſwered, "No, I will praiſe God while I have breath, as well as I can, until I ſhall praiſe him as I ought."

A little before eight o'clock I viſited him, as I had done the evening before. I have ſeen many happy ſouls in their laſt illneſs; but never one ſo triumphant under ſuch torturing pain in the jaws of mortality. About noon, the friends about him thought he was going to depart. He lay quiet, and very attentive for ſome time with his face towards the wall, and then turned his face toward the company and ſaid, "O the heavenly muſic! It is the ſweeteſt I ever heard!" When one enquired

enquired what it was like? he ſaid, "It reſembled trumpets and harps, but exceeded any he had ever heard before." He then cried out, "O, what glory do I behold! I have had a view of the unſeen world! Come, Lord Jeſus! Come quickly! I am ready, *I have fought the good fight*: I have juſt entered the field of battle, and conquered my enemies! The fight is over; and I ſhall ſoon hear the Lord ſay, *Come, ye bleſſed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world?*" After he had breathed a little he ſaid, "*Bleſſed are the dead that die in the Lord, even ſo ſaith the Spirit, for they reſt from their labours, and their works do follow them.*"

Towards the evening, as death began to make ſwift advances, he ſaid, "My hands are dead, I cannot ſhake hands with you any more. My head is dying alſo: my eyes grow dim: all ſeems dead but my tongue and my heart. O! my dear friends, I ſhall ſoon be in paradiſe! O! may I meet you all in the kingdom of my Father!"

His wife coming in, he ſaid, "My dear, you was almoſt too late: I ſhall not ſpeak many words more; can you give me up?" She anſwered, "Yes, I think I can: how do you find your mind?" He ſaid, "I am happy! God is love!" Perceiving her weep, he ſaid, "Why weepeſt thou?" She replied, "I am glad to ſee you ſo happy." He then exhorted her, and the reſt of the company to follow him; and ſaid, "May I meet you all around the throne, to ſing redeeming love through the countleſs ages of eternity!" this will heighten my joy.

His weakneſs increaſing towards the night, he could ſpeak but little; but he lay quiet with a heavenly ſmile upon his countenance: he whiſpered, "O, I hear that heavenly muſic again! Do you not hear it alſo?" When one anſwered, No; he replied, "The angels are waiting to conduct me to the heavenly manſions. O! come Lord Jeſus! I ſhall ſoon ſup with him in paradiſe." The laſt words he was heard to

ſpeak were, "Come, Lord Jeſus, my heavenly Phyſician." A few minutes after, he fell aſleep in Jeſus about eight o'clock at night the 25th of January, 1789, in the 28th year of his age.

W. H.

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

GENERAL REFLECTIONS.

Of Metals, Minerals, and other Foſſils.

[*Continued from page* 419.]

DR. Boarlaſe ranges Chryſtal itſelf and all gems under the head of Spar, which, ſays he, are only finer and purer ſubſtances of the Spar-kind.

All Spar has been in a ſtate of fluidity. In ſome are found ſtraws and other light bodies. Yet time adds nothing to their firmneſs: but they are as hard when firſt conſolidated, as ever they will be. But why do we find no Spars in their fluid ſtate? Becauſe while the matter of them remains incorporated with the water, it is not to be diſtinguiſhed from it, and as ſoon as it is deſerted by the water, wherein it ſwims, it commences ſtone. It is by water that the Sparry atoms are waſhed out of their repoſitories, and collected into a tranſparent or opake juice. As ſoon as the redundant water is drained off or evaporated, the ſtony parts accede to a cloſer union. They are aſſiſted therein, either by cold, compreſſing the parts, or by ſudden evaporating heat. Thus the ſtone is formed, ſo much water reſting in the pores, as is neceſſary to fix it into a conſiſtency. Hence may ariſe ſome queries.

1. Whether Spar is not the univerſal gluten of Stones diſtinguiſhed from each other, by various mixtures of earthy, mineral,

mineral, or metallic particles, but all united by the Sparry liquor? Perhaps there is ſcarce any ſand, ſtone, or ore, which either by the naked eye or glaſſes, may not be diſcerned to have a portion of Spar, clearer or opake, in its compoſition.

2. Whether theſe and all other ſort of ſtones are not continually forming in the earth?

3. Whether there are not quarries of ſtone, which when left unwrought for a conſiderable time, yield a freſh ſupply of ſtone, in thoſe channels, which had been before thoroughly cleared?

A very peculiar kind of precious ſtone is what is termed a Turquois. It is of the opake kind, and commonly of a beautiful blue colour. And yet it has lately been made very probable, that theſe ſhining ſtones are originally no other than the bones of animals. In the French mines they are frequently found in the figure of teeth, bones of the legs, &c. And Turquoiſes half formed are compoſed of laminæ, like thoſe of bones, between which a petrifying juice inſinuating, binds them cloſe together. And the more imperfect the ſtones are, the more diſtinguiſhable are the different directions of the fibres and their laminæ, and the nearer reſemblance they bear to fractured bones.

The Blue Turquois, is indeed no other than foſſil bone, or ivory ſaturated with copper diſſolved in an alkaline menſtruum; the Green Turquois is the ſame ſubſtance, intimately penetrated by a cupreous matter diſſolved in an acid menſtruum.

The Loadſtone is found in iron mines, and reſembles iron both in weight and colour. Its moſt remarkable properties are, turning to the pole, and attracting iron. As to the former, when it moves without hindrance, it conſtantly turns one end to the north, the other to the ſouth: only declining a little to the eaſt or weſt. If two loadſtones are brought within a certain diſtance of each other, that part of one which is toward the north pole of the earth, recedes from that

that part of the other which reſpects the ſame pole. But it accedes to it, if the ſouthern pole of the one, be turned toward the ſouth-pole of the other. The needle touched with the Loadſtone, when on this ſide the equinoctial line, has its north-point bending downward, on the other ſide, its ſouth-point: under the line, it turns any way, and is of no uſe.

As to its attractive power, it not only ſuſtains another Loadſtone, (provided the north pole of the one be oppoſed to the ſouth pole of the other) but iron alſo. Likewiſe if ſteel-duſt be laid upon a Loadſtone, it will ſo diſpoſe itſelf, as to direct its particles ſtraight to the poles, whence they will be moved round by little and little, till they are parallel to the axis of the Loadſtone. It communicates its virtue to iron, and if it be armed with (that is, fixed in) iron, its force is greatly increaſed. It loſes its force either by fire, or by letting two Loadſtones lie together, with the north pole of one oppoſed to the north, or the ſouth pole of one to the ſouth of the other. Theſe plain phænomena we know: the cauſe of them we know not.

[*To be continued.*]

A full Account of the ATTEMPT *to Aſſaſſinate the* KING *of* POLAND.

[Extracted from a late Author.]

[*Concluded from page* 424.]

"THE conſpirators had no ſooner croſſed the ditch, than they began to rifle the king, tearing off the Order of the Black Eagle of *Pruſſia*, which he wore round his neck, and the diamond croſs hanging to it. He requeſted them to leave him his handkerchief, to which they conſented; his pocket-book eſcaped their rapacity.

"A great

" A great number of the aſſaſſins retired, after having thus plundered him, probably to notify to their reſpective leaders the ſucceſs of their enterprize, and the king's arrival as a priſoner. Only ſeven remained with him, of whom *Koſinſki* was the chief. The night was exceedingly dark; they were abſolutely ignorant of the way; and as the horſes could not keep their legs, they obliged his majeſty to follow them on foot, with only one ſhoe; the other being loſt in the dirt.

" They continued to wander through the open meadows, without following any certain path, and without getting to any great diſtance from *Warſaw*. They again mounted the king on horſeback, two of them holding him on each ſide by the hand, and a third leading his horſe by the bridle. In this manner they were proceeding, when his majeſty finding they had taken the road which led to a village called *Burakow*, warned them not to enter it, becauſe there were ſome *Ruſſians* ſtationed in that place, who might probably attempt to reſcue him.* Finding himſelf, however, incapable of accompanying the aſſaſſins in the painful poſture in which they held him, he requeſted them at leaſt to give him another horſe and a boot.† This requeſt they complied with; and continuing their progreſs through almoſt impaſſable lands, without any road, and ignorant of their way, they at length found themſelves in the wood of *Bielany*, only a league diſtant from *Warſaw*. From

* This intimation may at firſt ſight appear unaccountable; but was really dictated by the greateſt addreſs and judgment. He apprehended, with reaſon, that on the ſight of a *Ruſſian* guard, they would inſtantly put him to death and fly; whereas, by informing them of the danger they incurred, he in ſome meaſure gained their confidence. In effect, this behaviour of the king ſeemed to ſoften them a little, and made them believe he did not mean to eſcape from them.

† The king in his ſpeech to the Diet, on the trial of the conſpirators, interceded ſtrongly for *Koſinſki*, or *John Kutſma*, to whom he gratefully expreſſes himſelf indebted for theſe favours, in the following words: "As I

was

From the time they had paſſed the ditch, they repeatedly demanded of *Koſinſki* their chief, if it was not yet time to put the king to death? and theſe demands were reiterated in proportion to the difficulties they encountered.

Meanwhile the confuſion and conſternation increaſed at *Warſaw*. The guards were afraid to purſue the conſpirators, leſt terror of being overtaken ſhould prompt them in the darkneſs to maſſacre the king; and on the other hand, by not purſuing, they might give them time to eſcape with their prize, beyond the poſſibility of aſſiſtance. Several of the firſt nobility at length mounted on horſeback, and following the track of the aſſaſſins arrived at the place where his majeſty had paſſed the ditch. There they found his *peliſſe*, which he had loſt in the precipitation with which he was hurried away: it was bloody, and pierced with holes made by the balls or ſabres. This convinced them that he was no more.

"The king was ſtill in the hands of the ſeven remaining aſſaſſins, who advanced with him into the wood of *Bielany*, when they were ſuddenly alarmed by a *Ruſſian* patrole or detachment. Inſtantly holding council, four of them diſappeared, leaving him with the other three, who compelled him to walk on. Scarce a quarter of an hour after, a ſecond *Ruſſian* guard challenged them anew. Two of the aſſaſſins then fled, and the king remained alone with *Koſinſki*, the chief; both on foot. His majeſty, exhauſted with the fatigue he had undergone, implored his conductor to ſtop, and ſuffer

was in the hands of the aſſaſſins I heard them repeatedly aſk *John Katſma* if they ſhould not aſſaſſinate me, but he always prevented them. He was the firſt who perſuaded them to behave to me with greater gentleneſs; and obliged them to confer on me ſome ſervices, which I then greatly wanted; namely, one to give me a cap, and another a boot; which at that time were no trifling preſents; for the cold air greatly affected the wound in my head; and my foot, which was covered with blood, gave me inexpreſſible torture, which continued every moment increaſing."

him

him to take a moment's repoſe. *Koſinſki* refuſed it, menacing him with his naked ſabre; and at the ſame time informed him, that beyond the wood they ſhould find a carriage. They continued their walk till they came to the door of the Convent of *Bielany*. *Koſinſki* appeared loſt in thought, and ſo much agitated by his reflections, that the king perceiving his diſorder, and obſerving that he wandered without knowing the road, ſaid to him, "I ſee you are at a loſs which way to proceed. Let me enter the Convent of *Bielany*, and do you provide for your own ſafety." "No," replied *Koſinſki*, "I have ſworn."

They proceeded till they came to *Mariemont*, a ſmall palace belonging to the houſe of *Saxony*, not above half a league from *Warſaw*. Here *Koſinſki* betrayed ſome ſatisfaction at finding where he was, and the king ſtill demanding an inſtant's repoſe, he at length conſented. They ſat down together on the ground, and the king employed theſe moments in endeavouring to ſoften his conductor, and induce him to favour, or permit his eſcape. His majeſty repreſented the atrocity of the crime he had committed, in attempting to murder his ſovereign, and the invalidity of the oath he had taken to perpetrate ſo heinous an action. *Koſinſki* lent attention to this diſcourſe, and began to betray ſome marks of remorſe. "But," ſaid he, "if I ſhould conſent and reconduct you to *Warſaw*, what will be the conſequence? I ſhall be taken and executed!"

"This reflection plunged him into new uncertainty and embarraſſment. "I give you my word," anſwered his majeſty, "that you ſhall ſuffer no harm; but if you doubt my promiſe, eſcape while there is yet time; I can find my way to ſome place of ſecurity, and I will certainly direct your purſuers to take the contrary road to that which you have choſen." *Koſinſki* could not any longer contain himſelf, but throwing himſelf at the king's feet, implored forgiveneſs for the crime he had committed, and ſwore to protect him from every

enemy; relying totally on his generoſity for pardon and preſervation. His majeſty reiterated his aſſurances of ſafety. Judging however that it was prudent to gain ſome aſylum without delay, and recollecting that there was a mill at ſome conſiderable diſtance, he immediately made towards it. *Koſinſki* knocked, but in vain; no anſwer was given. He then broke a pane of glaſs in the window, and intreated for ſhelter to a nobleman who had been plundered by robbers. The miller refuſed, ſuppoſing them to be a banditti, and continued for more than half an hour to perſiſt in his denial. At length the king approached, and ſpeaking through the broken pane, endeavoured to perſuade him to admit them under his roof; adding, "If we were robbers, it would be eaſy for us to break the whole window inſtead of one pane of glaſs." This argument prevailed; they at length opened the door and admitted his majeſty. He immediately wrote a note to General *Cocceei*, Colonel of the foot-guards. It was literally as follows: "Par une eſpece de miracle, je ſuis ſauve de mains des aſſaſſins. Je ſuis ici, au petit moulin de *Mariemont*. Venez au plutot, me tirer d' ici. Je ſuis bleſſe, mais pas fort."* It was with the greateſt difficulty that the king could perſuade any one to carry this note to *Warſaw*, as the people of the mill, imagining that he was a nobleman who had juſt been plundered by robbers, were afraid of falling in with the troop. *Koſinſki* then offered to reſtore every thing he had taken; but his majeſty left him all, except the blue ribbon of the White Eagle. When the meſſenger arrived with the note, the aſtoniſhment and joy was incredible. *Cocceei* immediately rode to the mill, followed by a detachment of the guards. He met *Koſinſki* at the door with his ſabre drawn, who admitted him as ſoon as he knew him. The king had ſunk into

* "By a kind of miracle, I am eſcaped from the hands of aſſaſſins. I am now at the mill of *Mariemont*. Come as ſoon as poſſible, and take me from hence. I am wounded, but not dangerouſly."

a ſleep

a ſleep cauſed by his fatigue, and was ſtretched on the ground covered with the miller's cloak. *Coccceei* immediately threw himſelf at his majeſty's feet, calling him his ſovereign and kiſſing his hand. It is not eaſy to deſcribe the aſtoniſhment of the miller and his family, who inſtantly imitated *Coccceei's* example, by throwing themſelves on their knees.* The king returned to *Warſaw* in General *Coccceei's* carriage, and reached the palace by five in the morning. His wound was found not to be dangerous, and he ſoon recovered the bruiſes and injuries which he had ſuffered during this memorable night.

" So extraordinary an eſcape is ſcarce to be parallelled in hiſtory, and affords ample matter of wonder and ſurpriſe. Scarce could the nobility, or people at *Warſaw* credit the evidence of their ſenſes, when they ſaw him return. Certainly neither the eſcape of the king of *France* from *Damiens*; or of the king of *Portugal* from the conſpiracy of the Duke D' *Aveiro*, were equally amazing or improbable as that of the king of *Poland*. I have related it very minutely, and from authorities the higheſt and moſt inconteſtible.

" It is natural to enquire, what has become of *Koſinſki*, the man who ſaved his majeſty's life, and the other conſpirators? He was born in the palatinate of *Cracow*, having aſſumed the name of *Koſinſki*,† which is that of a noble family, to give himſelf credit. He had been created an officer in the troops of the confederates under *Pulaſki*. It ſeems as if *Koſinſki* began to entertain the idea of preſerving the king's life, from the time when *Lukawſki* and *Strawenſki* abandoned him. Yet he had great ſtruggles with himſelf before he could

* I have been at this mill; rendered memorable by ſo ſingular an event. It is a wretched *Poliſh* hovel, at a diſtance from any houſe. The king has rewarded the miller to the extent of his wiſhes, in building him a mill upon the *Viſtula*, and allowing him a ſmall penſion.

† His real name being *John Kutſma*.

reſolve on this conduct, after the ſolemn engagements into which he had entered. Even after he had conducted the king back to *Warſaw*, he expreſſed more than once his doubts of the propriety of what he had done, and ſome remorſe for having deceived his employers.

Lukawſki and *Strawenſki* were both taken, and ſeveral others of the aſſaſſins; but, at his majeſty's peculiar requeſt and intreaty, the Diet remitted the capital puniſhment of the inferior conſpirators, and condemned them to work for life on the fortifications of *Kaminiec*, where they now are. By his interceſſion likewiſe with the Diet, the horrible puniſhment and various modes of torture, which the laws of *Poland* inflict on regicides, were mitigated; and *Lukawſki* and *Strawenſki* were only ſimply beheaded. *Koſinſki* was detained under a very ſtrict confinement, and obliged to give evidence againſt his two companions. A perſon of diſtinction, who ſaw them both die, has aſſured me, that nothing could be more noble and manly than all *Lukawſki's* conduct previous to his death. When he was carried to the place of execution, although his body was almoſt extenuated by the ſeverity of his confinement, diet, and treatment, his ſpirit unſubdued raiſed him above the terrors of a public and infamous execution. He had not been permitted to ſhave his beard while in priſon, and his dreſs was ſqualid to the laſt degree; yet none of theſe humiliations could depreſs his mind. With a grandeur of ſoul worthy of a better cauſe, he refuſed to ſee or embrace *Koſinſki*. When conducted to the place of execution, which was about a mile from *Warſaw*, he betrayed no emotions of terror or unmanly fear. He made a ſhort harrangue to the multitude aſſembled on the occaſion, in which he by no means expreſſed any ſorrow for his paſt conduct; which he probably regarded as meritorious and patriotic. His head was ſevered from his body. *Strawenſki* was beheaded at the ſame time; but he neither harrangued the people, nor ſhewed any ſigns of contrition. *Pulaſki*, who commanded one of the many corps

of

of Confederate *Poles* then in arms, and who was the great promoter of the aſſaſſination, is ſtill alive,* though an outlaw and exile. He is ſaid even by the *Ruſſians*, his enemies, to poſſeſs talents of a very ſuperior nature; nor were they ever able to take him priſoner during the civil war.

"To return to *Koſinſki*, about a week after the execution of *Lukawſki* and *Strawenſki*, he was ſent by his majeſty out of *Poland*. He now reſides at *Semigallia* in the *Papal* territories, where he enjoys an annual penſion from the king. A circumſtance almoſt incredible, and which ſeems to breathe all the ſanguinary bigotry of the ſixteenth century, I cannot omit. It is that the *Papal* Nuncio in *Poland*, inſpired with a furious zeal againſt the diſſidents, whom he believed to be protected by the king, not only approved the ſcheme for aſſaſſinating his majeſty, but bleſſed the weapons of the conſpirators at *Cyetſchokow*, previous to their ſetting out on their expedition. This is a trait indiſputably true, and ſcarcely to be exceeded by any thing under the reign of *Charles* IX. of *France*, and of his mother *Catharine* of *Medicis*."

* After the concluſion of theſe troubles, *Pulaſki* eſcaped from *Poland*, and repaired to *America*. He diſtinguiſhed himſelf in the *American*-ſervice, and was killed in forcing the *Britiſh* lines, at the ſiege of *Savannah*, in 1779.

An extract from a Courſe of SERMONS, *upon Death, Judgment, Heaven, and Hell.*

[By a late Author.]

[*Concluded from page* 428.]

BUT yet what is all this to that which they feel in themſelves? They find their bodies now fitted for the firſt time to reſiſt all the conſuming powers of fire, but as much alive

as

as ever to all the painful violences of it. Their bodies are now, as our Saviour declared they ſhould be, "all ſalted with fire;" all ſo tempered and prepared, as to burn the more fiercely, and yet never to conſume. The flames are perpetually preying upon them, and putting them to the moſt exquiſite tortures. And they muſt lie for ever ſmarting, and writhing upon the fiery lake.

Yet their mind ſuffers ſtill worſe in and from itſelf. There, there is "a worm that never dieth." That immortal ſpirit in their boſoms, which was deſigned for heaven and happineſs, and has been reduced to miſery by her own ſottiſhneſs only, now feels the dreadful reflection in ten thouſand ſtings within. Heaven and happineſs are loſt for ever. And hell and horror now infold them on every ſide. Many a heart-felt thought runs back to the ſcenes of earth, to the hour of their trial there, and to the title which they then had to the favour of God. But this now ſerves only to increaſe their affliction, to ſhew them the difference of their preſent ſituation from what it might have been, and to plunge them ſtill deeper in woe. The hour of trial is paſt for ever. The favour of God is for ever forfeited. And the glorious light of heaven is ſaddened for ever into the darkneſs and diſmalneſs of hell. Many a longing look therefore, many a weeping eye, do they throw back towards the doors of their horrible dungeon. But thoſe doors alas! never more ſhall be opened to them. They are ruined beyond the reach of redemption. They are wretched, even beyond the poſſibilities of hope.

"Tophet," ſays Iſaiah of this place, "Tophet is ordained of old; yea—it is prepared; he hath made it deep and large; the pile thereof is much fire and wood; the breath of the Lord, like a ſtream of brimſtone, doth kindle it." Yea, and it will for ever kindle it. The breath of the Lord will blow perpetually in a ſtream of ſulphur, and keep it up in all its original fierceneſs of flaming. And they will have no reſt, no reſpite from its tormenting fury, throughout the circling ages

ages of eternity. When a thouſand years have gone over their heads, they ſhall ſeem to themſelves to be juſt entering on their ſufferings. And, when ten thouſand times ten thouſand have equally gone, they ſhall know themſelves to be as diſtant as ever from the concluſion of their ſorrows. Time cannot take off from the edge of them. They muſt for ever remember, that they might once have been happy, as happy as imagination can conceive, or God himſelf could make them. And they muſt for ever feel, that they are now in the very extremity and bitterneſs of woe.

The deep deſolations of their ſouls, therefore, muſt break from them in loud lamentations and in dreadful groans. All hell reſounds with the melancholy cries. And that place of horrors is even made by them more horrible.

This, this then, is that ſcene of torment, which ye are ſo often called upon to avoid. And ſurely ye cannot be called upon too often. Ye cannot ſurely be preſſed too much to eſcape ſuch a dreadful and overwhelming ruin as this. And if any thing can rouſe you from the ſleep of ſin, it muſt be ſuch an opened view of terror as the preſent. The ſtouteſt breaſt of the careleſs among you, muſt feel diſmay at the ſight of it. And the braveſt heart of the wicked, among you, muſt be ready to diſſolve and melt away for fear.

Fear then; but with a godly fear. Heaven and hell are before you. They both invite your higheſt attention, and demand your deciſive choice. The one calls to you in the language of joy, and in the notes of rapture, to come and be happy for ever. The other cries out to you in a very different tone, in ſounds of ſadneſs, and in ſhrieks of horror; and bids you, O! bids you, beware of coming to that gulph of torments. They both unite in the ſame point of uſeful exhortation. Only heaven lays faſt hold upon your affections and hopes: and hell upon your apprehenſions and terrors. The voice of heaven, therefore, may be neglected by the careleſs

careleſs and the unthinking. But who, who can ſtop his ears to the voice of hell?—Try, thou profligate, if thou canſt.—Thou mayeſt try:—but thou canſt not do it. Thy blood (I know) has been ready to curdle within thee, whilſt the horrors of hell have been laid bare before thee. Thou ſeeſt hell opening her mouth wide to devour thee. Thou heareſt her flames roaring aloud for thee. And thou art thrown into an agony of alarm, at the ſtrong and lively impreſſion on thy mind.

Oh! cheriſh the powerful feeling. Let it dwell upon thy heart. Let it hang upon thy ſpirits. And let it compel thee to become religious in thy own defence.—Then will theſe terrors ceaſe to brood in darkneſs over thy ſoul. Then will hope, the daughter of religion, enlighten thy mind and enliven thy ſpirits. And thoſe fears, which drove thee to take ſhelter in religion, will gradually ſoften down into a ſatisfaction in its commands, and into an enjoyment of its promiſes.—But, if neither the proffer of heaven, nor the threat of hell can influence thee, heaven will be taken from thee for thy puniſhment, and hell will be aſſigned to thee for thy torment. Then that fear, which could not be worked upon to make thee happy, will be moſt effectually wrought upon to render thee miſerable. And, in the ſtriking language of the Book of Revelation, thou "ſhalt drink of the wine of the wrath of God, which is poured out without mixture into the cup of his indignation; and thou ſhalt be tormented with fire and brimſtone——; and thou ſhalt have no reſt day nor night; and the ſmoke of thy torment ſhall aſcend up for ever and ever."

An Extract from the Succeſs of two DANISH MISSIONARIES *to the* Eaſt-Indies: *in ſeveral Letters to their Correſpondents in* Europe.

[*Continued from page* 431.]

A LETTER *to a Friend at* LONDON.

THREE days ago a *Malabar*-Poet was chriſtened by us, not without a great commotion of the Heathens that inhabit thoſe parts. He has converſed with us theſe three years paſt, and during that time received many convictions of the truth of our holy religion.

He has been particularly helpful to me both in purchaſing abundance of *Malabar* authors; and in getting a competent inſight into the poetry of this nation. About a quarter of a year ago, he wrote a letter, and directed it to all the learned in *Germany*, together with 608 queſtions, treating upon Divinity and Philoſophy, wherein he wanted to have their determination.

We put him at firſt upon tranſcribing ſuch books as we compoſed in *Malabarick*, for the benefit of the Heathen; ſuch as the Goſpel of St. *Matthew*, and a piece containing the firſt *Rudiments of the Chriſtian Faith*. Hereby he was wrought upon to ſuch a degree, as to enter into more ſerious thoughts, and at laſt to give way to the Divine conviction about the pre-eminence of the Chriſtian Religion, beyond theirs. Hereupon we employed him daily ſome hours in teaching in one of our *Malabar*-Schools: and it was then, he reduced the *Catechiſm* and the *Hiſtory of Chriſt* into *Damulian* verſe, which at night, when buſineſs was over, he would ſing with the children. From theſe tranſactions, we gathered, there was ſome good impreſſion conveyed into his mind, and we endeavoured to blow up this tender ſpark of life.

At laſt, he unboſomed himſelf to us to this effect: "I have read the books both of the *Malabarians* and *Mahometans*: I have publicly taught them in my ſchool; but after all my ſearches, I am obliged to confeſs, that I never found any ſolid reſt in thoſe books: I am more than convinced, they contain nothing but lies. But after I began to apply myſelf to the reading of Chriſtian books, I met indeed with things that did much perplex me; but their fundamental principles, I found ſo ſtrong and prevailing, that I was obliged at laſt to yield to the conviction reſulting from thence, and to own this to be the only true, and ſaving religion in the world."

Hereupon he aſked our further advice. We heartily rejoiced at ſo noble a conviction, which, having worked a while within, did now, by a free and uncompelled confeſſion, vent itſelf from without. We then explained to him the duty of prayer, of repentance, of a living faith, and of other ſuch points as did more nearly relate to the preſent frame of his mind. After this, he gave plainer proofs every day of a principle of grace acting within, and quickening him at laſt into a full reſolution of eſpouſing the Chriſtian Faith. But this was followed ſoon after by a train of various trials, when the rumour of his being a Chriſtian ſpread itſelf through the town, and became the common ſubject of converſation among the Heathens. They now began to inſult him every where. They did their utmoſt to reſtrain him from venturing too far. His parents thought themſelves more particularly obliged to confine their ſon to the old way of worſhip; and this they proſecuted a while with much vigour and fierceneſs. They ſhut him up for three days together, and left him all this while without any food; for no other reaſon, than to terrify him thereby from the way he was now engaging in. After this, his friends and relations ruſhed in upon him: and becauſe juſt then one of their great heatheniſh

theniſh feſtivals was to be kept, they would needs have him go to this pageantry: but they could not prevail.

Being thus expoſed to the inſults and menaces of his enraged countrymen, he deſired leave from us, to retire to a houſe belonging to a widow, who is a member of our church. Here he deſigned to lie concealed for two days, and meditate upon the word of God. But he ſoon was found by his parents, who, with great clamour and violence breaking in upon him, told him plainly, they would diſpatch him if he perſiſted in that new religion; the mother having a doſe of poiſon ready prepared. Theſe threatnings not producing the deſired effect, both father and mother fell down at his feet, and with moſt endearing words, endeavoured to gain by promiſes, what could not be obtained by force. Home he went with his parents, whence, after a long diſcourſe with them, he returned to us, accompanied by his father, who, with many fair words, entreated us to diſcharge his ſon from the ſervice of our houſe. To this we replied, we were willing to do it, if he himſelf required any ſuch thing. The young man admoniſhed the father, not to fight any longer againſt God. Hereupon the father quitted him with great indignation, but ſoon after ſtirred up more than two hundred *Malabarians*, who ſurrounding the young man at a convenient time, haled him into a houſe, and by force would make him renounce the Chriſtian faith. He ſaid: *he was willing to renounce what was bad, but not what was good.*

Being got out of their hands, he moſt earneſtly entreated us to baptize him with all convenient ſpeed. When we ſaw his earneſt deſire, we fixed a day for that purpoſe. He ſaid: *he was willing to ſuffer with us, even unto death, for the truth of the goſpel. He did not ſee any reaſon, why he ſhould not bear affliction and reproaches, ſeeing Chriſt himſelf and the apoſtles had undergone the ſame.* At which readineſs, we did not a little rejoice, and, after we had conferred together about it, baptized him the 16th of October laſt.

No ſooner was this over, but a threatning letter was ſent to the governor by ſome of the young man's friends, who required the governor to deliver the poet into their hands, and thereby prevent further miſchief. The poet had alſo a letter ſent him by an eminent black, wherein his friends promiſed to make him governor of a whole country, and ſwear obedience to him in the preſence of the *bramins*, provided he would return to his former religion: but they threatened to burn him, if he rejected ſo ſplendid an offer.

The poet, under theſe difficulties, addreſſed himſelf to the governor, and implored the protection of the Chriſtians againſt his enraged friends and relations. He told him, that he was not the firſt of the *Malabarians* that embraced the Chriſtian faith, but that many before him, and even ſome of the firſt rank, were gone over to the Roman Catholicks, and yet were never ſuffered to undergo ſo cruel a uſage as he was obliged to do.

[*To be continued.*]

AN EXTRACT FROM THE

MINUTES of a CONFERENCE,

Held in BRISTOL, July 27, &c. 1790.

Between the Rev. J. WESLEY, *and others.*

Queſtion. WHO have *died* this year?

Anſwer. *James Gore.* He was a young man of good underſtanding, great ſweetneſs of temper, and eminent piety. And his end was glorious. He poured out his blood and his ſoul together.*

2. *Jonathan*

* He died vomiting blood.

2. *Jonathan Thomſon*, who died in *Scotland* in the courſe of the laſt year; a young man full of faith and the Holy Ghoſt, an ornament and honour to our Society in *Scotland*. His great zeal for God, and the ſalvation of ſouls, united with the fervour and imprudence of youth, led him to exceſſive labour in the work of his great maſter, which proved the cauſe of his death.

Q. How are the Preachers ſtationed this year?

A. As follows:

1 *London*, John Weſley, Thomas Coke, James Creighton, Peard Dickenſon, James Rogers, John Broadbent, Duncan Wright: Thomas Rankin, Supernumerary:—George Whitfield, Book-Steward. Joſeph Bradford travels with Mr. Weſley.

2 *Suſſex*, C. Kyte, T. Rogerſon, R. Miller.

3 *Chatham*, J. Pritchard, T. Greaves.

4 *Canterbury*, C. Boone, W. Cox, J. Pipe.

5 *Colcheſter*, W. Aſhman, R. Crowther: M. Willis, Supernumerary.

6 *Norwich*, J. Reynolds, J. Hicklin, T. Jones, J. Lawton.

7 *Diſs*, T. Carlill, W. Shelmerdine.

8 *Lynn*, T. Tatterſhall, J. Harper, T. Simeonite.

9 *Bury*, T. Broadbent, J. Jerom.

10 *Bedford*, W. Jenkins, O. Davis, E. Gibbons.

11 *Northampton*, J. Leech, J. Byron, W. Saunders.

12 *Oxfordſhire*, W. Horner, J. Sutcliffe, J. Winſcomb: J. Murlin, Supernumerary.

13 *Glouceſterſhire*, J. Maſon, S. Day.

14 *Worceſterſhire*, W. Palmer, L. Kane.

15 *Sarum*, W. Holmes, J. Algar.

16 *Portſmouth*, J. Eaſton, W. Stephens, H. Saunders.

17 *Iſle of Jerſey*, J. Bredin, J. de Quedville.

18 *Iſle of Guernſey*, &c. W. Dieuade, T. Kelk.

19 *Bath*,

19 *Bath*, G. Snowden, W. Thoreſby, M. Marſhall: J. Furze, Supernumerary.

20 *Briſtol*, H. Moore, A. Suter, T. Roberts: J. Valton, Supernumerary.

T. Mc Geary, Head-Maſter of Kingſwood School.

21 *Shepton Mallett*, J. Couſſins, G. Wadſworth, T. Wyment.

22 *Taunton*, C. Watkins, J. Peſcod.

23 *Tiverton*, R. Drew, T. Leſſey.

24 *Bideford*, S. Bardſley, T. Wride.

25 *Plymouth*, T. Warrick, J. Smith, A. Moſeley.

26 *St. Auſtle*, B. Rhodes, C. Bland, J. Boyle.

27 *Redruth*, T. Crowther, J. Crowther, T. Dobſon.

28 *St. Ives*, R. Watkinſon, R. Empringham, B. Leggat, T. Trethewey.

29 *Pembroke*, J. M'Kerſey, J. Hall.

30 *Glamorgan*, G. Button, W. Heath, J. Dean.

31 *Brecon*, W. Fiſh, J. Cricket.

32 *Birmingham*, J. Benſon, G. Gibbon, G. Baldwin, F. Truſcott.

33 *Wolverhampton*, J. Brettell, R. Lomas: M. Horne, Supernumerary.

34 *Burſlem*, R. Roberts, T. Cooper, S. Gates, C. Tunycliffe.

35 *Macclesfield*, A. Inglis, G. Shadford, W. Dufton.

36 *Stockport*, D. Jackſon, T. Hutton.

37 *Mancheſter*, R. Rodda, S. Bradburn, T. Tennant, C. Bond.

38 *Bolton*, T. Hanby, J. Riding.

39 *Cheſter*, P. Greenwood, R. Seed, J. Wilſhaw.

40 *Liverpool*, W. Myles, J. Beaumont, J. Denton, J. Burges,

41 *Blackburn*, J. Wood, J. Nelſon.

42 *Coln*, T. Longley, W. Bramwell, W. Ainſworth.

43 *Leiceſter*, W. Butterfield, R. Coſterdine, T. Dunn.

44 *Nottingham*, J. Moon, M. Martendale, R. Elliott.

45 *Derby*, J. Taylor, W. Hunter, junr. J. Sandoe, G. Sykes.

46 *Sheffield*,

46 *Sheffield*, F. Wrigley, L. Harriſon, H. Taylor.
47 *Grimſby*, J. Robinſon, J. Peacock, J. Evans.
48 *Horncaſtle*, J. King, G. Mowatt, J. Ryle, G. Sargant.
49 *Gainſborough*, W. Collins, T. Wood, W. Sanderſon: Rob. Carr Brackenbury, Supernumerary.
50 *Epworth*, I. Brown, T. Shaw, J. Ramſhaw.
51 *Leeds*, J. Thom, J. Goodwin, S. Hodgſon.
52 *Wakefield*, A. Mather, Supernumerary: G. Highfield, R. Reece.
53 *Huddersfield*, G. Story, R. Smith.
54 *Birſtal*, J. Pawſon, W. Percival, S. Taylor: T. Johnſon, Supernumerary.
55 *Bradforth*, J. Allen, J. Edmondſon.
56 *Halifax*, W. Thompſon, J. Entwiſtle.
57 *Kighley*, J. Booth, J. Grant.
58 *Otley*, J. Parkin, J. Atkins.
59 *Whitehaven*, J. Croſby, J. Kerſhaw.
60 *Iſle of Man*, J. Brown, J. Barret, W. Franklin.
61 *York*, E. Jackſon, R. Howard, T. Bartholomew.
62 *Pocklington*, W. Thom, T. Gill, D. Kay.
63 *Hull*, T. Taylor, J. Shaw.
64 *Scarborough*, R. Swan, J. Beanland, J. Simpſon.
65 *Whitby*, T. Dixon, A. Kilham.
66 *Thirſk*, J. Watſon, G. Lowe, W. Stephenſon.
67 *Yarm*, R. Hopkins, B. Newton.
68 *Dales*, Geo. Holder, J. Herne, J. Wittam: Wm. Blackborne, Supernumerary.
69 *Sunderland*, J. Gualtier, J. Thompſon, J. Furnace.
70 *Newcaſtle*, C. Atmore, J. Brettell: J. Cownley, Supernumerary.
71 *Alnwick*, J. Stamp, J. Ogylvie.
72 *Edinburgh*, J. Cole, T. Vaſey, Z. Yewdall.
73 *Glaſgow*, W. Hunter, J. Bogie, J. Braithwayte.
74 *Cambleton*, R. Harriſon.
75 *Dumfries*, S. Botts.
76 *Kelſo*, R. Dall.
77 *Dundee*,

77 *Dundee*, R. Johnſon, P. Mill, J. Doncaſter.
78 *Aberdeen*, D. M'Allum, J. Townſhend.
79 *Inverneſs*, J. Barber, T. Harriſon, J. Anderſon, J. Saunderſon.
80 *Dublin*, A. Clarke, T. Rutherford.
81 *Wicklow*, T. Kerr, J. Hurley.
82 *Carlow*, T. Barbor, J. Gilles.
83 *Waterford*, W. Griffith, J. Woodrow.
84 *Cork*, A. Blair, J. Kerr.
85 *Bandon*, W. Weſt, J. Lyons, jun. A. Hamilton, jun.
86 *Limerick*, M. Joyce, J. M'Quigg.
87 *Kerry*, C. Graham.
88 *Birr*, D. Gordon, J. Hurley.
89 *Caſtlebar*, J. Darragh, T. Patterſon.
90 *Athlone*, R. Condy, J. Irwin.
91 *Longford*, T. Davis, J. Miller.
92 *Sligo*, J. Rennick, D. Graham.
93 *Balliconnell*, M. Stewart, W. Wilſon, W. Ferguſon: J. Price, Supernumerary.
94 *Cavan*, S. Moorhead, W. Hamilton, T. Ridgway.
95 *Clones*, W. M'Cornock, T. Hewitt, W. Brandon.
96 *Brookborough*, W. Johnſon, T. Elliott, T. Brown: A. Hamilton, ſenior, Supernumerary.
97 *Enniſkillen*, J. Armſtrong, G. Donovan.
98 *Ballyſhannon*, R. Smith, J. Graham, A. Murdock.
99 *Liſleen*, G. Brown, A. Moore.
100 *Omagh*, M. Murphy, J. Stephenſon.
101 *Charlemount*, J. Dinnen, J. Melcombſon: S. Bates, Supernumerary.
102 *Londonderry*, D. Barraclough, W. Smith.
103 *Coleraine*, J. Grace, J. M'Mullen.
104 *Belfaſt*, T. Hetherington, T. Verner.
105 *Liſburn*, S. Mitchell, G. Armſtrong.
106 *Downpatrick*, F. Armſtrong. T. Ryan.
107 *Tanderagee*, J. Crook, J. Croſs, S. Steel.
108 *Newry*, J. M'Donald, S. Wood.

LETTERS.

LETTERS.

LETTER DXLI.

[From Miſs H. A. Roe, to the Rev. J. Weſley.]

July 7, 1782.

My dear and honoured Sir,

SINCE my laſt I have been very ill, and thought I was on the borders of my heavenly country. O with what joy did I feel this feeble body fail! How did my ſoul exult in the glorious proſpect of eternity! My *every* faculty expanded, and all my large deſires *eagerly* gaſping for immortality; for the full and immediate fruition of *my God*. When moſt afflicted with pain and violent heart-ſickneſs, thoſe words, *my God*, filled me with unutterable delight. I felt all the force of thoſe other words,

"Jeſus comes with my diſtreſs,
And agony is heaven."

O for a thouſand tongues to praiſe him! O for a thouſand lives to ſpend wholly for him! Yes, ardently as I long to ſee him as he is, I could be willing, if ſo poor a worm could bring glory to his dear name, to live a thouſand years. Indeed, my dear Sir, I love him with a love that cannot be expreſſed, and yet I long to love him more.

"Plunged in the Godhead's deepeſt ſea,
And loſt in his immenſity."

I ſee more and more lately into the extent of that promiſe, "What things ſoever ye deſire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye ſhall have them." I have proved it in a thouſand inſtances, and never knew it to fail in one. "If ye

aſk any thing in my name, ſays Jeſus, I *will* do it." What an open field then lies before us? Bleſſed be God, the work ſtill goes forward; though all, who profeſs holineſs, are ſtrongly oppoſed, and their names caſt out as evil: but we are enabled by grace to bear all things, and endure all things in a ſpirit of love. Couſin Robert, on entering his new houſe, had a meeting there, and it was a time much to be remembered. One received ſanctification, and many were greatly eſtabliſhed.

I have thoughts, if the Lord open a way, of going into Yorkſhire. I leave myſelf in the Lord's hands, as I deſire to ſpend and be ſpent for him alone. May he fill you with all his fulneſs; and in a particular manner, when you meet in Conference, may the unction from above fill yours and every heart! May all go forth with ſtrength renewed; and a plenitude of the Spirit be poured out on all fleſh! I am now and ever, dear Sir, your unworthy but affectionate Child,

H. A. R.

LETTER DXLII.

[From Mr. Thomas Bond, to the Rev. J. Weſley.]

Dublin, July 29, 1782.

Rev. Sir,

AFTER ſo many changes in my ſpiritual life; after having ſo often warmly loved, and greatly diſliked you, you cannot now think my return any acquiſition to the Society in Dublin. However, by way of apology, permit me to tell you, that ſome time before your viſit to us in the year 1775, the Lord raiſed me up out of a very low eſtate, both in temporals and ſpirituals. I was indeed low in the latter, though I knew it not, always imagining at the loweſt, that my heart was for God, and againſt ſin: but temporal diſtreſſes rouſed me out of that lethargy; and when I was brought to fear that I ſhould

ſhould want the bread that periſheth, the Lord ſupplied, not that only, but the other alſo, which endureth to everlaſting life, in a moſt extraordinary and abundant manner.

When you came, I was getting up hill, and rejoiced greatly to ſee you, but was preſently offended at a paragraph in one of your Journals, concerning your abridgement of Dr. Watts's Treatiſe on the Paſſions. This produced an altercation in writing, on my part, I believe rather too impertinent. I now ſee clearly the truth of what you then ſaid to me, that I am "too captious, and too apt to be ſevere on the infirmities and miſtakes of my brethren;" ſeeing things that perhaps never exiſted; warm zeal often perſuading me that my eye was ſingle, when moſt probably it was evil.

However, at that time I increaſed in riches, inward and outward; and was as happy as I could well wiſh. My uſual deſcription of the believing heart was this: "It is an heart that melts, and breaks at the name, and with the love of Jeſus." I felt it within me; yet fear, all was not right; for, in the midſt of this, my ſon (I might almoſt ſay, my only ſon) a lad about ſeventeen years old, very promiſing, in many reſpects, took a putrid fever and died. Many a night I paſſed almoſt continually on my knees; but I, whoſe prayer the gracious Lord had ſometimes anſwered, almoſt inſtantaneouſly, for the healing of others, had no power for him. The darkneſs of death ſealed his eyes, and *my* ſoul was covered with a heavy cloud.

I now loſt faith, health, ſpirits, ſleep and all. By a kind of neceſſity I was driven to ſeek relief from ſtrong wine. This threw me into a nervous fever, which did not abate, neither did my ſleep return, till after having received the bleſſed ſacrament one night in my bed-chamber, I inſtantly found myſelf at home; that is, the Lord was with me. What ſhall I now ſay? Reſt is only to be found, at the feet of *Jeſus*. The heart is dark, cold and miſerable, where he is not. They only, who believe in him, do enter into reſt: and they, who

believe in him continually, and with their whole heart, muſt comprehend that, which I cannot deſcribe, but which you moſt juſtly and truly hold up before us, as *the mark of the prize of our high calling*.

Will you receive me into favour and forgiveneſs, after all that is paſſed? Can you accept the friendſhip of ſuch a wandering heart? (yet thank God, held, in all its wanderings, by the name of *Jeſus* almoſt forty years.) May I preſume to hope, that I may ſubſcribe myſelf your brother, and to aſſure you that I am, Rev. Sir, with the higheſt eſteem, and moſt affectionate regard, your very obedient Servant,

THOMAS BOND.

LETTER DXLIII.

[From Miſs E. Richie, to the Rev. J. Weſley.]

Otley, Auguſt 15, 1782.

Rev. and dear Sir,

GLORY be unto my Lord, he ſtill holds my ſoul in ſecond life, and gives me daily to feel my treaſure and my heart are in heaven. My ſoul enjoys ſweet communion with the Holy Trinity, and deeply humbled on account of its own unworthineſs, is ready at times to enquire, "Why ſuch love to me?" But bleſſed be my adorable Saviour, I ſee by faith the ſpring from whence my every bleſſing flows, they are all conveyed through the channel of his blood.

"O for this love, let rocks and hills
Their laſting ſilence break!
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praiſes ſpeak."

How good is our God! How large his grace! How vaſt his love! Mercies on every hand cloſe me round, the priſoner of amaze, and leaves me poor in nought but thanks. I rejoice in hope ere long of praiſing my God in nobler ſtrains above; for,

for, I am not more diſſatisfied with any thing, than my power to bring glory to his name. My capacity to comprehend the love of God ſeems ſo limited, and my ſpirit ſo impriſoned while confined in a tenement of clay, that I almoſt long for enlargement, when my freed ſoul ſhall, with unutterable delight, range the illimitable plains of Jehovah's kingdom, converſe with kindred angels, and as a ſeparate ſpirit adore and love; but ſtill let my Father's will be done. I would not wiſh to burſt the ſhell, and ſpring to life, a moment ſooner than Infinite Wiſdom ſees good. His will is my reſt; may I improve my added moments as he means I ſhould; and then life lengthened will be glory encreaſed. Pray for your unworthy child, that your labour, through the goodneſs of God, may have its deſigned effect, and all my mercies anſwer the end intended. May the God of all grace cauſe you to abound in hope through the power of the Holy Ghoſt prays, my dear father, your unworthy Child, E. R.

POETRY.

SHORT HYMNS.

[By the late Rev. C. Weſley.]

HYMN XVI.

On MATT. v. ver. 24.—*Firſt be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift.*

IN vain with angry hearts we dare
Nigh to thine altar move;
Since neither ſacrifice nor prayer
Atones for want of love:
O may we each with each agree,
Through thy uniting grace;
Our gift ſhall then accepted be,
Our life of love and praiſe.

On

On the SLAVE-TRADE.

FORC'D from home and all its pleaſures,
Afric's coaſt I left forlorn;
To increaſe a ſtranger's treaſures,
O'er the raging billows borne.
Men from *England* bought and ſold me,
Paid my price in paltry gold;
But though their's they have enroll'd me,
Minds are never to be ſold.

Still in thought as free as ever,
What are *England's* rights, I aſk,
Me from my delights to ſever,
Me to torture, me to taſk?
Fleecy locks and black complexion
Cannot forfeit nature's claim:
Skins may differ, but affection
Dwells in white and black the ſame.

Why did all-creating Nature
Make the plant for which we toil?
Sighs muſt waft it, tears muſt water,
Sweat of our's muſt dreſs the ſoil.
Think, ye maſters, iron-hearted,
Sitting at your jovial boards,
Think, how many backs have ſmarted,
For the ſweet your cane affords.

Is there, as ye ſometimes tell us,
Is there one who reigns on high?
Has he bid you buy and ſell us?
Speaking from his throne—the ſky?

Aſk

Aſk him if your knotted ſcourges,
Fetters, blood-extorting ſcrews,
Are the means which duty urges,
Agents of his will to uſe?

Hark, he anſwers—wild tornadoes,
Strewing yonder ſea with wrecks,
Waſting towns, plantations, meadows,
Is the voice with which he ſpeaks.
He foreſeeing what vexations
Afric's ſons would undergo,
Fix'd their tyrants' habitations
Where his whirlwinds anſwer "no!"

By our blood in *Afric* waſted,
Where our necks receiv'd the chain;
By the miſeries which we taſted,
Croſſing in your barks the main:
By our ſufferings ſince ye brought us
To the man-degrading mart,
All ſuſtain'd by patience, taught us
Only by a broken heart:

Deem our nations brutes no longer,
Till ſome reaſon ye ſhall find,
Worthier of regard and ſtronger,
Than the colours of your kind:
Slaves of gold, whoſe ſordid dealings
Tarniſh all your boaſted pow'rs,
Prove that ye have human feelings
Ere ye proudly queſtion ours.

ADDRESS *to the* SUMMER.

HAIL, grateful ſeaſon, to all nature dear,
When vegetative ſweets relieve the year;
When fragrant incenſe fills the leafy grove,
And nobler paſſions warm the breaſt with love.

Hail, orient, bluſhing, animating morn,
By heav'n deſign'd to ſtrengthen and adorn;
To vivify the ſtubborn, ſlumb'ring ſoil,
And bleſs creative nature in her toil.

Hail, gay luxuriance of embow'ring bloom,
Whoſe varied hues the noon-tide ſuns illume;
Whoſe faireſt ſhrub its pearly pride diſplays,
And owes its ſweetneſs to the Summer's rays.

Hail, ſilvan genii, ſongſters of the ſpray,
Heralds harmonious of the new-born day;
Hail, deareſt monitors the grove can give,
Luring mankind in uniſon to live.

Hail ev'ry renovating pow'r in Summer's height;
The gifts of Providence, our wonder and delight!

EPITAPH

On Mr. PRIOR; *written by himſelf, on being upbraided with the meanneſs of his Birth.*

NOBLES and Heralds, by your leave!
Here lie the bones of *Matthew Prior*;
A ſon of *Adam* and of *Eve*:
Let *Bourbon* or *Naſſau* go higher.



Mr. Wm. Holmes.

Æt. 33.

THE Arminian Magazine,

For OCTOBER 1790.

PREDESTINATION *clearly Stated.*

By Dr. KING, *Archbiſhop of* Dublin, *in a Sermon on* *Romans* viii. 29, 30.

[*Continued from page* 457.]

THIS brings me to the ſecond head which I propoſed to myſelf, which was to ſhew, *Why God and heavenly things are, after this manner, repreſented to us in holy ſcripture.* And the firſt reaſon is, that we muſt either be content to know them this way or not at all. I have already told you the nature and perfections of God are ſuch, that it is impoſſible we ſhould comprehend them, eſpecially in our preſent ſtate of imperfection, ignorance and corruption. He is the object of none of our ſenſes, by which we receive all our direct and immediate perception of things; and therefore, if we know any thing of him at all, it muſt be by analogy and compariſon, by reſembling him to ſomething that we do know, and are acquainted with.

It is by this way we arrive at the moſt uſeful notions we have, and by this method we inſtruct others. Thus, when we would help a man to ſome conception of any thing, that has not fallen within the reach of his ſenſes, we do it by comparing it to ſomething that already has, by offering him ſome ſimilitude, reſemblance or analogy, to help his conception. As for example, to give a man a notion of a country, to which he was a ſtranger, and to make him apprehend its bounds and ſituation, we produce a map to him; and by that he obtains as much knowledge of it, as ſerves him for his preſent purpoſe. Now a map is only paper and ink, diverſified with ſeveral ſtrokes and lines, which in themſelves have little likeneſs to earth, mountains, valleys, lakes and rivers. Yet none can deny, but by proportion and analogy they are very inſtructive. But if any ſhould imagine that thoſe countries are really paper, becauſe the maps that repreſent them are made of it, and ſhould ſeriouſly draw concluſions from that ſuppoſition, he would expoſe his underſtanding, and make himſelf ridiculous. And yet ſuch as argue from the faint reſemblances, that either ſcripture or reaſon give of the Divine attributes and operations, and proceed in their reaſonings, as if theſe muſt in all reſpects anſwer one another, fall into the ſame abſurdities that thoſe would be guilty of, who ſhould think countries muſt be of paper, becauſe the maps that repreſent them are ſo.

To apply this to the caſe before us, we aſcribe decrees and predeſtination to God; becauſe the things ſignified by theſe words bear ſome reſemblance to certain perfections that we believe to be in him. But if we remember that they are only ſimilitudes and repreſentations of them, and that there is as little likeneſs between the one and the other, as between the countries and maps which repreſent them; and that the likeneſs lies not in the nature of them, but in ſome particular effect or circumſtance that is common to both, we muſt acknowledge it is unreaſonable to expect, that they ſhould anſwer

one

one another in all things: or, that becauſe the different repreſentations of the ſame thing cannot be adjuſted in every particular, therefore the thing repreſented is inconſiſtent in itſelf.

Foreknowledge and decrees are only aſſigned to God, to give us a notion of the ſteadineſs of the Divine actions. And if ſo, for us to conclude, that what is repreſented by them is inconſiſtent with the contingency of events or free-will, becauſe the things repreſenting (I mean our foreknowledge and decrees) are ſo, is the ſame abſurdity, as it is to conclude, that *China* is no bigger than a ſheet of paper, becauſe the map, that repreſents it, is contained in that compaſs.

This is a material point; therefore I will endeavour to illuſtrate it with an inſtance or two more. Every body is ſatisfied that time, motion, and velocity are ſubjects of very uſeful knowledge. How is it then that we proceed in our demonſtrations concerning theſe? Is it not by repreſenting time by a line, the degrees of velocity by another, and the motion that reſults from both, by a ſuperficies or a ſolid? And from theſe we draw concluſions, which are not only very true, but alſo of great moment to arts and ſciences; and never fail in our deductions, while we keep juſtly to the analogy they bear to one another in the production of natural effects; neither is it eaſy, nor perhaps poſſible, to come at ſuch knowledge any other way.

Yet in the nature of the thing, there is no great ſimilitude between a line and time; and it will not be obvious to a perſon, who is not acquainted with ſuch matters, to conceive how a ſolid ſhould anſwer the compounded effect of time and motion. But if any, inſtead of endeavouring to underſtand the method uſed by the learned in ſuch caſes, ſhould reject the whole as a thing impoſſible; alledging, that we make time a permanent thing, becauſe a line which repreſents it in this ſcheme is ſo; we would think that he hardly deſerved an anſwer to ſuch a fooliſh objection.

And yet of this nature are moſt, if not all the objections that are commonly made againſt the repreſentations that the ſcripture gives us of the Divine Nature, and the myſteries of our religion.

Thus the holy ſcriptures repreſent to us that diſtinction, which we believe to be in the unity of God, by that of three perſons, and the relation they bear to one another, by that of a father to his ſon, and of a man to his ſpirit: and thoſe that object againſt this, and infer, that theſe muſt be three ſubſtances, becauſe three perſons among men are ſo, plainly forget, that theſe are but repreſentations and reſemblances; and fall into the ſame abſurd way of reaſoning that the former do, who conclude, that we make time a permanent thing, becauſe a line is ſo, by which we repreſent it.

Again, if we were to deſcribe to an ignorant *American* what was meant by writing, and told him, that it is a way of making words viſible and permanent, ſo that perſons, at any diſtance of time and place, may be able to ſee and underſtand them: the deſcription would ſeem very ſtrange to him, and he might object that the thing muſt be impoſſible, for words are not to be ſeen but heard; they paſs in the ſpeaking, and it is impoſſible they ſhould affect the abſent, much leſs thoſe that live in diſtant ages. To which there needs no other anſwer, than that there are other ſort of words, beſides thoſe he knows, that are truly called ſo, becauſe equivalent to ſuch as are ſpoken; that they have both the ſame uſe, and ſerve equally to communicate our thoughts to one another; and that if he will but have patience, and apply himſelf to learn, he will ſoon underſtand, and be convinced of the poſſibility of the thing: and none can doubt but he were much to blame, if he refuſed to believe the perſon that offered to inſtruct him, or neglected to make the experiment.

And ſure, when any one objects againſt the poſſibility of the three perſons of the Trinity in one God; it is every whit as good an anſwer to tell ſuch an objector, that there are other

other ſort of perſons beſides thoſe we ſee among men, whoſe perſonality is as truly different from what we call ſo, as a word written is different from a word ſpoken, and yet equivalent to it. And though three perſons, ſuch as men are, cannot be in one human nature, as a word ſpoken cannot be viſible and permanent; yet what we call three perſons by compariſon and analogy, may conſiſt in the unity of the Godhead.

And after the ſame manner, we ought to anſwer thoſe who object againſt the foreknowledge and decrees of God, as inconſiſtent with the freedom of choice, by telling them that though ſuch foreknowledge and decrees, as are in our underſtandings and wills, cannot conſiſt with contingency, if we ſuppoſe them certain; yet what we call ſo in God may, being quite of a different nature, and only called by thoſe names, by reaſon of ſome analogy which is between them.

And if men will but have patience, and wait the proper time, when faith ſhall be perfected into viſion, and we ſhall know even as we are known; they may then be as well ſatisfied, that there is no abſurdity in the trinity of perſons, or foreknowledge of contingency, as the *Indian* is, when he has learned to read and write, that there is no impoſſibility in viſible and permanent words.

If it be aſked, Why theſe things are not made clearer to us? I anſwer, For the ſame reaſon that light and colours are not clear to one that is born blind, even becauſe in this imperfect ſtate we want faculties to diſcern them; and we cannot expect to reach the knowledge of them whilſt here, for the ſame reaſon that a child, whilſt he is ſo, cannot diſcourſe as he doth when a grown man; there is a time and ſeaſon for every thing, and we muſt wait for that ſeaſon. There is another ſtate for the clear diſcerning of theſe matters; but in the mean time we ought to take the methods, which are proper for our condition: and if we will not do ſo, we can no more expect to arrive at the knowledge of

theſe

theſe neceſſary truths, or that ſtate which will make them plain to us, than a child can hope he ſhall be ever able to read and write, who will not be perſuaded to go to ſchool or obey his maſter.

This analogical knowledge of God's nature and his attributes is all of which we are capable at preſent; and we muſt either be contented to know him thus, or ſit down with an entire ignorance of God, and finally deſpair of future happineſs. But it concerns us frequently to call to mind the apoſtle's obſervation, 1 Cor. xiii. 12, *Now we ſee through a glaſs darkly, but then face to face; now I know in part, but then I ſhall know even as I am known.* Though our preſent knowledge of divine things be very imperfect, yet it is enough to awaken our deſire of more; and though we do not underſtand the enjoyments of the bleſſed, yet the deſcription we have of them is ſufficient to engage us to ſeek after them, and to proſecute the methods preſcribed in ſcripture for attaining them.

And therefore let me offer it as a ſecond reaſon, why God and divine things are thus repreſented to us in ſcripture, viz. That ſuch knowledge is ſufficient to all the purpoſes of religion; the deſign whereof is to lead us in the way to eternal happineſs; and in order thereunto, to teach and oblige us to live reaſonably, to perform our duty to God, our neighbours and ourſelves, to conquer and mortify our paſſions and luſts, to make us beneficent and charitable to men, and to oblige us to love, obey, and depend upon God.

Now it is eaſy to ſhew that ſuch a knowledge is ſufficient to obtain all theſe ends: for though I know not what God is in himſelf, yet if I believe that he is able to hurt or help me, to make me happy or miſerable, this belief is ſufficient to convince me, that it is my duty to fear him. If I be aſſured that all his works are done with regularity, order and fitneſs; that nothing can ſurpriſe or diſappoint him, that he can never be in any doubt, or at a loſs what is proper for him

to

to do; though I do not comprehend the faculties by which he performs ſo many amazing things, yet I know enough to make me adore his conduct. If I be ſatisfied that I can no more expect to eſcape free, when I break the laws he has preſcribed me, than a ſubject can who aſſaults his Prince in the midſt of all his guards; this is enough to make me cautious about every word I ſpeak, and every action I perform, and to put me out of all hope of eſcaping when I offend him.

If I am convinced that God will be as ſteady to the rules he has preſcribed for my deportment, as a wiſe and juſt Prince will be to his laws; this alone will oblige me to a ſtrict obſervation of the Divine commands, and aſſure me that I muſt be judged according as I have kept or tranſgreſſed them.

Laſtly, To ſhew that this kind of knowledge is ſufficient for ſalvation, let us ſuppoſe one who takes all the deſcriptions we have of God literally, who imagines him to be a mighty King that ſits in heaven, and has the earth for his footſtool; that at the ſame time hath all things in his view which can happen; that has thouſands and thouſands of miniſters to attend him, all ready to obey and execute his commands; that has a great love and favour for ſuch as diligently obey his orders, and is in a rage againſt the diſobedient: could any one doubt but he, who in the ſimplicity of his heart ſhould believe theſe things as literally repreſented, would be ſaved by virtue of that belief, or that he would not have motives ſtrong enough to oblige him to love, honour, and obey God?

If it ſhould be objected, that ſuch repreſentations do not exactly anſwer the nature of things, I confeſs this is true; but I would deſire you to conſider, that the beſt repreſentations we can make of God are infinitely ſhort of the truth, and that the imperfections of ſuch repreſentations will never be imputed to us as a fault, provided we do not wilfully diſhonour him by unworthy notions, and our conceptions of him be ſuch as may ſufficiently oblige us to perform the duties he requires at our hands.

And

And if any one further alledge, that he who takes theſe repreſentations literally, will be involved in many difficulties; and that it will be eaſy to ſhew, there are great inconſiſtencies in them, if we underſtand them according to the letter:

I anſwer, He is to be looked upon as very impertinent, that will raiſe ſuch objections, and put them in the heads of plain, honeſt people, who by the force of ſuch common, though figurative knowledge (as it may be termed) practiſe the ſubſtantial duties of religion, that lead them to eternal happineſs.

It is true, when buſy perſons, by the unſeaſonable abuſe of their knowledge, have raiſed ſuch objections, they muſt be anſwered: and it is then neceſſary to ſhew in what ſenſe theſe repreſentations ought to be taken; that they are to be underſtood by way of compariſon, as condeſcenſions to our weakneſs.

But though theſe objections are eaſily anſwered, yet he who makes them unneceſſarily is by no means to be excuſed, becauſe they often occaſion diſturbance to weak people. Many that may be [illegible]ed by the difficulty, may not be capable of underſtanding the anſwers: and therefore to raiſe ſuch ſcruples, is to lay a ſtumbling-block in the way of our weak brethren, and perplex them with notions, the knowledge of which is no way neceſſary to ſalvation.

We ought therefore to conſider, that it was in great mercy to the ignorance and infirmity of men, that the holy Spirit vouchſafed to give us ſuch repreſentations of the Divine nature and attributes. He knew what knowledge was moſt proper for us, and what would moſt effectually work upon us to perform our duty: and if we take things as the ſcripture repreſents them, it cannot be denied but they are well adapted to our capacities, and have a mighty influence on all that ſincerely believe them; in truth, greater than all thoſe nice ſpeculations that we endeavour to ſubſtitute in their place.

[*To be continued.*]

SERMON

SERMON LIX.

On 2 CORINTHIANS V. 16.

[*Concluded from page* 460.]

9. SOME will probably think, that I have been over-ſcrupulous, with regard to one particular word, which I never uſe myſelf either in verſe or proſe, in praying or preaching, though it is very frequently uſed by modern Divines, both of the *Romiſh* and *Reformed* Churches. It is the word *dear*. Many of theſe frequently ſay, both in preaching, in prayer, and in giving thanks, "*Dear Lord*, or *Dear Saviour*:" and my Brother uſed the ſame in many of his Hymns, even as long as he lived. But may I not aſk, Is not this uſing too much familiarity with the great Lord of heaven and earth? Is there any ſcripture, any paſſage, either in the Old or New Teſtament which juſtifies this manner of ſpeaking? Does any of the inſpired writers make uſe of it, even in the poetical ſcriptures? Perhaps ſome would anſwer, "Yes, the apoſtle *Paul* uſes it. He ſays, *God's dear Son*." I reply, firſt, This does not reach the caſe: for the word which we render *dear*, is not here addreſt *to Chriſt* at all, but only ſpoken *of him*. Therefore it is no precedent of, or juſtification of our addreſſing it *to him*. I reply, ſecondly, It is not the ſame word. Tranſlated literally, the ſentence runs, not *his dear Son*, but *the Son of his love*, or *his beloved Son*. Therefore I ſtill doubt, whether any of the inſpired writers ever addreſſes the word either to the Father or the Son. Hence I cannot but adviſe all lovers of the Bible, if they uſe the expreſſion at all, to uſe it very ſparingly, ſeeing the ſcripture affords neither command nor precedent for it. And ſurely *if any man ſpeaks*, either in preaching or prayer, *he ſhould ſpeak as the oracles of God!*

10. Do we not frequently uſe this unſcriptural expreſſion of our bleſſed Lord, in private converſation alſo? And are we not then eſpecially apt to ſpeak of him as a mere man? Particularly when we are deſcribing his ſufferings, how eaſily do we ſlide into this? We do well to be cautious in this matter. Here is not room for indulging a warm imagination. I have ſometimes almoſt ſcrupled ſinging (even in the midſt of my Brother's excellent Hymn)

" That dear, diſfigured face."

or that glowing expreſſion,

" Drop thy warm blood upon my heart."

Leſt it ſhould ſeem to imply the forgetting I am ſpeaking of *the man, that is my fellow, ſaith the Lord of hoſts.* Although he ſo *humbled himſelf as to take upon him the form of a ſervant, to be found in faſhion as a man:* yea, though he *was obedient unto death, even the death of the croſs*: yet let it ever be remembered, that *he thought it no robbery to be equal with God.* And let our hearts ſtill cry out, *Thou art exceeding glorious: thou art cloathed with majeſty and honour.*

11. Perhaps ſome may be afraid, leſt the refraining from theſe warm expreſſions, or even gently checking them, ſhould check the fervor of our devotion. It is very poſſible it may check, or even prevent ſome kind of fervor, which has paſſed for devotion. Poſſibly it may prevent loud ſhouting, horrid, unnatural ſcreaming, repeating the ſame words twenty or thirty times, jumping two or three feet high, and throwing about the arms or legs, both of men and women, in a manner ſhocking not only to religion, but to common decency. But it never will check, much leſs prevent true ſcriptural devotion. It will rather enliven the prayer that is properly addreſt to Him, who, though he was very man, yet was very God

God. Who, though he was born of a woman to redeem man, yet was God from everlaſting and world without end.

12. And let it not be thought, that the *knowing Chriſt after the fleſh*, the conſidering him as a mere man, and, in conſequence, uſing ſuch language in public as well as private, as is ſuitable to thoſe conceptions of him, is a thing of a purely indifferent nature, or however of no great moment. On the contrary, the uſing this improper familiarity with God our Creator, our Redeemer, our Governor, is naturally productive of very evil fruits. And that not only in thoſe that ſpeak, but alſo to thoſe that hear them. It has a direct tendency to abate that tender reverence due to the Lord their Governor. It inſenſibly damps

> " That ſpeechleſs awe, which dares not move,
> And all the ſilent heaven of love."

It is impoſſible we ſhould accuſtom ourſelves to this odious and indecent familiarity with our Maker, while we preſerve in our minds a lively ſenſe of what is painted ſo ſtrongly in thoſe ſolemn lines,

> " Dark with exceſſive bright his ſkirts appear,
> Yet dazzle heaven, that brighteſt Seraphim
> Approach not, but with both wings veil their eyes."

13. Now would not every ſober Chriſtian ſincerely deſire, conſtantly to experience ſuch a love to his Redeemer (ſeeing he is God as well as man) as is mixt with angelic fear? Is it not this very temper which good Dr. *Watts* ſo well expreſſes in thoſe lines,

> " Thy mercy never ſhall remove
> From men of heart ſincere:
> Thou ſav'ſt the ſouls, whoſe humble love
> Is join'd with holy fear."

14. Not that I would recommend a cold, dead, formal prayer, out of which both love and deſire, hope and fear are excluded. Such ſeems to have been "the *calm and undiſturbed* method of prayer," ſo ſtrongly recommended by the late Biſhop *Hoadly*, which occaſioned for ſome years ſo violent a conteſt in the religious world. Is it not probable, that the well-meaning Biſhop had met with ſome of the Myſtics or Quietiſts, (ſuch as Madam *Guion* or the Archbiſhop of *Cambray*) and that having no experience of theſe things, he patched together a theory of his own, as nearly reſembling theirs as he could? But it is certain, nothing is farther from apathy than real, ſcriptural devotion. It excites, exerciſes, and gives full ſcope to all our nobler paſſions; and excludes none but thoſe that are wild, irrational, and beneath the dignity of man.

15. But how then can we account for this, that ſo many holy men, men of truly elevated affections, not excepting pious *Kempis* himſelf, have ſo frequently uſed this manner of ſpeaking, theſe *fondling* kind of expreſſions? Since we cannot doubt but they were truly pious men? It is allowed they were; but we do not allow, that their judgment was equal to their piety. And hence it was that their really good affections a little exceeded the bounds of reaſon, and led them into a manner of ſpeaking, not authorized by the oracles of God. And ſurely theſe are the true ſtandard, both of our affections and our language. But did ever any of the holy men of old ſpeak thus, either in the Old or in the New Teſtament? Did *Daniel*, the *man greatly beloved*, ever thus expreſs himſelf to God? Or did "the diſciple whom Jeſus loved," and who doubtleſs loved his Maſter with the ſtrongeſt affection, leave us an example of addreſſing him thus? Even when he was on the verge of glory? Even then his concluding words were not *fond*, but ſolemn, *Come, Lord Jeſus!*

16. The ſum of all is, We are to *honour the Son even as we honour the Father*. We are to pay Him the ſame worſhip as

as we pay to the Father. We are to love him with all our heart and ſoul: and to conſecrate all we have and are, all we think, ſpeak and do, to the three-one God, Father, Son and Spirit, world without end!

Plymouth-Dock, Aug. 15, 1789.

A ſhort Account of Mr. WILLIAM ASHMAN.

[Written by Himſelf.]

[*Concluded from page* 464.]

THE following is my creed. I believe that God created man in his own image, able to ſtand, but liable to fall; and that he gave him a law for the trial of his obedience, as a free agent, which law man broke, and thereby loſt the image of his Creator, and was driven out of paradiſe. That in Adam all died, the conſequence of which is, we are all born in ſin, with an evil heart of unbelief departing from the living God. This evil nature deſerves God's wrath, and in this ſtate lay the whole human race, when the Lion of the tribe of Judah undertook to open the book, and to unlooſe the ſeals thereof. Then it was that God came to our firſt parents, and preached the goſpel to them, and in ſo doing he preached the goſpel to every ſoul of man; ſo that the free gift is come upon all men to juſtification of life. The happy conſequence of this is, all that die in a ſtate of infancy, and all that never had the uſe of reaſon, are received into the kingdom of heaven, without any condition to be fulfilled on their part. But the reſt of mankind are required to walk agreeable to the light which God is pleaſed to give them; for Chriſt is the true light which lighteneth every man that cometh into the world; and by the grace of God he taſted death for every man. God is loving to every man, not willing that any ſhould

ſhould periſh, but that all ſhould come to the knowledge of the truth and be ſaved.

With regard to my preaching, I have always made it a rule, but more abundantly of late, to deliver every diſcourſe as if it was to be my laſt, and to deſire the people to hear, and to receive it in the ſame manner. In my doctrine I never forget to point out to man the ſtate and condition he is in by nature, and likewiſe what he has brought on himſelf by evil practice, with the danger of continuing in an impenitent ſtate, and the great miſery that will be conſequent upon living and dying without true repentance, the pardon of ſin, and holineſs of heart. Then I hold forth Jeſus Chriſt as a preſent and willing Saviour, to every ſoul that will forſake their ſins and come to him in a proper manner. I encourage all that labour and are heavy laden to come to the fountain opened for ſin and uncleanneſs, according to the words of our bleſſed Saviour, "Whoſoever cometh unto me, I will in no wiſe caſt him out."

I tell the people that they ought not to reſt without the knowledge of ſalvation by the remiſſion of their ſins; that this bleſſing is received by faith, and that it is free for all who feel their need of it. To thoſe who know they have redemption in the blood of Chriſt, the forgiveneſs of ſin, I preach that the blood of Chriſt cleanſeth from all ſin, and that there are as many promiſes in the word of God that he will ſanctify, as there are that he will juſtify us. I believe Jeſus Chriſt has purchaſed as much holineſs for us, as Adam loſt; and that God is willing to reſtore us to his image, and to ſtamp it on our hearts. We are juſtified by faith, and we are ſanctified by faith. "Be it unto thee according to thy faith. If thou canſt believe, thou ſhalt ſee the ſalvation of God: believe on the Lord Jeſus Chriſt, and thou ſhalt be ſaved," from the guilt, from the power, and from the inbeing of ſin. "He that believeth on the Son of God hath everlaſting life. Perfect love caſteth out all fear. If I can but touch the hem of his garment,

ment, I ſhall be made whole. As many as touched him were made perfectly whole. Fear not, only believe, and thou ſhalt be made whole."

I have ſeen the kind hand of Providence over me all the days of my life in general, and likewiſe in many particular inſtances. When I was between five and ſix years old I had a very bad fever. I have heard my mother ſay that ſhe expected every breath to be my laſt, for ſome days and nights together. Many times horſes have fallen with me, and left me ſenſeleſs. When I was between fifteen and ſixteen, as I was walking by myſelf in a field, a ſtrong young man coming behind me gave me a violent blow on my back, which left me breathleſs for ſome time. When I came to myſelf, I found him aſſiſting me by rubbing my face, &c. When I was able to ſpeak, I aſked, Why he did ſo? He aſſigned no reaſon, but begged I would not tell it, and made me promiſe that I never would while he lived, which was but a few years, and then he died a very miſerable death. Two or three times, as I was learning to ſwim, going too far out of my depth, I was within a hair's breadth of being drowned.

When I was about twenty-nine years of age I had a fever which confined me to my bed and room eight weeks. My life was deſpaired of, and had not my wife put clarified honey into my mouth, which found its way down my throat, I muſt have died, for my mouth and tongue were very black, and nothing would paſs. Since I have travelled as a Preacher I have been in great danger of loſing my life in deep ſnow. Once between *Sarum* and *Shaſton* being quite out of my road, and in very great diſtreſs, I cried unto the Lord to direct me, for I was utterly at a loſs which way to go. My ſtrength failing and night coming on, and being many miles from any town, I could ſee no houſe or place of ſhelter; and the ſnow falling very faſt, ſo that it filled up my tracks after me, whilſt a very ſtrong, ſharp, piercing North-eaſt wind blew, I thought it was of no uſe to go any farther; there-

fore

fore I ſtood ſtill, and reſted myſelf by leaning on the horſe's neck. I then ſaid, "Lord, what ſhall I do? Muſt I die here, or muſt I go to the right-hand or to the left?" It came into my mind to go to the right. I found ſome comfort with the impreſſion, and my ſtrength was renewed.

I had not walked above a quarter of an hour before I ſaw a ſmoke ariſe, and gladly made towards it. It proved to be a ſmall cottage, where the woman had juſt put ſome wet ſtraw on the fire, which cauſed a very great ſmoke. She told me I might come in, but ſaid ſhe had no place for my horſe, nor any thing for him to eat. She ſaid there was a farm houſe about two miles off, and gave me the beſt directions ſhe could. I ſet out in the ſtrength of the Lord, truſting in him to bring me thither, and I do not think I went a quarter of a mile out of the direct road, though I could ſee nothing but ſnow. The farmer gave me and my horſe ſome refreſhment, and ſent a guide with me to put me in the way to *Shaſton*. If Providence had not brought me to this poor woman's houſe, it is likely I ſhould have died on the plain, which is called *Saliſbury*-Plain, as many did that winter.

At another time as I was riding very ſlow ſtep by ſtep, in a deep hollow road, a man that was out ſhooting was behind the right-hand hedge, and fired his gun acroſs the road. Some of the ſhot came about my horſe's ears, and ſome about my face and hat: the main body paſſed between my head and that of the horſe. Had I been one ſtep farther forward, it is likely I ſhould have received the whole body in my neck or ſide of my face, which muſt have killed me on the ſpot. About two or three years ago, the horſe I was riding on fell with me twice, and left me on the ground ſenſeleſs, of which I did not get the better for ſome months; and laſt year my horſe fell with me twice, and hurt me, ſo that it is not likely I ſhall ever get the better of it. This year my horſe was taken very ill, and the horſe that was lent me being too ſmall, fell with me and threw me on my head and left me ſenſeleſs on the ground;

ground; by which I have received ſuch a hurt in my neck, ſhoulders, breaſt and back, that I do not think I ſhall ever be quite free from it. But I am in the Lord's hand: let him do with me as ſeemeth him beſt. O! that the remainder of my ſtrength, and my few days may be all devoted to him, and ſpent in his ſervice!

WILLIAM ASHMAN.

An Account of the Death of PRUDENCE WILLIAMS.

[By Mr. F. G.]

PRUDENCE WILLIAMS was born, in the State of *Delaware*, near the ſea ſhore, on the 18th day of December 1762. Her parents taught her to read God's holy Word, and ſeveral excellent books written by Divines of the Church of *England*. From her education, ſhe was more moral than many of the young women in her day: nevertheleſs her fallen nature (as it is in all) evidently appeared, which demonſtrated the neceſſity of a ſupernatural work of grace. Though ſhe had, in ſome ſenſe, the form of godlineſs, yet ſhe was deſtitute of the knowledge of ſalvation, by the forgiveneſs of ſin. She was educated in the religion of her father, which was to attend at Church on the Lord's-day, and ſometimes to ſay prayers at home, to pay his juſt debts, and to live an upright life in his family, and among his neighbours. (Some are ready to ſay, "God help the world, if ſuch honeſt men as theſe are not ſaved;" not conſidering that our righteouſneſs muſt exceed the righteouſneſs of the ſcribes and phariſees.)

In the month of March 1779, it pleaſed almighty God, of his great goodneſs, to ſend his ſervants (the Methodiſt Preachers) into that part of his vineyard. Her father was one of the firſt that received them, for which his glad heart has ever ſince praiſed God. A glorious work then began,

whilſt many groaned for redemption in the blood of Chriſt, and were happily brought through the pangs of the new-birth. On the 9th of April, under a ſermon preached by Mr. *G.* from Ezek. xviii. 27, ſhe was deeply, and powerfully convinced, that ſhe bore the appellation of the wicked deſcribed in the ſermon, and was determined to turn to that which is lawful and right. She returned home, ſobbing and ſighing, as if her very heart would break, and at the next preaching joined the Society.

The enemy of ſouls was now in a particular manner engaged againſt her. He firſt ſtrove to turn her back, by his alluring inſinuations; preſenting the honours, and pleaſures of the world, but all in vain. Then he endeavoured to ſettle her in a falſe peace; but ſhe was determined not to reſt, till ſhe had found a reſting place in her ſoul for the God of Jacob. Whilſt ſhe was under deep exerciſe of mind, he ſuddenly and powerfully ſuggeſted, "Ah! you are deſtined to eternal miſery, and it is in vain to make any farther attempts, there is no mercy for you." O! with what power did this go home to her heart! She mourned and wept at the feet of Chriſt, day and night, and ſometimes was almoſt in deſpair; but God, who will not ſuffer the enemy to triumph, pointed her to the precious promiſes. She was fully perſuaded in her mind, that Jeſus taſted death for every man; and was encouraged to look up, with a ſtrong hope, that he would have mercy upon her. Her friends ſay, that during her diſtreſs, they ſeldom could ſee a ſmile on her countenance, and indeed her words, and actions, indicated to all around the ſadneſs of her heart. She frequently withdrew, in the courſe of the day, to pour out her complaints to God; and much of her time was ſpent in reading the holy ſcriptures. She rarely miſſed her Claſs; faſted once or twice in the week, was a conſtant attendant on the word preached, and was frequently bathed in tears under the preaching. She laboured under her heavy burthen, till her health

health was much impaired. "O! ſaid ſhe, one, and another, on the right and left, are happily brought to know God; and I am left behind." The enemy frequently told her, there was no mercy for her. O! how good the Lord was, who in all her diſtreſs, opened the precious promiſes, and bore her up under all theſe grievous temptations!

She laboured under this heavy load, till the middle of September, when, one evening in the time of prayer in her father's family, ſhe was enabled to lift her heart in faith to heaven, and felt what her ſoul panted for. She then cried out aloud, "Bleſs God, O my ſoul, and all that is within me praiſe his holy name! He has turned my darkneſs into day, and my hell to heaven! Now I know what it is to ſing the ſong of the Virgin Mary: "My ſoul doth magnify the Lord, and my ſpirit doth rejoice in God my Saviour." I know, God for Chriſt's ſake hath blotted out my ſins. Jeſus is the faireſt among ten thouſand, he is altogether lovely."

She was a pattern of zeal, watchfulneſs, ſelf-denial, and taking up the croſs, and bearing it after her deſpiſed Maſter. Her ancient parents often related (with tears of joy running down their cheeks) what a great comfort their daughter *Prudence* was to them; how ready, and obliging ſhe always was. O! (ſaid the good old man one day) what reaſon have I to bleſs and praiſe the name of God, that ever I ſaw the face of, or heard theſe deſpiſed people called Methodiſts! I a poor ſinner, wrapped up in my own righteouſneſs! What has the Lord done for me and my family, moſt of whom are now able to teſtify of the pardoning love of God to their ſouls!

Prudence was much beloved by all the Society who knew her. She had a great gift in prayer, and frequently exerciſed it in public. She uſed frequently to talk to, and weep over her acquaintances, who knew not God, and her labour of love was not in vain. If any of the friends miſſed their meetings (for ſhe conſtantly attended on the means of grace) ſhe wept over, and admoniſhed them; and they eſteemed

her as a ſimple, humble, teachable follower of the meek and lowly Jeſus.

She was not content with paſt experience; but took the apoſtle's advice, and having put on Chriſt, ſo ſhe walked in him; and was rarely long without the divine preſence. She delighted in the company of God's people; and to ſit under the ſound of the word, and did not return without manna. The language of her heart was, the more I hear, and read, and pray, the greater beauty do I ſee in religion; and the more my ſoul feeds on the love of Jeſus. She loved the ſervants of God, and thought their feet beautiful on the mountains.

On the 22d of Auguſt 1781, ſhe married a pious young man, who was a member of the Society. In this, ſhe did not act, as many do who profeſs godlineſs. 1. She was determined to take the apoſtle's advice, "Be not unequally yoked with unbelievers." 2. Being convinced of the importance of ſo ſolemn an ordinance as matrimony, ſhe ſpread the cauſe before the great Jehovah, and looked up for divine direction. 3. She did not engage in this weighty matter, without the advice and conſent of her parents. The life of this young pair demonſtrated to all around, that they were joined together, in the fear, and with the approbation of Jehovah; and they ſeemed to walk blameleſs (as *Zachariah* and *Elizabeth*) before him.

Her love and zeal for God did not in the leaſt abate, but rather increaſed. She was a tender, loving wife, a help-meet indeed, ready to every good work, either temporal or ſpiritual. She made it a point not to neglect family prayer in the abſence of her huſband (as he often went journeys from home) and frequently admoniſhed thoſe under her care. She had an earneſt panting for compleat ſanctification, and the work of God was progreſſively deepened, and carried on in her ſoul. In the month of June 1782, (as the time of her lying-in drew near) ſhe was taken exceeding poorly. It was ſtrongly impreſſed on her mind, that ſhe would

would die in child-birth. She was therefore more than ever engaged for full redemption in the blood of Chriſt, and ſweetly drawn out in her Maſter's ſervice. She frequently ſpake to her Chriſtian friends, of the great need ſhe ſaw of purity of heart, begging an intereſt in their prayers.

On the 23d of June ſhe was delivered of a ſon; for which her glad heart magnified the Lord. From the time of her deliverance, ſhe ſeemed to have a clearer foreſight of death, and ſtruggled for a preparation for it. Holineſs was the language of her heart; "Without this (ſaid ſhe) I cannot be ſaved. O Jeſus, beſtow this precious gift on my poor ſoul!" Many pious friends viſited her from time to time, and many faithful prayers were put up on her behalf. One day being aſked by a pious ſiſter, if ſhe was prepared to die? ſhe replied, "I want a witneſs, that I am ſanctified throughout ſoul and body." The ſiſter exhorted her to lift her heart to God, and receive the gift by faith. They then joined in prayer, and, bleſſed be God, he viſited her ſoul in a wonderful manner. She received the witneſs of perfect love, and began to praiſe God, ſaying, "Now I have found what my ſoul has panted after; the perfect love of God. I have been, in a particular manner, engaged for this precious gift: but now I am a living witneſs of ſanctification. Glory to God, I am all glorious within, like unto the king's daughter. My dear (ſaid ſhe to her huſband) get the hymn-book and help me to praiſe God." They ſung

"My ſoul, come meditate the grace
Of our High-Prieſt above;
His heart is made of tenderneſs,
His bowels melt with love."

A precious joyful time they had, and O! how good was Jeſus to the ſouls of his people, who were preſent. "O! ſaid ſhe, I wiſh you would ſend for my parents, I want to tell them

them what great things God has done for my ſoul." Shortly after, her elder brother came in, and aſked her how ſhe did? "My dear brother (ſaid ſhe) I am happy in God: he has cut ſhort his work in righteouſneſs, and ſaved me from all ſin: I am like a ripe ſhock of corn: I am waiting for the coming of Jeſus." When he aſked, "Are you willing to die?" She looked in his face, with a ſmiling countenance, and ſaid, "O! bleſſed be Jeſus, he has deſtroyed the laſt enemy in ſo glorious a manner, that I can triumph over death and hell. Glory to God, I am enabled to ſing the ſaints' dying ſong: O! death where is thy ſting, &c. Now I know I have not followed cunningly devised fables. My dear brother, praiſe God for the great things he has done for my ſoul. Ere it be long this clog will drop off, and my ſoul will fly to Jeſus, where I ſhall reſt from all my ſorrows. I ſhall meet the glorified ſaints, to ſpend an eternity, round the dazzling throne.

The next day her father and mother came, and juſt as they entered the door, ſhe ſaid, "O! mammy, I want to tell you how good God is to my ſoul, he has prepared me for himſelf. I am now waiting for his coming to take my ſoul to the manſions of eternal day." When her father came to the bed, ſhe ſaid, "O! daddy, why did you ſtay ſo long?" When the dear old man, in a flood of tears, replied, "I came as ſoon as I could;" ſhe took the handkerchief out of his hand, and wiped away the tears, claſping him in her arms, and ſaid, "Don't weep, but rejoice; I am going to Jeſus. Did you think your poor daughter was ſo near her heavenly Father's kingdom? O! that all the lovers of Jeſus would rejoice with me! My dear father, God has done great things for my ſoul: O! Jeſus, precious Jeſus, how good he is to me! The faireſt among ten thouſand! He is altogether lovely!" She then earneſtly exhorted her parents to ſeek the perfect love of God; adding, "We muſt part for a ſeaſon, but I hope to meet you, where we ſhall part no more for ever; you have been very kind, and good to me, and I love

you

you dearly." When her father aſked her, Why? Becauſe (ſaid ſhe) you often bade me ſeek the Lord; I took your advice, and bleſſed be his dear name, I am now going to him!

The ſiſter now came in, (who had prayed with her when ſhe received the witneſs of the perfect love of God) to whom ſhe ſaid, "O ſiſter, many days have we waded through hot and cold, wet and dry, to hear the bleſſed goſpel of Jeſus; and many hard trials have we met with; but now, I am about to bid you farewel for a ſeaſon. Be faithful unto death, and we ſhall meet where all our ſorrows will be wiped away; the lovely arms of Jeſus are open to receive his faithful pilgrims. Siſter, we have had precious ſweet ſeaſons together: O! be faithful a little longer, and there is a crown waiting for you. My warfare is almoſt ended; I am waiting my diſſolution, and ſhortly I ſhall ſee him whom I love, without a dimming veil between: glory to my God, that ever he thought me worth the notice of his all-ſeeing eye!

An old man coming into the room (who had ran well for a ſeaſon, but had turned back;) "Come (ſaid ſhe) and ſit down by me, I want to talk to you: my dear old friend, why did you turn your back on the bleeding Saviour? What harm did he ever do you? O! what a pity it is, that you ſhould turn in your old age from the bleeding Prince of peace; be perſuaded by one that loves your immortal ſoul, to fly back to Jeſus again, before it is too late. Though you have grieved his holy Spirit, trampled under foot his mercies, grieved his people, and wounded his cauſe, he will heal your backſliding and love you freely." The old man was cut to the heart, and went away weeping. When another poor hardened ſinner came in, her father aſked her, if ſhe knew who he was? ſhe replied, "Poor ſwearing *Thomas*," and began to exhort him to turn to God. Her words went to his heart, and he went away weeping bitterly.

She now grew exceeding weak, and it appeared that ſhe was not long for this world. She was almoſt continually exhorting

exhorting all around her, both ſaints and ſinners, in ſuch a manner as greatly aſtoniſhed all preſent. She ſeemed (by her exhortations and admonitions) to know the ſtate and condition of all preſent; and glory to God, her labour of love was not in vain.

On Saturday evening, her ſoul ſeemed powerfully carried out with love to God, and to the Lord Jeſus Chriſt. On Sunday morning ſhe ſeemed to be almoſt ſpent, though perfectly in her ſenſes. Her looks were angelical, and her words ſweet. Few left the room but were bathed in tears, whilſt a flame of love ran from heart to heart. As ſhe was much reſpected, many came to ſee her, and thought it good to be there. The room ſeemed awful, becauſe of the preſence of God. Two of her young brothers and a young ſiſter came to her, to whom ſhe ſaid, "O! my dear brothers, now is the time for you to ſeek the Lord, whilſt in the bloom of youth; regard the words of your dying ſiſter; ſhortly you muſt lie on a dying pillow, and how dreadful will it be, if you are not intereſted in the bleeding Prince of peace! And you, my dear ſiſter, I intreat to turn to the Lord; let not the honours, pleaſures, or faſhions of the world keep you from ſerving ſo good a God; I want to meet you in heaven. On a dying pillow you will not ſay you turned to the Lord too ſoon; no, one moment in heaven will make amends for all the trouble we meet with in this world.

To one of the members of the Society, coming into the room (who had miſſed her meeting for a conſiderable time, and was thought to be waxing cold) ſhe ſaid, "O ſiſter, why do you neglect that precious means of grace (Claſs meeting,) that God has bleſt to the edification, and conſolation of ſo many ſouls? I fear you are turning from the Lord; you did run well in times paſt, why ſhould you be hindered? Remember the agonies, and bloody ſweat of our precious Redeemer, and let him not die for you in vain. A few months ago, I was green and flouriſhing, but what am I now? O! ſiſter, double

your

your diligence, and walk clofely with God." It ſeemed as if the Lord ſpoke to her, and I truſt ſhe will remember it to eternity, for ſhe wept bitterly, and promiſed to ſet out afreſh.

Many were waiting around in tears, hearing her words with great delight. It ſeemed as if ſhe was immediately aſſiſted, and the thread of life lengthened, that ſhe might finiſh the work ſhe had to do. She gave a general exhortation nearly as follows: O! my dear Chriſtian friends and neighbours, how I love your ſouls! I long to meet you in heaven: the doctrine ye have heard, from time to time, is true: without holineſs ye cannot enter the pearly gates of the New Jeruſalem: this is attainable in this life: I know it from happy experience. Many of my dear Chriſtian friends, with whom I took ſweet counſel, I never expect to ſee in this world: give my kind love to them; beg of them to live near the Lord; I want to meet them in my Father's kingdom. O! how I love them, and long for their ſalvation. My dear friends, it is a bleſſing indeed to love the bleeding Lamb." After ſpeaking a conſiderable time to this effect, being almoſt ſpent, ſhe commended them to the Lord, begging of them to keep cloſe to the Society, and added, "We ſhall have a ſociety above, that will never end."

After a while, ſhe called her huſband, and ſaid, "My dear, we have had but few, though happy days together: God gave me to you: give me up freely to go to my Jeſus: though you have been a kind, indulgent huſband to me, I can freely part with you for Jeſus. Be faithful to the Lord, and we ſhall ſoon meet to part no more for ever: when my ſon *William* grows up, tell him from me, to ſerve the Lord, that I may meet him in heaven. My dear huſband, there is one thing lies heavy on my mind (your ſlaves,) it is not the will of God that they ſhould be kept in bondage: we are commanded to do as we would be done by; let the oppreſſed go free, and break off every yoke." What ſhe ſaid on this ſubject, proved a great bleſſing to the by-ſtanders.

It appeared to those around, that the Lord in a wonderful manner strengthened her, to finish the work he had for her to do. It was an affecting scene to see her friends and relations around her bed, bathed in tears, whilst she was in full triumph of faith, praising God, and commending them to the word of his grace. Her last request was, that Mr. *G.* should preach her funeral sermon, from the fourth chapter of second Timothy 7th and 8th verses. As her work seemed to be done, in the evening she began to sing praises to God, in a wonderful manner, with a chearful, loud voice, and continued to sing the most part of the night. She seemed indeed to partake of the joys of the celestial world.

Though she was exceeding weak, she desired to pray with her friends, and did it to the astonishment of all present. Her voice was distinctly heard, and the words were so moving, that a heart of stone must melt. Her countenance was still smiling and heavenly, and her eyes lifted up to the everlasting hills, till the morning, when, without a sigh or groan, she resigned her spirit into the hands of a merciful God, and sweetly fell asleep in the arms of her Saviour, whom she dearly loved.

F. G.

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

GENERAL REFLECTIONS.

Of Metals, Minerals, and other Fossils.

[*Continued from page* 478.]

FROM late observations it appears, that the loadstone is a true iron ore, and is sometimes found in very large pieces, half loadstone, half common ore. In every one,

1. There

1. There are two poles, one pointing north, the other ſouth. And if it be divided into ever ſo many pieces, the two poles will be found in each piece. 2. If two loadſtones be ſpherical, one will conform itſelf to the other, as either would do to the earth, and will then approach each other: whereas in the contrary poſition, they recede from each other. 3. Iron receives virtue, either by touching, or by being brought near the ſtone: and that variouſly, according to the various parts of it which it touches. 4. The longer the iron touches the ſtone, the longer it retains the virtue. 5. Steel receives this virtue better than iron. 6. In theſe parts the ſouth pole of a loadſtone lifts more iron than the north pole. 7. A plate of iron interpoſed hinders the attraction of the loadſtone; but no other body, no not glaſs itſelf. 8. A touched wire, if bent round in a ring, quite loſes its virtue. But though bending thus deſtroys its virtue by day, it will not deſtroy it in the evening. Where is the philoſopher in the world who can account for this? 9. Loadſtones, without any known cauſe, act ſometimes at a greater diſtance than at other times. That of the Royal Society will keep a key ſuſpended to another, ſometimes at the height of ten feet, ſometimes not above four. As ſtrange as it is, the variation of the needle is different at different times of the day. 10. If a touched wire be ſplit, the poles are ſometimes changed (as in a ſplit loadſtone.) And yet ſometimes one half retains the ſame poles, and the other half has them changed. 11. Touch a wire from end to end with the ſame pole of the loadſtone, and the end firſt touched turns contrary to the pole that touched it. But touch it again from end to end with the other pole of the ſtone, and it will turn juſt the contrary way. 12. Touch a wire in the middle with one pole of the ſtone, and the pole of the wire will be in that place: the two ends will be the other pole. 13. The poles of a ſmall loadſtone may preſently be changed, by applying them to the oppoſite poles of a large one. 14. Iron bars which ſtand long in an erect poſition, grow permanently magnetical;

the lower end of them being the north pole, and the upper the ſouth pole. 15. The ſame effect follows, if you only hold them perpendicularly: but if you invert them, the poles will ſhift their places. 16. Fire, which deprives a loadſtone of its attractive virtue, ſoon gives verticity to a bar of iron, if it be heated red hot, and then cooled in an erect poſture, or directly north and ſouth. 17. A piece of Engliſh oker, thus heated and cooled, acquires the ſame verticity. 18. The verticity thus acquired by a bar of iron, is deſtroyed by two or three ſmart blows on the middle of it. 19. Either a piece of iron or a loadſtone being laid on a cork that ſwims freely in the water, which ever of the two is held in the hand, the other will be drawn to it. This proves that the iron attracts the ſtone, juſt as much as it is attracted by it. 20. Draw a knife leiſurely from the handle to the point over one of the poles of the loadſtone, and it acquires a ſtrong magnetic virtue. But this is immediately loſt, if you draw it over the ſame pole from the point to the handle. Laſtly, A loadſtone acts with as great force in vacuo, as in open air.

The chief laws of magnetiſm are theſe, 1. The loadſtone has both an attractive and directive power; iron touched by it has only the former. 2. Iron ſeems to conſiſt almoſt wholly of attractive particles, loadſtones of attractive and directive together, probably mixed with heterogeneous matter, as not having been purged by fire like iron. And hence iron, when touched, will lift up a much greater weight than the loadſtone that touched it. 3. The attractive power of armed loadſtones, is, cæteris paribus, as their ſurfaces. 4. Both poles of the loadſtone equally attract the needle till it is touched. Then it is, that one pole begins to attract one end, and repel the other. But even the repelling pole will attract upon contact, or at a very ſmall diſtance. But how odd are the following experiments! I cut a piece, ſays Dr. Knight, of a loadſtone, into an oblong ſquare. In this I placed the magnetic virtue in ſuch a manner, that the two oppoſite ends were both ſouth poles,

poles, and the middle quite round was a north pole. I made the two oppoſite ends of another ſtone, north poles, the oppoſite ſide ſouth poles. An irregular ſtone had two broad, flat ſurfaces oppoſite to each other. I made half of each of theſe ſurfaces a north pole, and the other half a ſouth pole. So that the north pole of one ſurface was oppoſite to the ſouth pole of the other. I took a ſtone that had a grain very apparent, running the length-ways of it. At one end of it I placed a north pole, ſurrounded by a ſouth: at the other a ſouth ſurrounded by a north pole: ſo that the edges of each ſurface had a different pole from that which occupied the middle.

[*To be continued.*]

An Account of the ESCAPE *of the* CHEVALIER, *after the Battle of* Cullodon.

PRINCE Charles Edward, after the battle of *Cullodon*, was conveyed to what is called the *Long Iſland*, where he lay for ſome time concealed. But, intelligence having been obtained where he was, and a number of troops having come in queſt of him, it became abſolutely neceſſary for him to quit that country without delay. Miſs Flora Macdonald, then a young lady, animated by what ſhe thought the ſacred principle of loyalty, offered, with the magnanimity of a heroine, to accompany him in an open boat to *Sky*, though the coaſt they were to quit was guarded by ſhips. He dreſſed himſelf in women's clothes, and paſſed as her ſuppoſed maid, by the name of Betty Bourke, an Iriſh girl.

They got off undiſcovered, though ſeveral ſhots were fired to bring them to, and landed at *Mugſhot*, the ſeat of Sir Alexander Macdonald. Sir Alexander was then at *Fort Auguſtus*, with the Duke of Cumberland; but his lady was at home.

Prince

Prince Charles took his poſt upon a hill near the houſe. Flora Macdonald waited on Lady Margaret, and acquainted her of the enterprize in which ſhe was engaged. Her ladyſhip, whoſe active benevolence was ever ſeconded by ſuperior talents, ſhewed a perfect preſence of mind, and readineſs of invention, and at once ſettled that Prince Charles ſhould be conducted to old Raſay, who was himſelf concealed with ſome ſelect friends. The plan was inſtantly communicated to Kingſburgh, who was diſpatched to the hill to inform the wanderer, and carry him refreſhments. When Kingſburgh approached, he ſtarted up, and advanced, holding a large knotted ſtick, and in appearance ready to knock him down, till he ſaid, "I am Macdonald of Kingſburgh, come to ſerve your Highneſs." The wanderer anſwered, "It is well," and was ſatisfied with the plan.

Flora Macdonald dined with Lady Margaret, at whoſe table there ſat an Officer of the army, ſtationed here with a party of ſoldiers, to watch for Prince Charles, in caſe of his flying to the iſle of *Sky*. She afterwards often laughed in good humour with this gentleman, on her having ſo well deceived him.

After dinner, Flora Macdonald, on horſeback, and her ſuppoſed maid and Kingſburgh, with a ſervant carrying ſome linen, all on foot, proceeded towards that gentleman's houſe. Upon the road was a ſmall rivulet, which they were obliged to croſs. The wanderer forgetting his aſſumed ſex, that his clothes might not be wet, held them up a great deal too high. Kingſburgh mentioned this to him, obſerving it might make a diſcovery. He ſaid he would be more careful for the future. He was as good as his word: the next brook they croſſed, he did not hold up his clothes at all, but let them float upon the water. He was very awkward in his female dreſs. His ſize was ſo large, and his ſtrides ſo great, that ſome women, whom they met, reported that they had ſeen a very big woman, who looked like a man in women's clothes, and that perhaps

perhaps it was the Prince, after whom ſo much ſearch was making.

At *Kingſburgh* he met with a moſt cordial reception; ſeemed gay at ſupper, and after it indulged himſelf in a cheerful glaſs with his worthy hoſt. As he had not had his clothes off for a long time, the comfort of a good bed was highly reliſhed by him, and he ſlept ſoundly till next day at one o'clock.

The miſtreſs of Corrichatachin told me,* that in the forenoon ſhe went into her father's room, who was alſo in bed, and ſuggeſted to him her apprehenſions that a party of the military might come up, and that his gueſt and he had better not remain too long. Her father ſaid, "Let the poor man repoſe himſelf after his fatigues: and as for me, I care not, though they take off this old grey head ten, or eleven years ſooner than I ſhould die in the courſe of nature." He then wrapped himſelf in the bed clothes, and again fell faſt aſleep. On the afternoon of that day, the wanderer, ſtill in the ſame dreſs, ſet out for *Portree*, with Flora Macdonald, and a man ſervant. His ſhoes being very bad, Kingſburgh provided him with a new pair, and taking up the old ones, ſaid, "I will faithfully keep them till you are ſafely ſettled at St. James's. I will then introduce myſelf, by ſhaking them at you, to put you in mind of your night's entertainment and protection under my roof." He ſmiled, and ſaid, "Be as good as your word:" Kingſburgh kept the ſhoes as long as he lived. After his death, a zealous Jacobite gentleman gave twenty guineas for them.

Old Mrs. Macdonald, after her gueſt had left the houſe, took the ſheets in which he had lain, folded them carefully, and charged her daughter that they ſhould be kept unwaſhed, and that, when ſhe died, her body ſhould be wrapped in them

* The name of the Writer of this Narrative did not come to the Printer's knowledge.

as a winding ſheet. Her will was religiouſly obſerved. Upon the road to *Portree*, Prince Charles changed his dreſs, and put on man's clothes again; a tartan ſhort coat and waiſtcoat, with philibeg and ſhort hoſe, a plaid, a wig, and a bonnet.

Mr. Donald M'Donald, called Donald Roy, had been ſent expreſs to the preſent Raſay, then the young Laird, who was at that time at his ſiſter's houſe, about three miles from *Portree*, attending his brother Dr. Macleod, who was recovering from a wound he had received at the battle of *Cullodon*. Mr. M'Donald communicated to young Raſay the plan of conveying the wanderer to where old Raſay was; but was told that old Raſay had fled to *Knoidart*, a part of Glengary's eſtate. There was then a dilemma what ſhould be done. Donald Roy propoſed that he ſhould conduct the wanderer to the main land; but young Raſay thought it too dangerous at that time, and ſaid it would be better to conceal him in the iſland of Raſay, till old Raſay could be informed where he was, and give his advice what was beſt. But the difficulty was how to get him to Raſay. They could not truſt a *Portree* crew, and all the Raſay boats had been deſtroyed, or carried off by the military, except two belonging to Malcolm M'Leod, which he had concealed ſomewhere.

Dr. M'Leod, being informed of this difficulty, ſaid he would riſk his life once more for Prince Charles; and it having occurred, that there was a little boat upon a freſh-water lake in the neighbourhood, the two brothers, with the help of ſome women, brought it to the ſea, by extraordinary exertion, acroſs a Highland mile of land, one half of which was a bog, the other a ſteep precipice.

Theſe gallant brothers, with the aſſiſtance of one little boy, rowed the boat to Raſay, where they were to find Captain Macleod, as Malcolm was then called, and got one of his good boats, with which they might return to *Portree*, and receive the wanderer; or, in caſe of not finding him, they were to make the ſmall boat ſerve, though the danger was conſiderable.

Fortunate'y,

Fortunately, on their landing, they found Malcolm, who, with the utmoſt alacrity, got ready one of his boats, with two ſturdy men, John M'Kenzy and Donald M'Friar. Malcolm, being the moſt cautious, ſaid, that as young Raſay had not hitherto appeared in the unfortunate buſineſs, he ought not to run any riſk; but that Dr. M'Leod and himſelf ſhould go on this expedition. Young Raſay anſwered with an oath, that he would go at the riſk of his life and fortune. "In God's name then, ſaid Malcolm, let us proceed." The two boatmen, however, now ſtopped ſhort, till they ſhould be informed of their deſtination; and M'Kenzy declared he would not move an oar, till they knew where they were going. Upon which they were both ſworn to ſecreſy; and the buſineſs being imparted to them, they were keen for putting off to ſea without loſs of time. The boat ſoon landed about half a mile from the inn at *Portree*.

[*To be continued.*]

An Account of the SUFFERINGS *of* CYRILLUS LUCARIS.

[Extracted from a late Author.]

CYRILLUS was born in the iſland of *Candia*; but had his education at *Venice*; from whence, after finiſhing his ſtudies, he travelled into other parts of *Chriſtendom*; became acquainted with the Reformed Churches, and began to expreſs his diſlike of the tenets and practices of the Church of *Rome*. Returning home extremely well accompliſhed, with regard both to learning and experience, he was ſoon taken notice of by *Meletius*, his countryman, at that time Patriarch of *Alexandria*, who conferred upon him the order of prieſthood, and afterwards made him Superior of a Convent. In the year 1600 the Patriarch diſpatched him with a letter to *Sigiſmund* III. King of *Poland*, on occaſion of ſeveral Biſhops of *Lithuania*

ania and *Ruſſia Nigra*, who had ſent two of their number to *Rome* to propoſe a reconciliation with that Church, and to make their ſubmiſſion to the *Roman* pontiff.

This union was ſtrenuouſly oppoſed by the Duke of *Oſtorovia*, and ſeveral others, who were thereupon ſummoned to a ſynod held at *Breſſa*, by authority of King *Sigiſmund*, in order to bring them to a compliance. Notwithſtanding this, they reſolutely refuſed to ſubmit, being ſupported by *Cyril*, as well as *Nicephorus*, who had been ſent thither for that purpoſe by the Patriarch of *Conſtantinople*; at which the *Latins* were ſo much enraged, that they procured *Nicephorus* to be murdered, and *Cyril* narrowly eſcaped with his life. Soon after this the ſee of *Alexandria* became vacant by the death of *Miletius*, and *Cyril* was choſen in his room.

He went to *Conſtantinople* in the year 1612 to conſult that Patriarch on ſome affairs of their Church, where a certain Monk, according to his inſtructions from the Jeſuits, had ventured to ſay many things in favour of the *Romiſh* doctrines. *Cyril* zealouſly oppoſed this innovating preacher, and diſtinguiſhed himſelf in ſuch a manner, that upon the death of the Patriarch of *Conſtantinople*, he was nominated by the *Anti-Romaniſts* to ſucceed him; to prevent which the oppoſite faction made uſe of bribery, a moſt prevailing article with the *Turks*, and got *Timotheus*, Biſhop of *Marmora*, to be declared Patriarch; but he dying, *Cyril* was unanimouſly choſen for his ſucceſſor, in the year 1621.

The *Roman* miſſionaries knowing him to be an active man, reſolved to gain him over to their intereſt, or to work his ruin. Not ſucceeding in the firſt attempt, they laboured with the *French* Ambaſſador to get him depoſed, and *Gregory*, Biſhop of *Amaſſia*, promoted in his ſtead, who was a tool fit for their purpoſe, having already made his ſubmiſſion to the ſee of *Rome*. They alſo took occaſion, from *Cyril's* intimacy with the *Engliſh* and *Dutch* Ambaſſadors, to charge him with hereſy; at which he was ſo provoked, that he proceeded

proceeded to excommunicate his competitor. Enraged at their diſappointment, and determined to perſecute *Cyril* to the utmoſt of their power, they accuſed him to the Vizier of a deſign to deliver up an iſland in the *Archipelago* to the Duke of *Florence*, whoſe gallies frequented thoſe ſeas; whereupon he was apprehended, depoſed, and baniſhed, and the excommunicated Biſhop advanced to the patriarchal dignity, upon promiſe of paying a large ſum for his promotion; but not being able to raiſe the money, he reſigned his office to *Anthimus*, Archbiſhop of *Adrianople*, who was very rich, and paid down part of the ſum upon his advancement; the poor *Greeks* being obliged to levy the remainder.

In the mean time King *James* having given orders to Sir *Thomas Rowe*, his Ambaſſador at the *Porte*, to eſpouſe the cauſe of the oppreſſed *Greeks*, in oppoſition to the *French* Miniſter, and the *Romiſh* emiſſaries; he managed the affair with ſo much prudence, that he obtained leave for the baniſhed *Cyril* to return to *Conſtantinople*. Upon this, *Anthimus* ſubmitted himſelf to *Cyril*, and acquainted him with his readineſs to reſign the patriarchate; at which the *French* Ambaſſador was ſo alarmed, that he ſent for *Anthimus*, and aſſured him of the protection of the Pope, as well as that of the King his maſter, promiſing at the ſame time to ſupport him to the utmoſt with his money and influence; but threatened him with the greateſt reſentment if he reſigned his dignity. Theſe threats and promiſes prevailed upon him to hold it for a little time; but, conſcious of his uſurpation, he again ſubmitted to *Cyril*, begged his abſolution, and actually diveſted himſelf of all power and authority; whereupon *Cyril* was reſtored to the patriarchate, though not without paying a large ſum to the *Turkiſh* Miniſtry.

Soon after *Cyril's* re-eſtabliſhment, three emiſſaries were ſent from *Rome*, to endeavour either to depoſe or corrupt him. One of theſe was directed to inſinuate himſelf into the Patriarch's confidence, and to perſuade him to excite the

Coſſacks to attack the *Turkiſh* empire, over whom he had a very great influence, thoſe people being of the *Greek* communion. If they could have drawn him into this ſnare, they were ſure it would have coſt him his life. Another was inſtructed to charge him with hereſy among his Clergy; with diſcouraging the invocation of ſaints, and denying the real preſence in the euchariſt. He was alſo charged with rejecting the neceſſity of auricular confeſſion, and ſending youth to be educated in the Proteſtant Univerſities. On the other hand, Father *Roſſi* the Jeſuit propoſed to him an union with *Rome*; that he would admit the council of *Florence*, and condemn the errors of the reformed. But the Patriarch neglected their accuſations, and made no anſwer to their propoſals, which his enemies looked upon as ſuch an open contempt, that they meditated revenge at all events, and excited ſeveral *Greek* Biſhops to dethrone him, offering them large ſums of money. By theſe means they raiſed ſuch a ſpirit of oppoſition againſt *Cyril*, that he was compelled to retire till he had ſoothed the anger of the Government by a preſent of ten thouſand dollars.

But he had not long enjoyed this tranquility, when the Pope created him freſh diſturbances, by ſending an anti-Patriarch from *Rome*, with the title of *Apoſtolical Suffragan*. He arrived at the iſland of *Naxia* in the year 1626, whither the *French* Ambaſſador ſent his Chaplain to compliment him; and having brought him to *Scio*, he was received there with extraordinary honour, with which he was ſo exalted that he began to make removals, and to exerciſe his authority in an arbitrary manner. However the *Greeks*, ſeeing the liberties of their Church invaded, complained to the Vizier, repreſenting the ill conſequences that the government might poſſibly feel from theſe proceedings. This application had ſo good an effect, that the *Roman* Patriarch thought fit to fly for it, leaving ſome Suffragan Biſhops he had brought with him, who were apprehended and impriſoned, notwithſtanding the utmoſt endeavours of the *French* Ambaſſador.

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

An Extract from the Success of two DANISH MISSIONARIES *to the* East-Indies: *in several Letters to their Correspondents in* Europe.

[*Continued from page* 491.]

A LETTER *to a Divinity-Professor at* HALL.

IT was resolved in one of our weekly conferences, that I should take a journey to *Madras*; to try, whether by the way, and in the town itself, any access might be gained to the Heathens.

We entered accordingly upon our journey Jan. 7, 1710. Our congregation, being afraid of my leaving them entirely, entreated me with tears not to quit them, but to return as soon as possibly I could. This I promised to do.

The Gospel of St. *Matthew*, and another small treatise, containing the first Principles of Christianity, I presented to such of the *Bramins*, as came in my way. I hardly passed an hour without talking to some heathen, a fair opportunity being offered to me almost in every place. We have past several large and populous towns, and now and then taken up our lodging with the *Bramins* themselves. They entertained us kindly, and with great attention hearkened to such things as we suggested to their consideration. I have taken down all their names, and design to settle a correspondence with them by way of letters.

In King *Tanjour's* dominions, we have been often detained. The bare custom or toll they made us pay, amounts to almost thirty dollars: but all these charges fell off, as soon as we entered the territories of the great *Mogol*, being every where let freely pass without any charge or custom at all.

Tranquebar

Tranquebar is diſtant from *Madras*, about thirty ſix *German* miles, which we have finiſhed in ten days. We have been in many dangers, but are at laſt, under the protection of God, ſafely arrived in this place.

This day at twelve o'clock, we came to this town, and were hardly entered the gate, when the Governor ſent for us, and entertained us at dinner.

This place, I think, is, after *Batavia*, one of the largeſt towns in the *Eaſt-Indies*. I hope it will afford me a fair opportunity to ſcatter the ſeed of the word among the Heathens. My deſign is to make here a month's ſtay for that purpoſe. I touched to-day at St. *Thomas's* by the way, but being in haſte, I could not take an exact ſurvey of that place. After a day or two, I deſign to return thither again, in order to view the famous mountain of St. *Thomas*, but chiefly to confer with the (ſo called) *Thomas Chriſtians*, and to make what enquiry I can into the truth of the ſtories that are handed about on their behalf. At *Budutſcheri* I have got ſome intelligence about the ſtate of Religion there, it being the chief ſeat of the *French* Miſſionaries in theſe parts.

A LETTER *to a Miniſter at* BERLIN.

THE 7th day of January, I began my journey from *Tranquebar* to *Madras*. I had in my company one merchant, four and twenty *Malabarians*, ſix ſoldiers, ten palanquin-carriers, five other men that carried our victuals, one *Malabarick* amanuenſis, one ſervant, and one oſtler.

The firſt day we marched four *German* miles, through ſeveral towns and villages. The moſt part of the Heathens knowing me, came together to hear a word of exhortation from me. The next night we lodged in a large town, called *Tſchigari*, having about ſixteen *Pagods* in it.

The

The next day we travelled again four miles, and then took our leave of King *Tanjour's* country. We entered now the dominions of the great *Mogol*, which we were ſuffered to paſs, without paying any cuſtom at all. We came firſt to a ſpacious town, named *Tſchilambaram*. At night we came to a town called *Porta Nova*, and in *Malabarick*, *Pirenki Potei*. Here I had ſeveral opportunities to declare the goſpel of Chriſt both to *Heathens* and *Moors*.

The third day, we came in our way to an *Engliſh* town, whoſe name is *Kudelur*. From thence we moved to *Fort St. David's*, where we lodged, and were received with great civility, by all the *Engliſh* that are ſettled there. We ſtayed there the fourth day, when the Governor ſent for us up to the caſtle, and entertained us at dinner. I ſpent almoſt the whole day in diſcourſing the *Malabarians*. In the evening I went to one of their *Pagods*, where I was quickly crouded with hundreds of *Malabarians*, and at laſt, was invited to one of their houſes, where there was a grave aſſembly of *Bramins*, being men of note and reputation. With theſe I argued about points of divinity, till it was very late at night. At their deſire, I gave them a copy of the Principles of Chriſtianity; and having regiſtered their names, promiſed to fix a correſpondence with them.

The fifth day, we reached *Budutſcheri*, a *French* town, and the chief ſeat of their Miſſionaries in *India*. Their *Malabarick* Church, is a little bigger than ours at *Tranquebar*; but our *Malabarick* Charity-School is far more numerous than theirs.

The ſixth day, we paſſed through large foreſts and deſarts, where I preached the goſpel to the inhabitants of the woods. At night, we took up our lodging in the open fields, in a reſting houſe. After ſupper, a ſerpent made up to our quarters, but being betimes diſcovered by our guard, was immediately killed. In a town lying near this place, I left another copy of a *Malabarick* letter. This day we put in again at a

ſmall

ſmall reſting houſe in the fields, where I met two *Pantares*, and diſcourſed them about the way to happineſs, as I did all thoſe, whom I met upon the road.

The eighth day, we marched through abundance of villages, and reached *Sadras Patnam*, a fine populous town, where the *Dutch* have a factory. After I had taken a view of the town, a great many, both Heathens and Roman-Catholick Chriſtians, came to hear what I had to ſay. With theſe I ſtayed three hours, declaring to them the word of the goſpel, and then left a *Malabarick* letter in their hands. About night we entered a deſart again, and were kindly entertained by ſome *Bramins*, whom we happily met with. I aſked them many queſtions about the ſtate of their religion. Having given me a good inſight into the grounds thereof, they propoſed again ſome queſtions to me about the nature of the Chriſtian faith; which I anſwered. And then putting one of the treatiſes, containing the firſt Principles of Chriſtianity, into their hands, I offered to correſpond with them for the future.

The ninth day, we paſſed again through ſome towns and villages, and lodged at night in a retired place among the *Bramins*, who ſeemed affected with what I told them of the Saviour of the world.

The tenth day, we touched at St. *Thomas*, a noble ſpacious town, and arrived at laſt at *Madras*, after twelve o'clock, where we were received very kindly, and called at the Governor's houſe to dine there.

Madras is a large and populous town, and advantageouſly ſituated for ſpreading Chriſtianity among the Heathens in thoſe parts: if the *Engliſh*, who command here, would but ſecond our endeavours, or join with us in propagating the goſpel. I found here a letter, wrote by Mr. *Boehm*, at *London*, wherein he gives us ſome hopes, that the *Engliſh* might be prevailed upon to concern themſelves in ſo worthy a deſign. I have for this reaſon contracted an acquaintance with ſome gentlemen

gentlemen of that nation reſiding in thoſe parts. I have alſo waited on one of their Miniſters, who, being glad of my arrival, offered me a lodging in his houſe during my ſtay in this town.

The *Malabarick* tranſlation of the New Teſtament, which hitherto has been one of my daily labours, is now ſomewhat interrupted by this journey. I wiſh my friends in *Germany* would ſettle a correſpondence by the way of *England*, as well as *Denmark*. We have bought a garden, near a very populous place, deſigned for a Charity-School, and a building was begun to be raiſed, juſt before my departure from *Tranquebar*.

[*To be continued.*]

THOUGHTS *on a late* PUBLICATION.

1. SOME time ſince a celebrated book fell into my hands, "An Account of the Pelew Iſlands." I looked it over, but in a curſory manner, being ſtraitened for time. Having now a little more leiſure, I took it again and went through it with more attention, particularly the latter part, which is by far the moſt laboured. And the more I read and conſidered, the more convinced I was, that if this account be true, the Bible is not true. For the Bible affirms, not in one place only, but through the whole tenor of it, That all mankind are *by nature dead in treſpaſſes and ſins*. But in this treatiſe we read not only of a man, but a nation who are *by nature free from ſin*, without any ill tempers, without any thing blamable either in their words or actions. Nay, they are deſcribed, not only as negatively good, free from every evil temper and action, but as poſitively ſo, as adorned in a high degree with benevolence, and every amiable quality. It is true, the author allows them to have ſome infirmities;

among which perhaps ſome may reckon polygamy, theft, and murdering all their priſoners in cool blood: but even for the laſt of theſe he makes a handſome apology, on the foot of *political wiſdom*.

2. Such a nation, the *unblamable Ethiopians*, *Homer* ſuppoſes to have lived two or three thouſand years ago. But if there ever was or is now ſuch a nation in the world, the ſcriptures are a falſity, and the inſpired Writers, ſo called, talked at random, and were utterly ignorant of human nature. Nor did any writer do juſtice to mankind, till the account of the *Pelew* Iſlands was publiſhed.

3. I make no doubt but Captain *Wilſon* ſailed from *England* in the *Antelope*, in the *Eaſt-India* Company's ſervice. Neither of his being ſhipwrecked on the Coral reef, not very far from *China*. I readily believe, that the inhabitants of the neighbouring Iſland, *ſhewed* him and his men *no ſmall kindneſs*. And that one of them, a youth of an amiable temper and uncommon underſtanding, (whether he was a Prince, any more than *Tomo Atiachi* was a King, I cannot tell) accompanied him in his return to *London*, and ſome months after died of the ſmall-pox. But I can in no wiſe believe, that he or *Abba Thulle*, or any of his ſubjects, were taught all that is *right* by the *light* of nature, and enabled by the *power* of nature, to practice all that is *good*. To ſuppoſe this, is to ſap the foundation of revelation, and to deſtroy Chriſtianity at a ſtroke. Seeing, if this ſuppoſition be admitted, there is no need of it at all. If therefore this be the judgment of Captain *Wilſon* and Mr. *Keate*, why ſhould they perſonate Chriſtians any more?

4. But I cannot admit this ſuppoſition at all. Perhaps I have converſed, in fourſcore years (between forty and fifty of which I have, at an average, travelled four thouſand miles a year) with more perſons, than theſe two gentlemen put together: and many of them *Indians* of various nations, *Creeks*, *Cherokees*, *Chickaſaws*, and no ways infected with Chriſtianity: but one ſuch man as *Abba Thulle*, *Raa Kook*, or *Arra Kooker*,

I have

I have not found. Nor therefore can I believe that there is, I will not ſay a nation, but an individual upon earth, who are either born *without ſhame*, as Captain *Cook* affirms the nations of *Otaheite* to be: or to be wholly *unblamable*, both in their tempers and actions, as Captain *Wilſon* affirms the nations of *Pelew* to be.

5. I do not ſay, That either Captain *Wilſon*, or his hiſtorian *deſigned* by this publication, to ſtrike at the root of the Chriſtian Revelation, by ſhewing that it was grounded on a palpable falſehood, namely, the fall of man: but I ſay again, that if their account be true, if mankind are *faultleſs* by nature, naturally endued with light to ſee all neceſſary truth, and with ſtrength to follow it: that ſmooth ſophiſter *Reſnal* is in the right: revelation is a mere fable; we can do perfectly well without it: witneſs *Lee Bao*, *Abba Thulle*, and all his ſubjects. Nay, witneſs all Captain *Wilſon's* Crew (except one, who happened to give his fellow a bloody noſe.) And we may ſeriouſly ſay, with a great man, "Indeed I do not ſee, that we have much (or any) need of Jeſus Chriſt."

6. I cannot therefore but earneſtly adviſe all thoſe, who ſtill believe the ſcriptures to be of God, to beware of this, and all other books of this kind, which either affirm or inſinuate, that there are any Heathens in the world, who, like the ſuppoſed nations of the *Pelew* Iſlands, are unblamable by *nature*: ſince, if there be any ſuch, all revelation is needleſs, and the Chriſtian Revelation utterly falſe.

Peckham, Dec. 30, 1789. J. W.

A LETTER *from a Gentleman at* ROME.

Sir,

RELIGION, ſhut up in the boſom of God from all eternity, appeared the moment the univerſe ſprung from nothing, and came to repoſe itſelf in the heart of Adam.

There was the firſt temple on earth; and it is from thence that the moſt fervent deſires are continually exhaled towards heaven. Eve, formed in innocence as well as her huſband, partook of the ineſtimable advantage of bleſſing every inſtant the Author of their being. The birds united their warblings, and all nature applauded the heavenly concert.

Such was religion, and ſuch its worſhip, till ſin came into the world to ſtain its purity; then innocence fled away, and penitence endeavoured to ſupply its place. Adam, baniſhed from an earthly paradiſe, found no longer any thing but briars and thorns, where he had formerly gathered the faireſt flowers, and moſt excellent fruits.

The juſt *Abel* offered his own heart as a burnt offering to God; and ſealed with his blood the love which he had for truth and juſtice. *Noah*, *Lot*, *Abraham*, *Iſaac* and *Jacob*, ſerved as guides to one another, in obſerving the law of nature, as the only religion which at that time was pleaſing in the ſight of God.

Moſes appeared like a new ſtar, ſeen ſhining upon mount *Sinai*, at the ſide of the ſun of juſtice; and the ten commandments were given him, to be obeyed without any alteration. Thunder was the external ſign of this new alliance, and the Jewiſh people became the depoſitory of a law written by wiſdom itſelf.

Notwithſtanding the zeal of *Moſes* and *Joſhua*, and all the leaders of the people of God, the Chriſtian religion alone could produce worſhippers in ſpirit and in truth. Every thing, which was eſteemed holy before that time, already belonged to it; and when it was preſented to the world proceeding from the Incarnate Word, it was eſtabliſhed on the ruins of Judaiſm, like a beloved daughter, (filia dilecta;) and it changed the face of the whole world.

Wicked deſires were forbidden, as well as wicked actions; and the pureſt and moſt ſublime virtues ſprung from the blood of a multitude of martyrs.

The

The Church ſucceeded the ſynagogue, and the apoſtles, who were its pillars, had ſucceſſors who were to tranſmit their office to the end of time. According to that heavenly plan, and this divine œconomy, the ſubſtance ſucceeded to the ſhadow; for, the old law was only the type of Jeſus Chriſt; and the evidence of it after death, will be the recompence of faith. God will be ſeen as he is, and the faithful will reſt eternally with him.

Behold, in what manner you ſhould ſet out in the work of religion. Go to its ſource, and ſhew its excellence; aſcend with it to heaven, from whence it deſcended, and whither it will return.

Religion will never be perfectly eſtabliſhed, till it has no other principle but charity; for, neither knowledge nor exterior magnificence conſtitute its merit, but the love of God alone. It is the baſis of our worſhip, and if we are not perſuaded of this truth, we are only the images of virtue.

I conſider religion as a chain, of which God is the firſt link, and which reacheth to eternity. Without this tie, every thing is diſſolved and overthrown; men are creatures only deſerving of contempt; the univerſe not worth our attention; for it is neither the ſun nor the earth that make its merit, but the glory of being a part of the Supreme Being; and, according to the words of the apoſtle, to ſubſiſt only in Jeſus Chriſt. "Omnia per ipſum, et in ipſo conſtant."

Take care that there be nothing in your work unworthy of the ſubject; and when you meet in your way ſome famous unbeliever, or celebrated hereſiarch, overthrow him with the courage which truth inſpires, but without virulence or oſtentation.

It is ſo agreeable to ſupport the cauſe of religion, which has united every teſtimony of heaven and earth in its favour, that it ſhould not be defended but with moderation. Flights of genius have nothing in common with truth. "It is ſufficient to ſhew religion, ſuch as it is, (ſaid the holy *Charles Borromme*)

Borromme) to make the neceſſity of it be known." Men, who would give up religion, muſt either be reduced to eat acorns, or return to their original ſtate of violence and war.

I have ſtudied religion more than forty-five years, and am always more and more ſtruck with it. It is too elevated to be of human invention, although the wicked ſay it is. Fill your mind with the Spirit of God before you begin to write, that you may not make uſe of vain words. Where the heart is not perfectly conſenting with the pen which expreſſeth holy truths, it is ſeldom that the reader can be affected. Penetrate their ſouls with the ſame ſpirit which God himſelf brought upon earth, and your book will produce wonderful effects.

What has made *The Imitation of Jeſus Chriſt* ſo valuable and affecting, is, that the author, (*Gerſen*, Abbe of *Verceil* in *Italy*) has transfuſed into it all that holy charity, with which he himſelf was divinely animated.

Gerſon is commonly confounded with *Gerſen:* nevertheleſs it is eaſy to prove, that neither *Gerſon* nor *Thomas a Kempis* were the authors of that matchleſs book; and this gives me infinite pleaſure, becauſe I am delighted with the thought of ſuch an excellent work being wrote by an Italian. There is an evident proof in the fifth chapter of the fourth book, that it was not a Frenchman who wrote *The Imitation.* It is there expreſſed, that the Prieſt, cloathed in his ſacerdotal habit, carries the croſs of Jeſus Chriſt before him; now all the world knows, that the chaſubles* in *France* differ from thoſe in *Italy*, in this, that they have the croſs upon their backs; but I will not write a diſſertation, being content to aſſure you that

I am, &c.

Rome, Feb. 6, 1749.

* Chaſubles are a kind of copes which the Prieſts wear at Maſs.

An Account of a PROVIDENTIAL DELIVERANCE.

[By Mr. B. Marchant.]

I Was owner and commander of a veſſel which occaſionally carried freight, from one part of the iſland of *Antigua* to another; and about the month of Auguſt 1778, I ſailed on Sunday morning from St. *John's*, bound for *Belfaſt*. When I left the harbour, commanders were ſecuring their veſſels in the beſt manner they could againſt an approaching ſtorm, there being every appearance of a hurricane. My motive for leaving the harbour at ſuch a time, was, to obtain, if poſſible, a more recluſe place for my veſſel to anchor in, which I expected to have effected before night; but my veſſel being light, and a great ſwell coming from the eaſtward, ſhe did not make that progreſs which I thought ſhe would. Before I proceed further, I muſt obſerve, that my conſcience accuſed me very much for having taken in part of my freight on Sunday morning, a thing that I had never done before; as I made it a rule not only to avoid working, but to evade, if poſſible, ſetting ſail on that day. This good rule I infringed, and could not but intimate to my ſailors, that ſomething would happen to the veſſel before we attained our port; and I had a great dread on my ſpirits the whole day.

Finding it impracticable to obtain my port before it was dark, I conſulted my crew what ſtep we ſhould take; whether we ſhould put into *Parham*-harbour, or proceed for *Belfaſt*? The latter was determined on, and the North part of *Antigua* being a dangerous navigation, on account of the rocks, we purpoſed beating without the reef. About nine o'clock at night, ſtanding in for the ſhore, whilſt it blew very hard, and the night was very dark, the moon being quite obſcured; I ſuſpected from the ſwell, that we were on broken ground, and called to the ſeaman who was looking out, telling him I thought

I thought it time to put about; but he aſſured me that we were not near the reef, and that we might ſafely continue our courſe. A few minutes had only elapſed, when a ſea appeared to windward of the veſſel, which threatened inevitable deſtruction. I was at the helm myſelf, and made the beſt preparation I could to receive it. I put down the helm, and brought the veſſel upon an even keel, at the ſame time crying, "Lord have mercy on our ſouls, for this ſea will overſet us." It proved as I ſaid, and ſtruck the veſſel with ſuch violence, that it laid her upon her beam ends. I then put the helm up, hauled down my mainſail, and endeavoured to wear her with the jib ſheet to windward; but before this could be effected, another ſea ſtruck her and daſhed her on the rocks. The firſt loſs that I ſuſtained was my rudder, and the veſſel was then left in an ungovernable ſtate. In this ſituation we lay for ſome hours, the ſea beating over us, and it was with great difficulty we could keep ourſelves on board.

My ſailors fell into deſpair, as I had left the boat in the harbour; and admitting I had not, it would have been the greateſt imprudence to have attempted to ſave ourſelves in a boat amongſt rocks, in a dark night, and the ſea running mountains high. In this ſituation, the many deliverances I had before experienced by faith in God, occurred to me. I then lifted up my heart to Him, who is near at hand and faithful to his promiſes, and immediately received an unſhaken aſſurance of a deliverance; although there was not the leaſt ſhadow of a probability of one life being ſaved. I called my people and aſſured them, that if they would continue in the veſſel, the Lord would deliver us. I adviſed them to hold faſt with one hand, and do the beſt with the other, as I ſhould direct them. It being ſo very dark, it was impoſſible for me to diſcover on what part of the reef we lay; or whether a channel, called Bird-Iſland, was to windward or leeward of us.

In this ſituation we lay for ſome hours, daſhed by the waves from one rock to another. I ſaid to the ſailors that a

few

few flaſhes of lightening might enable us to ſee the land, and diſcover where we were; it immediately then lightened, and I perceived that the channel was under our lee, and we had but one or two rocks to beat over to get to it. One of my ſailors informed me that the veſſel was bulged, and it would be better to continue on the rock where ſhe lay than to drive into the channel, as ſhe would undoubtedly ſink; I ſaid, that God was both able, and willing to ſave us, if we would only truſt in him; and in a few minutes after we got into the channel. It lightened ſucceſſively, ſo as to enable us to ſee the channel, and by the help of two oars we got ſafe through, and came to an anchor under a little iſland, where we were employed till morning in getting the veſſel upright. We could not conceive what prevented the veſſel from ſinking; but when we hove her down, to repair the damage which ſhe had ſuſtained, to the aſtoniſhment of many ſpectators, the hole was ſtopped up with part of a rock, which prevented the water from flowing in.

B. MARCHANT.

LETTERS.

LETTER DXLIV.

[From Mr. M. L. to the Rev. J. Weſley.]

Aug. 28, 1782.

Rev. and very dear Sir,

I Earneſtly deſire to be given up to God, body, ſoul, and ſpirit; to live to his glory; to be holy, as he who hath called me is holy; not to know any thing, ſave Jeſus Chriſt and him crucified; and to adorn the goſpel of God my Saviour, by my words, works, and converſation. And as God has promiſed to fulfil the deſires of them that fear him; I think, he is carrying on his work in my ſoul. I have not indeed that overflowing joy, which I uſed to look upon as the

evidence of it; but as the trees in winter do not bud, bloſſom, and bring forth fruit, as in ſummer, yet nevertheleſs grow in ſtrength and ſtability; ſo I hope in a little time the fruit will abundantly appear to the honour, and praiſe, and glory of God.

I have, at preſent, matter of rejoicing, and great cauſe to be thankful, for I feel in my ſoul *continually*, the fruits of the Spirit, *love, joy, peace, long-ſuffering, meekneſs*, &c. In all my trials, I find reſignation to the will of my deareſt Lord; and my ſoul reſts upon this promiſe, "*All* things ſhall work together for good, &c." O how I long to come forth as gold out of the furnace, ſeven times purified; and for all the promiſes which are yea and amen in him we love, to be accompliſhed in my waiting, expecting, and deſiring ſoul. Yet I am not ſufficiently earneſt, I want that wreſtling, agonizing faith, which will cry out, "I will not let thee go, unleſs thou bleſs me." I want to be brought to that *birth of deſire*; or to feel and know, that,

> "Reſtleſs, reſign'd for God I wait;
> For God my vehement ſoul ſtands ſtill."

Oh! may I never be faint, or weary in my mind; but forgetting the things that are behind, may I preſs ardently to thoſe that are before, till by faith and patience I inherit the promiſes. I give glory to God, the way of ſalvation is by believing: and I rejoice in hope, (becauſe I have proved my God, a God of faithfulneſs and truth) that 'ere long "He that *ſhall* come, will come, and will not long tarry." I *ſhall* receive the Holy Ghoſt, the Comforter, to abide with me *for ever*; for the promiſe is unto me. I ſhall be made one with the Son, even as he is one with the Father: I ſhall be filled with God; yea dwell in God, and God in me. Come, Lord Jeſus, come quickly! I deſire an intereſt in your prayers, and am, Rev. and dear Sir, your affectionate humble ſervant,

M. L.

LETTER

LETTER DXLV.

[From Miſs A. Bolton, to the Rev. J. Weſley.]

Sept. 9, 178[illegible].

Rev. and dear Sir,

MANY troubles and afflictions have interrupted the free communication of my mind to you, and perhaps my ſuffering it to be ſo, may have made my burden the heavier. However, I now deſire with freedom to inform you of the Lord's gracious work in my ſoul. You well know that the path Infinite Wiſdom hath choſen for me has been a very rough and thorny one; which required the utmoſt exertion of faith and hope to enable me to keep on my way. But I have no reaſon to complain. He that promiſed never to leave nor forſake me has fulfilled his word, and ſtood by me in every trying hour. The circumſtances I have been in, have proved to me the love and faithfulneſs of Jehovah. I know my acquaintance with him is increaſed there, and I rejoice in hope of being eternally the better for it.

I know the Lord, the Holy One of Iſrael, dwells in my heart, and keeps it in peace in the midſt of outward ſtorms and tempeſts. I feel unſpeakable bleſſedneſs in being permitted to come to him with all my troubles, as to a tender-hearted friend, always ready to hear my complaints, and to adminiſter ſuitable relief. He does not keep me at a diſtance, or diſcover himſelf ſtrange toward me; but permits me to enjoy intimate communion and fellowſhip with him, and conſtantly aſſures me that all he has is mine.

The many inſtances he has given me of his truth and faithfulneſs in the fulfilment of his promiſes, greatly encourages my ſoul to draw near and put my truſt in him. Indeed it has often been with me as with St. Paul in his dangerous voyage, many difficulties and croſs providences have come between the word and the accompliſhment; and I have been ready to

ſtagger, and, with the diſciples going to *Emaus*, to ſay, I thought it would have been ſo and ſo, but now my expectation is ready to fail; nevertheleſs "In hope believing againſt hope" I have ſeen the word of the Lord magnified, and my ſoul has greatly rejoiced in the manifeſtation of his truth.

Bleſſed be his holy name, I ſenſibly feel that I love him as the ſupreme object of my delight and deſire. I long to advance his glory, and raiſe the honour of his name upon earth. As far as I know, I am wholly at his diſpoſal, offered up to his will and pleaſure, having no choice but to follow his. I think I never ſo perfectly underſtood, as within theſe few days, what it is to be crucified with Chriſt, and to walk with him in newneſs of life. Glory be to my adorable Redeemer, unto me is the word of this ſalvation ſent; and I feel all the powers of my ſoul ſtretch out after it. I ſee I am called to be more intimately one with Jeſus, to partake more largely of his mind and ſpirit, and to be more than ever devoted to his ſervice.

Earneſtly praying that the God of all grace may abundantly viſit your ſoul, I remain, dear Sir, your obliged ſervant,

A. B.

LETTER DXLVI.

[From Mr. John Trembath, to the Rev. J. Wefley.]

Oct. 4, 1782.

Rev. Sir,

ACCORDING to my promiſe, I once more write a few lines to him that I love as my own ſoul. May the eternal Jehovah always guide, protect, and keep you under the ſhadow of his almighty wings! O! how juſtly might God caſt me off for having ſo long grieved his Spirit, and ſinned againſt the cleareſt light! "It is of the Lord's mercies that I am

I am not conſumed, becauſe his compaſſions fail not." O! how can I ſufficiently exalt his amazing goodneſs, his inexhauſtible grace, his long-ſuffering mercy! "Praiſe the Lord, O my ſoul, and forget not all his benefits, who hath healed all thy backſlidings, and loved thee freely."

But, though God hath forgiven me, yet I cannot forgive myſelf for the precious time I have waſted, the years I have loſt, and the glorious harveſt I have neglected; when I might have been employed in the Lord's vineyard, in that bleſſed work of ſaving ſouls. O! the ſhocking reproach I have brought on the goſpel of Chriſt; when, inſtead of ſhewing ſinners the way to life and ſalvation, I have, by my vile example, led them in the direct path to hell. The thought of theſe things grieves my very ſoul. O! that I may ſtill abhor myſelf, and repent in duſt and aſhes!

I can now thank God for afflictions. He has indeed viſited my iniquities with a rod, and my backſlidings with ſcourges; but I will bear with patience and thankfulneſs the chaſtening of the Lord, becauſe I have ſinned againſt Him. The firſt ſtep to my ſad fall was the neglecting the means of grace. This took off the taſte and reliſh for ſpiritual things, and by degrees the love of the world, and the deſire of other things engroſſed the whole man; till the afflicting hand of God overtook me about four years paſt, and brought my numerous ſins to my mind. I had then time for reflection, and could not but adore the hand that ſmote me, and acknowledge that his judgments were mixt with mercy, in not conſigning me that inſtant to everlaſting burnings.

My ſoul was in deep diſtreſs; indeed the billows went over my head, and I was ready to periſh in the deep waters. I concluded I had but a ſhort time to live, and I was ſenſible I was not fit to die. The various agitations of my mind heightened my diſtreſs; and as a drowning man is ready to catch at any thing to ſave life, I ſtrove to take refuge in my paſt experience, and the immutability and faithfulneſs of God; but

but all this yielded me no ſolid peace, for Chriſt was not formed in my heart; I was not *then* a new creature; nay, I found the faithfulneſs of God was againſt me; I had "forſaken righteouſneſs and committed iniquity." I had only one reſource left, namely, The wounds of Jeſus, that fountain open for ſin and uncleanneſs. In the midſt of my diſtreſs he once more applied his healing balm to my wounded conſcience, and ſhewed me that God was reconciled after all that I had done. O that I may never forget the goodneſs of God towards me the vileſt of ſinners! Pray, dear Sir, for your unworthy, but affectionate ſervant, J. TREMBATH.

POETRY.

SHORT HYMNS.

[By the late Rev. C. Weſley.]

HYMN XVII.

On MATT. v. ver. 27.—*Thou ſhalt not commit adultery.*

CAN a true follower of thine
Such horrid crimes commit?
One moment left by grace divine,
We ſink into the pit:
Ah, do not, deareſt Lord, depart,
One moment from thine own;
But purify, and keep the heart
Which would be thine alone.

A MORNING DREAM.

[By Mr. W. Cowper.]

'TWAS in the glad ſeaſon of ſpring,
Aſleep at the dawn of the day,
I dream'd what I cannot but ſing,
So pleaſant it ſeem'd as I lay:

I dream'd

I dream'd that on ocean afloat,
Far Weſt from fair Albion I ſail'd,
While billows high lifted the boat,
And freſh-blowing breezes ne'er fail'd.

In the ſteerage a woman I ſaw,
Such at leaſt was the form ſhe wore,
Whoſe beauty impreſs'd me with awe,
Ne'er taught me by woman before:
She ſat, and a ſhield at her ſide,
Shed light, like a ſun on the waves,
And ſmiling divinely,—ſhe cry'd,
"I go to make freemen of ſlaves."

Then raiſing her voice to a ſtrain,
The ſweeteſt that ear ever heard,
She ſung of the ſlave's broken chain,
Wherever her glory appear'd:
Some clouds, which had over us hung,
Fled, chas'd by her melody clear,
And, methought, while ſhe liberty ſung,
'Twas liberty only to hear.

Thus, ſwiftly dividing the flood,
To a ſlave-cultur'd iſland we came,
Where a Dæmon, her enemy, ſtood,
OPPRESSION his terrible name:
In his hand, as the ſign of his ſway,
A ſcourge, hung with laſhes, he bore,
And ſtood, looking out for his prey
From Africa's ſorrowful ſhore.

But, ſoon, as approaching the land,
That goddeſs-like woman he view'd,
The ſcourge he let fall from his hand,
With blood of his ſubjects embru'd:

I ſaw

I ſaw him both ſicken and die;
And, the moment the monſter expir'd,
Heard ſhouts which aſcended the ſky,
From thouſands with rapture inſpir'd.

Awak'ning, how could I but muſe,
On what ſuch a Dream might betide?
But ſoon my ear caught the glad news,
Which ſerv'd my weak thoughts for a guide;
That Britain, renown'd o'er the waves,
For hatred ſhe ever has ſhewn
To black-ſcepter'd rulers of ſlaves,
Reſolves to have none of her own.

EPITAPH on *Mrs.* ELIZ. WASTFIELD, late of *Mile-End*, near *London*.

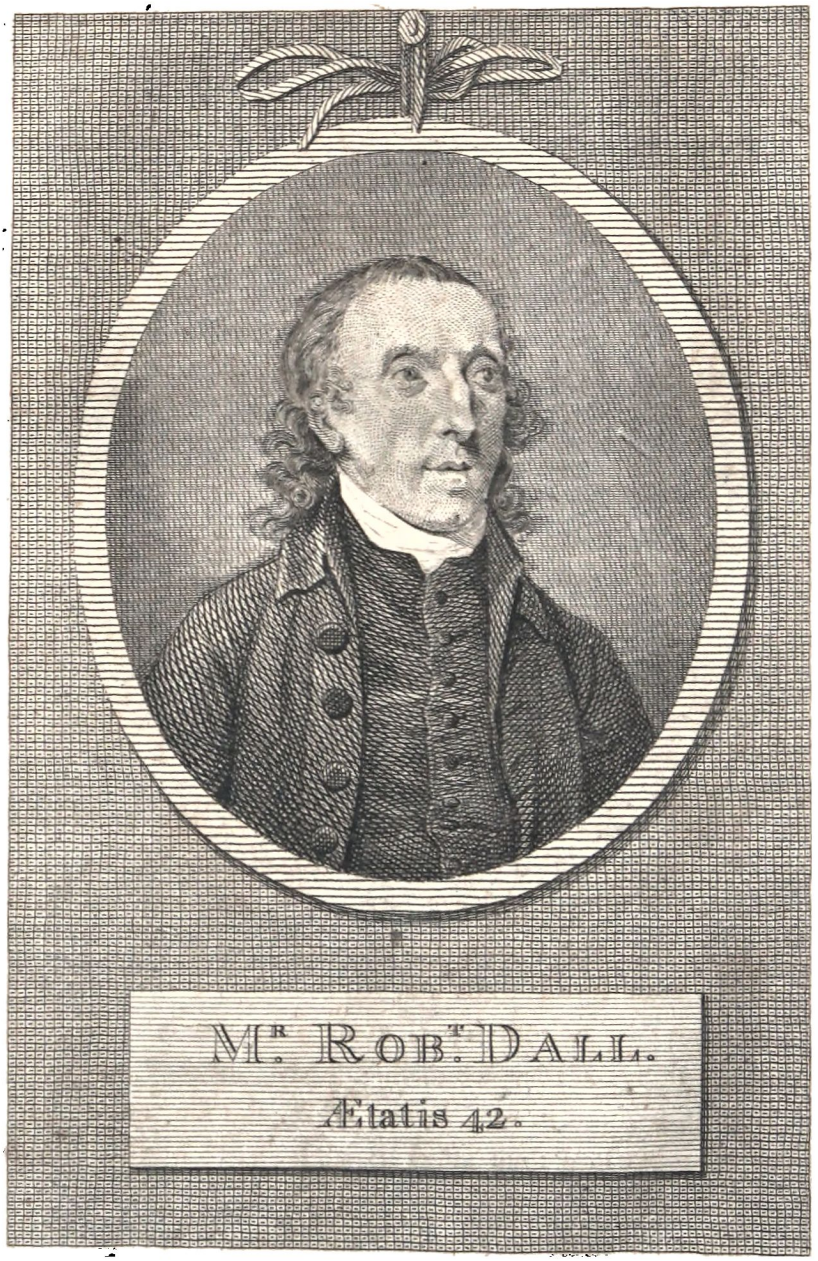
[Written by her Huſband.]

DEAR ſhade adieu! the debt of nature's paid,
Againſt death's ſtroke, we but implor'd in vain;
The healing ſpring no more could ſend its aid,
Medicine no more could mitigate the pain.

See, by her dying form, mild patience ſtand,
Hope, eaſe, and comfort in her train ſhe led:
See, gentle ſpirits, waiting the command,
Huſh her to ſilence on the mournful bed!

In vain with heart-felt grief I mourn my friend,
Fair virtue's meed is bliſs without alloy:
Bleſt change! for pain—true pleaſure without end,
For ſighs and moans, a pure ſeraphic joy.

When death ſhall that new ſcene to me diſcloſe,
When I ſhall quit on earth this dread abode;
Our free'd congenial ſpirits ſhall repoſe
Safe in the boſom of our Saviour-God.



Mr. Robt. Dall.

Ætatis 42.

THE Arminian Magazine,

For NOVEMBER 1790.

PREDESTINATION *clearly Stated.*

By Dr. KING, *Archbiſhop of* Dublin, *in a Sermon on Romans* viii. 29, 30.

[*Continued from page* 512.]

THIRDLY, if we conſider ſeriouſly the knowledge that we have of the creatures, and even of thoſe things in this world with which we are moſt familiarly acquainted, it will appear, that the conceptions we have of them, are much of the ſame ſort as thoſe are, which religion gives us of God; and that they neither repreſent the nature or eſſential properties of the things as they are in themſelves, but only the effects they have in relation to us. For in moſt caſes we know no more of them but how they affect us, and what ſenſations they produce in us.

Thus for example, light and the ſun are the moſt familiar in nature: we have the comfortable perception of them by our ſenſes of ſeeing and feeling, and enjoy the benefit of them; but what they are in themſelves, we are intirely ignorant.

And yet this ignorance of ours doth not hinder us from the uſe or advantage that nature deſigned us in theſe ſenſations; nor does our transferring to the objects themſelves the names that we give our own perceptions of them, draw any evil conſequences after it: on the contrary, they ſerve the uſes of life, as well as if we knew the very things themſelves. The ſun by giving me the ſenſation of light, directs and refreſhes me, as much as if I knew what its nature and true ſubſtance are. For in truth, men are no further concerned to know the nature of any thing, than as it relates to them, and has ſome effect on them. And if they know the effects of outward things, and how far they are to uſe or avoid them, it is ſufficient.

If then ſuch knowledge of natural things, as only ſhews the effects they have on us, be ſufficient to all the uſes of life, though we do not know what they are in themſelves; why ſhould not the like repreſentation of God and his attributes be ſufficient for the ends of religion, though we be ignorant of his and their nature?

We all of us feel a tendency to the earth, which we call *gravity*; but none ever yet was able to give any ſatisfactory account of its nature or cauſe: but inaſmuch as we know, that falling down a precipice will cruſh us to pieces, the ſenſe we have of this effect of it, is ſufficient to make us careful to avoid ſuch a fall. And in like manner if we know, that breaking God's commands will provoke him to deſtroy us, will not this be ſufficient to oblige us to obedience, though we be ignorant what it is we call *anger* in him?

I might go through all the notices we have of natural things, and ſhew that we only know and diſtinguiſh them by the effects they produce on our ſenſes, and make you ſenſible that ſuch knowledge ſufficiently ſerves the purpoſes of life. And no reaſon can be given, why the repreſentations given us in ſcripture of God and divine things, though they do only ſhew us the effects that proceed from them, ſhould not be ſufficient to anſwer the purpoſes of religion.

Particularly

Particularly we aſcribe foreknowledge to God, becauſe we are certain that he cannot be ſurprized by any event, nor be at any loſs what he is to do when it happens. And thereby we give him all the perfection we can, and aſſure ourſelves that we cannot deceive him.

After the ſame manner we aſcribe predeſtination to him, and conceive him as predetermining every thing that comes to paſs, becauſe all his works are as ſteady and certain, as if he had predetermined them after the ſame manner that wiſe men do theirs.

We further repreſent him as abſolutely free, and all his actions as ariſing only from himſelf, without any other conſideration but that of his own will; becauſe we are ſure, the obligations we owe to him are as great as if he acted in this wiſe. We are as much obliged to magnify his free mercy to us, to humble our minds before him, and return our tribute of gratitude to him, as if our ſalvation intirely proceeded from his mere good will and pleaſure, without any thing being required on our part, in order to it.

Let me in the fourth place obſerve, that as we tranſfer the actions of our own minds, our powers and virtues, by analogy to God, and ſpeak of him as if he had the like; ſo we proceed the ſame way in the repreſentations we make to one another of the actions of our own minds, and aſcribe the powers and faculties of bodies to the tranſactions that paſs in them. Thus to weigh things, to penetrate, to reflect, are proper actions of bodies, which we tranſfer to our underſtandings, and commonly ſay, that the mind weighs or penetrates things, that it reflects on itſelf or actions; thus, to embrace or reject, to retain or let ſlip, are corporeal performances, and yet we aſcribe the firſt to the will, and the laſt to the memory. And it is manifeſt, that this does not cauſe any confuſion in our notions: though none will deny, but there is a vaſt difference between weighing a piece of money in a ſcale, and conſidering a thing in our minds; between one body's paſſing through another, which is

properly penetrating, and the underſtanding's obtaining a clear notion of a thing hard to be comprehended. And ſo in all the reſt, there is indeed a reſemblance between them, which makes us give the names to each: but to compare them in all particulars, and expect they ſhould exactly anſwer, would run us into great abſurdities. As for example it would be ridiculous to think, that weighing a thing in our minds, ſhould have all the effects, that are obſervable in weighing a body.

It may be objected againſt this doctrine, that if it be true, all our deſcriptions of God, and diſcourſes concerning him, will be only figures; that he will be only figuratively merciful, juſt, intelligent or fore-knowing: and perhaps in time, religion and all the myſteries thereof, will be loſt in mere figures.

But I anſwer, that there is a great difference between the analogical repreſentations of God, and that which we commonly call figurative. The common uſe of figures is to repreſent things, that are otherwiſe very well known, in ſuch a manner as may magnify or leſſen, heighten or adorn the ideas we have of them. And the deſign of putting them in this foreign dreſs, is to move our paſſions, and engage our fancies more effectually than the naked view of them is apt to do. And from hence it too often happens, that theſe figures are employed to deceive us, and make us think better or worſe of things than they really deſerve.

But the analogies, that the holy ſcriptures frame of divine things, are of another nature; the uſe of them is, to give us ſome notion of things whereof we have no direct knowledge, and by that means lead us to the perception of the nature, or at leaſt of ſome of the properties of what our underſtandings cannot directly reach; and in this caſe to teach us, what we are to do, in order to obtain a more perfect knowledge of the attributes of God.

And whereas in ordinary figurative repreſentations, the thing expreſſed by the figure, is of leſs moment than that to which it is compared; in theſe analogies the caſe is otherwiſe, and the things

things repreſented by them, have much more reality and perfection in them, than the things by which we repreſent them. Thus weighing a thing in our minds, is a much more noble action, than examining the gravity of a body by ſcale and balance, which is the original notion from whence it is borrowed: and reflection as in our underſtanding, is much more conſiderable, than the rebounding of one hard body from another, which is the literal ſenſe of reflection. And after the ſame manner, what we call knowledge and foreknowledge in God, have infinitely more reality in them, and are of greater moment than our underſtanding or preſcience, from whence they are transferred to him; and in truth, theſe as in man are but faint communications of the divine perfections, which are the true originals, and which our faculties more imperfectly imitate, than a picture does a man: and yet if we reaſon from them by analogy, they are ſufficient to give us ſuch a notion of God's attributes, as will oblige us to fear, love, obey, and adore him.

If we lay theſe things together, they will ſatisfy us, why the holy ſcriptures repreſent divine things by types and ſimilitudes, by analogies, and by transferring to God the notions of ſuch perfections as we obſerve in ourſelves, or other creatures: ſince it appears, that we are not capable of better; that ſuch knowledge anſwers all the deſigns of religion; and that when the matter is duly examined, we hardly know any thing without ourſelves in a more perfect manner.

I ſhall therefore proceed to the third thing I propoſed, which was to ſhew the uſes we ought to make of what has been ſaid, particularly of God's fore-knowing and predeſtinating his elect to holineſs and ſalvation.

And firſt, From the whole it appears, that we ought not to be ſurprized, when we find the ſcriptures giving ſeemingly contradictory ſchemes of divine things.

It is manifeſt, that ſeveral ſuch are to be found in holy writ. Thus God is frequently ſaid in ſcripture, to *repent* and *turn* from

from the evil that he propoſed againſt ſinners; and yet in other places we are told, that *God is not a man, that he ſhould lie, neither the Son of Man that he ſhould repent.* Thus Pſal. xviii. 11. God is repreſented as dwelling in thick darkneſs: *He made darkneſs his ſecret place; his pavilion round about him, were dark waters, and thick clouds of the ſky.* And yet 1 Tim. vi. 16. he is deſcribed as *dwelling in the light which no man can approach unto, whom no man hath ſeen, nor can ſee:* and 1 John i. 5. *God is light, and in him is no darkneſs at all.* Thus in the ſecond commandment, God is repreſented as viſiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children, unto the fourth generation of them that hate him: and yet, Ezek. xviii. 20. *The ſon ſhall not bear the iniquity of the father, neither ſhall the father bear the iniquity of the ſon.*

Thus it is ſaid, Exod. xxxiii. 11. *The Lord ſpake unto Moſes face to face, as a man ſpeaketh to his friend.* And yet in ver. 20. he declares to the ſame *Moſes, Thou canſt not ſee my face: for there ſhall no man ſee me, and live.* There are multitudes of other inſtances of the like nature, that ſeem to carry ſome appearance of a contradiction in them, but are purpoſely deſigned to make us underſtand, that theſe are only aſcribed to God by way of analogy, and to correct our imaginations, that we may not miſtake them for perfect repreſentations, or think that they are in God, in the ſame manner that the ſimilitudes repreſent them; and to teach us not to ſtretch thoſe to all caſes, or further than they are intended.

We ought to remember, that two things may be very like one another in ſome reſpects, and quite contrary in others; and yet to argue againſt the likeneſs in one reſpect, from the contrariety in the other, is as if one ſhould diſpute againſt the likeneſs of a picture, becauſe that is made of canvas, oil and colours, whereas the original is fleſh and blood.

Thus in the preſent caſe, God is repreſented as an abſolute Lord over his creatures, of infinite knowledge and power, that doth all things for his mere pleaſure, and is accountable to none;

none; as one that *will have mercy on whom he will have mercy*, and *whom he will he hardens*: that *foreſees*, *predeſtinates*, *calls*, *juſtifies* and *glorifies* whom he will, without any regard to the creatures whom he thus deals with. This gives us a mighty notion of his ſovereignty, at once ſtops our mouths, and ſilences our objections, obliges us to an abſolute dependence on him, and to acknowledge the good things we enjoy to be entirely due to his pleaſure. This is plainly the deſign of this terrible repreſentation: and the meaning is, that we ſhould underſtand that God is no way obliged to give us an account of his actions; that we are no more to enquire into the reaſons of his dealing with his creatures, than if he really treated them in this arbitrary method. By the ſame we are taught to acknowledge, that our ſalvation as entirely depends on him, and that we owe it as much to his pleaſure, as if he had beſtowed it on us without any other conſideration, but his own will ſo to do. And that we might not think that there could be any thing in our beſt works, the proſpect whereof could move God to ſhew kindneſs to us, the ſcriptures give us to underſtand that thoſe good works are due to his grace and favour, and are the effects, not cauſes of them. So Eph. ii. 10. *For we are his workmanſhip, created in Chriſt Jeſus unto good works, which God hath before ordained, that we ſhould walk in them.*

All which repreſentations are deſigned to make us conceive the obligations we owe to God, and how little we can contribute to our own happineſs. And to make us apprehend this to be his meaning, he has on other occaſions given us an account of his dealing with men, not only different, but ſeemingly contradictory to this. Thus he frequently repreſents himſelf, as propoſing nothing for his own pleaſure or advantage in his tranſactions with his creatures, as having no other deſign in them, but to do thoſe creatures good, as earneſtly deſiring and proſecuting that end only. Nay, he repreſents himſelf to us, as if he were uneaſy when we failed to anſwer his expectations; as we may conceive a good, merciful, and beneficent prince,

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that had only his ſubjects' happineſs in view, would be, when they refuſed to join with him for promoting their own intereſt. And God, further to expreſs his tenderneſs towards us, lets us know, that he has left us to our own choice: and to convince us of his impartiality, declares that he acts as a juſt and equal judge; that he hath no reſpect of perſons, and favours none; but rewards and puniſhes all men, not according to his own pleaſure, but according to their deſerts; and that in *every nation he that fears him, and works righteouſneſs, is accepted with him*, Acts x. 25.

Whoever is acquainted with the holy ſcriptures, will find all theſe things plainly delivered in them. Thus to ſhew us that God propoſes no advantages to himſelf in his dealings with us, he ſaith, Job xxii. 2, 3. *Can a man be profitable unto God, as he that is wiſe may be profitable unto himſelf? Is it any pleaſure to the Almighty that thou art righteous? or is it gain to him that thou makeſt thy ways perfect?* And chap. xxxv. 6. 7. *If thou ſinneſt, what doſt thou againſt him? or if thy tranſgreſſions be multiplied, what doſt thou unto him? If thou be righteous, what giveſt thou him, what receiveth he of thine hand?*

And as to his leaving us to our own choice, obſerve how he is repreſented, Deut. xxx. 19. *I call heaven and earth this day to record againſt you, that I have ſet before you life and death, bleſſing and curſing; therefore chuſe life.*

As to his earneſt concern for our ſalvation, Ezek. chap. xxxiii. 11, *Say unto them, As I live, ſaith the Lord God, I have no pleaſure in the death of the wicked, but that the wicked turn from his way and live. Turn ye, turn ye from your evil ways; for why will ye die, O houſe of Iſrael?* And Hoſ. xi. 1. *How ſhall I give thee up, Ephraim? How ſhall I deliver thee Iſrael? How ſhall I make thee as Admah? How ſhall I ſet thee as Zeboim? Mine heart is turned within me, my repentings are kindled together.*

Every one may ſee, how diſtant this view of God and of his dealings with his creatures is from the former; and yet if

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we conſider it as a ſcheme framed to make us conceive, how graciouſly, mercifully, and juſtly God treats us, notwithſtanding the ſupreme dominion he has over us, there will be no inconſiſtency between the two. You ſee here, that though the creatures be in his hand, as clay in the potter's, of which he may make veſſels of honour or diſhonour, without any injury; yet he uſes that power, with all the paſſionate love and concern that parents ſhew toward their children: and therefore we are to conceive of him as having all the tenderneſs of affections, that parents feel towards their young ones; and that if he had been ſo affected, he could not (conſidering our circumſtances) have gone further than he has done to ſave us; that our deſtruction is as entirely due to ourſelves, as if we were out of God's power, and abſolutely in the hand of our own counſel.

If we take theſe as ſchemes deſigned to give us different views of God, and his tranſactions with men, in order to oblige us to diſtinct duties which we owe him, and ſtretch them no further, they are very reconcileable: and to go about to claſh the one againſt the other, and argue, as many do, that if the one be true, the other cannot, is full as abſurd as to object againſt that article of our belief, that Chriſt ſits on the right-hand of God, becauſe ſcripture in other places aſſures us, that God hath neither hands nor parts.

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

SERMON LX.

On MATT. vi. 22. 23.

If thine eye be ſingle, thy whole body ſhall be full of light: but if thine eye be evil, thy whole body ſhall be full of darkneſs. Therefore if the light that is in thee be darkneſs, how great is that darkneſs?

1. "SIMPLICITY and purity, ſays a devout man, are the two wings that lift the ſoul up to heaven: ſimplicity,

which is in the intention, and purity, which is in the affections. The former of theſe, that great and good man Biſhop *Taylor*, recommends with much earneſtneſs, in the beginning of his excellent book, "Rules of holy living and dying." He ſets out with inſiſting upon this, as the very firſt point in true religion, and warns us, that without this, all our endeavours after it will be vain and ineffectual. The ſame truth that ſtrong and elegant writer, Mr. *Law*, earneſtly preſſes in his "Serious call to a devout life:" A treatiſe which will hardly be excelled, if it be equalled, in the *Engliſh* tongue, either for beauty of expreſſion, or for juſtneſs and depth of thought. And who can cenſure any follower of Chriſt, for laying ever ſo great ſtreſs on this point, that conſiders the manner wherein our Maſter recommends it, in the words above recited?

2. Let us attentively conſider this whole paſſage, as it may be literally tranſlated. *The eye is the lamp of the body.* And what the eye is to the body, the intention is to the ſoul. We may obſerve, with what exact propriety our Lord places ſimplicity of intention, between worldly deſires, and worldly cares, either of which directly tend to deſtroy it. It follows, *If thine eye be ſingle*, ſingly fixed upon God, *thy whole body*, that is, all thy ſoul ſhall be filled with holineſs and happineſs. *But if thine eye be evil*, not ſingle, aiming at any other object, ſeeking any thing beneath the ſun, *thy whole body ſhall be full of darkneſs: and if the light that is in thee be darkneſs, how great is that darkneſs?* How remote not only from all real knowledge, but from all real holineſs and happineſs?

3. Conſidering theſe things, we may well cry out, How great a thing it is to be a Chriſtian, to be a real, inward, ſcriptural Chriſtian! Conformed in heart and life to the will of God! Who is ſufficient for theſe things? None, unleſs he be born of God. I do not wonder, that one of the moſt ſenſible Deiſts ſhould ſay, "I think the Bible is the fineſt book I ever read in my life, yet I have an inſuparable objection to it. It is *too good*. It lays down ſuch a plan of life, ſuch a ſcheme of doctrine

doctrine and practice, as is far too excellent for weak filly men to aim at, or attempt to copy after." All this is moſt true, upon any other than the ſcriptural hypotheſis. But this being allowed, all the difficulty vaniſhes into air. For, if *all things are poſſible with God*, then *all things are poſſible to him that believeth.*

4. But let us conſider, Firſt, the former part of our Lord's declaration, *If thine eye be ſingle, thy whole body ſhall be full of light:* Secondly, the latter part, *If thine eye be evil, thy whole body ſhall be full of darkneſs:* and Thirdly, the dreadful ſtate of thoſe, whoſe eye is not ſingle: *If the light that is in thee be darkneſs, how great is that darkneſs!*

I. 1. And firſt, *If thine eye be ſingle, thy whole body ſhall be full of light.* If thine eye be ſingle, if God is in all thy thoughts, if thou art conſtantly aiming at him that is inviſible: if it be thy intention in all things, ſmall and great, in all thy converſation to pleaſe God, to do not thy own will, but the will of him that ſent thee into the world. If thou canſt ſay, not to any creature, but to him that made thee for himſelf,

"I view thee Lord, and end of my deſire."

Then the promiſe will certainly take place, *Thy whole body ſhall be full of light*: thy whole ſoul ſhall be filled with the light of heaven, with the glory of the Lord reſting upon thee. In all thy actions and converſations, thou ſhalt have not only the teſtimony of a good conſcience toward God, but likewiſe of his ſpirit bearing witneſs with thy ſpirit, that all thy ways are acceptable to him.

2. When thy whole ſoul is full of this light, thou wilt be able (according to St. *Paul's* directions to the *Theſſalonians,*) to *rejoice evermore,* to *pray without ceaſing*, and *in every thing* to *give thanks.* For who can be conſtantly ſenſible of the loving preſence of God, without *rejoicing evermore?* Who can have the loving care of his ſoul, perpetually fixt upon

God, but he will *pray without ceaſing?* For his "heart is unto God without a voice, and, his ſilence ſpeaketh unto him." Who can be ſenſible, that this loving Father is well pleaſed with all he does and ſuffers, but he will be conſtrained *in every thing to give thanks*, knowing that all things *work together for good.*

3. Thus ſhall *his whole body be full of light.* The light of knowledge is doubtleſs one thing here intended, ariſing from *the unction of the Holy One, which abideth with him, and teacheth him of all things*, all the things which it is now neceſſary for him to know, in order to pleaſe God. Hereby he will have a clear knowledge of the divine will in every circumſtance of life. Not without the means, but in the uſe of all thoſe means, which God has furniſhed him with. And walking in this light, he cannot but grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord Jeſus Chriſt. He will continually advance in all holineſs, and in the whole image of God.

II. Our Lord obſerves, Secondly, *If thine eye be evil, thy whole body ſhall be full of darkneſs.* If it be evil, that is, not ſingle, (for the eye, which is not ſingle, is evil) *thy whole body ſhall be full of darkneſs.* It is certain, there can be no medium, between a ſingle eye, and an evil eye. For, whenever we are not aiming at God, we are ſeeking happineſs in ſome creature. And this, whatever that creature may be, is no leſs than idolatry. It is all one, whether we aim at the pleaſures of ſenſe, the pleaſures of the imagination, the praiſe of men, or riches: all which, St. *John* comprizes under that general expreſſion, *the love of the world.* The eye is evil, if we aim at any of theſe, or indeed at any thing under the ſun. So far as you aim at any of theſe, indeed at any thing beneath God, your whole ſoul and the whole courſe of your life, will be full of darkneſs. Ignorance of yourſelves, ignorance of your real intereſt, ignorance of your relation to God, will ſurround you with impenetrable clouds, with darkneſs that may be felt. And ſo

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long as the eye of your ſoul reſts upon all or any of theſe, thoſe will continue to ſurround your ſoul, and cover it with utter darkneſs.

2. With how many inſtances of this melancholy truth, that thoſe whoſe eye is not ſingle, are totally ignorant of the nature of true religion, are we ſurrounded on every ſide? How many even of good ſort of people, of them whoſe lives are innocent, are as ignorant of themſelves, of God, and of worſhipping him in ſpirit and in truth, as either *Mahometans* or Heathens. And yet they are not any way defective in natural underſtanding. And ſome of them have improved their natural abilities by a liberal education, whereby they have laid in a conſiderable ſtock of deep and various learning. Yet how totally ignorant are they of God and of the things of God! How unacquainted both with the inviſible and the eternal world! O why do they continue in this deplorable ignorance? It is the plain effect of this: their eye is not ſingle. They do not aim at God: he is not in all their thoughts. They do not deſire or think of heaven: therefore they ſink deep as hell.

3. For this reaſon they are as far from real holineſs, as they are from valuable knowledge. It is becauſe their eye is not ſingle, that they are ſuch ſtrangers to vital religion. Let them be ever ſo accompliſhed in other reſpects, let them be ever ſo learned, ever ſo well verſed in every branch of polite literature; yea, ever ſo courteous, ſo humane; yet if their eye is not ſingly fixt on God, they can know nothing of ſcriptural religion. They do not even know what Chriſtian holineſs means: what is the entrance of it, *the new birth*, with all the circumſtances attending it: they know no more of this, than do the beaſts of the field. Do they repent and believe the goſpel? How much leſs are they renewed in the ſpirit of their minds, in the image of him that created them? As they have not the leaſt experience of this, ſo they have not the leaſt conception of it. Were you to name ſuch a thing, you might

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expect to hear, "Much religion hath made thee mad:" ſo deſtitute are they, whatever accompliſhments they have beſide, of the only religion which avails with God.

4. And till their eye is ſingle, they are as far remote from happineſs as from holineſs. They may now and then have agreeable dreams from

> "Wealth, honour, pleaſure, or what elſe
> This ſhort enduring world can give."

But none of theſe can ſatisfy the appetite of an immortal ſoul. Nay, all of them together cannot give reſt, which is the loweſt ingredient of happineſs, to a never-dying ſpirit, which God created for the enjoyment of himſelf. The hungry ſoul, like the buſy bee, wanders from flower to flower; but it goes off from each, with an abortive hope, and a deluded expectation. Every creature cries (ſome with a loud, and others with a ſecret voice) "Happineſs is not in *me*." The height and the depth, proclaim to an attentive ear, The Creator hath not implanted in me a capacity of giving happineſs: therefore with all thy ſkill and pains, thou canſt not extract it from me. And indeed the more pains any of the children of men take, to extract it from any earthly object, the greater will their chagrin be, the more ſecure their diſappointment.

5. But although the vulgar herd of mankind can find no happineſs; although it cannot be found in the empty pleaſures of the world, may it not be found in learning, even by him that has not a ſingle eye! Surely

> "Content of ſpirit muſt from ſcience flow;
> For 'tis a god-like attribute to know."

By no means. On the contrary it has been the obſervation of all ages, That the men who poſſeſſed the greateſt learning, were the moſt diſſatisfied of all men. This occaſioned a perſon

perſon of eminent learning to declare, "A fool may find a kind of paradiſe upon earth (although this is a grand miſtake) but a wiſe man can find none." Theſe are the moſt diſcontented, the moſt impatient of men. Indeed learning naturally effects this. *Knowledge*, as the Apoſtle obſerves, *puffeth up*. But where pride is, happineſs is not, they are utterly inconſiſtent with each other. So much ground there is for that melancholy reflection, wherever true religion is not,

"Avails it then, O reaſon, to be wiſe?
To ſee this mournful ſight with quicker eyes?
To know with more diſtinction to complain,
And have ſuperior ſenſe in feeling pain?"

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

A ſhort Account of Mr. JASPER ROBINSON.

[Written by Himſelf.]

I Was born at *Wooburn-Green*, near *High-Wycomb*, in December 1727. My parents dying when I was about twelve years old, I was left to the care of a good grandmother, who kept me at ſchool till I was fifteen years of age, at which time I went as an apprentice to *London*. A few years after my apprenticeſhip was out I went to *Worceſter*, and wrought at the china-factory about two years, and afterwards went to *Liverpool*. My whole life hitherto, had been ſpent in youthful vanities and amuſements, ſometimes mixed with ſin and iniquity of the groſſer ſort, which I now hate, and am aſhamed to mention.

In the year 1759, being at *Liverpool*, I began to conſider that if I went on in ſin, it would be my deſtruction; and I thought, if there was a judgment to come, it would be my wiſdom to prepare for it. I therefore began to break off all my known

known ſins at a ſtroke, and took to faſting and prayer, and ſoon found the happy difference between ſerving God and ſerving the devil. In the year 1760, I removed to *Leeds* in *Yorkſhire*, where I got acquainted with the people called Methodiſts, and joined them, attended diligently to my claſs, and miſſed no other means of grace. In the ſummer of that year I heard Mr. *Weſley* preach, under one of whoſe ſermons I was enabled to believe that my ſins were forgiven. In the year 1763, I received a large effuſion of the Holy Spirit, and ſeemed changed throughout the whole man. I then joined the ſelect band, enjoyed much peace, and walked agreeable to the goſpel. In 1765, after converſing with a friend, I again felt a bleſſed change in my heart, but through unbelief ſoon let go my hold. Some time after at a morning preaching, it appeared as if every evil was taken out of my heart; but I ſoon gave way to unbelief and became as I was before. In the year 1770, it pleaſed God to bleſs ſeveral perſons at *Leeds*, and I received a ſweet, mild, and child-like ſpirit; but after awhile, through unbelief, my corrupt nature prevailed again.

In 1776, I ſet out as a travelling preacher, and was appointed for *Mancheſter*, where I preached in great weakneſs and fear. However I was encouraged much from the Lord, and from many of the poorer people, but ſome of the rich ſhewed great indifferency toward me. I believe I was of ſome uſe there, and in general that year was in purſuit of holineſs; but though I received many marks of it, I put it off and did not believe. In 1777, I went to *Epworth* circuit. Here alſo holineſs and uſefulneſs were my chief aim. I received many tokens for good in my own heart, and truſt I was ſomewhat profitable to the people. In 1778, I went to *Lynn*, and in 1779, to *Aberdeen* and *Inverneſs*. Here I was ſupported with an uncommen degree of cheerfulneſs, and found *Scotland* a happy place for me, notwithſtanding ſome inconveniencies. In the latter end of the year, at *Aberdeen* I was much tried, and much ſupported. In 1780, I came to *Dundee*, where I had a peaceful year, and

was

was all for holineſs. Yet I was tempted in an extraordinary manner, eſpecially at *Arbroth*. I faſted and prayed night and day, but could get no reſt. One day upon a mount, where I ran up to pray, a tremor ſeized me, and I thought the devil would become viſible; but on a ſudden, I was ſenſible that Jeſus was my advocate, the Holy Spirit my comforter, and God the Father my reconciled God. Now again I received ſuch comfort in my mind, that nothing was wanting but faith, to make me a partaker of full ſanctification.

In 1781, I was appointed for *Barnard-Caſtle*, and in 1782, was ſent to the *Iſle of Man*, where I minuted down, at times, the occurrences of the day, an extract from which here follows:

April 5, 1783. My mind was ſomewhat ſtrengthened by reading Matt. xxi. 22. "All things whatſoever ye aſk in prayer, believing, ye ſhall receive." Lord help me! I believe he does help me; for now I believe he has purified my heart by faith. I believe he has caſt out all my enemies, and through believing, they may be kept out. Glory be to God! I feel my ſpirit meek and pleaſant. I am nothing, and wholly depend upon God, and deſire nothing but him.

"All my wants are loſt in one,
Father, thy only will be done."

April 9. I have been kept without ſin in my heart this day. I grow more and more confident, that God has cleanſed my heart from all unrighteouſneſs. As I was riding yeſterday, a thought paſſed through my mind, why I was not ſanctified before? And it appeared it was becauſe I would not believe; and if I *would* not, then it is plain I might if I would. Is not this the caſe with many? inſtead of ſimply believing, they are looking out for ſome extraordinary thing formed in their own imagination. This, I believe, has been the caſe with me for twenty years paſt. Many times in the courſe of theſe years, God

God gave me reaſon to believe it; but inſtead of believing He *had* done it, I thought now I was in ſuch a way that I could not well miſs it; and *Naaman*-like, I expected God would lay his hand very powerfully upon me, and manifeſt himſelf in ſuch an extraordinary manner, that my ſoul would be immediately ſwallowed up in a holy flame of love. But finding not what I expected, I ſoon flagged in my purſuit, and my vile corruption returned again to my heart. And though in general I had power over all ſin, inward and outward, and peace with God, and ſtill ſought after a clean heart; yet I often thought, that according to his word he was willing to give it to others, but had ſome particular exceptions againſt me.

I thought I ſtrove more for it in every good word and work, than many others that received it; and yet the more I ſtrove, the harder it ſeemed to be attained; yea, I frequently thought, the more I ſought God, the more he withdrew from me. Upon which, I uſed to fall into ſuch weakneſs of mind, that I could ſcarce conceive any thing at all of God, or of Chriſt. At other times, when I was earneſt for purity, there would appear ſuch a huge bar, or ſuch a huge ſomething, that it was impoſſible for me to get any farther. Then I thought I might be contented with what I had got; and reſting here, I uſed to enjoy a tolerable degree of peace; though envy, luſt, and barrenneſs, frequently harraſſed me within. But O, how contrary to my expectation hath God dealt with me!

Two days before I received it, I was telling a brother, I could not ſee that I have grown in grace for twenty years paſt; becauſe, when I would ſail forward in the divine life, there roſe up always ſuch a ſand-bank, that my poor veſſel could not make any way. But as I was reading the fore-mentioned paſſage, "All things whatſoever ye aſk in prayer, believing, ye ſhall receive." I thought I would once more pray for ſanctification; becauſe it is God's will, according to his word. And I thought I would depend upon him, as I would upon the faithfulneſs of a friend; and ſhould be as much diſappointed in my expectation,

pectation, if he were not as good as his word, as if I were deceived by a man. I ſoon found my ſoul ſink down into a kind of nothingneſs before God, and preſently was perſuaded that no ſin remained in my heart, and that through believing I might ever keep it out. I thought, if this is the way to be ſanctified, any one that has grace may believe to be ſanctified, if he will; for none can be more weak in faith than myſelf, and yet I have no doubt but my heart is purified.

Thus, contrary to my former expectation of being ſomething extraordinary when ſanctified, I am emptied of ſelf, and ſink into an unfeigned nothingneſs, that Chriſt may be my all in all. I can only admire the goodneſs of God, reſpecting the manner in which he has been pleaſed to beſtow this bleſſing upon me. For, had he given it in my own way, that is, in rapturous joy, perhaps, upon thoſe tranſports ſubſiding, I ſhould have immediately thought that all was gone; and then have fallen into unbelief. But now, if I am ever ſo low, or ever ſo elevated, I continue believing in the Lord, who is my aim and end. I deſire nothing, I ſeek nothing but God. He is my refuge, my reſt, my portion, and my all.

" O how wonderful his ways!
All in love begin and end,
Whom his mercy means to raiſe,
Firſt his juſtice bids deſcend."

April 12. This day I find the Lord very gracious. Upon a trial that uſed to make me very haſty in ſpirit, I found not the leaſt ſhadow of it in my heart. The ſtate of my ſoul at preſent cannot be better expreſſed than by this verſe,

" Let the waves around thee riſe,
Let the tempeſt threat the ſkies;
Calm thou ever art within,
All unruffled, all ſerene;
Thy ſure anchor cannot fail,
Enter'd now within the vail."

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

A ſhort Account of the Death of ELIZABETH FLOOK.

[By Mr. John Valton.]

ELIZABETH FLOOK was born on the 26th of December 1769. From her infancy ſhe was remarkable for meekneſs and patience. Her dutifulneſs to, and tender ſympathy with her mother, in all her trials, were eminent. She was very diligent, and active, in all the worldly concerns in which ſhe was engaged, and gave promiſing tokens of being an ornament of her ſex, in her ſtation of life.

Near two years ago, it pleaſed the Lord to bleſs a ſermon to her that I preached from theſe words, *I am the bread of life, he that cometh unto me ſhall never hunger*, John vi. 35. She was then convinced that ſhe had not that bread, and that if ſhe died in that ſtate, ſhe muſt periſh everlaſtingly.

From this time, ſhe began moſt earneſtly, and ſeriouſly, to ſeek the Lord. She ſet up family prayer with her mother and ſiſters, and performed that duty with aſtoniſhing propriety and ſolemnity. She now began moſt ſorely to bewail the depravity of nature, and though her whole life had been modeſt and moral, yet ſhe was convinced that without the pardon of ſins, and a renewal of the ſoul in holineſs, ſhe could not dwell in the preſence of God. She gave herſelf up to prayer and faſting, making opportunities in the day time, to retire and pour out her ſoul to him that ſeeth in ſecret. The Lord regarded the lowlineſs of his handmaid, and in a few months, turned her captivity, and filled her mouth with praiſe.

From the time that the Sun of Righteouſneſs aroſe upon her with healing in his wings, ſhe walked in the light of his countenance, and enjoyed continual peace. She told her mother, that if that extaſy of joy which ſhe felt, the two firſt

weeks

weeks after ſhe found favour with the Lord, had continued, ſhe could not have attended to any worldly buſineſs. The gracious Lord having given her the Bread of Eternal Life, ſhe could not eat her morſel alone, but endeavoured, at every opportunity, to warn and invite, in the moſt affectionate manner, her relations and friends, to ſeek for ſalvation. Her feeling heart, and tender expreſſions, have drawn floods of tears from their eyes, and gained her the grateful affection of all the family.

She continued as the prieſt of the houſe, fervently offering them up to God in prayer, and ſupplication. Nor did ſhe reſt in her preſent attainments, being clearly ſenſible of the neceſſity of purity of heart, before ſhe could be admitted into the preſence of that God, who is glorious in holineſs, and of purer eyes than to behold iniquity. She very fervently deſired, and earneſtly ſought this bleſſing, in much prayer and faſting. This latter duty ſhe was at length obliged to decline, as being highly improper for her delicate conſtitution.

About nine or ten months ago, the frame of nature began to relax, and a weakneſs ſeized her, that continued and increaſed till ſhe became immortal. Having ſerved her apprenticeſhip, ſhe returned home at Whitſuntide, and was ſeldom able to get out afterwards. Sometimes ſhe uſed the help of a horſe, which her affectionate parent bought for her; but ſhe told her mother, that ſhe was convinced this illneſs would be unto death, and could bleſs the Lord for it, as the King of Terrors had nothing dreadful, becauſe he was not an enemy to her, but a kind meſſenger ſent from God.

At the beginning of her affliction, as ſhe was returning one Sunday from the preaching, ſhe felt ſuch weakneſs and wearineſs, that ſhe could ſcarce proceed on her way. This was attended with a degree of murmuring and repining, thinking her lot was hard, conſidering her youth. But ſhe was entirely delivered from this, by the application of that ſcripture,

ture, *Our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh out for us a far more exceeding, and eternal weight of glory.* From this time ſhe gave herſelf up moſt willingly and patiently, to ſuffer as the Lord ſhould ſee good, and never afterwards had the leaſt thought of living.

Under grievous pains, ſhe enjoyed the moſt ſerene and reſigned ſubmiſſion to God, waiting with pleaſure, but not anxious expectation, for her ſoul's releaſe. One day after a ſevere trial, through want of breath, ſhe bleſſed God for what ſhe had felt, and ſaid with joy in her countenance, "I ſhall never have this to go through any more; and whatever is yet to come, I leave to my God, for he has promiſed me that *as my day is, ſo ſhall my ſtrength be.*"

Once, when her pain had been very excruciating, ſhe cried unto the Lord, as ſoon as it ſubſided, to preſerve her from grieving him. He anſwered her, "My grace is ſufficient for thee." She replied, "Then welcome, Lord, eaſe or pain." On ſeeing her parent diſtreſt, when ſhe was in an agony, ſhe ſaid, "Never mind it mother, joy is annexed to the pain; I ſhall reap by and by." In this calm frame of mind ſhe continued until death, waiting for that happy moment, which would remove her from all ſufferings, and give her into the arms of a precious Redeemer.

A few nights before ſhe died, ſome compoſing drops having given her relief, ſhe ſaid, "The Lord has not only given me theſe, but he provides every thing for me that I want." Immediately it ſeemed as if a voice ſaid under her pillow, "Yes, and he will give thee heaven ſoon." Two nights before ſhe died, her mother ſaid, "O my child, what have you ſuffered this night!" "Ah mother, ſaid ſhe, what have I enjoyed this night!" It ſeemed a matter of indifference, whether ſhe had eaſy or painful nights, for ſhe ſaid, "It matters not, it is paſſed away, and I ſhall undergo it no more." The night before ſhe died, ſhe ſaid, "If ſome perſons ſuffered what I feel in my breaſt, (her ſtomach ſeeming to be all on fire,) who had

had not the grace of God, they muſt be raving mad; but God has told me, his grace is ſufficient for me, therefore I cannot complain."

In the morning ſhe addreſſed her mother thus: "O mother, what have I enjoyed, as well as ſuffered this night!" and then broke out in ſinging with a weak, trembling voice, the following verſe:

"The Holy to the Holieſt leads,
With joy our ſpirits riſe;
And he that in thy ſtatutes treads
Shall meet thee in the ſkies."

Early the laſt morning of her life, ſhe prayed that the Lord would give her a little reſt of body, and ſtrength for the laſt conflict. He granted this requeſt, and threw her into a ſweet ſlumber, in which ſhe continued for ſometime. About two hours before ſhe died, a friend diſcourſing on immortality, ſhe was filled with ſuch tranſporting joy, as reanimated her dying countenance. She ſaid, with inexpreſſible ſweetneſs, "My bodily pain is great, but my joys are beyond expreſſion." She was then ſeized with a moſt violent fit of coughing, but when it was over, ſhe ſmilingly ſaid, "My God ſupports me, or it would be intolerable: and I know he will never leave me, nor forſake me. I have lived in Chriſt, and in Chriſt I ſhall die. It was for this I was born."

About an hour before ſhe died, I viſited her, and found her ſoul ſtaid upon God. As ſhe did not appear to be ſo near death, and being very languid, I commended her in prayer to God, and left her calmly reclining her weary head upon the pillow, and her ready ſoul on the boſom of her gracious Lord. Soon after I was gone, ſhe expreſſed a deſire to ſee me, but I was too far to be recalled. She then deſired to be put into a chair. When ſhe was in her mother's arms, ſhe lifted up her eyes and hands, and cried out, "Now Lord,

I am

I am coming: meet me half way!" When ſhe was ſet in the chair, ſhe ſaid, "Tell my ſiſters, tell all my friends, it is a great thing to die." She then called for her ſiſter, and ſaid, "Nancy, this is dying! This is dying! This is going home!" Then ſpreading out her arms, like a perſon ſwimming, cried out, "Wings! wings! wings!" She was then put into bed, and on ſeeing an acquaintance by the bedſide, with her mother, ſhe ſaid with her expiring breath and up-lifted eyes, "O what a bleſſed ſight I ſhall preſently ſee!" and immediately launched into the blaze of endleſs day.

J. V.

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

GENERAL REFLECTIONS.

Of Metals, Minerals, and other Foſſils.

[*Continued from page* 533.]

MANY varieties of this kind might eaſily be deviſed. But theſe examples are ſufficient to ſhew, how manageable the magnetic virtue is, with reſpect to its direction; and how defective all the hypotheſes are, which are brought to account for the phænomena of the Loadſtone.

Mr. Howard ſailed to Barbadoes in company with another ſhip, commanded by one Groſton. Suddenly a terrible clap of thunder broke Groſton's foremaſt, and did ſome damage to his rigging. When the noiſe was paſt, he was ſurpriſed to ſee Mr. Groſton's ſhip ſteering homeward. He tacked and ſtood after him, and found that Mr. Groſton did indeed ſteer by the right point of his compaſs, but that the card was turned round, the north and ſouth point having changed places. If he

he ſet it right with his finger, as ſoon as it was at liberty, it returned to its former poſture. And on examination, he found every compaſs in the ſhip had undergone the ſame change.

An odd diſcovery has been lately made, that not only iron as has been generally thought, but braſs too, by being hammered and properly touched, will contract a true magnetic virtue. And perhaps it will be hereafter diſcovered, that other Metals may receive the ſame.

Before cloſing this article, it may be proper to obſerve, firſt, The peculiar qualities wherewith ſome other ſtones are endued; and ſecondly, The remarkable uſes they are of to us. As to the former, we may obſerve, 1. The colour. The Carbunkle and Ruby ſhine with red, the Sapphire with blue, the Emerald with green, the Topaz with a yellow or gold colour; the Amethyſt, is as it were tinctured with wine, the Opal varies its colour like changeable taffeta, as it is variouſly expoſed to the light. Obſerve, 2. The hardneſs wherein ſome ſtones exceed all other bodies; the Diamond in particular, which is ſo extremely hard, that no art is able to counterfeit it. 3. As to the uſes, ſome are ſerviceable for building, and for many ſorts of veſſels and utenſils; for pillars and ſtatues; for portico's, conduits, palaces, as Free-ſtone and Marble: ſome to burn into lime, ſome (with the mixture of kelp) to make glaſs as common Flints: ſome to cover houſes as Slate; ſome for marking, as Chalk, which ſerves alſo to manure land, and for medicinal uſes; ſome to make veſſels which will endure the fire. I might add the Warming-ſtone, digged in Cornwall: which being once well heated at the fire, retains its heat for a conſiderable time.

Of the third claſs are inflammable Foſſils, the chief of which are Sulphur and Bitumen. Both are highly inflammable: but the ſubſtance of Bitumen is more fat and tenacious; whereas Sulphur may eaſily be broken, and reduced to a fine powder.

The Bitumen of the Latins was by the Greeks called Aſphaltos. It is a black, ſolid, brittle ſubſtance, reſembling pitch.

It is chiefly found ſwimming on the Dead Sea, where antiently ſtood Sodom and Gomorrah. It is caſt up from time to time from the bottom to the ſurface, where it gradually condenſes by the heat of the ſun. It burns as violently as Naptha; but is of a firmer conſiſtence.

Aſphaltos is alſo a kind of bituminous ſtone, found near the antient Babylon, and lately in the province of Neufchatel, which properly mixed makes an excellent cement, incorruptible either by air or water. With this it is ſuppoſed, the walls of Babylon were built.

Jet ſeems to be formed in the earth of a bituminous juice. It is a light, ſmooth, pitchy ſtone. It is fiſſile, and works like amber: the beſt in the world is ſaid to be found in Yorkſhire. It readily catches fire, flaſhes and yields a bituminous ſmell. Nearly reſembling this, is the Channel-Coal, found in ſeveral parts of Lancaſhire, which burns with an even, ſteady flame, like a candle or torch.

Amber is a kind of foſſil pitch, the veins of which run chiefly at the bottom of the ſea. It is hardened in tract of time, and caſt on ſhore by the motion of the ſea. It was long thought that none could be found but in Pruſſia: but it has ſince been found in Sweden, on the ſhores of the iſle of Beorkoo, though ſituate in a lake whoſe water is ſweet. Nay, it is digged out of the earth, at a conſiderable diſtance from the ſea, and not only in ſandy, but in firm ground.

[*To be continued.*]

An Account of the ESCAPE *of the* CHEVALIER, *after the Battle of* Cullodon.

[*Continued from page* 537.]

ALL this was negociated before the wanderer got forward to *Portree*. Malcolm M'Leod, and M'Friar were diſpatched to look for him. In a ſhort time he appeared, and went

went into the public-houſe. There Donald Roy, whom he had ſeen at *Mugſhot*, received him, and informed him of what had been concerted. He wanted ſilver for a guinea. The landlord had but thirteen ſhillings. He was going to accept this for his guinea; but Donald Roy very judiciouſly obſerved, that it would diſcover him to be ſome great man; ſo he deſiſted. He ſlipped out of the houſe, leaving his fair protectreſs, whom he never again ſaw, and M'Leod was preſented to him by Roy, as captain in his army. Young Raſay and Dr. M'Leod had waited, in impatient anxiety, in the boat. When he came, their names were announced to him. He would not permit the uſual ceremonies of reſpect, but ſaluted them as his equals.

Donald Roy ſtaid in *Sky* to be in readineſs to get intelligence, and give an alarm in caſe the troops ſhould diſcover the retreat to Raſay; and Prince Charles was then conveyed in a boat to that iſland in the night. He ſlept a little upon the paſſage, and they landed about day-break. There was ſome difficulty in accommodating him with a lodging, as almoſt all the houſes had been burnt by the ſoldiery. They repaired to a little hut, and having prepared it as well as they could, and made a bed of heath, they kindled a fire, and partook of ſome proviſions which had been ſent with him from Kingſburgh. It was obſerved, he would not taſte wheat-bread or brandy, while oat-bread and whiſkey laſted: "for theſe, ſaid he, are my own country bread and drink." This was very engaging to the Highlanders.

Young Raſay, being the only perſon of the company that durſt appear with ſafety, went in queſt of ſomething freſh for them to eat; but though he was amidſt his own cows, ſheep and goats, he could not venture to take any of them for fear of diſcovery, but was obliged to ſupply himſelf by ſtealth. He catched a kid, and brought it to the hut in his plaid, and furniſhed them a meal which they reliſhed much. The diſtreſſed wanderer, whoſe health was now a good deal impaired by

hunger, fatigue and watching, ſlept a long time, but ſeemed to be frequently diſturbed. Malcolm told me he would ſtart from broken ſlumbers, and ſpeak to himſelf in different languages, French, Italian and Engliſh. One of his expreſſions in Engliſh was, " O God! poor *Scotland!*"

While they were in the hut, M'Kenzie and M'Friar, were placed as centinels upon different eminences. One day an incident happened which muſt not be omitted. There was a man wandering about the iſland, ſelling tobacco. Nobody knew him, and he was ſuſpected to be a ſpy. M'Kenzie came running to the hut, and told that this perſon was approaching. Upon which the three gentlemen, young Raſay, Dr. M'Leod, and Malcolm, held a council of war upon him, and were unanimous that he ſhould inſtantly be put to death. Prince Charles, at once aſſuming a grave and even ſevere countenance, ſaid, " God forbid that we ſhould take away a man's life, who may be innocent, while we can preſerve our own." The gentlemen perſiſted in their reſolution, while he continued to take the merciful ſide. John M'Kenzie, who ſat watching at the door of the hut, and overheard the debate, ſaid in Erſe, " Well, well, he muſt be ſhot: you are the King, but we are the parliament, and will do what we chooſe."—Prince Charles aſked what the man ſaid, and being told it in Engliſh, ſaid, he was a clever fellow, and notwithſtanding the perilous ſituation in which he was, laughed loud and hearty.

Luckily the unknown perſon walked on paſt the tent, not knowing his riſk. It was afterwards found out that he was one of the Highland army, who was himſelf in danger. John M'Kenzie is alive. I ſaw him at Raſay's houſe. About eighteen years ago he hurt one of his legs when dancing, and being obliged to have it cut off, he now was going about with a wooden leg. The ſtory of his being a *member of parliament* is not yet forgotten. I took him out a little way from the houſe, gave him a ſhilling to drink Raſay's health, and led him into a detail of the particulars which I have juſt related. With

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leſs foundation, ſome writers have traced the idea of a parliament, and the Britiſh conſtitution in rude and early times. I was curious to know if he had really heard, or underſtood any thing of that ſubject, which had he been a greater man, would probably have been eagerly maintained. "Why, John, ſaid I, did you think the King would be controuled by his parliament?" He anſwered, "I thought, Sir, there were many voices againſt one."

The converſation then turning on the times, the wanderer ſaid, that the life he had led of late was a very hard one, but would rather live in the way he now did, for ten years, than fall into the hands of his enemies. The gentlemen aſked him, what he thought his enemies would do with him ſhould he fall into their hands? He ſaid, he did not believe they would dare to take his life publickly, but he dreaded being privately deſtroyed by poiſon or aſſaſſination. He was particular in his enquiries, about the wound which Dr. M'Leod had received at *Culloden*, from a ball which entered at one ſhoulder, and went acroſs to the other. He mentioned that he himſelf had his horſe ſhot under him at *Culloden*; that the ball hit the horſe about two inches from his knee, and made him ſo unruly that he was obliged to change him for another. He threw out ſome reflections on the conduct of the diſaſtrous affair at *Culloden*, ſaying, however, that perhaps it was raſh in him to do ſo.

I am now convinced that his ſuſpicions were groundleſs; for I have had a good deal of converſation upon the ſubject with my worthy, and ingenious friend Mr. Andrew Lumiſden, who was under ſecretary to Prince Charles, and afterwards principal ſecretary to his father at *Rome*; who was perfectly ſatisfied both of the abilities and honour of the generals who commanded the Highland army on that occaſion. Mr. Lumiſden has written an account of the three battles in 1746 in an accurate and claſſical ſtile. Talking of the Highland corps, the gentlemen preſent wiſhed to have his opinion which

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were the beſt ſoldiers? He ſaid, he did not like compariſons among thoſe corps: they were all beſt.

He told his conductors, he did not think it adviſeable to remain long in any one place; that he expected a French ſhip to come for him to Lochbroom, among the Mackenzies. It was then propoſed to carry him in one of Malcolm's boats to Lochbroom, though the diſtance was fifteen leagues coaſt-way. But he thought this would be too dangerous, and deſired that at any rate they might firſt endeavour to obtain intelligence. Upon which young Raſay wrote to his friend, Mr. M'Kenzie of *Applecroſs*, but received an anſwer, that there was no appearance of a French ſhip.

It was therefore reſolved that they ſhould return to *Sky*, which they did, and landed at *Strath*, where they repoſed in a cow-houſe belonging to Mr. Nicholſon, of *Scorbreek*. The ſea was very rough, and the boat took in a good deal of water. The wanderer aſked if there was danger, as he was not uſed to ſuch a veſſel. Upon being told there was not, he ſung an Erſe ſong with much vivacity, for he had by this time acquired a good deal of the Erſe language.

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

An Account of the SUFFERINGS *of* CYRILLUS LUCARIS.

[Extracted from a late Author.]

[*Concluded from page* 540.]

CYRIL had now a little reſpite from his troubles, which however were again renewed by the following accident. A Greek named *Mataxa* having travelled into *England*, where he reſided ſome years and learnt the art of Printing, brought with him to *Conſtantinople* a preſs of types, with the pious de-

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ſign of publiſhing ſome books for the inſtruction of the poor ignorant *Greeks* in the principles of their religion. This good man was introduced by the *Engliſh* Ambaſſador to the Archbiſhop of *Corinth*, being recommended by the patriarch, who deſired the Ambaſſador to own the printing materials, which were otherwiſe in danger of being ſeized. This he did accordingly, and they were landed without examination. But how to make uſe of them, without giving offence to the *Turks*, was the greateſt difficulty, eſpecially as the Ambaſſador did not think it proper to have the preſs ſet up in his own houſe. He adviſed them, however, to take a houſe in the neighbourhood, and promiſed to give them all the protection he was able. As ſoon as this came to the ears of the *Romiſh* miſſionaries, it gave them great uneaſineſs, being apprehenſive the deſign was to print catechiſms and other books againſt the Church of *Rome*. Hereupon they endeavoured to bring over *Mataxa* to their intereſts, but not ſucceeding, they threatened to take away his life; inſomuch that he begged leave to lie in the houſe of the *Engliſh* Ambaſſador in the night-time, fearing he ſhould be murdered in his own. In the mean time the patriarch, to take off the aſperſions of the *Jeſuits*, that he intended to introduce new doctrines into the *Greek* Church, ſent a little book to the preſs, which he dedicated to King *Charles* the Firſt, in vindication of his own tenets, and of the faith of the *Greeks* in general. This ſo exaſperated the *Jeſuits* that they reſolved at all hazards to put a ſtop to the preſs, a machine ſo deſtructive to their ſchemes, and to ſacrifice both *Cyril* and *Mataxa*. To this end they procured a book that the patriarch had printed in *England*, in defence of the divinity of our Saviour, which he chiefly intended againſt the *Jews*, and finding in it ſome paſſages reflecting on the doctrines of *Mahomet*, they prevailed on a cunning raſcal, who had the ear of the Vizier, to inſinuate to him that *Mataxa* was a ſoldier and a ſpy, ſent to *Conſtantinople* to ſpirit up the *Greeks* to rebellion; and that under pretence of printing books for the inſtruction

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of children, he had diſperſed others of a dangerous nature, tending to excite inſurrections againſt the government, reflecting on the ſacred *Koran*, and conſequently ſtriking at the baſis of the Mahometan faith. The Vizier, without ſearching into the truth of the charge, ſent a captain with a party of *Janizaries* to apprehend *Mataxa*, who happened to be with the *Engliſh* Ambaſſador's ſecretary at *Galata*, but came home juſt as the ſoldiers were entering his houſe, and ſuppoſing their buſineſs, paſſed by them unknown, and took ſhelter at the Ambaſſador's; as did the patriarch alſo, believing himſelf in no leſs danger than the printer. The captain rifled his houſe, and carried away all his papers, houſehold goods, and printing materials, to the value of ſeveral thouſand dollars.

The next day the book was examined, and the paſſages complained of were interpreted by two *Greek* Renegadoes, in the preſence of the Vizier and ſeveral *Turkiſh* eccleſiaſticks; but nothing in them appearing ſo obnoxious as had been repreſented, the affair was dropped without any further proceeding. Upon this the *Engliſh* Ambaſſador demanded audience of the Vizier, and expoſtulated the matter with him, repreſenting that by ſeizing effects which he had claimed to be his at their firſt landing, and this without evidence of any practices againſt the government, a groſs affront was put upon the King his maſter. The Vizier granted that he had been too credulous, and was highly exaſperated againſt thoſe who had abuſed him with theſe falſe informations, and promiſed that the effects ſhould be reſtored. His excellency alſo waited upon the Mufti, or chief-prieſt of the *Mahometans* to remove any prejudices the *Turkiſh* clergy might entertain, either againſt himſelf, the patriarch, or *Mataxa*. On this occaſion the *Turkiſh* miniſtry acted with ſo much juſtice as to impriſon Father *Roſſi* and other Jeſuits, who had been the authors of all the miſchief, and who would have ſtrangled them, had not the *Engliſh* Ambaſſador generouſly interpoſed in their behalf.

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This ſtorm being blown over, *Cyril* remained ſome few years unmoleſted; however, the reſtleſs emiſſaries of *Rome* made ſeveral ſecret atttempts to depoſe him, which all proved abortive. But the patriarch proceeding to tranſlate his confeſſion of faith, and publiſh it in ſeveral languages, the *Latins* once more reſolved to try their utmoſt efforts to accompliſh his deſtruction. Accordingly two fugitive *Greek* biſhops were diſpatched from *Rome* to get him diſplaced, who were recommended to the *French* ambaſſador at *Conſtantinople*, had lodgings aſſigned them in his houſe, and carried on their practices under his protection. In conjunction with theſe emiſſaries, ſeveral other *Greek* prelates conſpired againſt their patriarch. And in the year 1633, another *Greek* biſhop, diſguſted that he was not promoted to the archbiſhoprick of *Salonichi*, made uſe of the money which *Cyril* had intruſted him to collect in ſeveral provinces, in order to ſupplant him, and had actually agreed with the Vizier to pay fifty thouſand dollars for his advancement; but not being able to make good his contract, he was baniſhed to the iſle of *Tenedos*. Scarce had a year elapſed before *Cyril's* inveterate enemies found means to get him depoſed, and baniſhed to the iſland of *Rhodes*, where they intended to have ſurprized him by ſome of their corſairs, and carried him to *Rome*; which the patriarch apprehending, made application to the *Turkiſh* miniſtry to remove him to a place of greater ſecurity, which was granted. In the year 1636 he was recalled from his exile, and again reſtored to his patriarchal dignity; but not without the powerful interceſſion of his friends, and the ſtill more weighty influence of money.

Thus *Cyril's* enemies ſaw themſelves continually baffled, while the Sultan remained at *Conſtantinople*; but foreſeeing the removal of the court from that capital, they prevailed with one *Bairam* baſhaw, a favourite of the grand Signior's, to enter into their projects, who, by his ſole influence over the *Turkiſh* monarch, ſoon brought about what the emiſſaries of *Rome* had not been able to effect. As the Sultan and that general were

upon their march to the ſiege of *Babylon* in the year 1638, he took the opportunity of repreſenting to his maſter the mighty aſcendancy that *Cyril* had over his *Greek* ſubjects, inſinuating that he had lately occaſioned the *Coſſacks* to invade the *Ottoman* dominions, and that therefore it was imprudent to leave ſo dangerous a perſon behind them at *Conſtantinople*, eſpecially conſidering that the *Greeks* were numerous in that metropolis.

By ſuch diſcourſes the Sultan's jealouſy being worked up againſt the patriarch, he ſigned an order to ſtrangle him, which was immediately diſpatched by an expreſs to the *Caimacan*, or governor of *Conſtantinople*, who aprehended and carried him priſoner to one of the caſtles on the *Boſphorus*. On the 27th of June they brought him from thence, and put him into a boat, ſaying they had orders to convey him on board a ſmall ſhip lying in a neighbouring port, which was to carry him to one of the iſlands. But as ſoon as the boat was put off from the caſtle, he perceived they intended to take away his life; whereupon he kneeled down and prayed with great fervency, preparing himſelf for death with calmneſs and reſignation.

After the *Turkiſh* officers had inhumanly inſulted him, they faſtened the bow-ſtring round his neck and diſpatched him. They then ſtripped him, and threw his body into the ſea, which was taken up by ſome fiſhermen, and buried on the ſhore. Here one would have thought the patriarch had been at reſt; but ſuch was the reſentment of his implacable enemies the Jeſuits, that they procured an order from the *Caimacan* to have his corpſe dug up, and thrown into the ſea again; but the *Greeks* recovered it a ſecond time, and buried it in one of the iſlands over againſt the bay of *Nicomedia*. This was the end of the great *Cyrillus Lucaris*, whoſe piety and ſufferings, on account of religion, will render his name famous to after ages.

An

An Extract from the Success of two DANISH MISSIONARIES *to the* East-Indies: *in several Letters to their Correspondents in* Europe.

[*Continued from page* 545.]

A LETTER *to a Friend at* LONDON.

IN the month of October last, I received a letter from Mr. *Ludolf*, importing, that a box with books was sent by you from *London* for our use; and besides that a sum of twenty pounds was to be paid us here, for promoting the propagation of the gospel among the Heathens. The box was delivered to me after my arrival, wherein I found your letter, and two broad pieces, sent for encouraging the design we are engaged in.

The Lord be praised, for this unexpected support from *England!* and for that he hath stirred up here and there, some publick-spirited souls, to favour the work, in spight of all the opposition we have hitherto met with. This makes me hope, that the Lord will in time remove those obstacles that lie as yet in our way. The aforesaid twenty pounds, I design as a seasonable help for raising another charity-school, to be made up of *Malabar*-children. The foundation to this building was laid just before I set out from *Tranquebar*.

Our new-planted congregation is increasing, under the gracious influence of God, though in its very infancy surrounded with various oppositions and persecutions, as the common attendants of the gospel of Christ. Our whole congregation, both of those that are actually baptized, and of those that are as yet catechized in the principles of Christianity, is increased to about one hundred and sixty persons. Our *Malabarick* school is in great forwardness, and provided with an able master, who, before his conversion, was one of the most noted poets

and ſchool-maſters at *Tranquebar*. His converſion to Chriſtianity cauſed a great commotion among the Heathens; but now all is quiet again.

We have begun to ſet up ſome manufactures, which we hope may prove beneficial to the main work we are carrying on. We look upon our youth as a ſtock or nurſery, from whence in time plentiful ſupplies may be drawn, for enriching our *Malabar* church with ſuch members as will prove a glory and ornament to the Chriſtian profeſſion. It is true, there are but few of the grown Heathens that are willing to be baptized: and yet there is always a concourſe of people attending our ſermons, and other parts of divine ſervice: and many undoubtedly return with ſtrong convictions left upon their minds. All this gives me a fair proſpect of getting a larger door of the word ſet open.

At the entrance of this year, I wrote, by way of a letter, a ſort of general invitation to all the *Malabar*-Heathens, and laid down therein the moſt ſubſtantial points of the Chriſtian faith. Many copies, both of this letter, and of ſome of the goſpels lately tranſlated, have been given away to the Heathens. I have paſſed through many populous towns and villages in my way hither, and every where declared the goſpel of Chriſt to the Heathens I met with.

I have alſo been at fort St. *David*, where I had the honour to acquaint the governor, and the whole *Engliſh* council, with the deſign we were engaged in. I muſt needs ſay, the *Engliſh* have ſhowed me much civility, and expreſſed no ſmall ſatisfaction.

In our way hither, we lodged ſeveral times with *Bramins*, who entertained us kindly, and with great attention hearkened to what we delivered about the means of ſalvation. Yeſterday I arrived in this town, and was kindly received, both by the governor and other gentlemen that are here ſettled. I deſign to ſtay a month here, in order to preach the goſpel to ſuch Heathens as are ſcattered hereabouts. This is truly a town conveniently

conveniently ſituate for planting the Chriſtian religion among the Heathens; if the *Engliſh*, who own it, would but join in the ſame deſign, intended for the common good, and the welfare of the Pagan world.

But then ſuch perſons muſt be pitched upon as, with a generous reſignation, are ready to conſecrate themſelves entirely to the ſervice of theſe deluded Pagans. For, ſuch as in the miniſtration of ſpiritual things are hurried on by baſe and ſiniſter ends, and come over to gather up ſome rarieties in the Heathen world, or to purchaſe a few uncertain riches, and ſo turn half-merchants at laſt: theſe, I ſay, would do no good among the Eaſtern nations, who commonly eſtimate the Chriſtian religion by the life and conduct that ſhines in its profeſſors.

If Chriſtian princes and ſtates would but lay to heart the preſent ſtate of the Heathens in theſe parts, great things might be both attempted, and, under the gracious influence of the Lord, happily brought about at this time. There is ſtore of promiſes in divine writ, tending to a more univerſal diſplay of the goſpel of Chriſt. Theſe muſt be laid hold on as the true baſis and ground work of all our endeavours in this cauſe. The Roman-catholic miſſionaries have made a wonderful progreſs, and continue to over-run the Eaſtern countries. But ſince their chief deſign is, to make proſelytes to a party only, the ſouls that fall under their management, are left in the utmoſt ignorance, without receiving ſo much as a real tincture of inward piety, or of a ſaving converſion to God. At this rate, they go aſtray like loſt ſheep, and remain altogether ſtrangers to the grand myſteries of ſalvation. Nor do their prieſts take the leaſt pains to train them up to a competent knowledge of divine things; but ſuppoſe they have ſufficiently anſwered the character of a miſſionary, when the Heathens have learnt to perform the external and cuſtomary formalities of the church of *Rome*.

B. Z.

Madras, Jan. 17, 1710.

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

Thoughts

THOUGHTS *on* SUICIDE.

IT is a melancholy conſideration, that there is no country in *Europe*, or perhaps in the habitable world, where the horrid crime of ſelf-murder is ſo common as it is in *England!* One reaſon of this may be, that the *Engliſh* in general are more ungodly and more impatient than other nations. Indeed we have laws againſt it, and officers with juries are appointed, to enquire into every fact of the kind. And theſe are to give in their verdict upon oath, whether the ſelf-murderer was ſane or inſane? If he is brought in inſane, he is excuſed, and the law does not affect him. By this means it is totally eluded; for the juries conſtantly bring him in inſane. So the law is not of the leaſt effect, though the farce of a trial ſtill continues.

This morning I aſked a coroner, "Sir, did you ever know a jury bring in the deceaſed *Felo de ſe?* He anſwered, "No Sir: and 'tis pity they ſhould." What then is the law good for? If all ſelf-murderers are mad, what need of any trial concerning them?

But 'tis plain our anceſtors did not think ſo, or thoſe laws had never been made. It is true, every ſelf-murderer is mad in ſome ſenſe, but not in that ſenſe which the law intends. This fact does not prove him mad in the eye of the law: the queſtion is, was he mad in other reſpects? If not, every juror is perjured who does not bring him in *Felo de ſe.*

But how can this vile abuſe of the law be prevented, and this execrable crime effectually diſcouraged?

By a very eaſy method. We read in antient hiſtory, that at a certain period, many of the women in *Sparta* murdered themſelves. This fury increaſing, a law was made, that the body of every woman that killed herſelf, ſhould be expoſed naked in the ſtreets. The fury ceaſed at once.

Only

Only let a law be made and rigorouſly executed, That the body of every ſelf-murderer, lord or peaſant, ſhall be hanged in chains, and the *Engliſh* fury will ceaſe at once.

Liverpool, April 8. 1790. J. W.

A Conjecture concerning the Peopling of AMERICA.

[By the Rev. Alexander Catcott, M. A.]

THAT *America* was peopled after the flood is plain, from the inhabitants thereof having the knowledge of that event. And ſince the tradition of the flood was univerſally ſpread throughout that vaſt tract of land, and acknowledged by the ſeveral nations thereof to have been delivered down to them from the higheſt antiquity, we may reaſonably ſuppoſe, that it was peopled ſoon after the deluge; whilſt the knowledge of the fact was freſh and lively upon the minds of the original inhabitants. Again, when this part of the world was firſt diſcovered by the *Europeans*, the inhabitants were found ignorant of the art of writing with letters, and could record things only in the antient hieroglyphical way, by ſigns and emblems; hence it ſeems alſo evident that it was peopled very early.

This will further appear from their ignorance of the art of working iron into uſeful tools or warlike weapons, till the method was diſcovered to them by the *Spaniards*. For, though there is plenty of iron ore in *America*, yet the ancient inhabitants were ignorant of the uſe which the *Aſiatics* and *Europeans* make of it; and inſtead thereof uſed ſhells, bones, or generally hard ſtones, which with immenſe labour and trouble they ſhaped by grinding or whetting into the utenſils or weapons they wanted.

The art of manufacturing iron was known before the flood (Gen. iv. 22.) yet it ſeems to have been loſt ſoon after. Now, ſince the *Americans* had no other tools or weapons but ſuch as were formed out of ſtone; &c. it is evident, they departed

from

from us before the working of iron was in practice after the flood; for, had they ever known this useful art, it is not probable they would have lost it any more than ourselves; and since we have retained it for these several ages back, even from time immemorial, it is certain that the *Americans* departed from us before that time.

Another consideration, which may be brought in favour of the early peopling of *America*, is, that the inhabitants were ignorant of that noble and useful structure, the arch, and even of building with morter or any kind of cement; and yet their edifices consisted of stones great beyond imagination; and these stones were so artificially wrought and placed upon one another, that in many places their joinings were not visible. "And that which is most strange (says *Acosta,*) these stones not being cut nor squared to join, but contrariwise very unequal one with another, both in form and greatness, yet did they join them together without any cement, after an incredible manner: all this was done by the force of men, who endured their labour with an invincible patience."

Certainly if they had known the use of morter or cement, they would never have taken such a tedious method as this. Now the first postdiluvian account we have of cement being used in building was at the tower of *Babel* (Gen. xi.) but as this, in all probability, was that pitchy substance called *Asphaltos*, with which that country particularly abounds; so, unless the *Americans* had discovered a substance of a similar nature in their new land, they could not think of making use of any other, and would be as much at a loss for what we now call morter, as if they had never heard of any think like it. Indeed we cannot conclude from hence, that they departed from us before the building of *Babel*; but only before the general use of morter or cement; and even this was very early, as the remains of the oldest buildings in the world, such as the pyramids of *Egypt*, &c. testify, in which the morter is visible at this day.

The

The laſt circumſtance I ſhall mention, tending to prove the antiquity of the *American* colonies (for I might enlarge upon ſeveral, as their ignorance of coined money, the plough, the bellows, &c. all which would ſerve to ſhew that they departed from us in the very infancy of the poſtdiluvian world, before theſe arts were known to mankind) is, that they were ignorant of ſhipping, or the art of making large veſſels with ſails, &c. till they firſt ſaw ours; knowing before no other kind of veſſels than ſmall boats made of the bark of trees, ſkins of fiſhes, &c. or canoes, conſiſting of a ſingle trunk of a tree hollowed out by means of fire, and theſe to be directed only by the help of oars, or a paddle.

But what ſeems moſt to confirm the opinion, that *America* was peopled, or at leaſt ſtocked with animals by land, is, that that vaſt continent is every where inhabited by wild beaſts and the moſt noxious creatures, ſuch as lions, tygers, rattle-ſnakes, &c. which we cannot imagine that any perſon would be at the trouble, or expoſe themſelves to the danger of conveying them over thither in ſhips, and at the ſame time leave behind them ſuch uſeful creatures as the horſe, the camel, &c. which were not known in the *Weſt-Indies* till tranſported thither from us. Nay, what is moſt remarkable, *America* has at preſent creatures peculiar to itſelf, ſuch at leaſt as are not known to exiſt in any other part of the world; which therefore cannot be ſuppoſed to have been carried from hence thither: and beſides, they are of ſuch a nature, that of themſelves they could not have croſſed the ſeas, and therefore muſt have come thither by land.

It appearing thus clear, that *America* was peopled early, and by land, the next queſtion is, by whom, or from what land?

In order to ſolve this, let it be obſerved, that the ſacred and moſt ancient hiſtorian informs us, in his account of mankind after the flood, that the whole earth was overſpread by the deſcendants of the three ſons of *Noah*, *Shem*, *Ham*, and *Japhet*, who went forth of the ark, (Gen. ix, 19.) From whence it is certain, that no part of the world could have been peopled

by any other antediluvians than thoſe that went out of the ark; and of courſe that *America* was peopled after the flood, and by the poſterity of *Noah*.

Secondly, let us conſider, that *Moſes* gives us the names of the firſt deſcendants of theſe three ſons, and mentions the names of the countries which the principal of them inhabited; eſpecially thoſe whoſe affairs would afterwards be mixed, or have ſome connexion with the tranſactions related in the Bible, particularly with the Iſraelitiſh nation: but as for the reſt, he takes very little or no notice of them.

Thirdly, we cannot expect that any great notice ſhould be taken of the inhabitants of ſo diſtant a part of the world (from that where *Moſes* wrote, and the intent of his writing) as the continent of *America*; and yet, one would imagine, that as he, who inſpired *Moſes* in his account, ſaw all things from the beginning to the end (and who had made of one blood all nations of men to dwell on the face of the earth, and determined the times before appointed, and the bounds of their habitations Acts xvii. 26.) ſo he would, in ſpeaking of the migration of mankind towards re-peopling the earth, make ſome mention, or drop ſome few words concerning the manner by which ſo large a part of the world, as the continent of *America*, became inhabited.

There is reaſon to think he has done this, and left it on record in the following paſſage, (the event denoted by which was ſo ſingular, as to give name to one of the poſtdiluvian patriarchs, and is twice repeated in ſcripture) viz. Gen. x. 25. 1 Chron. i. 19. "And the name of one (of *Heber's* ſons) was *Peleg*, for in his days the earth was divided [*Nepelege.*]" On which words that celebrated biblical critic *Bengelius* thus occaſionally remarks, in his Ordo Temporum p. 54. *Peleg a diviſione terræ nominatus eſt &c.* i. e. *Peleg* was named from the diviſion of the earth (which happened in his days.) The earth after the deluge was divided by degrees, by a genealogical and political diviſion: but a very different kind of diviſion is meant

meant by the word [*Nepelege,*] namely a phyſical and geographical diviſion, which happened at once, and which was ſo remarkable, and of ſuch extent, as ſuitably to anſwer the naming of the patriarch therefrom. By this word [*Peleg*] that kind of diviſion is principally denoted, which is applicable to land and water. From whence in the Hebrew tongue *Peleg* ſignifies a river, and in the Greek ΠΕΛΑΓΟΣ [*Pelagos*] the ſea; and in the Latin *Pelagus* denotes the ſame."

From this preciſe meaning of the word then we may conclude, that the earth was ſplit or divided aſunder for a very great extent, and the ſea came between, in the days of *Peleg*. Now ſurely when any perſon views the ſituation of *America*, and conſiders how it ſtands disjoined from this part of the world, and what an immenſe ſea divides it from us, he will not be backward to allow, that this was the grand diviſion intended by the paſſage under conſideration. And therefore we may juſtly ſuppoſe, with the abovementioned writer, "That ſoon after the confuſion of tongues, and the diſperſion of mankind upon the face of the whole earth, ſome of the ſons of *Ham* (to whom *Africa* was alloted) went out of *Africa* into that part of *America*, which now looks towards *Africa*: And the earth being divided or ſplit aſunder in the days of *Peleg*, they with their poſterity (the *Americans*) were for many ages ſeparated from the reſt of mankind. This ſeparation of the human race, by means of ſo large a ſea, prevented in like manner any pernicious conſpiracy, as the confuſion of tongues did."

If this account be ſeconded by any ſimilar event related in ancient Heathen hiſtory, our ſuppoſition may deſerve a greater degree of credit. And ſuch an event we have recorded by *Plato* in his dialogue named Timeus; in which he treats of nature, or the ſyſtem of the univerſe, its generation or beginning, and the nature of man. And as a prelude to his ſubject, he makes mention of a fact that happened in the moſt early ages, the neareſt of any known to the beginning of the world; and

that is of a vaſt tract of land, or an Iſland greater than *Lybia* and *Aſia*, ſituated beyond the bounds of *Africa* and *Europe*, which, by concuſſion of an earthquake, was ſwallowed up in the ocean.

Plato introduceth this fact, as related by *Solon* (one of the firſt of the ſeven wiſe men of *Greece*) who, while he was in *Egypt*, had heard it of an old *Egyptian* Prieſt, when he diſcourſed with him concerning the moſt ancient events. This prieſt tells *Solon*, that the *Greeks*, with regard to their knowledge in antiquity, had always been children, and then informs him of the hiſtory of this famous Iſland (which they knew nothing of before:) the deſcription of which and its cataſtrophe is as follows, (which in itſelf is ſo remarkable that there muſt have been ſome ground in nature for the tradition of it.) "There was formerly an Iſland at the entrance of the ocean, where the pillars of *Hercules* ſtand (and ſo beyond the then ſuppoſed bounds of *Europe* and *Africa*.) This Iſland was larger than all *Lybia* and *Aſia*; and from it was an eaſy paſſage to many other Iſlands; and from theſe Iſlands to all that Continent which was oppoſite, and next to the true ſea. Yet within the mouth there was a gulph with a narrow entry. But that land, which ſurrounded the ſea called Πελαγος (*Pelagos*, where the diviſion was made) might juſtly be called a continent. In after-times there happened a dreadful earthquake, and an inundation of water, which continued for the ſpace of a whole day and night, and this Iſland *Atlantis*, being covered and overwhelmed by the waves, ſunk beneath the ocean, and ſo diſappeared: wherefore that ſea (Πελαγος) is now unpaſſable, on account of the ſlime and mud which have been left by the immerſed Iſland."

This paſſage of *Plato* may receive ſome illuſtration, and the point I am upon, ſome degree of confirmation, from what occurs in the eighteenth chapter of the third book of *Ælian's* hiſtory of various things. "*Theopompus* relates a certain diſcourſe that paſſed between *Midas* the *Phrygian* and *Silenus*. This *Silenus* was the ſon of a nymph, and was inferior to the gods

gods, but ſuperior to mortals. When theſe two had diſcourſed of many things, *Silenus*, above all, tells *Midas* "That *Europe*, *Aſia*, and *Lybia*, ought to be conſidered as Iſlands, which the ocean wholly ſurrounded, and that that part of the world, which lay beyond this, ought to be eſteemed the Continent: as it was of an immenſe extent, and nouriſhed very different and vaſtly larger kinds of animals than this ſide of the world."

From what has been offered, I think, we may conclude, that *Africa* and *America* were once joined, or at leaſt ſeparated from each other but by a very narrow gulph; and that ſome time after the flood the earth was divided or parted aſunder; probably by means of an earthquake, and then part of this middle land ſunk beneath the ocean.

According to ſcripture this event came to paſs in the days of *Peleg*; for, we are told that in his days the earth was divided. From whence ſome have imagined, this diviſion fell out exactly at the time of his birth; but the extenſive expreſſion of his days rather implies the contrary; and denotes that it happened when he was in an advanced age, when he had ſeen many days, not when he had ſeen but one. So that his name muſt have been given him prophetically, in the ſame manner as was *Noah's*, under which was predicted an event which did not come to paſs till ſome hundreds of years after his birth (Gen. v. 29. viii. 21.) Several others of the patriarchs alſo had ſuch prophetical names.

ANECDOTE *of* LEWIS *the* XIVth.

THE Jeſuits of the *College de Clermont* having requeſted the King *Louis* XIVth to honour them with his preſence at a tragedy, which was to be performed by their ſcholars, the Monarch accepted the invitation. Theſe artful courtiers took care to inſert in various parts of the piece many flattering paſſages, which were plainly addreſſed to the royal auditor, who greedily inhaled the precious incenſe.

When

When the rector of the College was re-conducting the King from his ſeat, at the concluſion of the performance, a nobleman in the royal ſuite ſpoke in terms of admiration of the merit of the tragedy. *Louis*, turning ſhort upon him, ſaid, "Where is the wonder? It is my own College!" This remark did not eſcape the ears of the Jeſuits; and that ſame night they cauſed to be engraved on a black marble, in letters of gold, "*Collegium Ludovici Magni*;" (the College of *Lewis* the Great) and this inſcription they ſubſtituted in the place of an ancient one, which formerly ſtood immediately under the name of Jeſus, over the principal gate of the College.

A young ſcholar of noble birth, about thirteen years of age, obſerving their zeal, compoſed the following diſtich, which he affixed at night to the gate of the College:

"*Abſtulit hinc Jeſum, poſuitque inſignia Regis,*
Impia gens: alium non colit illa Deum."

"The wicked people have taken away Jeſus, and placed up the King: They know no other God!"

The Jeſuits exclaimed againſt the ſacrilege, as they failed not to term it; the young author was diſcovered, carried away, and ſhut up in the Baſtile. The implacable brotherhood ſentenced him, by way of favour, only to perpetual impriſonment, and he was removed to the citadel of *L'iſle Sainte Marguerite*. Many years after this he was taken back again to the Baſtile. In 1705, when he had been thirty-one years in confinement, he became ſole heir to the eſtates of his family, which were very conſiderable: and then a ſhower of gold, as it formerly forced open the doors of *Danae's* tower, had a ſimilar effect on the impenetrable fortreſs of the Baſtile.

ANECDOTE *of* ARIUS.

[Extracted from Biſhop Bull's Works.]

"THE Emperor *Conſtantine* the Great, willing to make an experiment upon *Arius*, ſent for him to the palace, and aſked him whether he agreed to the definitions of the council of *Nice*, or, in other words, received the *Nicene* creed? *Arius* readily and without delay, ſubſcribed in a ſophiſtical manner the definitions of faith before them. The Emperor amazed at this, gave him his oath. By the ſame arts he took this alſo. The fraud of his ſubſcription was this: *Arius* having wrote his own opinion in a paper carried it under his arm, and ſwore that he really believed as he wrote. That he ſwore to what he had ſubſcribed, I have read in the Emperor's letters."

THOUGHTS *on the* MAGIC ART.

[Extracted from a late Writer.]

THE Magic Art has been generally divided into three kinds, natural, artificial, and diabolical.

The firſt of theſe is no other than natural philoſophy; but highly improved and advanced, whereby the perſon, who is well ſkilled in the power and operation of natural bodies, is able to produce many wonderful effects, miſtaken by the illiterate for diabolical performances, even though they lie perfectly within the verge of nature.

Artificial Magic is what we call legerdemain, or ſlight of hand, whoſe effects are far from what they ſeem. They are deceptions and impoſtures, far from exceeding the power of art, and yet, what many times paſs with the vulgar for diabolical likewiſe.

Diabolical

Diabolical Magic is that, which is done by help of the devil, who, having great ſkill in natural cauſes, and a large command over the air, and other elements, may aſſiſt thoſe that are in league and covenant with him, to do many ſtrange and aſtoniſhing things.

The original of them we may ſuppoſe to be this. God being pleaſed to admit the holy patriarchs into conference with him, the devil endeavoured to do the ſame; and, to retain men in their obedience to him, he pretended to make diſcoveries of ſecret things. Again, when God was pleaſed to work miracles for the confirmation of the truth, the devil, in like manner, directed thoſe who were familiar with him how to invoke his help, for the performance of ſuch ſtrange things, as might confirm the world in their error.

There are two ways, wherein we may imagine it in the devil's power to be aſſiſtant to ſuch perſons, as pretend to work miracles. Firſt, by raiſing falſe images and appearances of things; which may be done, either by affecting the brain, or confuſing the optic nerves, or altering the medium, which is between us and the object. Secondly, he may be ſuppoſed able to aſſiſt magicians, by making uſe of the laws of nature, in producing effects, which are not above the natural power of things; though they certainly exceed what man can do. Thus, to tranſport a body, with inconceivable rapidity, from one place to another; to bring together different productions of nature, which, ſeparately, have no viſible effect, but when united, work wonders; to make images move, walk, ſpeak, and the like; theſe may come within the compaſs of the devil's power, becauſe not tranſcending the laws of nature: though we cannot diſcern by what means they are effected.

There is a farther ſuppoſition of ſome learned men; that, under the divine permiſſion, wicked ſpirits have a power to work real miracles, of which they perceive ſome intimations given in ſcripture. See Deut. xiii. 1. Matt. xxiv. 24. 2 Theſſ. ii. 9.

LETTERS.

LETTER DXLVII.

[From Mrs. M. Ward, to the Rev. J. Wesley.]

Cork, Oct. 28, 1782.

My dear Sir,

SINCE I wrote last, it pleased the Lord to send me close and sharp trials. I was so sorely beset with them, that I was often constrained to cry, Lord save or I perish. In the midst of them Mr. *Boardman* came to *Cork*; but before we had much time to profit by his ministry, his death, sudden and unexpected, gave a loud call to us all; it spoke louder than the strongest voice, "be ye also ready!" God has been glorified by the death of his servant, as well as by his life. Like *Sampson*, he in dying fulfilled his mission. *Cork* has not known such a revival for many years as is now taking place in it.

The congregations on Sunday evenings are so large, that they cannot find room within, and many are obliged to stand in the yard as far as the outer gate: the word is attended with power. Many old professors, who were grown lukewarm, and settled on their lees, are stirred up. They hunger and thirst after righteousness, and are on stretch for purity of heart. Many, who formerly partook of this blessing and lost their evidences, are stirred up to seek it afresh, so that they cannot rest without it. Backsliders are restored, and new members adding to our number.

I believe there has been no select Band here for these three years past, and I told one of our preachers the reason, which I thought caused it to drop, and at the same time observed that the surest means of securing a prospect of lasting prosperity to our people was to revive it; for, though it was harder to keep it up than the other means, yet they, whose hearts were on stretch

for a recovery of what they had loſt, and they who were now alive to God by meeting together, would, after having known ſo much by dear-bought experience, be more ſtedfaſt and immoveable. Beſides, the work would ſpread itſelf from this centre, (if I may ſo call it) to the reſt of the people. I believe, through the bleſſing and aſſiſtance of God, it will ſoon be reſtored again.

Laſt night at the public Bands I was enabled to witneſs a good confeſſion, and to tell the people, that through grace, I loved the Lord my God with all my heart, with all my ſoul, and with all my ſtrength. The fire of his love conſtrained me to declare all that I experienced; that the efficacy of the Saviour's blood is powerful to cleanſe from all unrighteouſneſs. I find ſince that moment a ſettled, heavenly, uninterrupted peace, joy and love. I found it indeed ſix months ago; but of late I find it deepening and enlarging in my heart. May the Almighty ſend us a man after his own heart, in whoſe hands his cauſe will proſper! I hope I ſhall have more good tidings to tell you in my next. Adieu, my dear Sir, believe me, with tendereſt affection, your unworthy daughter and ſervant,

M. W.

LETTER DXLVIII.

[From Mr. Thomas Taylor, to the Rev. J. Weſley.]

St. John's River, Eaſt Florida, Nov. 1, 1782.

Rev. and dear Sir,

SINCE I wrote to you laſt, the face of affairs in *America* is entirely changed. However reluctant Lord *S*———, &c. may be to conſent to the formal acknowledgment of *American* independence, I think it is by this time quite clear that it muſt inevitably take place. All I wiſh for or expect, is, that they may make terms for the poor loyaliſts; and this they certainly will

will do, unleſs they mean to forfeit all claim to national honour and good faith.

Charles F—x, I ſee, was not content with bringing the empire to the brink of ruin, by his virulent oppoſition to government, when out of place; but he muſt needs ſtrive to fix the doom of the unhappy refugees, by having independence declared unconditionally. Now, I well know, that the better ſort among the rebels wiſh moſt ſincerely for peace, upon the condition of reſtoring the loyaliſts to their eſtates; but this they will never be able to effect, in oppoſition to the blackguard ſet who are at preſent a majority, unleſs *Britain* makes it a condition.

I need not inform you that *Savannah* was evacuated in July laſt; in conſequence of which, ſeveral hundred families were obliged to remove to this province. Thoſe poſſeſſed of large numbers of ſlaves went moſtly to *Jamaica*. *Charleſtown* is now ſharing the ſame fate. Government furniſhes the whole with three months proviſions.

Thoſe, who are induſtrious, may do very well in this province; though the lands in general are not comparable to thoſe of *Carolina* and *Georgia*. The ſkirts of hammock (or oak and hiccory) land upon the edges of the rivers and creeks produce indigo pretty well; and the climate admits of its being cut three or four times in a ſeaſon; whereas in *Georgia* it is ſeldom more than twice. During the war the planters find naval ſtores by much the moſt profitable.

It is with great pleaſure I can inform you, that I have every reaſon to bleſs God for giving me ſuch a wife; one, who is ſincerely diſpoſed to forward every thing that is praiſe-worthy, or conducive to piety. She is ſtill in *Savannah* with her relations; but I expect her here every day. I am, Rev. and dear Sir, yours moſt affectionately,

THOMAS TAYLOR.

LETTER DXLIX.

[From Miſs E. Ritchie, to the Rev. J. Weſley.]

No. 11, 1782.

WILL my dear and Rev. father excuſe my ſeeming neglect? Whilſt I was from home, the multiplicity of my engagements amongſt the people, wherever I went, left me little time for writing; but now that I am again ſettled in my peaceful dwelling, I will endeavour to give a little account of the many mercies beſtowed on me and others, during my late journey.

I found, as you obſerve, at *Liverpool* a new ſcene opened to me. For ſome years my lot has not been caſt ſo much among worldly people, as at this place; but bleſſed be God, he kept me ſeparate in ſpirit from thoſe that knew him not; and never did I feel more love and pity for thoſe, who were entangled in the allurements of this vain world, or more thankfulneſs to that God, whoſe gracious love had ſet my ſpirit free. As to our own people there, they are very friendly and loving. Some few ſeemed a little ſtirred up to ſeek holineſs of heart, and brother *B*—, who experiences it, will, I truſt, prove an univerſal bleſſing to them.

At *Macclesfield* I found a happy, lively people, and my ſoul was greatly refreſhed amongſt them: many there bleſs God that they ever heard Mr. *Robert Roe* talk about ſimple faith; and his dying teſtimony ſeems to have added weight to the truths he taught.

I ſpent a few days with our dear friends at *Portwood*; at which place my ſoul was greatly humbled, and richly comforted. The *Stockport* Society love the whole truth; but as yet, few of them enjoy the full liberty of the goſpel. At *Bolton* I had a good time, where the Lord bleſt me in my own ſoul, and gave his bleſſing to the people.

O that

O that that love, which is the fulfilling of the law, may every where prevail! My ſoul rejoices in the proſperity of others, and bleſſed be God, I daily rejoice in him whoſe love is without meaſure or end. He enlarges my borders, encreaſes my expectations, and fills me with ardent deſire after all the fulneſs of his love. Never did I feel my ſpirit more diſengaged from all beneath; and though at times I deeply feel how much more fully I might have improved all my mercies; yet I am kept from diſcouragement, by the reviving preſence of my Lord, who by his ſpirit points out and diſcovers this to me, with inexpreſſible tenderneſs. I ſee ſuch wiſdom, ſuch love in all his dealings with me, as ſinks me into the duſt, and fills my heart with grateful praiſe. Our God is rich in mercy thus to deal with worthleſs worms; but there is no end of his goodneſs. May I loſe myſelf in this unfathomable depth, and never never grieve that love, that mercy, with which I am ſurrounded. May all bleſſings be ever poured from on high, on my dear and much loved father; and may he every moment feel all that Jeſus has purchaſed and promiſed, communicated to his believing ſoul! I am, my dear Sir, your truly affectionate, though unworthy child,

E. R.

POETRY.

SHORT HYMNS.

[By the late Rev. C. Weſley.]

HYMN XIX.

On MATT. v. ver. 39.—*Reſiſt not evil.*

THE trodden worm will turn again,
And nature hurt reſent the ſmart;
Unleſs thy gentleneſs reſtrain,
Unleſs thy love o'ercome my heart.

The

The precept, and the pattern mild
Thou giv'ſt; but add the patient power;
And changed into a little child
Thy foll'wer ſhall reſiſt no more.

The WINTER'S NIGHT, *an* ELEGY.

[By Robert Alves, M. A.]

WHEN now each light-wingéd hour of joy is fled,
With vernal beauty, vernal love and ſong;
The muſe grieves penſive in the deſart ſhade,
Her voice all ſilent, and her harp unſtrung.

For the loſt beauty often does ſhe ſigh;
And that loſt muſic which ſhe holds ſo dear:
But all is darkneſs to her ſorrowing eye,
And all is diſcord to her troubled ear.

The ſun unveils his cloud-wrapt face no more;
Fierce drives the ſtorm through many a diſmal day;
Murmurs the angry deep; the rivers roar
With ſwelling rage, and hurl their ſweepy way.

Meanwhile man takes him to the reddèning fire,
Whoſe beams wide ſpreading ſmile at Winter's gloom:
Full late at night the ſocial bands retire,
While joyous paſtimes ſhake the echoing room.

There modeſt mirth awakes the general ſmile,
And brightens evèn the ſober ſage's eye;
There humour grave, and wit that laughs the while,
With mild diſcretion, point their ſhafts to fly.

Without her ſacred ſanction, nought were joy,
Not pleaſure's queen, though dreſt in roſy ſmiles;
Nor what of graver charms the ſage employ,
Whoſe lingèring hours the ſearch of truth beguiles.

Now

Now inly-wrapt, view, with wondering mind,
The ways eternal of the adored ſupreme;
Whoſe goodneſs operates various, unconfined,
To all in ſea, or earth, or ſtarry frame.

His wondrous works, O man, 'tis thine to know;
His far more wondrous ſelf to know is thine!
'Tis this that makes thy nobleſt bliſs below;
'Tis this that ſtamps thy character divine.

And, lo! like eagle ſoaring to the ſun,
On thought's aſpiring wing I climb the ſkies:
Here fancy travels far, and travels on,
The ſcenes wide-opening as aloft ſhe flies.

The ſun's wide empire, every circling ſtar,
To which he lends his life-diſpenſing beam,
Amazed I view; from Hermes' glowing car,
To where cold Saturn wheels his lazy team.

Lo next I trace the comet's lengthening maze,
Through fields of ether whirling to the ſun;
Now paſs with towering flight the ſolar blaze,
Marking each orb enormous rolling on.

Still, ſtill I mount, and, in the milky way,
Round other ſuns ſee peopled planets roll;
Myriads of creatures breathe their native day,
In various climes beneath another pole.

Haply ſome beings, of an earthlier mold
Than us, their Father's lower bounty ſhare;
Or heavenlier, here their conſtant Edens hold,
And range with angel-wing from ſphere to ſphere.

Or here the ſpirits of the good and wiſe
May after death in bleſt abodes remain;
Great *Newton* here may meaſure other ſkies,
And *Boyle* ſee God in nature's works again.

How

How leſſenéd now, O man, thy green abode!
Where now earth's towéring hills! her boundleſs main!
Where now her fields by buſtling millions trod!
I ſtrive to view them, but I ſtrive in vain.

And now from pole to pole of earth I ſpy;
Here roſy ſummer ſmiles, there Winter frowns;
Here deſarts vaſt fatigue the aking eye;
There verdant villas riſe, and ſtately towns.

Here *Afric* ſhines with iv'ry, pearls and gold;
There *Aſia* ſpreads a pomp of fruits and flowers:
See fair *Indoſtan* all her wealth unfold,
And *China* boaſt her tea, and porcélain towers.

See in the lap * of either Indian deep,
Where round each Iſle refreſhing breezes blow,
Kind Phœbus, bending from thé ethereal ſteep,
Gives the ſweet cane, or ſpicy ſhrub, to grow.

How richly garniſhéd is this charming ball
With wealth's bright ſtores, and beauty's balmy train!
Oh! all ungrateful, to whoſe lot they fall,
If nature's golden bounties ſhine in vain.

Mark too the working powers of plaſtic life,
In form each beauteous plant of Albion's ſhore;
What wondrous order reigns amidſt the ſtrife
Of thouſand various ſhapes of leaf and flower!

Sweet are thy hills, and ſweet thy boſoméd vales,
Thou queen of Iſles, thou empreſs of the main!
What heavenly fragrance ſcents thy paſſing gales!
Oh! take me to thy parent-arms again!

* The ſeas of the Weſt and Eaſt Indies.

[*To be concluded in our next.*]



Mr. Abrm. Moseley.

Æt. 28.

THE Arminian Magazine,

For DECEMBER 1790.

PREDESTINATION *clearly Stated.*

By Dr. KING, *Archbiſhop of* Dublin, *in a Sermon on Romans* viii. 29, 30.

[*Concluded from page* 569.]

THE ſecond uſe that I ſhall make of this doctrine, is to put you in mind, how cautious we ought to be in our reaſonings and deductions concerning things, of whoſe nature we are not fully apprized. 'Tis true, that in matters, which we fully comprehend, all is clear and eaſy to us, and we readily perceive the connexion and conſiſtency of all the parts: but it is not ſo in things to which we are in a great meaſure ſtrangers, and of which we have only an imperfect and partial view; for in theſe we are very apt to fancy contradictions, and to think the accounts we receive of them abſurd.

The truth of this is manifeſt from innumerable inſtances; as for example, from the opinion of the Antipodes, whilſt the matter was imperfectly known: how many objections were

made againſt it? How many thought they had proved to a demonſtration the impoſſibility of the thing? And how far did they prevail with the generality of the world to believe them? And yet how weak, and in truth fooliſh, do all their arguments appear, to men that know and by experience underſtand the matter?

Others will ſay the ſame concerning the motion of the earth, notwithſtanding the great confidence with which many have undertaken to demonſtrate it to be impoſſible; the reaſon of which is only the imperfect knowledge we have of the thing: and as our underſtanding of it is more and more enlarged and cleared, the contradictions vaniſh.

Ought we not then to think, that all the contradictions we fancy between the fore-knowledge of God and contingency of events, between Predeſtination and Free-will, are the effects of our ignorance and partial knowledge? May it not be in this, as in the matter of the Antipodes, and motion of the earth? May not the inconſiſtencies that we find in the one be as ill-grounded as thoſe that have been urged againſt the others? And have we not reaſon to ſuſpect, nay believe this to be the caſe; ſince we are ſure, that we know much leſs of God and his attributes, than of the earth and heavenly motions?

Even in the ſciences that are moſt common and certain, there are ſome things, which among thoſe that are unacquainted with ſuch matters, would paſs for contradictions. As for example, let us ſuppoſe one ſhould happen to mention negative quantities among perſons ſtrangers to the mathematicks; and being aſked what is meant by thoſe words, ſhould anſwer, That he underſtands by them quantities, that are conceived to be leſs than nothing; and that one of their properties is, that being multiplied by a number leſs than nothing, the product may be a magnitude greater than any aſſigned. This might juſtly appear a riddle, and full of contradictions, and perhaps will do ſo to a great part of my auditors. Something leſs than nothing, in appearance is a contradiction; a number leſs than nothing has

has the ſame face: that theſe ſhould be multipliable on one another, ſounds very oddly; and that the product of leſs than nothing upon leſs than nothing ſhould be poſitive, and greater than any aſſigned quantity, ſeems inconceivable. And yet if the moſt ignorant will but have patience, and apply themſelves to the ſkilful in theſe matters, they will ſoon find all the ſeeming contradictions vaniſh, and the aſſertions are not only certain, but plain and eaſy truths, that may be conceived without any great difficulty.

Ought we not then to ſuſpect our own ignorance, when we fancy contradictions in the deſcriptions given us of the myſteries of our faith? And ought we not to wait with patience, till we come to heaven, the proper ſchool where theſe things are to be learned? and in the mean time acquieſce in that light the Holy Spirit has given us in the ſcriptures; which, as I have ſhewed, is ſufficient to direct us in our preſent circumſtances.

The third uſe I ſhall make of this doctrine, is to teach us what anſwer we are to give to that argument that has ſo puzzled mankind, and done ſo much miſchief in the world. It runs thus: "If God foreſee or predeſtinate that I ſhall be ſaved, I ſhall infallibly be ſo; and if he foreſee, or have predeſtinated that I ſhall be damned, it is unavoidable. And therefore it is no matter what I do, or how I behave myſelf in this life." Many anſwers have been given to this, which I ſhall not at preſent examine: I ſhall only add, that if God's fore-knowledge were exactly conformable to ours, the conſequence would ſeem juſt; but inaſmuch as they are of as different a nature as any two faculties of our ſouls, it doth not follow (becauſe our foreſight of events, if we ſuppoſe it infallible, muſt preſuppoſe a neceſſity in them) that therefore the divine preſcience muſt require the ſame neceſſity in order to its being certain. It is true, we call God's fore-knowledge and our own by the ſame name; but this is not from any real likeneſs in the nature of the faculties, but from ſome proportion obſervable in the effects of them:

both having this advantage, that they prevent any ſurprize on the perſon endowed with them.

Now as it is true, that no contingency or freedom in the creatures, can any way deceive or ſurprize God, put him to a loſs, or oblige him to alter his meaſures: ſo on the other hand it is likewiſe true, that the divine preſcience doth not hinder freedom: and a thing may either be or not be, notwithſtanding that foreſight of it which we aſcribe to God. When therefore it is alledged, that if God foreſees I ſhall be ſaved, my ſalvation is infallible, this doth not follow; becauſe the fore-knowledge of God is not like man's, which requires neceſſity in the event, in order to its being certain, but of another nature conſiſtent with contingency: and our inability to comprehend this, ariſes from our ignorance of the true nature of what we call fore-knowledge in God. And it is as impoſſible we ſhould comprehend the power thereof, or the manner of its operation, as that the eye ſhould ſee a ſound, or the ear hear light and colours.

Only of this we are ſure, that in this it differs from ours, that it may conſiſt either with the being or not being of what is foreſeen or predeſtinated. Thus St. Paul was a choſen veſſel, and he reckens himſelf among the number of the predeſtinated, Eph. i. 5. *Having predeſtinated us to the adoption of children by Jeſus Chriſt to himſelf.* And yet he ſuppoſes it poſſible for him to miſs of ſalvation: and therefore he looked on himſelf as obliged to uſe mortification, and exerciſe all other graces, in order to make his calling and election ſure; leſt, as he tells us, 1 Cor. ix. 27. *That by any means, when I have preached to others, I myſelf ſhould be a caſt-away.*

The fourth uſe I ſhall make of this doctrine, is, to enable us to diſcover what judgment we are to paſs on thoſe that have managed this controverſy: and for my own part I muſt profeſs, that they ſeem to me to have taken ſhadows for ſubſtances, reſemblances for the things they repreſent; and by confounding theſe,

theſe, have embroiled themſelves and their readers in inextricable difficulties.

Whoever will look into the books writ on either ſide, will find this to be true: but becauſe that is a taſk too difficult for the generality of men, let them conſider the two ſchemes of the Predeſtinarians and Free-willers, in the preſent Biſhop of *Sarum's* Expoſition of the ſeventeenth Article of our Church; where they will find the opinions of both parties briefly, fully, and fairly repreſented, and withal perceive that this error runs through both.

As for example, the great foundation of the one ſcheme is, that God acts for himſelf and his glory, and therefore he can only conſider the manifeſtation of his own attributes and perfections in every action; hence they conclude, that he muſt only damn or ſave men, as his doing of one or the other may moſt promote his glory.

But here it is manifeſt, they who reaſon thus are of opinion that the deſire of glory doth really move the will of God; whereas glory, and the deſire of it, are only aſcribed to God in an analogical ſenſe, after the ſame manner as hands and feet, love and hatred are: and when God is ſaid to do all things for his own glory, it is not meant that the deſire of glory is the real end of his actions, but that he has ordered all things in ſuch an excellent method, that if he had deſigned them for no other end, they could not have ſet it forth more effectually. Now to make this figurative expreſſion the foundation of ſo many harſh concluſions, and the occaſion of ſo many contentions and diviſions in the church, ſeems to me the ſame kind of miſtake, that the church of *Rome* commits in taking the words of ſcripture, *This is my body*, literally; from whence ſo many abſurdities and contradictions to our ſenſes and reaſon are inferred.

Secondly, If you look diligently into theſe ſchemes, you will find a great part of the diſpute ariſes on this queſtion, What is firſt or ſecond in the mind of God; whether he firſt foreſees

and

and then determines, or firſt determines, and by virtue of that foreſees? This queſtion ſeems the more ſtrange, becauſe both parties are agreed, that there is neither firſt nor laſt in the divine underſtanding, but all is one ſingle act in him, and continues the ſame from all eternity. What then can be the meaning of the diſpute? Sure it can be no more than this, whether it be more honourable for God, that we ſhould conceive him as acting this way or that, ſince it is confeſſed that neither reaches what really paſſes in his mind. So that the queſtion is not concerning the operations of God as they are in themſelves, but concerning our way of conceiving them, whether it be more for his honour to repreſent them according to the firſt or ſecond ſcheme: and certainly the right method is to uſe both on occaſion, as far as they may help us to conceive honourably of the divine majeſty; and to deal ingenuouſly with the world, and tell them, that where theſe ſchemes have not that effect, or where, through our ſtretching them too far, they induce us to entertain diſhonourable thoughts of him, or encourage diſobedience, they are not applicable to him. In ſhort, that God is abſolute as the firſt repreſents him, and man as free as the laſt would have him to be; and that theſe different and ſeemingly contradictory ſchemes are brought in to ſupply the defects of one another.

And therefore, Thirdly, The managers of this controverſy ought to have looked on theſe different ſchemes as chiefly deſigned to inculcate ſome duties to us; and to have preſſed them no further, than as they tended to move and oblige us to perform thoſe duties. But they, on the contrary, have ſtretched theſe repreſentations beyond the ſcripture's deſign, and ſet them up in oppoſition to one another; and have endeavoured to perſuade the world that they are inconſiſtent: inſomuch that ſome, to eſtabliſh Contingency and Free-will, have denied God's preſcience; and others, to ſet up Predeſtination, have brought in a fatal neceſſity of all events.

And

And not content therewith, they have accuſed one another of impiety and blaſphemy, and mutually charged each the other's opinion with all the abſurd conſequences they fancied were deducible from it. Thus the maintainers of Free-will charge the Predeſtinarians as guilty of aſcribing injuſtice, tyranny and cruelty to God, as making him the author of all the ſin and miſery that is in the world: and on the other hand, the aſſerters of Predeſtination have accuſed the others, as deſtroying the independency and dominion of God, and ſubjecting him to the will and humours of his creatures. And if either of the ſchemes were to be taken literally, the maintainers of them would find difficulty enough to rid themſelves of the conſequences charged on them: but if we take them only as analogical repreſentations, there will be no ground for theſe inferences.

And it were to be wiſhed, that thoſe who make them would conſider, that if they would proſecute the ſame method in treating the other repreſentations that the ſcriptures give us of God's attributes and operations, no leſs abſurdities would follow: as for example, when God is ſaid to be merciful, and pitiful, all-ſeeing, jealous, patient or angry; if theſe were taken literally as we find them in us, what intolerable conſequences would follow; and how diſhonourable muſt they think of God, who aſcribe ſuch paſſions to him? Yet no body is ſhocked at them, becauſe they underſtand them in an analogical ſenſe. And if they would but allow predeſtination, election, decrees, purpoſes and foreknowledge, to belong to God with the ſame difference, they would no more think themſelves obliged to charge thoſe that aſcribe them to him with blaſphemy in the one caſe, than in the other.

'Tis therefore incumbent on us to forbear all ſuch deductions, and we ſhould endeavour to reconcile theſe ſeveral repreſentations together, by teaching the people, that God's knowledge is of another nature than ours; and that though we cannot certainly foreſee what is free and contingent, yet God may do

do it, by that power which anſwers to preſcience in him, or rather in truth ſupplies the place of it. Nor is it any wonder that we cannot conceive how this is done, ſince we have no direct or proper notion of God's knowledge; nor can we ever in this life expect to comprehend it, any more than a man who never ſaw can expect to diſcern the ſhape and figure of bodies at a diſtance, whilſt he continues blind.

The fifth uſe we are to make of what has been ſaid, is to teach us how we are to behave ourſelves in a church, where either of theſe ſchemes is ſettled and taught as a doctrine: and here I think the reſolution is eaſy. We ought to be quiet, and not unſeaſonably to diſturb the peace of the church; much leſs ſhould we endeavour to expoſe what ſhe profeſſes, by alledging abſurdities and inconſiſtencies in it. On the contrary, we are obliged to take pains, to ſhew that the pretended conſequences do not follow, as in truth they do not, and to diſcourage all that make them, as enemies of peace, and falſe accuſers of their brethren, by charging them with conſequences they diſown, and that have no other foundation but the maker's ignorance.

For in truth, if ſuch inferences be allowed, hardly any one attribute or operation of God, as deſcribed in ſcripture, will be free from the cavils of perverſe men.

'Tis obſervable, that by the ſame way of reaſoning, by which ſome endeavour to deſtroy the divine preſcience, and render his decrees odious, *Cotta* long ago in *Cicero* attacked the other attributes, and undertook to prove that God can neither have reaſon nor underſtanding, wiſdom nor prudence, nor any other virtue. And if we underſtand theſe literally, ſo as to ſignify the ſame when applied to God and to men, it will not be eaſy to anſwer his arguments: but if we conceive them to be aſcribed to him by analogy, that is, if we mean no more when we apply them to God, than that he has ſome powers and faculties, though not of the ſame nature, which are analogous to theſe, enabling him to produce all the good effects which we

ſee

ſee conſequent to them, when in the greateſt perfection; then the argument uſed by *Cotta* againſt them have no force: ſince we do not plead for ſuch an underſtanding, reaſon, juſtice and virtue, as he objects againſt, but for more valuable perfections, that are in truth infinitely ſuperior to them, though called by the ſame names; becauſe we do not know what they are in themſelves, but only ſee their effects in the world, which are ſuch as might be expected from the moſt conſummated reaſon, underſtanding, and virtue.

And after the ſame manner, when perverſe men reaſon againſt the preſcience, predeſtination, and the decrees of God, by drawing the like abſurd conſequences, againſt the poſſibility of his being endowed with reaſon and underſtanding, our anſwer is the ſame as before-mentioned. If theſe be ſuppoſed the very ſame in all reſpects when attributed to God, as we find them in ourſelves, there would be ſome colour, to deny that they belong to God: but when we only aſcribe them to him by analogy, and mean no more than that there are ſome things anſwerable to them, from whence the divine operations proceed, it is plain, that all ſuch arguments not only loſe their force, but are abſolutely impertinent.

It is therefore ſufficient for the miniſters of the church to ſhew, that the eſtabliſhed doctrine is agreeable to ſcripture, and teach their people what uſe ought to be made of it, and to caution them againſt the abuſe; which if they do with prudence, they will avoid contentions and diviſions, and prevent the miſchiefs, which are apt to follow the miſtaken repreſentations of it.

This is the method taken by our church in her 17th article, where we are taught, that *Predeſtination to life is the everlaſting purpoſe of God, whereby before the foundations of the world were laid, he hath conſtantly decreed by his counſel, ſecret to us, to deliver from curſe and damnation thoſe whom he hath choſen in Chriſt out of mankind, and to bring them by Chriſt to everlaſting ſalvation.——And that the godly conſideration of Predeſtination,*

and our election in Chriſt, is full of ſweet, pleaſant and unſpeakable comfort to godly perſons,——as well becauſe it doth greatly eſtabliſh their faith of eternal ſalvation, to be enjoyed through Chriſt, as becauſe it doth fervently kindle their love toward God. ——And yet we muſt receive God's promiſes, as they be generally ſet forth to us in holy ſcripture.

SERMON LX.

On MATT. vi. 22. 23.

[*Concluded from page* 575.]

III. 1. IT remains to conſider in the third place, our Lord's important queſtion, *If the light that is in thee be darkneſs, how great is that darkneſs?* The plain meaning is, If that principle which ought to give light to thy whole ſoul, as the eye does to the body; to direct thy underſtanding, paſſions, affections, tempers, all thy thoughts, words and actions: if this principle itſelf be darkened, be ſet wrong, and put darkneſs for light: how great muſt that darkneſs be; how terrible its effects!

2. In order to ſee this in a ſtronger point of view, let us conſider it in a few particular inſtances. Begin with one of no ſmall importance. Here is a father chuſing an employment for his ſon: if his eye be not ſingle, if he does not ſingly aim at the glory of God in the ſalvation of his ſoul: if it be not his one conſideration what calling is likely to ſecure him the higheſt place in heaven: not the largeſt ſhare of earthly treaſure, or the higheſt preferment in the church; the light which is in him is manifeſtly darkneſs: and O how great is that darkneſs! The miſtake which he is in, is not a little one, but inexpreſſibly great. What! Do not you prefer his being a cobler on earth, and a glorious ſaint in heaven, before his being a lord on earth, and a damned ſpirit in hell? If not, how great, unutterably great is the darkneſs that covers your ſoul! What a

fool,

fool, what a dolt, what a madman is he, how ſtupid beyond all expreſſion, who judges a palace upon earth to be preferable to a throne in heaven? How unſpeakably is his underſtanding darkened, who, to gain for his child the honour that cometh of men, will intail upon him everlaſting ſhame in the company of the devil and his angels!

3. I cannot diſmiſs this ſubject yet, as it is of the utmoſt importance. How great is the darkneſs of that execrable wretch, (I can give him no better title, be he rich or poor) who will ſell his own child to the devil? Who will barter her own eternal happineſs, for any quantity of gold or ſilver? What a monſter would any man be accounted, who devoured the fleſh of his own offspring? And is not he as great a monſter, who by his own act and deed, gives her to be devoured by that roaring lion? As he certainly does (ſo far as is in his power) who marries her to an ungodly man. "But he is rich: but he has ten thouſand pounds!" What if it were a hundred thouſand? The more the worſe, the leſs probability will ſhe have of eſcaping the damnation of hell. With what face wilt thou look upon her, when ſhe tells thee in the realms below, "Thou haſt plunged me into this place of torment. Hadſt thou given me to a good man, however poor, I might have now been in *Abraham's* boſom. But O! what have riches profited me! They have ſunk both me and them into hell."

4. Are any of you that are called Methodiſts, thus merciful to your children? Seeking to *marry them well*, (as the *cant* phraſe is,) that is, to ſell them to ſome purchaſer, that has much money, but little or no religion? Is then the light that is in *you* alſo darkneſs? Are ye too regarding God leſs than mammon? Are ye alſo without underſtanding? Have ye profited no more by all ye have heard? Man, woman, think what you are about! Dare *you* alſo ſell your child to the devil? You undoubtedly do this, (as far as in you lies) when you marry a ſon or a daughter, to a child of the devil, though it be one that wallows in gold and ſilver. O take warning in

time! Beware of the gilded bait! Death and hell are hid beneath. Prefer grace before gold and precious ſtones. Glory in heaven, to riches on earth! If you do not, you are worſe than the very Canaanites. They only made their children paſs *through the fire* to Moloch. You make yours *paſs into the fire* that never ſhall be quenched, and to ſtay in it for ever! O how great is the darkneſs that cauſes you, after you have done this, to *wipe your mouth and ſay, you have done no evil!*

5. Let us conſider another caſe, not far diſtant from this. Suppoſe a young man, having finiſhed his ſtudies at the Univerſity, is deſirous to miniſter in holy things, and accordingly enters into orders: what is his intention in this? What is the end he propoſes to himſelf? If his eye be ſingle, his one deſign is, to ſave his own ſoul, and them that hear him: to bring as many ſinners as he poſſibly can, out of darkneſs into marvellous light. If on the other hand his eye be not ſingle, if he aims at eaſe, honour, money, or preferment, the world may account him a wiſe man; but God ſays unto him, *Thou fool!* And while the light which in him is thus darkneſs, *how great is that darkneſs!* What folly is comparable to his folly! One peculiarly dedicated to the God of heaven, to *mind earthly things*! A worldly clergyman is a fool above all fools, a madman above all madmen! Such vile, infamous wretches as theſe, are the real "ground of the contempt of the clergy." Indolent clergymen, pleaſure-taking clergymen, money-loving clergymen, praiſe-loving clergymen, preferment-ſeeking clergymen; theſe are the wretches that cauſe the order in general to be contemned. Theſe are the peſts of the Chriſtian world, the grand nuiſance of mankind, a ſtink in the noſtrils of God. Such as theſe were they, who made St. *Chryſoſtom* to ſay, "Hell is paved with the ſouls of Chriſtian prieſts."

6. Take another caſe: ſuppoſe a young woman of an independent fortune, to be addreſſed at the ſame time by a man of wealth, without religion, and a man of religion, without wealth; in other words, by a rich child of the devil, or a poor child of God:

God: what ſhall we ſay, if, other circumſtances being equal, ſhe prefers the rich man to the good man? It is plain, her eye is not ſingle; therefore her fooliſh heart is darkened. And how great is that darkneſs, which makes her judge gold and ſilver a greater recommendation than holineſs? Which makes a child of the devil, with money, appear more amiable to her, than a child of God without it? What words can ſufficiently expreſs the inexcuſable folly of ſuch a choice? What a laughing-ſtock (unleſs ſhe ſeverely repent) will ſhe be to all the devils in hell, when her wealthy companion has dragged her down to his own place of torment?

6. Are there any of you that are preſent before God, who are concerned in any of theſe matters? Give me leave with *great plainneſs of ſpeech, to apply to your conſciences in the ſight of God.* You, whom God has intruſted with ſons or daughters, is your eye ſingle in chuſing partners for them? What qualifications do you ſeek in your ſons and daughters in law? Religion, or riches? Which is your firſt conſideration? Are you not of the old Heathen's mind,

Quærenda pecunia primum,
Virtus poſt nummos?

Seek money firſt: let virtue then be ſought.

Bring the matter to a point. Which will you prefer? A rich Heathen, or a pious Chriſtian! A child of the devil with an eſtate? Or the child of God without it? A lord or gentleman, with the devil in his heart? (He does not hide it: his ſpeech bewrayeth him.) Or a tradeſman, who, you have reaſon to believe, has Chriſt dwelling in his heart? O how great is that darkneſs which makes you prefer a child of the devil to a child of God? Which cauſes you to prefer the poor traſh of worldly wealth, which flies as a ſhadow, to the riches of eternal glory!

8. I call

8. I call upon you more eſpecially, who are called *Methodiſts*, in the ſight of the great God. Upwards of fifty years I have miniſtered unto you, I have been your ſervant for Chriſt's ſake. During this time I have given you many ſolemn warnings on this head. I now give you one more, perhaps the laſt. Dare any of you, in chuſing your calling or ſituation, eye the things on earth, rather than the things above? In chuſing a profeſſion, or a companion for life for your child, do you look at earth or heaven? And can you deliberately prefer, either for yourſelf or your offspring, a child of the devil with money, to a child of God without it? Why the very Heathens cry out,

O curvæ in terras animæ, & celeſtium inanes!

O ſouls bowed down to earth, ſtrangers to heaven.

Repent, repent of your vile earthly-mindedneſs! Renounce the title of Chriſtians, or prefer both in your own caſe, and the caſe of your children, grace to money, and heaven to earth. For the time to come, at leaſt, *let your eye be ſingle*, that your *whole body may be full of light!*

Briſtol, Sept. 25, 1789.

A ſhort Account of Mr. JASPER ROBINSON.

[Written by Himſelf.]

[*Concluded from page* 579.]

April 14. I Find the refreſhing ſprings of grace purifying my heart more and more. Bleſſed be God the Father of mercies; he is my God, my portion, and my all. This night I found him very gracious to me in preaching.

April

April 16. I am more and more clear that my heart is entirely changed. The word of God, the ſpirit of God, and my ſoul's experience agree together. This morning I was elevated in my mind; but I ſee it is dangerous, and that I have need to watch againſt it. My ſoul chuſes Chriſt above extatic joy or tranſport, before every thing that tends to alienate my mind from him, yea above all gifts without him; for, was it poſſible to be in heaven without him, I had rather be on earth with him.

April 17. The Lord is ſtill gracious. Satan tempts, but I get the victory through our Lord Jeſus Chriſt. Friday 25, I have been in ſuch a heavy ſtate this day, that it renders me very unprofitable: but bleſſed be God, I find that whether heavy or alert, weak or ſtrong, he that believeth ſhall be ſaved. So that I ſtill hope my heart is clean, though ſometimes I am hardly ſure.

April 26, to 29. My ſtate is pretty even with ſome particular ſpiritual ſatisfaction. Bleſſed be God, I have reaſon to judge the root of ſin is out of my heart; becauſe when I am tempted, nothing within takes hold of it. I find it eaſier to keep ſin out, than conquer it when in.

May 12. I hope the Lord is eſtabliſhing my heart in grace more and more. This morning, I have had glorious conceptions of the bleſſed Trinity. So that my ſoul can ſay, "O God thou art my God: glory be to thee, O thou Moſt High."

May 17. Bleſſed be God, I am kept in peace through faith in our Lord Jeſus Chriſt. Happy is the man that has the God of Jacob for his help; whoſe hope is in the Lord his God.

October 17. For three days paſt I have been much encouraged to hope for all the fullneſs of God. The promiſe as well as command, is, "Thou ſhalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart:" And I hope I ſhall not reſt ſhort of it. O my God, give me power now, and continue it to my life's end for Jeſus Chriſt's ſake!

"The

" The promiſe is ſure
To the helpleſs and poor,
Their ſouls as their bodies thou ſurely canſt cure."

October 30. Thou bleſſeſt me much, O my God; but I ſhall never be ſatisfied until I awake up after thy likeneſs.

November 1. I faſted and prayed for purity of heart. O when ſhall I be perfectly free, and all my ſoul unreſervedly devoted to God! I am day by day purſuing holineſs, and hate every appearance to the contrary.

November 7. I appear to myſelf little better than an Atheiſt; ſo dark, and ignorant is my heart. I can hardly think well of any religion, ſhort of all light, all love, and holineſs; and the more I ſeek for it, the more dark and diſtracted my mind appears: what can I do? I am tempted to diſpute the truth of God's word. O that he would anſwer for himſelf, in love and faithfulneſs to my heart! Who can deliver me! O, I read that one can, but I fear his willingneſs. Yet, thou knoweſt, Lord, I ſhould gladly be delivered now. Why tarrieſt thou, O my God?

December 10. The blood of Jeſus cleanſeth from all ſin. Bleſſed be the Lord for this!

" 'Tis all my hope, and all my plea,
That Jeſu's blood was ſhed for me."

January 7, 1784. Glory be to God in the higheſt! The latter part of the old year ended, as the new year begins, well. I overcome all ſin by the blood of the Lamb. For theſe three or four weeks paſt I have walked in bleſſed liberty through believing. Lord increaſe my faith; for there is nothing like living by faith.

April 2. I was waked this morning with a loud voice ſounding in my ears, " Say unto Zion, thy God reigneth." It was repeated again very ſharply, " Tell Zion, thy God reigneth."

reigneth." Lord, help me ſo to do. I have ſeveral times had ſuch ſolemn views of Zion's proſperity, that I am in hopes the goſpel will bear all before it, in this Iſland.

April 19. Ah! what is this life to him that is born to die? I wonder that Methodiſts will have any thing to do with the pleaſures, faſhions, or riches of this world. How few cry out in their counting houſe,

"In all time of our wealth, good Lord deliver us!"

In July I left the *Iſle of Man*, in a very proſperous way, and was appointed for *Whitehaven*.

In 1785. I went to *Bolton* Circuit, where I ſpent an agreeable year. Here alſo I made a few remarks of my experience.

Monday morning, September 2, I waked about four o'clock with my ſoul breathing after God. All evil ſeemed removed from my mind, and I was like a morning without clouds. I had a clear view of living by faith, and of being freed from every thing but God: to have him the only portion of my ſoul. Theſe words ran in my mind, till my eyes guſhed out with tears,

"Never ſhall my triumphs end."

This ſtate brings us into all calmneſs and ſerenity, and ſhields the mind againſt every temptation.

On Tueſday morning alſo I had a ſatisfying ſenſe of faith. I ſee it is no matter what I am beſide, in the eſteem of men, whether wiſe or ignorant, honoured or abaſed; or how many my ſins have been, or how encompaſſed about with preſent infirmities; if I can believe God is reconciled unto me in Jeſus, all is well. I ſtand by faith and not by works. I have felt a few temptations ſince; but I find my privilege is, to look unto Jeſus and be ſaved.

September 10. I hear Mr. *Fletcher* is dead. May I follow him as he followed Chriſt! He was a ſtar of the firſt magnitude in God's church; but now he is gone to ſhine in glory, and to ſet no more for ever. A fixed ſtar to all eternity. The wife ſhall inherit glory, and I think, if there was a wife man in the world, he was one.

September 13. I was diſcouraged this day, but I prayed unto God, who comforted and delivered me from all my fears. Glory be to thee, O Lord, who never faileſt them that ſeek thee! When man diſcourages, how clear it makes our faith, that God does help. Diſcouragement from man, weans us from man; and help from God, draws us nearer to God.

November 23. I waked this morning at four o'clock. I thought much about believing, and what many aſſert, that you muſt believe now, and you have what you believe for, either pardon or holineſs. I fear this has led many, of a warm imagination, to believe they are ſanctified, when a little time has proved they have been miſtaken. I was much perplexed about their manner of ſpeaking, and conſidered our Lord's words, "Whatſoever ye aſk in prayer, believing ye receive it, ye ſhall have." This I could not well underſtand, how I was to believe I receive, before it was really given unto me. And it came into my mind, that God ſpeaketh of things that are not, as though they were. Faith in like manner ſays, I have it, though it is not yet given; that is, believes in the certainty of it, as if already come to paſs. Thus faith anticipates the bleſſing, and makes us as ſure of it, as if it were already accompliſhed. In this manner a believer may go on, from ſtrength to ſtrength, and from grace to grace; believing and rejoicing in the ſure word of God's promiſe, until he believes himſelf to heaven. Thus faith lays hold on every bleſſing, yea glory itſelf; but leaves the time and manner unto God.

November 28. In meditating, I had a very ſatisfying view of the covenant of grace, in contra-diſtinction to the covenant of works, viz. As all have ſinned, the covenant of works ſhews

no

no mercy. The covenant of grace is full of compaſſion. In this, God is reconciled to us, by the blood of his dear Son; and waits to be gracious to every returning ſinner, in blotting out his ſins, and remembering his iniquities no more. He has promiſed to write his law in our hearts, even his law of love. Whoſoever lives in obedience to this law of love, ſinneth not, for, having always a loving intention to pleaſe God, he never offends him, neither is God offended with him. In this covenant of grace, confirmed by the blood of Jeſus, all involuntary ignorances, miſtakes, and infirmities, God does not charge upon him as ſin: nothing but wilful acts. Thus he that is born of God, and lives in this covenant under the law to Chriſt, does not commit ſin, neither can he ſin, becauſe his loving intention is always to pleaſe God, his ſeed remaining in him. He loves his neighbour, and love worketh no evil; but contrarywiſe good. Therefore love is the fulfilling of the law. According to the tenor of the firſt covenant no man is free from ſin; but he that fulfils the law of love, the love of God and his neighbour, is as free from it, according to the new covenant, as he would be, according to the old, were he to fulfil the utmoſt demand of the moral law.

In the eye of the law, every man is a ſinner; but in the covenant of grace, he that loveth is free. To reaſon upon the law is bringing a man into bondage; but to believe according to grace, is living in the glorious liberty of the ſons of God. Many, who are continually harping upon the purity of the law, and viewing Chriſtian liberty, in this mirror, grow blinder and blinder, and cannot ſee how a man can live without ſin. But how unwiſe is this? If the Father of all mercies, the God of love, in conſideration of the impoſſibility (through the weakneſs of the fleſh,) of being made perfect by the law, has ſubſtituted a milder covenant, full of grace, mercy, and love, whereby we may thus live; why ſhould we not immediately embrace it? One would think we ſhould encourage one another, by ſaying, "well, Brother, though you cannot by the law,

obtain the perfection of the law; yet by the grace of God you may obtain the perfection of the gospel, even the depth of humble love." But, instead of this the law is frequently made use of to discourage the expectation of obtaining holiness by the gospel. One says, "The law is so pure, that I do not see how I can be free from sin." Another, "If I was clean from sin, what need should I have for the atonement?" A third reasons, "Sin is in the flesh which covers my bones; and therefore this putrified cask will make all that comes out of it impure." By this way of reasoning they conclude, they can never be made clean from sin on this side the grave; and they discourage those who desire it according to the gospel. O what a pity it is, that we are so slow in believing, or looking into the glorious law of liberty and love, and continuing therein, that we may be happy!

J. R.

Some Account of Mr. JOHN APPLETON.

JOHN APPLETON was a native of *Shropshire*, and served his apprenticeship to an eminent currier, in the town of *Shrewsbury*. During his youth, he practiced too much the vices of the age, as he often mentioned in his public discourses with deep repentance and humiliation, and most grateful acknowledgments for the mercies and goodness of his Saviour, who had called him out of darkness into light, and from the power of Satan unto God. During these thoughtless times he had frequent and severe checks of conscience, so that he was very unhappy in his mind. He often resolved to leave off sinning, and to seek in earnest, to secure his salvation; but it was not till he went to *Bristol*, that he experienced a thorough conversion, which was confirmed by the following awful judgment.

He

He had been converſing with religious people called Methodiſts, whom he highly approved; but one Sunday he happened to go into a church where a miniſter was to preach, who had before exerted himſelf in two other churches to preach againſt the Methodiſts, uſing the ſame text, which was, "Having the form of godlineſs, but denying the power thereof." He inveighed very much againſt the novel ſect, the upſtart Methodiſts, as he called them, adding, theſe are the men, whom St. *Paul* foretold would come, "Having the form &c." He then laid many grievous things to their charge, without any colour of truth, and warned his flock to turn away from them. Shortly after, he preached at St. *Nicholas'* church; but when he had named the above text twice, was ſuddenly ſeized with a rattling in his throat, attended with a hideous groaning, and fell backward againſt the door of the pulpit, burſt it open, and fell down the ſtairs. He was then carried home, and on the Sunday following died.

Mr. *Appleton* being in the church, was greatly ſtruck with this ſolemn event. When he returned to *Shrewſbury* he took a houſe, where he fitted up a room, in which he preached for many years, as long as his health would permit, and had full congregations. He conſtantly preached two days in the week at ſeven in the evening, after labouring hard at his trade all the day, and twice on Sunday. He had great power in prayer, and his petitions were ſo conſtantly granted, that he ſaid, he was almoſt afraid to aſk, for fear he ſhould aſk amiſs. His experience was very extraordinary, as will appear from the following extract of a letter which he wrote to a friend, giving him ſome account of the ſame.

"You aſk, firſt, Did God teſtify to me that I was ſaved from all ſin? If you mean original ſin, or the corruption of the heart: I anſwer that God's Spirit did teſtify to my heart and my ſpirit, that I was cleanſed from all theſe ſins. You aſk ſecondly, In what manner? I anſwer, firſt, By ſhewing me ſome of my outward ſins, and making me feel trouble of conſcience,

conſcience, and giving me a meaſure of inward ſorrow, and outward amendment and true repentance: and after a ſeaſon, at a time of prayer, by making me feel a weight of unbelief upon my ſoul, which made me cry, I believe, Lord help my unbelief. This had no ſooner aſcended out of my heart and lips to God, than the angel of the cōvenant, or the bleſſed ſpirit, poured into my heart faith, love, peace, and joy unſpeakable and full of glory.

"I remained in this my firſt love, or eſpouſals to Chriſt, for a ſeaſon, not perceiving that either men or devils could do me any harm: but afterwards the battle commenced; my top-ſail of ſelf-confidence fell down, and I ſaw I wanted the ſtrength of God, and that nothing elſe could preſerve me from ſins without, and legions of ſins within; but the Lord delivered me out of my temptations. Beſides the daily viſits of his grace, one day it was impreſſed on my mind that the Holy Ghoſt was come upon me; and whilſt the Lord thus ſpake, I believed not for joy and wonder; till at laſt grace overcame my unbelief, and I then was filled, as I apprehended, with the Holy Ghoſt, after I had believed.

"Now prayer and praiſe flowed out of my heart, without meditation; and I had light given me, to ſhew what was grace, and what was the depravity of my own heart. This remained on me as a refiner's fire; but as conſolations did thus abound, I thought all manner of temptations did abound alſo. After a ſeaſon of great conflicts, both within and without, at a time of public prayer, I thought my mind was on a ſudden enlightened to ſee three perſons, which it was revealed to me were the holy Trinity. I ſaw them all joined together, and become as one. I ſaw one with a ſeal in his hand, which he impreſſed on my breaſt. My heart was now filled with ſuch happineſs and glory, as tongue cannot expreſs, which gave me to believe, that I was ſealed by the ſpirit to the day of redemption.

"You may ſay with me, "Surely I ſhall find an inward war no more;" but although ſin and Satan was thus foiled and conquered,

conquered, he was not willing to quit the field, or wholly to give up his claim; for ſome of his ſeed ſtill remained in my heart. He again rallied all his forces, though inwardly weak, and as a dying man ready to give up the ghoſt: yet outwardly fierce as a roaring lion. Whilſt loſing his prey, the ſoul, he ſeemed as if he would tear the body to pieces; but all in vain, when the Lord is on the ſide of both body and ſoul. Now I cried, it is finiſhed: at laſt, ſin has given up the ghoſt. Yet ſtill I remained praying for light to ſee whether ſin was wholly deſtroyed or not; and to my great ſurprize, found it ſtruggle in my breaſt, and gaſp for life; but then I believe it was the laſt. It ſtirred me up to pray day and night, that God would ſatisfy me, and give me the indubitable ſeal, until at laſt my ſtrength of body decayed ſo that it ſeemed impoſſible I could recover; but in this my weak ſtate, the Lord again ſhewed his mighty power.

"Once in a public meeting, when at prayer, ſomething, as I apprehended, came in the likeneſs of a ſpirit, and paſſed through me, from head to foot, and for a ſhort time moved up and down, through my whole body, whilſt I cried, "Is this the ſeal?" In the mean time, it was applied again, again, and again: it was applied until I firmly believed; and after I believed, it left, as I thought, the image of God in my boſom, of a ſmall ſize, which was to increaſe in growth until it came to the image of a man, which I thought was to be a perfect man, to the meaſure of the ſtature of the fulneſs of Chriſt. I then found ſuch ſtrength, ſuch faith, ſuch peace and joy, without any doubt or fear, that it as far exceeded the former viſits of God's good ſpirit, as the ſun at noon exceeds his appearance and effects in the morning, in warming and nouriſhing the earth."

Thus far is Mr. *Appleton's* own account, written by himſelf. He ſeemed always to enjoy communion with Chriſt, and a heart full of love and devotion; and his countenance, as well as life, teſtified the truth of his experience. When Mr. *Weſley's* preachers came to *Shrewſbury* about the year 1761, he took for their

their uſe a place, and fitted it up as a neat chapel, where they preached ſeveral years; but before his death, he built a commodious, elegant chapel, entirely at his own expence, which was opened by the Rev. Mr. *John Weſley*, on March the 27th, 1781.

On Good Friday, 1784, he was taken ill, and retiring to his chapel alone, the Lord manifeſted himſelf to him in ſuch a manner, as filled his heart with love and joy unſpeakable. He was ſeized with an intermitting fever. The fits were very ſevere every other day. Two days before his deceaſe, a friend aſked him, how he felt his ſoul: he ſaid, "Very comfortable." When aſked, if he was free from the fear of death? He anſwered, That the fear of death had been taken away from him many years ſince. He died without a ſigh, about eleven at night, on Saturday the firſt of May 1784.

The Experience of Mrs. PHEBE BLOOD.

[Written by herſelf.]

WHEN I was in the eighteenth year of my age, it pleaſed God to ſend one of the Methodiſts to live under the ſame roof with me. He was a lively, pious, godly man; happy in the experience of a Saviour's Grace. But, though his manner of living and acting were all agreeable to his profeſſion, yet my proud heart, unacquainted with genuine religion, roſe in prejudice againſt him; nor could I believe he was ſo good as he pretended to be. However, God ſometimes over-rules the moſt trivial circumſtances for his own glory, and our good.

One night, whilſt a young woman and I were fooliſhly diſputing about ſpirits, I ſaid, If we were (while on earth) to promiſe, that after death we ſhould come again, we ſhould ſurely fulfil it. She ſaid, that could not be, for evil ſpirits would be confined, and good ſpirits at reſt; ſo that one could not if they would,

would, and the other would not deſire it if they could. At laſt, we concluded to leave our diſpute to Mr. *Lawſon*, (for that was the good man's name.) And accordingly went into his room, and aſked which of us he thought was in the right? He ſmiled, and ſaid, "If either of you are right, it is the young woman; but we will leave that to God. Search your Bibles, and pray that the Lord may give you to underſtand his word, which will make you wiſe unto ſalvation. Seek to know your ſins forgiven, and your peace made with God, and that will be the moſt profitable for you." I ſaid "I both read and pray; but I do not believe any one can know their ſins forgiven here on earth." He aſked, "Did you never read the great and precious promiſes, which the Lord hath made to his people in all ages?" I replied, "Yes; but the promiſes, to which you refer, were made not to us; but to the antient prophets, and primitive Chriſtians." "Yes, ſaid he, and to us in them, and as many as the Lord our God ſhall call. For to us is the word of this ſalvation ſent: and if we are not converted and born of God, we can never enter into his kingdom."

He then took the Bible, and read part of our Lord's dialogue with *Nicodemus*, John iii. particularly the third verſe. He reaſoned with me ſome time, and at laſt concluded with telling me, if I for myſelf did not experience this change, I could never ſee the face of the Lord with joy. Horror now ſeized upon me! Every joint in my body trembled! I could ſcarce get back again into my room, for the hand of the Lord was heavy upon me. Mr. *L.* perceived, that his words had much affected me. All that night I could take no reſt: ſleep departed from me, and the remembrance of my ſins became intolerable.

The next day Mr. *L.* came and talked with me again. I was more and more convinced of the miſerable and unhappy condition of my ſoul: and ſometimes ready to conclude, the Lord will be no more entreated.

One Sabbath I went to meeting, where Mr. *S.* read the tenth chapter of St. John's goſpel, and gave an exhortation after it. I did in ſome meaſure ſee, there was no other way to be ſaved, but by faith in the Lord Jeſus: that there was no other foundation, on which we might ſafely build our hopes of heaven; yet I could not caſt my ſoul upon him alone. I truſted too much in the means, and therefore though I ſought him, yet I found him not; nor could I find reſt, to my weary ſoul. I believed God was good, and it was a mercy that I was out of hell: but alas! I was vile, my heart deceitful, hard, and deſperately wicked.

However, I ſtill continued to uſe the means, for ſix months. Sometimes I thought my ſtate was wretched; at other times I ſtrove to quiet my fears, with a hope that my ſins might be forgiven, and I not know it. I reaſoned with ſome of the people, and endeavoured to make it appear, that we might have faith and not know it. O how proud was I! I would fain have thought myſelf a Chriſtian, and have had them think ſo too! However, one day I went again to hear Mr. *S.* who deſcribed the ſtate of thoſe, who build on the ſand; and when he began to apply thoſe words, *The rains deſcended, and the floods came, &c.* the word pierced me through, and was ſharp as a two-edged ſword: I trembled every limb, and my knees ſmote one upon another.

As I went home, I told Mr. *L.* what a wretched ſtate I was in: and that I was growing worſe and worſe. He ſaid he was glad of it. He ſhould be ſorry to ſee me reſt ſhort of Chriſt; and hoped, I ſhould never reſt, until I found Chriſt by a living faith. He lent me Mr. *Romaine's* Life of Faith, which I read, begging earneſtly that the Lord would give me faith: but oh! it is utterly impoſſible for me to deſcribe the hardneſs of my heart, and the miſerable condition I was in. I remained thus for near a fortnight, and often lay ſleepleſs all night upon my bed.

The

The night before that, in which my deliverance came, I fell aſleep; but, was ſuddenly awakened, as if ſome perſon had ſpoke to me in the following words, "Why will you ſleep in ſuch imminent danger?" I immediately roſe from bed to pray. After ſome time ſpent in prayer, I lay down on the bed again; but ſlept no more that night. All next day I ſpent in praying for mercy; but got no deliverance; and when night came on, I retired, reſtleſs, weary, and heavy laden to bed. After laying thus ſome time, I thought there was no mercy for me, and that God would not be gracious. However, about two o'clock in the morning I roſe to pray; being ſtrongly drawn by an inward impreſſion thereto. I threw myſelf down by the ſide of the bed, and cried, with all the ſtrength of ſoul and body, "Lord, if it be thy will that I ſhould periſh, let me periſh at thy feet. If not, grant me thy mercy, that I may know that I am thy child."

My heart inſtantly began to melt, and tears to flow. I ſaw myſelf viler than the duſt under my feet. Thus I remained for a few minutes, when with ſtrong cries and tears I added, "Lord I am vile, give me to know thee." In a moment it appeared as if my eyes were opened, and I beheld my Saviour dying for me. I felt his love ſpring up in my ſoul, and my eyes overflowed with tears of joy. I knew my ſins were forgiven: unbelief was done away: I had not a ſingle doubt; I felt my ſoul was united to Chriſt; and could not help crying aloud, "O what hath Jeſus done for me! How ſhall I glorify my Saviour! O the dearneſs! the ſweetneſs! of Jeſus to my ſoul! He hath taken me from the fearful pit! Out of the mire and clay, and hath ſet my feet on a rock, and eſtabliſhed my goings!"

After I roſe from prayer, I read the ſixth chapter of John. In reading it, I had an affecting view of the ſingular love of my Redeemer to poor ſinners! O adorable Redeemer! how ſhall my feeble tongue ſpeak forth thy praiſe! O may I al-

ways lie humble at thy feet, 'till I am perfectly reſtored to thine image!

" Inward I bluſh with ſacred ſhame,
And weep and love and bleſs his name;
Who knew not guilt nor grief his own,
But bore it all for me!"

Aſtoniſhing grace!

" I hear the glorious ſufferer tell,
How on the croſs he vanquiſhed hell,
And all the powers beneath:"

O Saviour! why ſo laviſh of thy blood! why ſo profuſe in thy favours!

" 'Twas thine own love that made thee bleed!
That nailed thee to the curſed tree:"
'Twas thine own love this feaſt prepared
For ſuch unworthy worms as me."

O how happily did I move along the road! I found my heart looſed from every creature-good, and wholly fixed on God. Lord, whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none on all the earth, that I deſire beſides thee. Thou art the health of my countenance, and my God.

About this time I joined the Society at *Cumberland*, and had many a bleſſed meeting amongſt the people there. How empty now did all things appear to me, that did not tend to the glory of God, and the good of my ſoul! I loathed, I abhorred them! At this time I knew little, very little, about temptations: and it often ſurprized me, to hear the Chriſtians tell of being tempted and tried ſo; for I was a ſtranger to all theſe things. I felt nothing but deſire, peace, love, and joy. It ſeemed as if

I was

I was to know war no more: the word of God and all the ordinances were indeed delightful to me. Mr. *S.* was very helpful to me; and I ſat under his word with much profit.

The firſt time I heard Mr. *W.* my ſoul was exceeding joyful in the Lord. That day he ſpoke on the birth of our Saviour in Bethlehem: my ſoul was raviſhed, with inexpreſſible joy, to think, that he ſhould come into the world to redeem a loſt worm like me. But it was not long after this, before the enemy of ſouls ſought to wreſt the ſhield from my hand, by infuſing horrid and blaſphemous thoughts into my mind. One night going to Claſs-meeting, it was violently ſuggeſted, "There is no God." On which I began to reaſon. I thought I ought not to go to theſe meetings: I am too vile, too wicked, when I have ſuch thoughts as theſe. I was aſtoniſhed, and durſt not proceed any further: I turned round and was going home again; but juſt before I got home, theſe words were applied to my mind, as powerfully as if ſomebody had ſpoken them to my outward ears, "Believe not the enemy of thy ſoul." I turned about and made what haſte I could to the meeting, which was almoſt done before I got there.

I felt humbled, and much aſhamed, that I ſhould let the enemy of my ſoul get ſo much advantage over me, as to make me miſs ſo much of one of thoſe precious ordinances. However, the Lord gave me free acceſs at the throne of grace. As we came home, I related to brother *L.* what had paſſed in my mind. He ſaid it was nothing but the temptation of the devil, who was ſeeking to deſtroy. But bleſſed be the Lord, who hath delivered me! O how ought I to praiſe and adore him! To him then be aſcribed the kingdom, for he is Lord of all! The power who orders, manages, and diſpoſes all, and for whoſe ſake and pleaſure all things are and were created.

Soon after this, my huſband left me (in very low circumſtances) and went to *Halifax*, in a very diſagreeable time of the year. It was a great trial to me: the enemy made uſe of it often, to draw away my mind at the time of prayer, inſinuating

that

that he would ſurely be loſt in the woods. However, the Lord ſupported me in temporals, by inclining the hearts of the people to help me; and in ſpirituals, by ſupplying my ſoul with uncommon comforts. Juſt before I left *Cumberland* to go to *Halifax*, I had a very wonderful manifeſtation of the goodneſs of God to me. O how my ſoul rejoiced in the Lord! I then concluded, my mount is ſo ſtrong, it can never be moved: I ſhall never doubt his love again. God gave me this to ſupport me in the trials that were to follow on my coming to *Halifax*.

P. B.

An Account of Mrs. ELIZABETH MATHER.

[By Mr. D. Jackſon.]

ELIZABETH MATHER was many years without the knowledge of God, being led aſtray by the lying vanities and vain allurements of the world. At length, he, who came to ſeek and to ſave that which was loſt, ſent his word with power to her ſoul, whilſt Mr. *B.* was preaching in the corn-market in *Warrington*. The word pierced her conſcience, and being convinced ſhe had no righteouſneſs of her own, ſhe earneſtly applied to the ſinner's friend, and in a little time found him whom ſhe ever after loved.

I have been acquainted with her about eight months, during which time ſhe has been under heavy afflictions, but always happy, yea, always rejoicing in the great ſalvation. About ſix years ago, being told there was a greater ſalvation to be attained, than what ſhe had hitherto experienced, ſhe believed the report; and to the joy of her ſoul, ſoon found the efficacy of the all-cleanſing blood of Jeſus Chriſt. From that time until ſhe was removed to glory, ſhe walked in the light of the Lord, and enjoyed the kingdom of an inward heaven. She had many and great trials through afflictions, poverty, and perſecution; but her

her tempers, language, and calm reſignation to the will of God, and her exceeding great joy in the Lord, always teſtified that ſhe walked as ſeeing him who is inviſible.

While ſhe had ſtrength, ſhe boldly, yet calmly, reproved ſin. Her word was as precious balm to the mourner and the tempted; nor did ſhe fail to excite believers to preſs into all the promiſed fullneſs of love. And in her laſt ſickneſs, which was long and heavy, her full heart was continually breathing forth prayer, praiſe, and love. When drawing near her end, ſhe ſaid to a friend, "We ſhall meet above: O what a meeting will that be! That word of our Lord ſhould be ſounding in every breath; *Be ye holy, for I am holy.* O my Jeſus, nothing but thee to me be given! O put thine everlaſting arms underneath me! O my huſband, my love, my ſpouſe, my all in all! Glory, glory! He feeds me amidſt the lillies of the vallies!"

She then recapitulated the ſufferings of her Lord. Whilſt ſhe lay ſtill one went to her bed ſide, when ſhe ſaid, "Do not, do not diſturb me: I was feeding richly on my precious Jeſus: oh my love! But I cannot deſcribe the love of God! Oh! What ſhall I do! Let him do with me as ſeemeth beſt to him. O what a ſight will it be to ſee the patriarchs, apoſtles, the forty and four thouſand, and all the dear children that are gone before! But I ſhall ſee them ſoon.

"My God aſſiſt me to proclaim."

Here her ſpeech failing, after a little, ſhe broke out again, "Theſe are they that come out of great tribulation, and have waſhed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. I ſhall dwell among them." She aſked one, who was taking down what ſhe ſaid, "What precious thing have you got there?" When the perſon anſwered, "Writing a little;" ſhe replied, "If you want any dying words to be impreſſed on your mind, remember my dear Lord's dying words were, "My

"My God, my God, why haſt thou forſaken me." At another time ſhe ſaid,

"I'll praiſe my Maker while I've breath,
And when my voice is loſt in death,
Praiſe ſhall employ my nobler powers:
My days of praiſe ſhall ne'er be paſt,
While life, and thought, and being laſt,
Or immortality endures."

All glory to my God, he has enabled me to cry out, "I long to be diſſolved and to be with Chriſt." On taking a little drink ſhe ſaid, "O my ſweet Jeſus, let thy bleſſing attend it."

Several young people being preſent, ſhe exhorted them with a loud voice to love God with an undivided heart; beſeeching them to live in the continual practice of private prayer, and to let no rival draw their affections from Jeſus, who is altogether lovely. She then ſtretched out her hand and ſaid, "For theſe nineteen days, no kind of food has come into my body; but my God, the rock of ages, has fed me richly with his grace, and has given me to drink of the water that flows from his right hand. O Sirs, get your hearts filled with the love of God, and you will need nothing elſe. I have a fountain open to ſupply all my wants. Out of the riches of his fullneſs, I am the richeſt woman living. I am what I am not worthy or able to expreſs, through his goodneſs."

Being aſked if ſhe found a momentary ſupply? She anſwered, "I have had a momentary ſupply for almoſt ſix years. He is my Alpha and Omega! If the taſte be ſo ſweet, what will the fullneſs be! Jeſus gave me only a little of his bitter cup: he drank the dregs himſelf. When I look to that great being, that was offered up a ſacrifice for me, it is beyond the deſcription of men or angels! Thine appointed time, O Lord, will I wait, till my Jeſus come: this is but a moment to ſuffer with my Lord, and then to reign with him for ever."

Whilſt

Whilſt ſome friends were going to prayer, and made ſome delay, ſhe ſaid, with a loud voice, "Open your mouths, and he will teach you what to ſay." She was very lively, rejoiced much, and prayed earneſtly for thoſe preſent. When one told her, he was ſorry to ſee her ſo ill, ſhe ſaid, "I am going to Jeſus; you muſt rejoice: O that I had but a voice that would ſound through the globe to ſhout his praiſe. What a meeting will that be of Jeſus and my ſoul! I ſhall then be loſt in wonder, love and praiſe! I lie in perfect reſignation, and need nothing." Speaking of her pain, ſhe ſaid, "It is the Lord, let him do what ſeemeth him good: I ſhall ſoon be with him." She then repeated the following lines,

"Soon ſhall I paſs the vale of death,
And in his arms ſhall loſe my breath;
Yet then my happy ſoul ſhall tell,
My Jeſus hath done all things well:

And when to that bright world I riſe,
And join the anthems in the ſkies;
Above the reſt this note ſhall ſwell,
My Jeſus hath done all things well."

She deſired one preſent, to be faithful to the grace God had given, telling her that his promiſes are all ſure, and that not one jot or tittle ſhall fall to the ground. Another acquaintance being preſent, ſhe ſaid, "O my Jeſus, take this my child: do for her, what thou haſt done for me: we ſhall meet together above to ſing his praiſes: I am now near my journey's end: it has been hard work for me this night, to get my breath, on account of the phlegm; but my God has been all in all unto me: he has not left me for a moment: and I know his grace is ſufficient to keep a thouſand ſouls in the moſt ſevere agonies; and is worth as many worlds. Jeſus is ſtill ſweet, and is my all every moment." She was now exceeding weak,

but ſaid, "All the days of my appointed time will I wait till my Lord come. To-morrow, being Sunday, you will be feeding richly on the word of God: may it be as marrow to your ſouls!" She ſighed and ſaid, "Why am I thus? Let my name be forgotten by men: let no applauſe be given to me, for thou art all in all; and it is free unmerited mercy, that has done all for me." Here ſhe ſeemed to be quite exhauſted: being a little revived ſhe ſaid, "Who knows but before this time to-morrow, I may be joining the hundred forty and four thouſand, who are now before the throne of God.

On Tueſday the ſeventh of April 1789, I called to ſee her, which was my laſt viſit, and found her happy, longing for her Lord to come, but patiently reſigned. She ſeized my hand, and appeared as if ſhe was departing, but afterwards reviving a little, ſhe ſaid, "I have loſt all care and fear: my Jeſus does all for me." But ſhe was ſo faint, I could ſcarcely underſtand her. Her huſband told me that it was the twenty-ninth day ſince ſhe had taken any thing ſolid into her mouth. She lived eleven days after this, happy in the God of her ſalvation; patiently and joyfully waiting for her ſummons. About two o'clock on Monday morning the twentieth, ſhe ſaid to her huſband, "My dear give me a kiſs," and then ſolemnly charged him to give himſelf wholly to God, who would ſurely provide for him. She ſpake no more, and about half paſt ſeven o'clock fell aſleep in Jeſus. D. J.

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

GENERAL REFLECTIONS.

Of Metals, Minerals, and other Foſſils.

[*Continued from page* 533.]

BUT the moſt extraordinary of all Foſſils is the Aſbeſtos. It ſeems to be a ſpecies of alabaſter, and may be drawn into

into fine ſilky threads, of a greyiſh or ſilver colour. It is indiſſoluble in water, and remains unconſumed even in the flame of a furnace. A large burning-glaſs indeed will reduce it to glaſs globules; but common fire whitens it. Its threads are from one to ten inches long, which may be wrought into a kind of cloth. This the antients eſteemed as precious as pearls. They uſed it chiefly in making ſhrouds for emperors or kings, to preſerve their aſhes diſtinct from that of the funeral pile. And the princes of Tartary at this day apply it to the ſame uſe. The wicks for their perpetual lamps were likewiſe made of it. A handkerchief of this was long ſince preſented to the Royal Society. It was twice thrown into a ſtrong fire, before ſeveral gentlemen. But in the two experiments loſt not above two drachms of its weight. And what was very remarkable, when it was red hot, it did not burn a piece of white paper, on which it was laid.

But there is a kind of Aſbeſtos wholly different from that known to the ancients. It is found ſo far as we yet know, only in the county of Aberdeen, in Scotland. In the neighbourhood of Achintore, on the ſide of a hill, in a ſomewhat boggy ſoil, about the edges of a ſmall brook, there is a ſpace of ten or twelve yards ſquare, in which pieces of foſſile wood petrified lie very thick. Near this place, if the ground be dug into with a knife, there is found a ſort of fibrous matter, lying a little below the ſurface of the ground, among the roots of the graſs. This the knife will not cut: and on examination it proves to be a true Aſbeſtos. It lies in looſe threads, very ſoft and flexible, and is not injured by the fire.

Yet it is ſometimes collected into parcels, and ſeems to form a compact body. When this however is more nearly examined, it appears not to be a real lump, but a congeries reſembling a pledget of preſſed lint, and being put into water it ſeparates into its natural looſe threads.

A ſtranger diſcovery ſtill has been lately made. The proprietor of a forge, upon taking down his furnaces to repair

them, found at the bottom a great quantity of a ſubſtance, which upon repeated trial, effectually anſwered all the uſes of the Aſbeſtos. It was equally well manufactured either into linen or paper, and equally endured the fire. Upon proſecuting the enquiry, it appeared to him, that both the native Aſbeſtos (at leaſt one ſpecies of it) and this obtained from the forge, were nothing more than what he terms calcined iron, deprived, whether by nature or by art, of its inflammable part: and that by uniting the inflammable part, either with this, or the foſſile Aſbeſtos, it may at any time be reſtored, to its primitive ſtate of iron.

But it is certain, there is Aſbeſtos which has no relation to iron. Both in Norway and Siberia, there are petrifying waters, which, pervading the pores of wood lying therein, fill it with ſtony particles; and when by a coſtic, corroſive power, derived from lime, they have deſtroyed the wood, a proper Aſbeſtos remains, in the form of a vegetable, which is now no more. To which of theſe does the following belong?

Signor Mareo Antonia Caſtagna, ſuperintendent of ſome mines in Italy, has found in one of them a great quantity of Linum Aſbeſtum. He can prepare it ſo as to make it like either a very white ſkin, or a very white paper. Both of theſe reſiſt the moſt violent fire. The ſkin was covered with kindled coals for ſome time; being taken out, it was ſoon as white as before: neither had it loſt any thing of its weight. The paper alſo was tried in the fire, and without any detriment. Neither could any change be perceived, either with regard to its whiteneſs, fineneſs, or ſoftneſs.

An Account of the ESCAPE *of the* CHEVALIER, *after the Battle of* Cullodon.

[*Concluded from page* 590.]

YOUNG Raſay was now diſpatched to where Donald Roy was, that they might get all the intelligence they could; and the wanderer charged Dr. M'Leod to have a boat ready at a certain place about ſeven miles off, as he intended it ſhould carry him upon a matter of great conſequence; and gave the doctor a caſe, containing a ſilver ſpoon, knife, and fork, ſaying, "Keep you that till I ſee you," which the doctor underſtood to be two days from that time. But all theſe orders were only blinds; for he had another plan in his head, but wiſely thought it ſafeſt to truſt his ſecrets to no more perſons than was abſolutely neceſſary. Having then deſired Malcolm to walk a little way from the houſe, he ſoon opened his mind, ſaying, "I deliver myſelf to you. Conduct me to the Laird of M'Kinnon's country." Malcolm objected that it was very dangerous, as ſo many parties of ſoldiers were in motion. He anſwered, "There is nothing now to be done without danger." He then ſaid, that Malcolm muſt be maſter, and he the ſervant; ſo he took the bag, in which his linnen was put up, and carried it on his ſhoulder; and obſerving that his waiſtcoat, which was of ſcarlet tartan, with a gold twiſt button, was finer than Malcolm's, which was of a plain ordinary tartan, he put on Malcolm's waiſtcoat, and gave him his; remarking at the ſame time, that it did not look weel that the ſervant ſhould be better dreſſed than the maſter.

Malcolm, though an excellent walker, found himſelf excelled by Prince Charles, who told him, he ſhould not much mind the parties that were looking for him, were he once but a muſket ſhot from them; but that he was ſomewhat afraid of the Highlanders who were againſt him. He was well uſed to walking in Italy

Italy in purſuit of game; and he was even now ſo keen a ſportſman, that, having obſerved ſome partridges, he was going to take a ſhot; but Malcolm cautioned him againſt it, obſerving that the firing might be heard by the tenders who were hovering upon the coaſt.

As they proceeded through the mountains, Malcolm, to try his reſolution, aſked him what ſhould they do, ſhould they fall in with a party of ſoldiers? He anſwered, "Fight, to be ſure." Having aſked Malcolm, if he ſhould be known in the preſent dreſs, and Malcolm having replied he would, he ſaid, "Then I will blacken my face with powder." "That, ſaid Malcolm, would diſcover you at once." Then ſaid he, "I muſt be put into the greateſt diſhabille poſſible." So he pulled off his wig, tied a handkerchief round his head, and put his night cap over it, tore the ruffles from his ſhirt, took the buckles out of his ſhoes, and made Malcolm faſten them with ſtrings; but ſtill Malcolm thought he would be known. "I have ſo odd a face, ſaid he, that no man ever ſaw me, but he would know me again."

He ſeemed unwilling to give credit to the horrid narrative of men being murdered in cool blood, after victory had declared forthe army commanded by the Duke of Cumberland. He could not allow himſelf to think that a general could be ſo barbarous.

When they came within two miles of M'Kinnon's houſe, Malcolm aſked if he choſe to ſee the Laird, "No, ſaid he, by no means. I know M'Kinnon to be as good and as honeſt a man as any in the world, but he is not fit for my purpoſe at preſent. You muſt conduct me to ſome other houſe; but let it be a gentleman's houſe." Malcolm then determined that they ſhould go to his brother in law, Mr. John M'Kinnon, and from thence be conveyed to the main land of *Scotland*, and claim the aſſiſtance of Macdonald of Scothouſe. The wanderer at firſt objected to this, becauſe Scothouſe was couſin of a perſon

of

of whom he had ſuſpicions. But he acquieſced in Malcolm's opinion.

When they were near Mr. John M'Kinnon's houſe, they met a man of the name of Roſs, who had been a ſoldier in the Highland army. He fixed his eyes ſteadily on the wanderer in his diſguiſe, and having at once recognized him, he clapped his hands, and exclaimed, "Alas! is this the caſe." Finding that there was now a diſcovery, Malcolm aſked, "What is to be done?" "Swear him to ſecreſy," anſwered Prince Charles. Upon which Malcolm drew his dirk, and on the naked blade made him take a ſolemn oath, that he would ſay nothing of his having ſeen the wanderer, till his eſcape ſhould be made public.

Malcolm's ſiſter, whoſe houſe they reached pretty early in the morning, aſked him who the perſon was, that was along with him. He ſaid, it was one Lewis Caw, from Crieff, who being a fugitive like himſelf for the ſame reaſon, he had engaged him as his ſervant, but that he had fallen ſick. Poor man! ſaid ſhe, I pity him; at the ſame time my heart warms to a man of his appearance. Her huſband was gone a little way from home; but was expected every minute to return. She ſet down to her brother a plentiful Highland breakfaſt. Prince Charles acted the ſervant very well, ſitting at a reſpectful diſtance, with his bonnet off. Malcolm then ſaid to him, "Mr. Caw, you have as much need of this as I have, there is enough for us both; draw nearer, and ſhare with me." Upon which he roſe, made a profound bow, ſat down at the table with his ſuppoſed maſter, and eat very heartily. There came in an old woman, who, after the mode of ancient hoſpitality, brought warm water, and waſhed Malcolm's feet. He deſired her to waſh the feet of the poor man who attended him; ſhe at firſt ſeemed averſe to this, from pride, as thinking him beneath her, and in the periphraſtic language of the Highlanders and the Iriſh, ſaid warmly, "Though I waſh your father's ſon's feet, why

why ſhould I waſh his father's ſon's feet?" She was however perſuaded to do it.

They then went to bed, and ſlept for ſome time; and when Malcolm awaked, he was told that Mr. John M'Kinnon, his brother-in-law was in ſight. He ſprang out to talk to him, before he ſhould ſee Prince Charles. After ſaluting him, Malcolm pointing to the ſea, ſaid, "What John, if the Prince ſhould be priſoner on board one of theſe tenders?" "God forbid!" replied John.—"What, if we had him here?" "I wiſh we had, anſwered John, we ſhould take care of him." —"Well John, ſaid Malcolm, he is in your houſe."—John, in a tranſport of joy, wanted to run directly in, and pay his obeiſance; but Malcolm ſtopped him, ſaying, "Now is your time to behave well, and do nothing that can diſcover him." John compoſed himſelf, and having ſent away all his ſervants upon different errands, he was introduced into the preſence of his gueſt, and was then deſired to go and get ready a boat lying near his houſe, which, though but a ſmall leaky one, they reſolved to take rather than go to the Laird of M'Kinnon. John M'Kinnon however thought otherwiſe, and upon his return told them, that his chief and Lady M'Kinnon were coming in the Laird's boat. Prince Charles ſaid to his truſty Malcolm, "I am ſorry for this, but we muſt make the beſt of it." M'Kinnon then walked up from the ſhore, and did homage to the wanderer. His lady waited in a cave, to which they all repaired, and were entertained with cold meat and wine. Mr. Malcolm M'Leod being now ſuperſeded by the Laird of M'Kinnon, deſired leave to return, which was granted him, and Prince Charles wrote a ſhort note, to which he ſubſcribed James Thompſon, informing his friends that he had got away from Sky, and thanking them for their kindneſs; and he deſired this might be ſpeedily conveyed to young Raſay and Dr. M'Leod, that they might not wait longer in expectation of ſeeing him again. He bade a cordial adieu to Malcolm, and inſiſted on his accepting a ſilver ſtock buckle, and ten guineas from his purſe, though,

though, as Malcolm told me, it did not appear to contain more than forty. Malcolm at firſt begged to be excuſed, ſaying, that he had a few guineas at his ſervice; but Prince Charles anſwered, "You will have need of money, and I ſhall get enough when I come upon the main land."

The Laird of M'Kinnon then conveyed him to the oppoſite coaſt of Knoidart. Old Raſay, to whom intelligence had been ſent, was croſſing at the ſame time to Sky; but as they did not know of each other, and each had apprehenſions, the two boats kept aloof. Theſe are the particulars which I have collected concerning the extraordinary concealment and eſcapes of Prince Charles, in the Hebrides. He was often in imminent danger. The troops traced him from the Long Iſland, acroſs Sky, to Portree, but there loſt him.

An Enquiry into the Situation of the TERRESTIAL PARADISE.

[By a late Writer.]

THE change made in the appearance of countries and the courſe of rivers, by the violence of the deluge, cannot poſſibly prove an obſtacle to our diſcovering the genuine place of the Terreſtial Paradiſe. Since it is not to be ſuppoſed that *Moſes*, who wrote eight hundred and fifty years after the flood, would have given us ſuch a minute and particular account of the garden of Eden, if there had been no marks and indications of it remaining. Beſides, he does not in his account of Paradiſe, make uſe of antedeluvian names; for the appellation of the rivers, and countries adjacent, Cuſh, Havilah, and others, are of a later date than the flood. So that it appears to have been the intention of *Moſes* to give us, according to the geography of his times, ſome account where the garden of Eden, or the Terreſtial

Paradiſe was ſituated. Nor is it to be doubted, but it may ſtill be found by a careful attention to his deſcription.

Some eminent modern writers, miſled by the affinity of words, have imagined that they found the name of Piſon preſerved in the Paſi Tigris; or rather (as they would have it to favour their hypotheſis) the Piſo Tigris; while others take it for granted, that it is the Phaſis; as they conclude the Aras to be the Gihon, becauſe both theſe terms are by the Perſians uſed to ſignify any great river. But, if ſuch conjectures as theſe are to be taken for ſolid reaſons, Eden may be diſcovered any where or every where; ſince a conformity of names, either in ſound or ſignification, may be found in all countries. And if this childiſh method of proof be once admitted, unleſs under proper reſtrictions, it would be no difficult matter to prove, that America was peopled by the immediate deſcendants of *Noah*.

The words Bdolah and Soham, in the Moſaic deſcription of Eden, which our tranſlators have rendered Bdellium, and the Onyx ſtone, afford us but ſmall light, being names of particular ſubſtances, as little known as Havilah, the land ſaid to produce them. But that we may no longer grope in the dark, we ſhall canvas the three different opinions, which ſeem to deſerve our greateſt attention.

Some authors of diſtinction place the Terreſtial Paradiſe near Damaſcus in Syria: but this conjecture is entirely groundleſs; ſince it is certain the garden of Eden lies to the Eaſtward of the place where *Moſes* wrote his hiſtory, which was probably Arabia Petræa; whereas Syria lies to the North of that country; beſides, as this ſcheme is deſtitute of all the marks of the Moſaic deſcription, it ought for that very reaſon to be rejected.

The ſecond hypotheſis places Eden in Armenia, between the ſources of the Tigris, the Euphrates, the Araxes, and the Phaſis; but this account is equally inconſiſtent with the former; ſince, according to the lateſt diſcoveries, the Phaſis does

not

not riſe in the mountains of Armenia; but derives its origin from mount Caucaſus, and flows from North to South; ſo that, according to this ſcheme, we want a whole river, except, inſtead of the Phaſis, we ſubſtitute the Hur, which joins the Araxes before it diſembogues itſelf in the Caſpian ſea.

The third hypotheſis, which appears the moſt conſiſtent with truth, places Eden on the united ſtream of the Tigris, and Euphrates, called by the Arabs, *Shat al Arab*, that is, The river of the Arabs; which begins a little above Baſora; and about five miles below it divides again into two channels, which empty themſelves into the Perſian gulph. According to this opinion, firſt advanced by *Calvin*, and afterwards, with ſome little variation, eſpouſed by *Morinus*, *Bochart* and *Huet*; the *Shat al Arab* is the river going out of Eden; which, if conſidered according to the diſpoſition of its channel, and not the courſe of its ſtream, divides into four different branches, and by that means conſtitutes the four rivers mentioned by *Moſes*, namely, two below Baſora, which are the Piſon and the Gihon; and the two above it, which are the Euphrates and the Tigris; the latter of which is by the modern Arabs called Digalt, and by the moſt learned geographers ſuppoſed to be the Hiddekel of *Moſes*: ſo that the Weſtern branch of the Shat muſt be Piſon; and the adjacent part of Arabia, bordering on the Perſian gulph, Havilah: whereas the Eaſtern branch muſt of courſe be Gihon, which encompaſſes the country of Cuſh.

This opinion ſeems exactly to coincide with the ſacred text; which informs us that "A river went out of Eden to water the garden; and from thence it was parted, and became into four heads." Theſe words evidently imply, that in Eden the river had but one channel; but when it was gone out of Eden, divided itſelf into four, two upwards, and two downwards; for, ſuppoſing the *Shat al Arab* to be the common channel; we may, by directing our view to Babylon, ſee the Tigris and Euphrates running into it; and by looking toward the Perſian gulph, obſerve the Piſon and Gihon flowing out of it.

This ſcheme, though incumbered with ſome minute geographical difficulties, is nevertheleſs of all the reſt moſt conſonant to the deſcription of the ſacred hiſtorian. And what ſeems to give it an additional force, is the ſurpriſing fertility of the adjacent country; for, as it would be abſurd to ſuppoſe, that God ſhould plant a garden in ſo barren a ſoil; ſo all ancient hiſtorians inform us, that Meſopotamia and Chaldea were not only bleſſed with uncommon fertility, but alſo adorned with the moſt enchanting rural beauties. Beſides, though the accounts of the antients were not to be depended on; yet modern travellers, of the moſt untainted candour and veracity, aſſure us that in all the ſpacious dominions of the Grand Seignor, there is not a finer and richer country, though in ſome parts uncultivated, than that between Bagdat and Baſora, the very tract of ground which was antiently called the land of Eden.

If it ſhould be aſked, in what particular part of Eden this garden was ſituated? Moſes anſwers the queſtion, by informing us that it was Eaſtward in Eden. If then the Terreſtial Paradiſe lay in the Eaſterly part of this country; and the river, which watered it, ran through the ſaid country, before it entered the garden; we muſt neceſſarily conclude, that the memorable ſpot of ground, deſtined for the primitive ſcenes of love and innocence, was ſituated on the Eaſt ſide of one of the turnings of the *Shat al Arab*. That is, the river formed by the conjunction of the Tigris and Euphrates; and probably at the loweſt great turning mentioned by *Ptolomy*, not far from the place by modern geographers aſſigned to Arceca, in ſcripture called Erce.

Though our maps do not make the river anſwer exactly the deſcription of *Moſes*; yet, as that author wrote according to the beſt geography of his time; if the courſe or number of rivers about Babylon have ſince undergone great alterations, theſe have probably been occaſioned by the ducts and canals made by order of the monarchs of that empire, of Alexander the Great, and even of Trajan, and Severus, with a view either

either of facilitating commerce, or to render the ſoil fruitful. But, notwithſtanding this diſadvantage, we find wider variations in the ſituations of other places, and are obliged to make greater corrections in antient charts and maps, than are neceſſary to be made in the Moſaic deſcription of Eden, to bring it to an agreement with our lateſt accounts of the preſent country and rivers about Chaldea. So the delightful garden, which was the habitation of the firſt parents of mankind, was, no doubt, ſituated in the place we have here ſpecified.

An Extract from the Succeſs of two DANISH MISSIONARIES *to the* Eaſt-Indies: *in ſeveral Letters to their Correſpondents in* Europe.

[*Concluded from page* 597.]

A Scheme, containing the management of the Malabar-*Children at* Tranquebar. Oct. 19, 1709.

IN the forenoon, from ſix to ſeven, one of the miſſionaries prays with the children and the catechumens in *Malabaric*, and then expounds to them a part of the catechiſm.

The ſame is practiſed in the *Portugueſe* ſchool, and the uſhers that aſſiſt in this ſchool are preſent at the ſame time.

From ſeven to nine, are the ordinary ſchool-hours. One of the *Malabaric* maſters reads to the children a chapter out of the *Malabaric* New-Teſtament. After this, the children are taught the principles of the Chriſtian religion, done into *Malabaric* for their uſe. The children learn the places of Scripture by heart, each of them being provided with a book for that purpoſe.

The ſame method is obſerved in the *Portugueſe* ſchool, with this addition only, that ſome *Daniſh* children, reſorting to this ſchool, are taught their catechiſm in *Daniſh*.

Part of this time is alſo employed with ſuch women as are to be prepared for receiving the ſacrament of baptiſm.

Likewiſe

Likewiſe ſome boys are put to knitting of cotton.

After eight o'clock, all ſuch as belong to our houſe breakfaſt. We have lately bought a ſpacious houſe, both for our ſchool and dwelling-place. The number of thoſe that are freely maintained and lodged, are fifty-four. In the *Malabaric* ſchool are taught twenty-five children, having three *Malabar*-maſters ſet over them, who have embraced the Chriſtian religion. The *Portugueſe* ſchool is made up of ſixteen children, and has two maſters. Beſides this, we maintain ſeven *Malabaric* writers, to tranſcribe ſuch books as are required in carrying on the deſign, both in our church and ſchools.

From nine to eleven, the *Malabar* Children continue their ſchool hours. It is concluded with a repetition of a part of the catechiſm.

In the *Portugueſe* ſchool, ſome children are taught to ſpell, to read, &c. Some learn ſcripture-ſentences by heart.

Some catechumens, being boys or men, are inſtructed in the knowledge of the Chriſtian faith.

The women and girls are employed about knitting.

From eleven to twelve, all the children in both ſchools go to dinner, with ſuch catechumens as are either poor, or unable to maintain themſelves.

From twelve to one, our children have a reſting hour. From one to two, they learn to write in the ſand, according to the cuſtom of the country. But ſuch of the children as are better proficients in writing, are uſed to handle the iron tool, in order to fit their hand for printing on leaves ſuch copies as are laid before them.

In this hour, the *Portugueſe* children are taken up with knitting; and ſome of the catechumens are employed about domeſtic buſineſs.

From two to three, the *Malabar*-children are uſed to read and to write letters.

The *Portugueſe* children ſay their chatechiſm, and the ſmaller ones learn to ſpell, read, &c.

Some

Some time is ſpent with inſtructing the ſlaves in Chriſtian knowledge. They are taught diſtinctly by themſelves. Some of the catechumens, being men or boys, are put to the knitting buſineſs. When theſe have done, the women and girls come in about three o'clock.

From three to five. In the firſt of theſe hours, the *Malabar*-children are taught arithmetick. In the other hour, they read, write, and learn to underſtand poetry: but then ſuch poems are choſen for this purpoſe, as contain the hiſtory of the Bible, or treat on ſome religious ſubject. In the *Portugueſe* ſchool, the bigger boys caſt accompts, and the ſmaller ones read, ſpell, &c. Some time is allowed again to the inſtruction of the ſlaves.

Fom five to ſix, the *Malabaric* miſſionary hath all the *Malabaric* youth, together with all the catechumens, before him, and goes over with them a part of the Chriſtian religion; and concludes the ordinary leſſons of the day. The ſame is done by the *Portugueſe* miſſionary, in the *Portugueſe* ſchool, where are now preſent catechumens, children, and ſlaves.

From ſix to ſeven, the *Malabaric* maſter, for his own recreation, retires with theſe to the leads of the houſe, where he entertains them with ſome agreeable and uſeful hiſtories, about natural things, or diſcourſes upon the heavens, and other celeſtial bodies. Now and then he ſings with them ſome hymns in their own language, and at other times he makes the children rehearſe what they have learnt that day. The *Portugueſe* maſters do the ſame with the company of children committed to their truſt. Beſides this, there is four times a week an exerciſe of piety kept by the four miſſionaries in this hour. It is done in the *German* language. There is a chapter of ſcripture read, and practically applied, and every thing concluded with a hearty prayer, for the converſion of the heathens, and for the king of *Denmark*, and alſo for all thoſe who have been helpful towards eſtabliſhing this foundation. We have alſo two conferences a week, wherein we meet on purpoſe to confer about the management and improvement of the miſſion.

From

From ſeven to eight, both catechumens and children ſup, one or more maſters being preſent, who, during that time, reads to them out of the New-Teſtament. After ſupper and prayers, they lay them down on their mats.

I. The members of our congregation are preſent every day, at the uſual hours of praying and catechizing; which is from ſix to ſeven in the morning, and from five to ſix in the evening.

II. Both the *Malabaric* and *Portugueſe* miſſionaries viſit the ſchools every day, teaching themſelves one or more hours, as their other buſineſs will permit. The *Malabaric* maſter muſt all this while be preſent, and by giving diligent attendance to the method uſed by the miſſionaries, inure himſelf to a plain and eaſy way of catechizing.

III. Every Saturday, the whole company of our boys is permitted to walk a little way out of the town, where they waſh themſelves in a pond all over their bodies. This is the cuſtom of the country. After this ſome go and viſit their parents.

IV. We endeavour to ſpend the whole Lord's day, as much as poſſibly we can, in devotion, and exerciſes of piety. After the two ſermons are over, one or other article of faith is repeated with the children: or the children themſelves are made to call over the hiſtories of the Old Teſtament, and to ſing ſpiritual hymns, &c.

V. During the time of knitting, ſome uſeful book is read to thoſe that are employed about this work.

VI. Once in ſix weeks, we repair with the children to a garden joining to a village near this town. This is done on purpoſe, to afford the children ſome profitable refreſhment by walking. All the miſſionaries and maſters attend them on this occaſion, and diſcourſe them about the works of creation diſplayed in nature. Many *Malabarians* gather about us all this while, and expreſs great ſatisfaction at the pertinent anſwers returned to the queſtions relating to God and religion.

LETTERS,

LETTERS.

LETTER DL.

[From the Rev. T. Davenport, to the Rev. J. Wesley.]

Alexton, Dec. 14, 1782.

Rev. and dear Sir,

YOUR favour of Aug. 14th came duly to hand, for which I thank you. I ſtill want peace; I wait for it; and God enables me, in ſome degree, to wreſtle for it. I truſt he will ſtrengthen me to wait patiently his leiſure. My great burden is the care of ſouls: and though I ſee daily more and more of the evil of my heart; if any ſin reigns, it is that of omiſſion.

God enables me to do ſomething at ſtated ſeaſons; but I fall dreadfully ſhort. I have not here a ſoul to ſtrengthen my hands: nothing ſeems to take root. I often think my eyes are ſo dim, that I only "ſee men as trees walking." I had ſome hopes from your laſt that one of the preachers would have called upon me here. I watched with a longing eye. I truſt the Lord will commiſſerate theſe ſouls, dead and hardened as they are, in treſpaſſes and ſin, ſome having the form; but ſcarce one the power of religion. "Breathe, Lord, upon our dry bones, and bid them live."

A fortitude, equal to that of a miſſionary to the ſavages, is needful for one that comes here upon ſo great an errand. But, what may not a two-edged ſword do? We ſee, in other places, what it has done: Mammon is the god to which every knee here bows. *Alleine's Alarm to unconverted Sinners* was put into my hand, and it has been profitable to me. Oh that I were able to give a few of them away! Who knows but a bleſſing might attend it?

I feel a longing deſire to converſe with you. I perſuade myſelf that God is carrying on his work in my own ſoul; but

I have many conflicts from without. I thank God, that mine, and the prayers of my true friends, have not been in vain; and though my gifts are ſmall, I am not left quite deſtitute of the grace that bringeth ſalvation.

I wiſh for nothing but more of the love of God, all elſe muſt be mingled with ſorrow: and I muſt eat my every morſel with bitter herbs, the bitter reflection of an unequalled obſtinacy. Intercede for, Rev. and dear Sir, your humble and affectionate

T. D.

LETTER DLI.

[From Mrs. M. Ward, to the Rev. J. Weſley.]

Cork, Dec. 22, 1782.

My dear Sir,

THE mercy of God, and his care of his vineyard has been abundantly diſplayed among us. Could you, Sir, ſee the unanimity, the peace, the proſperity of our little Zion, your heart would rejoice. There is a univerſal revival in our Bands and Claſſes: God is in the midſt of us, and all feel that uniting principle of life exciting us to provoke one another to love and good works. Our congregations are large on Sundays; and on week nights of late, they are much increaſed and deeply ſerious. The ſelect Society is again aſſembled. A general conviction reſts on believers for holineſs of heart; ſome, who formerly experienced it, but had loſt their evidence, are again reſtored: and others are brought into that reſt which belongs to the people of God.

Prayer-meetings are in ſome places kept up, but not ſo generally as we could wiſh. I have now a young woman in the houſe with me, who is on full ſtretch for purity of heart; ſo that I am no longer like a ſparrow alone on the houſe top, but have one in the houſe like minded with me. Where

ſhall

ſhall I begin to tell of thoſe mercies that are infinite in their nature, and endleſs in duration! O my contracted heart! May God enlarge it, to contain more of his fulneſs!

" Inſatiate to the ſpring I fly,
I drink and yet am ever dry;
Ah! who againſt ſuch charms is proof?
Ah! who that loves can love enough?"

Siſter *M's* heart is healed; her ſoul rejoices in the perfect love of Jeſus; ſhe is now the active, zealous, faithful diſciple ſhe was ſome years ago. May the prayer-hearing God ſtill continue to bleſs the labours of his ſervants! May your eyes behold, and your ears hear of the widening power of his goſpel! May it ſpread from heart to heart, from town to town, and from one end of the earth to the other: even ſo, Lord Jeſus, pour thy ſpirit upon all fleſh; reign in every heart; let all the people praiſe thee; make thy aged ſervant rejoice, and give his ſpirit into thy hands, when his eyes have ſeen thy ſalvation! I am, dear Sir, with true affection and reſpect, your loving daughter and ſervant,

M. W.

LETTER DLII.

[From Miſs A. Bolton, to the Rev. J. Weſley.]

Witney, Dec. 27, 1782.

Rev. and dear Sir,

YOUR letter was as a rich cordial to my ſpirits, which needed ſuch a revival. I acknowledge it as a peculiar favour, that I have friends who care for my ſtate; and frequently conſole myſelf with a hope of being helped by their prayers.

I view my preſent ſituation in the light you do, as ſomething permitted to raiſe and advance my ſoul in holineſs. Nothing that happens to me can be the effect of chance; it is, it muſt be the will of him that is infinitely good and wiſe; and this, heartily ſubſcribed to,

"Lays the rough paths of peeviſh nature even,
And opens in the breaſt a conſtant heaven."

I am, through grace, enabled to receive evil as well as good at the hand of my gracious benefactor, with a degree of gratitude; believing one as well as the other is deſigned to promote my preſent and eternal felicity. Sometimes my afflictions are ſo heavy, and of ſuch a nature, that I am expoſed to temptation either to faint or fret; but he who knows my ſoul in adverſity, relieves me in the trying moment, and ſuffers not my faith to fail, nor my foot to be moved. I cry to him in my diſtreſs, and he hears me out of his holy hill, and ſends me help in the needful time of trouble. His word is indeed as a light unto my feet, and a lamp in my path. I cannot fully ſet forth his mercy in this reſpect, by ſo ſeaſonably helping me, and ſo ſuitably ſuccouring my afflicted ſoul.

I have been learning in the ſchool of adverſity to humble myſelf under the mighty hand of God; and have endeavoured to adopt a language like that of David, ſaying, "If I ſhall find favour in the eyes of the Lord, he will bring me out of thoſe oppreſſive troubles, and ſhew me reſt and peace in my habitation; if not, behold here I am, let him do with me as ſeemeth him good." At preſent I am called to have no choice, neither can I determine any thing reſpecting my future life; but I know, while I thus give myſelf into the hand of God, he will order all things well. I am, dear Sir, your affectionate child and obliged ſervant,

A. B.

POETRY.

POETRY.

SHORT HYMNS.

[By the late Rev. C. Wesley.]

HYMN XX.

On MATT. v. ver. 44.—*Love your enemies.*

O, Could I view them with those eyes,
Which wept on bloody Salem's fall;
And echo back the Saviour's cries,
And on my heavenly Father call:
"Forgive them, O my God, forgive,
I thirst to die, that they may live!"

Send forth the spirit of thy Son,
Which turns the leopard to a lamb;
So shall I put his bowels on,
Who hellish hate by love o'ercame;
Who made his murderers his care,
And sav'd them through his dying prayer.

The WINTER'S NIGHT, *an* ELEGY.

[By Robert Alves, M. A.]

[*Concluded from page* 616.]

NEXT history spreads her living fields anew:
See the vast scenes unfold of ancient time!
Through every downward age the worthies view,
Of many an empire reared, and deed sublime.

Full

Full in mine eye the heroes ſtalk along,
With hoſts embattl'd, all in dread array:
Cæſars and *Alexanders* mark the throng,
And many modern chiefs as fam'd as they.

But far o'er all th' illuſtrious * *Peter* ſhines,
Whoſe fame no length of ages ſhall efface:
As purging fire the coarſeſt ore refines,
So form'd his active ſoul the rugged race.

Lo thy bright annals, *Albion*, in their turn,
Some great examples ſhall afford from far:
Alfred behold with patriot-ardour burn,
For arts of peace renown'd, and bold in war.

Edwards and *Henrys* fill th' important page,
And female forms their graceful mien diſplay:
Eliza, *Anna!* Oh! what wars ye wage,
And ſoar to fame, where conqueſt led the way.

How pleaſant thus rolls on the wintry night!
(While winds blow keen, and howls the ſtormy blaſt,)
How ſweet to walk, by truth's increaſing light,
Through time's fair ſcenes, revolving ages paſt!

Next let me ſearch the good ſupreme, and man,
With ſages old, in *Athens'* learned grove;
And, while intent the moral world they ſcan,
With ſweet-tongu'd *Xenophon* and *Plato* rove.

Nor let me ſcorn the learn'd of *Albion's* coaſt,
Whoſe gifts to verſe or moral proſe aſpire;
Whether a *Pope* or *Addiſon* ſhe boaſt,
Or *Milton's* muſe, or *Shakeſpear's* native fire.

Both

* The Czar Peter I.

Both ſkill'd alike to draw the dread ſublime,
Cloud the dark heavens, or bid the thunder roll;
Or deck with beauty bright the vernant clime,
And ſhed a pleaſing ſunſhine o'er the whole.

But *Shakeſpear's* genius ampler powers expreſt,
Skill'd or our joys or ſorrows to beguile;
What time with tragic pains he tears the breaſt,
Or wakes, with humour ſly, the comic ſmile.

In princely *Hamlet* all his ſerious rage,
And high-wrought *Lear* raves madder than the ſtorms;
But when the * laughing hero treads the ſtage,
What mirth ecſtatic ev'ry breaſt informs!

Yet oft let *Milton's* ſtrains my heart inſpire;
His chaos wild; his bloom of paradiſe;
Or when ſublime he ſets my ſoul on fire,
While wars angelic ſhake th' empyreal ſkies.

Still do I ſeem to haunt the favourite bower,
Where mute attention hangs on *Raphael's* tongue;
Eve weaves her garland of each bluſhing flower,
Nor tries to reach the daring heights of ſong.

Hail wedded love! Hail ſource of true delight!
When meek diſcretion guides the modeſt fair;
With beauty baſhful, ſenſe that ſhuns the ſight,
Her conſort's ſecret joy, and darling care.

Hail to the ſimple days! The joys of yore!
Ah! whither fled with Eden's long-loſt grove!
Ah! ill exchang'd for wealth, or pomp or power!
Or all that ſince our guilty boſoms move!

* Sir John Falſtaff.

But ceaſe, my muſe: reſtrain thy wandring ſong;
Or ſing the rage of winter's angry power;
Yet winter brings the pleaſing joys along,
Both of the ſocial and the ſtudious hour.

Then farewel, for a while, to Phœbus' aid:
His brighter ſmiles let ſwarthy Indians boaſt;
For them let ſummer dreſs the verdant ſhade,
And balmy flow'rets bloom through all their coaſt.

May we thus ſtill amuſe the live long night
Of dreary winter; learned ſolace find;
And reap ſuch joys from ſcience' various light,
As warm the heart, and fill the boundleſs mind!

On CONSCIENCE.

HAIL ſoft companion of each guiltleſs breaſt!
Whoſe ſmile is rapture, and thy boſom reſt,
No muſic charms, nor joy its triumph brings,
If thine be ſilent, or untun'd its ſtrings:
But theſe attun'd, our confidence is ſure,
Our ſleep refreſhing, and our reſt ſecure.

The laſt lines compoſed by the Rev. CHARLES WESLEY, M. A. *a little before he went hence, which he dictated to his Wife, but could ſcarcely articulate.*

IN age and feebleneſs extreme,
Who ſhall a helpleſs worm redeem?
Jeſus! my only hope thou art,
Strength of my failing fleſh and heart;
Oh! could I catch one ſmile from thee,
And drop into eternity!